NO PHOTOCOPYING

Shelf No

METROPOLITAN
TORONTO
LIBRARY

789
YONGE
TORONTO
M4W 2G8

March 1 — 188

METROPOLITAN
TORONTO
CENTRAL
LIBRARY

General Information
Centre

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND

NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOLUME VIII.

JULY TO DECEMBER.

TORONTO:
ADAM, STEVENSON & CO.
1875.

20,029

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1876, by ADAM, STEVENSON & CO., in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

TORONTO:
HUNTER, ROSE & CO.,
Printers.

CONTENTS.

ARTICLES.

PAGE.

Alcohol in Medical Science, by Stephen A. Abbott 27

American Centennial Exhibition, The, by John King, M.A. 308

Canada's Alternatives, by Roswell Fisher, M.A. 428

Canadian Culture, by Prof. J. E. Wells 459

Canadian Nationality and its Opponents, by Wm. Norris 237

Central American Sketches, by H. H., No. 5 61

Christianity and Modern Thought, by Rev. G. M. Grant 437

Clergyman's Confession, The, by Wilkie Collins 139, 244

Criticism of Critics, A, by Jehu Mathews 496

Current Events 68, 165, 256, 349, 442 and 533

Experiences of the Great North-west, by John Cameron 371

Flossy Venner: Leaves from an Autobiography, by Alice A. Farmer 413

From Port Said to Suez, by J. S. Cowan 406

Grecian Architecture, by *Sertanego* 433

Grand Trunk Railway, The, by Gen. M. Butt Hewson, C.E. 275

Hartz Reminiscences, by A. M. 425

Hon. Joseph Howe, The late, by Rev. G. M. Grant 20, 115

Ice Phenomena and the Tides of the Bay of Fundy, by Prof. H. Youle Hind, M.A. 189

Laon on Messrs. Moody and Sankey and Revivalism, by Rev. G. M. Grant 250

Legends of the Deluge, by Thos. Hodgins, M.A., Q.C. 132

Lost and Won: a Story of Canadian Life, by *Fidelis* 9, 100, 205, 292, 380 and 469

Medicine and Matrimony, a Story in Six Chapters, by *Arne* 45

Modern Culture and Christianity, by *Laon* 523

New Canada, The, by Charles Mair 1, 156

Newmans, The Two, by M. J. G. 317

Newspaper Press, The, and the Law of Libel, by J. King, M.A 394

Only a Fiddle, a Christmas Story, by Catherine Owen 505

Political Future of Canada, The, by Jehu Mathews 54, 89

Prayer and Christian Belief, by *Fidelis* 328

——— Modern Thought, by W. D. Le Sueur, B.A. 145

———— Doubt, by *Fidelis* 224

———— Science, by S. E. Dawson 512

Proofs and Disproofs, a Rejoinder, by *Laon* 339

Relics of Loyalty: Remains of the Coffin Family, by U. E. L. 215

Situation; Financial and Commercial, The, by Jas. Young, M.P. 123

Sold: a Story in Three Chapters, by Mrs. Rothwell 322

Story of Will Adams, The, by C. H. Redhead 477

Student's Story, The, by F. R. 488

Talfourd's Tragedy of Ion, by E. A. Meredith, LL.D. 38

Up the Saguenay to Ha! Ha! Bay and Chicoutimi, by Julia Aleyne 35

PAGE.
Visit to some Detroit Schools, A, by J. M. Buchan, M.A. 483
Why Imperial Federation is Impracticable, by Roswell Fisher, M.A. 334
BOOK REVIEWS 78, 180, 267, 363, 453, 546
CURRENT LITERATURE 83, 185, 270, 365, 457, 550
MUSIC AND THE DRAMA 84, 187, 273, 368, 552
LITERARY NOTES 88, 188, 274, 370, 458, 554
ANNALS OF CANADA 27, 37, 43

POETRY.

Afterwards, by Mary Barry Smith 35
An Apology, by *Gamma* 378
At Parting, by A. C. Swinburne 243
Canada, by E. S. T. 18
Canadian National Hymn, by F. A. D 427
Christmas, by Kate Seymour McLean 476
Die Lore-Lei, by F. R 122
Doubt, by Prof. Daniel Wilson, LL.D. 315
Doubt Not, by Gowan Lea 138
Dancing the Old Year Out, by Alice Horton 504
Fishers, The, by Chas. Sangster 222
From Death to Life, by Alice Horton 204
Herbert Spencer, To, by Prof. Grant Allen 320
L'Homme Propose, by F. A. D. 307
Legend of Roland, A, by E. C. R. 467
Love Song, A, by F 236
Maple in Autumn, The, by W. E. W. 432
Midsummer Musings, by *Gitano* 214
Present Day Sonnets, by *Fidelis* 487
"Qu'Appelle," by F. L. Hunt 393
Sonnets, from "Spring Wild Flowers," by Prof. D. Wilson, LL.D. 8, 114
Sonnet, by *Mermoth* 131
Sonnet, A Sceptic's Regret, by G. G. 291
Two Lives, by F. R. 412
Vive La Commune, by Prof. Grant Allen 98
Voices, by Alice Horton 26

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 8.] JULY, 1875. [NO. 1.

THE NEW CANADA:

ITS NATURAL FEATURES AND CLIMATE.

BY CHARLES MAIR, WINNIPEG.

SOME time ago I sailed up the Mississippi from the mouth of the Wisconsin River to St. Paul, in the path followed by Father Hennepin, the Recollet friar, nearly two hundred years before. I ascended in a big Mississippi steamer crowded with passengers, and impelled by an agency which Hennepin, had he met it on his route, would have instantly attributed to the devil. He ascended in a bark canoe, having ventured up the Great Lakes, and with indomitable perseverance penetrated the savage wilderness for a distance of nearly two thousand miles. Not far below Lake Pépin he was captured by a war-party of Dacotahs, and carried northward to *Lac des Mille Lacs*, giving their name to the Falls of St. Anthony on the way; and after incredible hardship and suffering at length returned to Quebec. Thence he went to Holland, where he published a narrative binding up fancy and fact, and discharging his malice towards certain of his rivals in a most happy and gratifying manner. He and his two companions were the first white men who beheld the great prairies of the North-West. His narrative, published in London in 1698, contains a rough wood-cut of the bison, the first time that shaggy animal had the honour of appearing in print, and another, equally rude, but the first, of Niagara Falls. The sketch is taken from the American descent, and gives a foreshortened view of Lake Erie, exhibiting the surrounding country as a wilderness of cedar and pine. On a rocky plateau overlooking the Falls are represented the Chevalier de la Valle, with whom Hennepin descended the Mississippi, and three others of his party, one of whom holds his palms to his ears to drown the thunder of the waters; whilst, at the foot of the cliff, below Table Rock, on the opposite margin, are clusters of Indians. His description of the Falls is so interesting and quaint that I am tempted to quote a portion of it:

"Betwixt the lakes *Ontario* and *Erie*," he says, "there is a vast and prodigious Cadence of Water, which falls down after a surprising and astonishing manner, insomuch that the Universe does not afford a parallel. At the foot of this horrible Precipice we meet with the river *Niagara*, which is not above half a quarter of a League broad, but is wonderfully deep in some places. It is so rapid above this Descent that it violently hurries down the wild Beasts while endeavouring to pass it to feed on the other side, they not being able to withstand the force of its Current, which inevitably casts them down headlong above six hundred foot. This wonderful downfall is compounded of two great Cross-streams of Water, and two Falls with an Isle sloping along the middle of it. The Waters which fall from this vast height do foam and boil after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous Noise, more terrible than that of Thunder ; for when the Wind blows from off the South, their dismal Roaring may be heard above fifteen Leagues off."

If the poor old Recollet could return and " do " the Falls, he would get his weather-eye opened, and would feel inclined to shirk charges quite as " outrageous " as the noise. If he could make a return trip on the Upper Mississippi he would find brand-new little towns squatting on the very spots, mayhap, where his savage comforters shed so many tears over him because of their religious intention to burn him alive ; and, higher up, he would ascertain by personal inquiry at St. Paul, a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, that his old friends, " Ye Nation of ye Meadows," had, long ago, " sold out and gone west." . . . A hundred years after this notable voyage the United States of America began their national life with a population of four millions, and a civilization bounded on the west by Lake Ontario and the Alleghanies—the "Far West" being at that time somewhere in the neighbourhood of Buffalo. Another hundred years and the Dominion of Canada begins its national life with an equal number of people, with a civilization empowered and heightened by steam, and with a vaster extent of those fertile prairies which have made their progress the wonder, though not perhaps the envy, of the world. But little was known of the republican Great West until the expedition of Lewis and Clarke revealed its marvellous fertility and resources, and equally little was known of our own richer areas until the publication of the Imperial and Canadian reports, and the North-West evidence taken by a Committee of the English House of Commons, much of which was given with the bias congenial to fine old gentlemen deeply interested in fur. Over two hundred years have elapsed since Charles II. ceded to the Hudson's Bay Company, as a preserve for fur-bearing animals, the enormous areas now known as the North-West Territories, and nothing could exceed the tenacity with which it clung to its mighty domain, or the ingenuity with which it contrived to extend the impression that the entire country was a howling waste of perennial snow. Various travellers, indeed, had penetrated these supposed regions of eternal frost, and ascertained, much to their surprise, that large portions of them were more than ordinarily fertile and salubrious. But their recorded observations seldom found their way into the hands of the people of Canada, who had the greatest interest therein, and the impression still remained that the areas of the North-West were by nature more suited to nourish muskrats than to support man. In 1857 an attempt was made to popularize the North-West Territories. An exploring expedition was sent, under the control of Professor Hind, which collected and collated a vast amount of statistical and other information, all of which was published by Government in the form of a blue-book. The false impressions of many who read this publication were, no doubt, removed by its perusal, and numerous pamphlets were based upon it which did a certain service in pioneering the truth. But blue-books and pamphlets, however valuable in themselves, are not, now-a-days, the true and effective *media* of communication with the general public. Unfortunately, moreover, nearly all of these pamphlets were written in that stilted, and, to those who are familiar with it, jaded scientific style, which, while affecting to be practical, is, of all methods, the least practical in its results. As a consequence of this treatment those quasi-scientific appeals, one by one, fell dead from the press. The mind of the great agricultural community remained unmoved, and the ideas which flourished for a time in the busy brains of attentive readers, lacking the tap-root of popular interest to nourish them, faded away before questions of narrower but more immediate interest.

At length the condition of transfer was embodied, through the instrumentality of the Hon. Mr. Macdougall, in the British North America Act incorporating the Dominion. The subsequent mission to London of this temporarily undervalued, yet able and thoroughly Canadian statesman, and his colleague Sir George Cartier; the truthful letters of Canadians in the Territory, which had free circulation in the Canadian papers; the French insurrection and its culminating atrocity, fairly aroused the public mind, and now there is scarcely a man, woman, or child in the country who has not some notion, however vague, of Red River. But with all our lights it is difficult to appreciate the enormous extent of the North-West Territories, stretching from Labrador to the Rocky Mountains, and from the parallel of 49° to the Northern Ocean. The widening of the continent in its northern trend adds immensely, of course, to the acreage of British America: and the area of the territories lately held by the Hudson's Bay Company under charter and lease from the Crown may safely be estimated at not less than two millions of square miles. Within this vast domain, and occupying an almost central position on the map of America, lies the great Central Basin known as the Fertile Belt. This tract of mixed prairie and wooded country, it is now known, includes not only the Assiniboine and Saskatchewan areas, but the great valleys of the Athabasca, Peace River, and the Upper Mackenzie, forming in all a superficies of something like 600,000 square miles, much of which is admirably adapted, both by soil and climate, for settlement, and watered by rivers of great magnitude. There are, no doubt, considerable portions of the North-West Territories external to the Wheat Belt which are capable of producing cereals. But these portions are broken and subdivided, and are subject to physical conditions which will make their occupation a difficult one, and dependent upon mining and manufacturing interests for support. The occupation of these districts will certainly be tardy, and it is not to them that the stream of immigration will be, or should be, directed, for many years to come. It is the great central prairie land, extending from the margin of the forests west of the Lake of the Woods, in a varying expanse of fertile and indifferent soils, to the Rocky Mountains, and from the American boundary to the 60th degree of north latitude, which demands immediate attention and development, which offers the most powerful inducements and advantages to our people, and which is capable, through agriculture alone, of sustaining a population of thirty millions of souls.

The geological features of this tract are of the most interesting character, but do not enter into the scope of this article. My purpose is to give the general reader some account and idea of the superficial features of the country—its soil and its resources—referring him for other information to the works of Sir John Richardson, the Reports of Captain Palliser, Professor Hind, and the Geological Survey of Canada. The prairie country, then, may be described simply as a vast plateau resting upon Silurian strata, and stretching from Lake Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains, with a mean ascent westward of about six feet in the mile. The slope of this great plateau is not gradual however, but is broken into three great steppes, or abrupt elevations of the prairie, boldly marking three distinct levels. These steppes are very irregular in their outline, having received their present form by erosion and denudation, and mark very prominently the different elevations of the country at different periods. The most recent of these includes the Province of Manitoba, and eastward to the Lake of the Woods, and is bounded on the south and west by Pembina Mountain, and its prolongations known as the Riding Duck and Porcupine Mountains. These so-called "mountains" are simply abrupt escarpments which formed the ancient headlands of a great lake, covering the entire basin now known as the first steppe, but which has dwindled within comparatively recent times into the narrow limits of Lakes Winnipeg and Manitoba. The soil of the timbered area which extends from Pointe du Chêne to Lake of the Woods, consists of gravel and sand, and unless as a nursery for timber, is almost entirely worthless. On Red River the soil is a heavy, tenacious clay, of great depth, mainly devoid of sand or loam, and exceedingly productive in wet seasons. Further west, on the Assiniboine River, the clay rests upon gravel at depths varying from six to twenty feet. A deposit of black sandy loam is imposed upon the clay, in many places six and even eight feet in depth. Water in this district is found everywhere by sinking to the gravel, and wheat has been known to mature in this soil when not a drop of rain fell from seed-time to harvest. A considerable area of the steppe consists of marshy lands or muskegs, as they are called, but which are rapidly drying up. Vast deposits of mud are yearly made by the streams entering Lake Winnipeg, and these, "with the deepening of the rocky channels which drain that lake into the ocean," are speedily converting its liquid area into dry land.

The second steppe, which has for its eastern boundary the steep escarpments already mentioned, includes the prairies of the upper Assiniboine, and of the Saskatchewan from Fort à la Corne to the Elbow of the south branch, and to Fort Pitt on the north branch. The physical aspects of this great division are entirely different from those of the lower levels just described. Here we find multitudes of little lakes, and bare or wooded hills, and soils exceedingly variable in nature and quality. Vast and unmixed beds of sand alternate with wide areas of fertile land. Lakes of fresh and salt water lie, at some places, within a few feet of each other, and alkaline deserts, thirty and even forty miles in extent, separate immense tracts of a productive character. The Touchwood Hills country, which lies in the heart of this great steppe, exhibits the best characteristics of its soil and scenery. An endless labyrinth of picturesque hills extends in all directions for a great distance. These hills are not steep, but roll gently down into symmetrical valleys, where little lakes, fringed with reeds and rushes, sustain innumerable flocks of ducks and geese. Dozens of these lakes can be seen from some of the eminences, and, what with the magnificent cloud-scenery, the beautiful belts of aspen crawling everywhere amongst the hills, and the sunny spaces of greensward between, the sense of natural and lonely beauty is fully charmed and satisfied. Add flocks and herds and vistas of undulating grain, and the world cannot offer a scene of superior promise, or of finer pastoral sweetness and content. The greater part of the northern portion of this steppe is timbered and well suited for settlement.

The eastern escarpment of the third great steppe, which extends to the base of the Rocky Mountains, is formed by the Grand Coteau, the Eagle, and the Thickwood Hills. Both branches of the Saskatchewan have their sources in this steppe; and in ancient days, says Palliser, "these hills formed simply the headlands of a great bay, into which poured the waters of the two Saskatchewans, at that time independent rivers, debouching where they now make the acute bends known as their Elbows." The plains of this steppe are composed of cretaceous strata, with only a thin coating of drift, and their surfaces are, in some localities, traversed by profound rents resembling the valleys of great rivers, but which, after running for several miles, are generally found to be closed at both ends. These rents are caused by the winter frosts; but the landslips remaining unremoved by water, they form gentle slopes, and resolve in course of time into beautiful valleys. On the lower level these valleys are scooped out by the spring freshets, and connect with the river system, though in general they are quite dry in summer. There is no more noticeable feature of the prairie deposition everywhere than the ease with which it is detached and borne away by water. Even the smallest streams have cut gigantic excavations in the prairie, and through this peculiarity yearly changes take place in the courses of the rivers, which, from the various terraces which mark their excavation, must have been at one time of vastly greater volume than at present. These ancient terraces intrude quite into the Rocky Mountains, and form the various passes through that great barrier, from the Athabasca down to the boundary, sometimes expanding, as in the case of the Kootanie Plains, into extensive prairies. The finest grazing lands of the continent probably lie along the slopes of the mountains, for here, owing to the light snowfall—seldom more than a few inches—not only horses but horned cattle find their own food all winter; whilst, owing to the high latitude, the firmness and flavour of the beef remain unimpaired. Vast portions of this steppe are eminently inviting to the immigrant. There is a larger extent of good land than in the lower levels, and, owing to the depression of the Rocky chain in its northern trend, the severity of the climate is greatly mitigated by the mild winds from the Pacific seaboard. The mountain passes, again, are wonderfully easy, when we consider the contorted country through which they penetrate. On the Athabasca Pass the traveller *unconsciously* attains the Height of Land, whilst in gaining the Vermilion Pass, in latitude 51°, the only steep climb is at first up the face of the terraces for 150 feet, and then a gentle slope leads to the Height of Land.

Such is a brief *resumé* of the superficial features of the Fertile Belt, and I shall now describe the chief characteristics of its climate, leaving details of resources and productions to be dealt with further on. The most valuable feature of the climate of the great prairie plateau is the wonderfully direct north-western curves of the isothermals, or lines of equal temperature, which not only trend but improve north-westward in a manner highly conducive to health and comfort. It is an agreeable hyperbole to say that a degree west is equivalent to a degree south. Yet, so far as the north-west climate is concerned, there is not only an atom of truth in the saying, but, in some respects, it falls short of the truth: for, whilst the south is in a great measure a region of effeminacy and disease, the north-west is a decided recuperator of decayed function and wasted tissue. A peculiar feature of the climate is its lightness and sparkle. There is a dryness and a relish in its pure ether akin to the rare vintages which quicken the circulation without impairing the organism. The atmosphere is highly purified, joyous, and clear, and supercharged with that delicious element which is strongly associated with the *mens sana in corpore sano*, and at deadly enmity with morbid and unhealthy phenomena. Surrounded by this invisible yet inspiring influence one lives a fuller, freer, and happier life than in the more nitrogenous atmosphere of the Atlantic seaboard. The cares of manhood press less heavily upon the brain, and the sense of toil is lost in the increased capacity to endure it. It is the superabundance of this element which enables the human organism to cope with and move about freely in a winter temperature which freezes mercury to stone. The thermometer may indicate the utmost cold; but if the weather is calm the body takes no increased note of its intensity, and feels no serious inconvenience in a register which, in the denser atmosphere of Ontario, would send Canadians shivering to their stoves. It pervades the entire animal economy, quickens the pulse, increases the appetite, and heightens the mental equilibrium. Its influence is noticeable during prolonged exercise in an unquenchable and painful thirst. This is not simply a local craving, a mere thirst of the throat and stomach; but, arising from dry muscular attrition and fierce combustion of the blood, the whole body thirsts and cannot be satisfied. Buffalo flesh hung up in August on the Eagle Hills, or the bluffs of Battle River, dries without taint, and of the fresh meat an Indian or half-breed hunter will eat and digest eight pounds in a single day. The effect of the north-west sun in discolouring living integument is very marked. Exposed to it the Canadian reddens, the English half-breed browns, the French half-breed chars. The opaque skin means rude health, and man seems more dirty than he really is.

Spring opens almost on the same day from Red River to the Athabasca. Eastward, where the ice on the lakes blends its chilliness with the warm winds, the season is comparatively variable and uncertain; but in the Saskatchewan country spring opens like a flower, and advances rapidly. Irregular spring weather begins in March. "Early in April the alders and willows are in bloom, and the little prairie anemone covers the dry southern exposures." The warm weather is appreciable early in April, and the heat of summer is very powerful. But from the rarity and purity of the air it has not that exhausting effect upon the system peculiar to the Atlantic seaboard. Night makes heavy reprisals upon day, and towards evening an agreeable coolness creeps into the air, which frequently deepens with the night into absolute cold. The overcoat is, consequently, not at all objectionable, and the blanket is never taken off a north-west bed in summer.

As might be expected, where the radiation is so great, the deposition of dew is also very great, and, in a country where the mean fall of rain is rather under than over the requirements of agriculture, it is a feature of the highest value. The average rainfall is much less in the Fertile Belt than in Eastern Canada, the showers being frequent, but not abundant. Nightly, however, during the dryest season of summer, the sprouting grain is literally drenched with dew, and the spongy earth takes in sufficient moisture to maintain its powers of reproduction and stimulation to the utmost. For this reason the prairie grass exhibits a growth wonderful for its richness and plenty. The nightly frosts in September keep it green and juicy until the snow falls, which preserves it fresh and nutritious until spring, and this enables the half-breed and Indian of the interior to travel with horses all winter. There is always a wind from some quarter stirring on the prairies. It seldom blows from the south more than a few hours continuously, and this is fortunate, for there is danger in its breath, and anything but healing on its wings. It is this evil wind which, when prolonged, lifts the locust from the sandy plains of the Great American Desert, and blows him up to the lusty wheat-fields of Red River. It brings with it the dim edge of fever, the dread of pestilence and famine, the languor and stupor of ineffable heat. Thunder storms are very frequent. Though short, they are sharp and dangerous, and a season seldom passes without some loss of life by lightning. Tornadoes are rare in summer, and only one destructive wind-storm has burst upon the country in eight years. It lasted for several hours, and its effects in Red River Settlement were unpleasantly marked. The juncture of the seasons is not very noticeable. Spring glides insensibly into summer, summer into fine autumn weather, which, during the equinox, breaks up in a series of heavy gales of wind accompanied by rain and snow. These are followed by that divine aftermath, the Indian Summer, which attains its true glory only in the North-west. The haziness and dreamy fervour of this mysterious season has often been attributed to the prairie fires, which rage over half a continent in the fall, and evolve an enormous amount of heat and smoke. My own observations incline me to accept this explanation, as upon no other material grounds can they be accounted for, standing alone, and as inexplicable as the zodiacal light. Winter begins with crisp clear weather, which grows increasingly cold and cloudy. The wind wheels to the north-east, and a furious storm of snow sets in, which sometimes lasts for several days. The weather then clears up, and the rest of the month is generally fair, though excessively cold. For many weeks the heavy matted vegetation of the prairies prevents drifting, and the level expanse gleams with a faint yellowish tinge, caused by the innumerable grassy points protruding from the snow. Nothing can excel the purity and delicacy of the sky-colours in the North-west. There is a warmth of tint and a touch of spring in the fleecier clouds which it is difficult to harmonize with the cold and illimitable expanse beneath ; whilst the sky itself has a translucency, a boundless and serene depth of blue, which taxes and delights the eye. This firmness and quality of colour in the sky adds great solemnity to the North west night, emphasizing the clear and separate beauty of the stars. The prevailing winter-sunset here is orange, deepening towards the horizon, but fading zenithward into chromic yellows of fainter and fainter shades. Over these floats a broad riband of amethyst, which stiffens at its upper edge and blends with the imperial blue. The chill, tawny red of a Canadian winter-sunset is not so noticeable here, nor that blotted or bleared aspect of the night-sky which frequently makes the winter evenings of the eastern Provinces lustreless and dull. January is a keen month, with an occasional storm, but not much snow, a feature which frequently characterises the succeeding month. The *terror* of the winter, if I may so speak, begins in the early part of March, when those dreadful storms of snow and rain take place which make travel on the plains so dangerous. Occasionally almost an entire winter may pass away without any serious or protracted storm, as, for example, the winter before last, which was very mild from the beginning of the year until spring. But though this is sometimes the case, it is unnecessary to conceal the fact that several weeks of winter are very trying, not so much from the cold, which, for reasons already given, is easily endured, but from the prevalence of keen and biting winds. The sky is bright, the snow sparkles beneath the sun, the sun turns a warm and generous face to the earth. Viewed from within doors the scene is enchanting and inviting ; but it is all vanity and illusion. Outside and away from obstruction a still small wind is blowing, generally in a direction opposite to one's own—a stream of intensely chilled air, noiseless, liquid, incessant, and from which there is no escape. It pierces an ordinary wrap like a needle, and no specious device, or cosy-looking invention of the traveller, can shield the most prominent feature from attack and disgrace. Luckily it does not chill one's bones. The moment a shelter is reached its spell is over ; Richard's himself again, feeling thankful over his spirits and water for having at last outwitted the invisible demon without. Barring this annoyance, the average Canadian is satisfied with the winter of the North-west, and not only tolerant of it, but delighted with it. As regards the animal economy of our race, it is enough to know that it is suitable to it, and temperate enough to conserve the highest physical development of the European, be he Teuton or Celt.

The great storms which one hears of in the East in connexion with this country are infrequent, but certainly very violent and dangerous. A brief description of one of them may be interesting to the eastern reader, and will suffice for all. It was preceded by some eight days of a strong west wind, not sufficiently boisterous to prevent travel. These were followed by a day of remarkable mildness and beauty; so much so that we were completely deceived, and camped on the open prairie, near the edge of a little clump of wild plum trees. Toward night snow began to fall, accompanied by a rough wind from the north, which increased in violence and fury, and kept the party busy all night keeping up the fire. By morning the storm had become a terrific hurricane, extinguishing our fire, and driving us to the shelter of a poplar thicket to the east of our camp. The wind lifted the snow from the plains like powder, and swept it onward in a lofty, blinding, and overwhelming mass. The noise of its commotion was simply appalling, and rose above mere moanings and howlings into a prolonged yell, as if the spirits of anguish and exquisite pain had their abiding-place in the storm. To remove a few feet from each other was to become instantly invisible; and, circumscribed in every way, our thoughts in due process became limited to a consideration of extreme misery. But after all we were safe. We had health, food, bedding, and a troublesome outline of a fire, and, compared with the situation of one of our number, our position was a secure one. That a man of coolness and resource can save his life, even under the most desperate circumstances, is evinced by the case of Mr. J. J. Setter, a native of Red River, and a man of great humour, courage, and physical strength. He was one of our party, and, about daybreak of the first morning of the storm, started from camp in order to find a little hut built as a shelter for the mail-carriers, who, the country being then an uninhabited wilderness, carried the mails with dog-trains. After some search, for it was impossible to see more than a few feet in advance, he found the hut, made a fire, and then returned to apprise us of the fact. But the storm had meanwhile completely obliterated his snow-shoe tracks, and, blinded by the furious drift, he lost his way, and wandered far out on the plain. His situation was a dreadful one; but, though his strength began to fail, and a feeling of sleepiness and exhaustion came over him, he never lost head or heart, and kept constantly moving. At length, when his hopes of safety were very slim indeed, it suddenly struck him that he might find a clue in the "bent" or lie of the grass. The prevalent wind of the country, he thought, would naturally give an easterly or south-easterly inclination to it, and as he knew that he was on the left bank of the Red River, if this were the case there might yet be a chance of regaining camp. After many trials he found that it was even so, and followed up his clue. At dusk, and cowering over our fire in indescribable agony of mind, we heard a faint halloo, and immediately afterwards the tall figure of our lost friend appeared before us. He was literally coated with ice, and staggering to the fire with a ghastly attempt at a joke, he fell all his length at our feet.

Instances are known of men and dog-trains having been completely buried by such storms for several days, and who yet came out alive. Instead of heralding speedy death, with food and bedding at hand such an occurrence is in fact a protection. The snow forms a close and comfortable shelter, where there is no danger of being frost-bitten, if men have only sense enough to lie quiet, and take precautions against chilling after emerging from the snow. Hesitation and confusion of mind have much to do with loss of life in such storms. In one of them a large mule-train, while crossing the great trackless waste between Fort Abercrombie and Devil's Lake in Dacotah Territory, was caught and overwhelmed. Those who did not get bewildered escaped with their lives, whilst the others were, of course, frozen to death. Many of the mules turned tail and fled before the storm, and others were found standing in their tracks, stone-dead, the drivers only discovering the fact upon vainly attempting to drive them into camp.

On the third morning of our storm the sun rose unclouded, and the plains sparkled like a diamond. Their surface showed like an ocean, wreathed and curled into a thousand fantastic shapes, and beaten by the tempest into a stiff crust, which bore us without snow-shoes for a hundred miles. Ten days afterwards the winter broke up, and water took the place of snow. It is then very difficult to travel. The suddenly melted snow fills the innumerable *coulées* and creeks to overflowing, and swells them to the magnitude of great rivers. It is difficult to make headway against them, and even the capital native methods of transportation sometimes fail to cope with the wild impetuosity of the freshet.

To sum up: the winters of the North-west, upon the whole, are agreeable, and singularly steady. The moccasin is dry and comfortable throughout, and no thaw, strictly speaking, takes place until spring, no matter how mild the weather may be. The snow, though shallow, wears well, and differs greatly from eastern snow. Its flake is dry and hard, and, in its gritty consistence, resembles white, slippery sand more than anything else. Generally speaking, the further west the shallower the snow, and this rule obtains even into the heart of the Rocky Mountains. In south-western Ontario the winter is milder, no doubt, than at Red River; but the soil of the North-west beats the soil of Ontario out of comparison, and, after all, who would care to exchange the crisp, sparkling, exhilarating winter of Manitoba for the slush and mud and rawness of Essex? And as for the Ottawa Valley, where, compared with the North-west, there is simply no land at all, and where the snow often lies four or five feet deep on a level, he would be a madman to do so.

As for the summer of the North-west nothing more need be said; there is nothing to surpass it in America.

In another paper I hope to deal with the resources and productions of this great region.

SONNET.

From "Spring Wild Flowers;"

A Volume of Poems, by Professor Daniel Wilson, LL D., University College, Toronto.

I STOOD upon the world's thronged thoroughfare,
And saw her crowds pass by in eager chase
Of bubbles glistening in the morning rays;
While overhead, methought God's angels were
With golden crowns, of which all unaware
They heedless crowded on in folly's race.
But yet methought a few were given grace,
With heavenward gaze, to aspire for treasures there,
All trustfully as an expectant heir;
Through whom the soul shone, as the body were
But as a veil, wherein it did abide,
Waiting till God's own hand shall it uncover.
O God! that such a prize in vain should hover
O'er souls in nature to Thyself allied!

LOST AND WON:

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

By the author of "For King and Country."

CHAPTER XVI.

"SUGARING OFF."

> "Do you think, because you fail me,
> And draw back your hand to-day,
> That, from out the heart I gave you,
> My strong love can fade away?"

NEXT day Alan contented himself with paying a few friendly New Year's visits in Mapleford, not caring to venture to the Mill at the risk of finding Mr. Sharpley established there. The day following that he must return to Carrington. As before, he walked on before the stage, accompanied by Ponto, along the now comparatively well-tracked road, though the walking was here and there rather heavy.

He had a good half-hour to spend with Lottie, who was unusually conciliatory, as she always was when she had treated him particularly ill. When he gently reproached her for so neglecting him for Mr. Sharpley on the night of the party, she only said, with a little toss of her pretty head, that, if Mr. Sharpley chose to be attentive she could not help it, and he was a much greater stranger than Alan, so, of course, she had to be civil to him. And Alan was very willing to take the best view of the matter and to tax himself with being exacting, nor did he wish to waste his last precious minutes in reproaches; so Lottie and he parted on as good terms as ever, she announcing to him that she was coming into Carrington in February, to stay with Kate Lindsay after her marriage. Alan did not say this time that he would rather it had been with some one else. He felt glad that she was coming on any terms.

Alan felt pretty home-sick when he got back to his lonely lodging. But work has a wonderful effect, and in his daily work and his studies, and his walks and talks with Philip Dunbar, with now and then an afternoon's skating on the "rink"—which was only a circumscribed space laboriously kept free from snow,—the long cold January wore away. At the "rink" he generally encountered little Pauline Arnold. He and she were growing great friends, and she would often catechise him about his name and his family, and get him to tell her stories about what he and his brothers and sister used to do when they were children. Ben had gone off on one of his wandering expeditions, probably to join some of his people in deer-hunting; but Alan knew that when he was tired of it he would return.

Near the end of January Kate Lindsay's marriage took place, and Lottie wrote to Alan an unusually extensive epistle, describing its grandeur, she herself being first bridesmaid. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall went on the usual "wedding trip," of about a week's duration, and then Lottie arrived to be with her friend in her new house during the season of receiving and returning wedding calls.

It need hardly be said that Mr. Sharpley managed to obtain early intelligence of Lottie's presence in Carrington, and that he was one of Mrs. Marshall's earliest visitors, a circumstance due much more to his knowledge of her visitor's arrival than to his regard for his "friend Mr. Marshall." Alan found him there when he called, and could hardly get a word with Lottie apart, so steadily did Mr. Sharpley maintain his position near her. And in fact he was obliged to leave Mr. Sharpley behind when, after making a tolerably long visit, he felt it time to go. Mr. Sharpley had established himself on a comfortable footing of intimacy which could disregard formalities, and with which neither the bride nor her friend seemed at all displeased.

And so it went on through the whole of Lottie's visit. If Alan joined Lottie and her friend for a walk, Mr. Sharpley was almost sure to attach himself to the party before the walk was over; if Alan went to

Mrs. Marshall's to spend an evening in Lottie's society, he was compelled to endure Mr. Sharpley's also; worst of all was the intimate, confidential tone which that gentleman assumed, and which Lottie was very far from seeming to repel. On fine afternoons Mrs. Marshall and Lottie would go to visit the rink, not to skate, for neither possessed that accomplishment, but only to look on the animated scene. Mr. Sharpley, who at other times used to skate a little, lost on these occasions all his taste for the amusement, and mounted guard beside Lottie and her friend, or friends; the little group usually seeming to be provided with plenty of amusement, which sometimes found expression in merriment that was a little too loud and noisy. Alan used to flit backwards and forwards in an undecided manner, skating up to the party and remaining with them till he could no longer stand Lottie's flirtation with Sharpley, then gliding off to his friend Mr. Dunbar, who, a far from uninterested spectator, was watching the progress of affairs, and anon returning again to Lottie as if impelled by some irresistible fascination. "Just like a moth round a candle," Mr. Dunbar said within himself as he looked on.

In fact it was evident, even to less interested eyes than Alan's, that Mr. Sharpley was "going in" pretty strongly, as his friends said, for Miss Lottie Ward, but whether it was with ultimately serious intentions, or merely as a flirtation, it was not so easy to discover. As for Lottie, while she received Mr. Sharpley's attentions with apparent pleasure, she was by no means inclined to tolerate any neglect of Alan's, and was, or appeared to be, absurdly jealous one day when he had skated nearly all the afternoon with little Pauline Arnold, not coming near her till it was almost over. Alan kept up his hopes on such symptoms, though he often had a hard battle with the fears which would take form in spite of him. But he persuaded himself that Lottie was only coquetting with Sharpley—it was her nature to do that—and so he could not blame her, and it was very natural for a girl brought up in the country to be pleased and flattered by such marked attentions. But he could not believe that they could have the effect of removing her affection from him, although between his dislike and jealousy of Sharpley and his natural desire to see all he could of Lottie, poor Alan was kept in a constant fever of anxiety and worry.

It was well for him that he had to go off on a business expedition with Mr. George Arnold, to see and value some timber which the firm proposed to buy, and so missed the latter part of Lottie's visit, and the large party that Mrs. Marshall gave for her as soon as she was in a position to do so by having been invited to a number of places herself. The party was not one that Alan would have cared for, being chiefly composed of people like the McCallums, who, though wealthy, possessed but little cultivation or refinement; and Mr. Dunbar's society had made him rather quick to see such deficiencies in any one, that is, except Lottie. While if he had not gone to the party, to be made miserable by seeing Mr. Sharpley's conspicuous attentions, he would have made himself hardly less miserable by imagining them at home. But the long journey he was obliged to take by sleigh through a wild tract of country, and the excitement of various little adventures, such as meeting a bear which Alan brought down with his rifle, after George Arnold had tried and failed, served as a wholesome distraction to the morbid state of mind that had been growing upon him; and when he returned Lottie had gone home, having been somewhat hastily recalled by a temporary indisposition of her mother. It was at once a disappointment and a relief to find her gone. She was removed from Mr. Sharpley's daily society now, and for himself, he hoped to see her on his visit home at Easter, when he would have a day or two of holidays. Easter came early that year, but early as it was, the winter was already breaking up, and under the influence of a bright March sun and mild days the snow was going away so fast that Alan saw he should have no sleighing to go home with. But had the roads been ten times as bad, and had he been obliged to walk, Alan would have gone nevertheless. It was splendid sugar-making weather—bright, warm sunny days, and frosty nights. Alan knew how the sap would be running from the pierced trees into the wooden sap-buckets in the "maple bush" at Blackwater Mill. He had usually helped them there with their sugar-making, for at Braeburn they had not maple trees enough to make "sugaring" worth while. What pleasant days he and Lottie had had in that wood, watching the buckets filling, and emptying them into the great cask which, when full, was conveyed to the farm-house to be boiled there in the great iron kettle! And then the "sugaring off," when the golden syrup was declared to be about sufficiently boiled, and was tested, much to the young people's delight, by being poured over plates of snow, forming, as it rapidly cooled, a delicious bit of confectionery. All the old, free, happy times came back to Alan in his exile, and he had an unconquerable longing to have once more a taste of them. He would be in time, at least, for the "sugaring off;" and he hoped the old associations that would be revived would revive also Lottie's old affection, in case Mr. Sharpley's attentions might have had a tendency to diminish it. So we cheat ourselves with vain hopes and screen the edge of the precipice at our feet with flowers till the treacherous footing gives way, and precipitates us to the bottom.

There would be no stage through to Mapleford on Good Friday, as it only went three times a week, and Alan could not leave on the Thursday morning, so he made up his mind to hire a conveyance, and start on the Thursday afternoon. He met Mr. Dunbar, however, on his way to the livery stable, and on telling him of his intention was met by the kind proposal that he should take for the journey a horse which Mr. Dunbar had lately bought.

"I should really be glad if you'd take him," said Mr. Dunbar, who when he did a kindness, always managed to do it in the kindest way. "The roads have been so uninviting of late that I haven't been able to give him proper exercise, and he's eating his head off in the stable, and getting spoiled, besides, for want of work. So take him and welcome. You'd better ride I think, than go on wheels."

As Alan, having thanked him heartily, was turning away, Mr. Dunbar added—"Poor Joseph Morgan is dead; he died this morning; I've just been writing to Miss Lenore Arnold about it. She'll be interested in hearing, for her generosity has been just keeping them alive of late.

Alan inwardly wondered—it was natural enough, in his circumstances, that he should wonder—whether Mr. Dunbar was not glad of the opportunity of writing to Miss Lenore about anything, since he seemed to admire her so much. He had often wondered at his friend's inveterate bachelorhood.

It was one of the brightest of March afternoons when Alan started on his ride to Mapleford—one of those unnaturally mild, spring-like days, when the sunshine falls so sweet and golden that the snow and slush under foot seems an anachronism, and we like to cheat ourselves into thinking that "the winter is over and gone," and that all the delights of spring are at hand, without thinking of the long tract of bleak ungenial weather that must come between.

But, as the sun sank low and Alan drew near to his destination, the air began to grow keen and frosty again. He could trace its influence in the hard crunching sound of his horse's hoofs against the freezing slush, and in the coating of ice that was already covering the little runnels of water on the road. But the clear, bracing air was a delight to breathe, and Alan, who had made up his mind to cast care behind him, felt his spirits rising rapidly as he drank in the exhilarating air, and watched the clear, bright, saffron tones of the sunset. He would have Lottie all to himself here; and instead of the artificial town, with the multifarious sights and sounds that so distracted her volatile fancy, there would be the free, open sky, and delicious spring air, and the quiet fields and trees, to open her heart and give him fresh assurance of the love he had won from her when the last spring was shedding her witchery over the earth, as Lottie had done over him.

So thinking and dreaming, Alan, who had put Mr. Dunbar's rather "fresh" horse to its best paces during the last few miles, came in sight of the well-known mill on the high ground, just below which, though an intervening rise hid it from him, was the miller's house. Then a gallop and he was at the wide gate. He would ride in, surprise Lottie—for he had not told her he was coming—stay as long as he could, and then push on to Mapleford, in time to walk in upon them just as they were separating for the night.

He encountered no one in the broad lane that led to the house. It would be about tea-time, he remembered, the days were so long now. He could see the broad golden sunset through the pines that edged the rock, below which fell the water-fall; he could hear its rushing sound already begun, for it had broken loose from its icy fetters. Long afterwards these sights and sounds remained photographed on his memory, as often happens in a crisis in our lives.

He turned in towards the back-door. He thought he would go in through the outer kitchen, and come upon them unawares. He could hear Lottie's voice already in merry tones. He dismounted quietly, and tied his horse near the door, which was partly open. He entered quietly. There was the great sugar-cauldron, just as he had seen it so often of old, with Mrs. Ward beside it, dipping in her long iron ladle. And there was Lottie, looking brighter and prettier than ever, holding a plate of snow ready to catch the syrup from the ladle. And beside her—very close, and looking at her with an unmistakable expression of ownership—stood Mr. Sharpley. As she turned, with the well-known arch look in her brown eyes, holding the plate of cooling syrup to her companion, he put his arm round her waist in the most matter-of-course way and kissed the face turned towards him —a liberty which Lottie only noticed by a light laugh, as she looked up at him in the old, insinuating way that Alan knew so well.

That was quite enough for him to see. He knew his fate now, without plainer telling. He had presence of mind left to retire noiselessly, without letting his presence be observed, but how he got to Mapleford he never knew. That part of his journey always remained a blank to him. But he knew afterwards, from the condition of his horse when he arrived, that he must have galloped, at full speed, nearly all the way.

It was with a curious, stunned feeling, that he went through the greetings and the little excitement of the arrival. He did not yet realise the blow which had fallen, and anything that could stave off thought was welcome. His mother and Jeanie noticed how pale and haggard he looked, and set it down to his having been overworked, an impression he did not care to remove. When Jeanie, shortly after he had gone, heard the news of Lottie's new engagement, she remembered Alan's haggard looks and depressed spirits, and traced them to their true source; but even *she* never knew that he had stopped that afternoon at Blackwater Mill.

He got through his visit somehow, so different a visit from what he had intended to make it, but afterwards it seemed to him as if it had all been a dream. He felt as if he could neither think nor feel. His mind had not yet adjusted itself to the new state of things, and he felt bewildered between things as they had been and things as they *were*. It was not till he returned to Carrington that the full sense of his desolation rushed upon him, and he had to face the knowledge that the fair fabric of dreams and hopes in which he had lived so long, had all crumbled into dust.

It was about a week after that Good Friday that, in going to the post-office to look for his home letter, he got, along with it, one bearing the post-mark of Dunn's Corners, but directed in an unfamiliar hand, the writing, evidently, of a person not accustomed to letter-writing. He knew what it was, immediately, as well as if it had been handed to him open, though he trifled with it for some time before he could make up his mind to open it.

It was, as he expected, from Mrs. Ward; much such a letter as Mrs. Ward might have been expected to write under the circumstances, with a good many inaccuracies, literal and grammatical, but withal concise, and very much to the point. She reminded Alan that she had told him that the engagement must be considered as broken off, and that Lottie was at liberty to "do better," should opportunity offer. Such an opportunity had offered itself in Mr. Sharpley's proposal, and she and her husband had felt that they would not be doing their duty by their daughter if they did not advise her to accept it. She had, therefore, accepted it, with their advice and approval; indeed they would have very much disapproved of her refusing it, since Mr. Sharpley was a very nice, steady, prosperous young man, and it was not every day that a girl met with such a chance. Mrs. Ward hoped that Alan was satisfied, and that he would see it was all for the best; though for her part she would have been very glad had it been so that Alan could have been in Mr. Sharpley's place. She hoped, too, that he would not think hardly of Lottie, who had, she thought, acted very sensibly, and that they would always be just as good friends as ever.

It was only what Alan had expected, and yet, somehow, the seeing it in black and white before him made him feel as if it were real and tangible. His mind went bitterly back over the past year, over his doubting hope, his timid love, his joy when he had reason to believe it returned, his short-lived happiness, and then the months of trouble and separation and hoping against hope. Well! it was all over now. but, "how *could* Lottie?" That was the thought that would always recur! He would not think harshly of her if he could help it—but how *could* she do it?

Perhaps Lottie could hardly have told. She had very much drifted into it by force of circumstances. She had at first accepted Mr. Sharpley's attentions out of pure coquetry, till she had begun to feel him a necessary and agreeable appendage, and so he had gradually usurped Alan's place in her thoughts. She was not in love with Mr. Sharpley. any more than she had been with Alan. But the prosperous, pleasant career which, as his wife, she seemed to see before her, beguiled her fancy, and there was no real love at bottom to rise against the ignoble temptation and drive the intruder out. And so she had come to cherish the thought as a pleasant one, and Alan's image had grown dimmer and dimmer. And, if anything more were needed, Mr. Sharpley's persuasive accents, and her father's and mother's advice and encouragement would have done the rest. She thought of Alan, still, with a little *tendresse*, which did not, however, disturb the complacency with which she looked forward to her wedding preparations. She did not in the least realise the intensity of his suffering, but she rather hoped that he would not "get over" it directly. Indeed, it gave her a curious satisfaction to think that he would not, for she would have felt decidedly slighted, if he could have "got over his disappointment" as easily as Robert Warwick, who was to be married to Mary Burridge in May. She thought that she would always be a great friend of Alan's, and felt rather injured that he had not come to see her during his Easter visit to Mapleford.

It would have been too much to expect Mr. Sharpley to have any compunction in possessing himself of what he did not think Alan had any right to claim in his altered circumstances. *He was* in love, so far as his cold, shallow temperament would let him be, and he had had some misgivings as to whether he was not letting his feelings run away with him to an unwarrantable degree, in bestowing himself on a country girl, with no "style" about her, when he might have had, as he believed, a tolerably extensive choice among the Carrington "young ladies.' But, after all, the choice there was limited to a rather second class "set," and he felt convinced that Lottie, with her good looks, and the advantage of his supervision. would soon take on a polish quite equal to theirs, while he knew that from the miller's ample resources, a pretty substantial portion would, sooner or later, fall to Lottie's share. So, on the whole, even taking into consideration the great aims and objects of his life, he felt that he might in this case give the reins to his inclination, and marry the girl he really wanted. For Alan he felt a contemptuous sort of compassion, such as mean spirits, when successful, often feel for those they have distanced in the race. He had, long ago, quite forgotten any uncomfortable feelings he might have had in regard to past transactions between them.

Alan never wrote to Lottie, or attempted to procure an interview. When the first keenness of the suffering was over, he tried to make excuses for her, and he did not wish to reproach, or wound her, now that matters had gone so far and could not be undone. He wrote to Mrs. Ward a few lines, acknowledging her letter, with the information it contained, saying that it was for Lottie, of course, to decide her own lot, and that however deeply he must regret it, he wished her all happiness in the lot she had chosen

And Mrs. Ward remarked to her husband that, really, the young man had behaved very well, and that the whole thing had been most satisfactorily managed, which Mr. Ward only thought another proof, added to the many he had already had, of the extreme cleverness of his energetic wife.

Lottie's wedding was fixed for the first week in June, for Mr. Sharpley saw no reason why he should wait, nor was Lottie unwilling to enter upon the importance and the excitement of her new life as a town lady. So Mrs. Ward immersed herself in the work of getting Lottie an outfit that she should not be ashamed of, and thought very little of Alan, or of the Campbell family, who, when they heard the startling news, took up Alan's cause with an indignation far greater than any that Alan ever manifested, whatever he may have felt.

CHAPTER XVII.

NEW FRIENDS.

"It may be hard to gain, and still
To keep a lowly steadfast heart;
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a truer part."

ALL that Spring seemed lost to Alan. Afterwards he could never remember how it had passed, as often happens with times of intense suffering. He could well remember, however, the feeling of the long weary struggle to accommodate his mind to the altered circumstances, to steel himself to think of Lottie as another's, and crush back the wild longings that would continually rise in spite of him, to mock him with the ghost of a dead Past—to rouse his energies to go about the daily work that now seemed so objectless—though he hated himself for feeling it so, when there were the dear ones at home to labour for. But life just then seemed to him a weary waste of arid sand, over which his tired feet must plod on—on—with no bright goal in view, no pleasant resting-place or shelter when the toil was over!

He shrank from society, and liked best to take refuge in silence and his own thoughts; and now and then, from these, when he could command his attention so far as to fix it on a book. Even Mr. Dunbar's companionship he ungratefully shunned, the converse that had formerly been so pleasant seeming an intolerable burden to him now. He always carefully avoided meeting Mr. Sharpley, the very sight of whom gave him a stab of pain, the pain of putting anything so hated in such close connexion with what he had so loved.

Ben had returned to his work with the Spring that loosened the fettered waters once more; and he was now and then Alan's companion in a walk, his very taciturnity making him a grateful companion, since he neither cared to talk, nor expected to be talked to. But these country walks revived the pain in a new form. There was hardly a symptom of Spring, hardly a wild flower or opening blossom, that did not recall Lottie, and the thought of the last Spring. The hepaticas, so delicately fragrant, the snowy trilliums and convallarias, and the bright phloxes, all vividly reminded him of the bouquets he had brought her from the woods in the first happy flush of his avowed love. And at such times, Ben would wonder how his face would change and grow white and take that hard, set look; while Alan would walk rapidly homeward, intent only upon controlling the paroxysm of agony till he was alone. It seemed so hard to believe that it was all over and yet he must believe it! In after years he could hardly recall the image of that dark gloomy time, which clouded over the bright Spring skies for him till he could hardly see any brightness, and would not have believed in the possibility that any "bright light" could be hid in clouds like these.

But just when all was darkness, and his need was sorest, a friend and comforter was sent him, in the person of a new boarder who came at this time to stay for awhile at Mrs. O'Donohue's, during a temporary sojourn in Carrington.

The new-comer, Ralph Myles, was a young man, very little older, apparently, than Alan. He was rather under the middle height, but strongly built, and his well-knit frame, all sinew and muscle, seemed to bear witness to a life of hard toil. His square, rather heavy features were plain, at least you thought so until you saw them lighted up by a smile of remarkable sweetness, or noticed the truthful, earnest, kindly expression of the clear grey eyes, which seemed to look on every one he met as if he had a message of love to deliver, and only longed for an opportunity of delivering it.

And so indeed it was. Ralph Myles had chosen as his vocation that of being "a son of consolation" to those who were wandering in darkness, and misery, and sin, all unmindful of the "blue heavens above us bent," of their true welfare, present and future; the task of "making straight paths for the feet" of those who were stumbling, astray and benighted, through the wilderness of this world. His youth had been spent, not in college education, but in arduous toil, and was so, still, at intervals; for his family were poor and struggling with the difficulties of a farm which they were reclaiming from nearly "wild land," and often needed his cheerfully given and efficient help. But Ralph had a higher mission, a still more pressing "vocation," and in pursuance of it had become a lay-preacher and evangelist, making a specialty of a mission to the lumbermen, on which he had been sent, with the scantiest of pay. It was a much needed mission, for some of the gangs of lumbermen, especially in the back country, had lost any gleams of Christian knowledge they had ever possessed, and lived absolutely as heathens; swearing, drinking, and gambling being the rule instead of the exception. Often separated from their families for long periods, they were deprived of every softening influence, and some of them were as hardened "roughs" as one could well meet with anywhere, confirming each other's evil habits, and spending in noisy drinking-bouts the earnings they should have brought home to their families.

But the worse they were, the more field they furnished for Ralph Myles's ardent missionary zeal. He went about among their shanties in the far backwoods, beyond the reach of wheeled vehicles, and even of horse-tracks, carrying at his belt a small hatchet, to make his way through the tangled forest, and a pocket-compass to guide him to his intended destination. He sat among the men around their camp-fires, talking to them as one of themselves, and teaching the great truths he longed to bring to bear upon them in the homeliest phraseology. He preached to them in his powerful, sonorous voice, and rough, untutored eloquence, with an originality, but, above all, with a force of heart and feeling that told upon his hearers, rough and hardened as they were, and sometimes, by a happy stroke that went home to some still responsive hidden chord, would bring unbidden tears to eyes long strangers to them, even as the rough Cornish colliers used to be melted by the burning appeals of the Wesleys. It is said that "where there's a will there's a way," and it seems true, to some extent at least, that a whole-hearted, genuine impulse, if unwavering and full of faith in its object, does, in some measure, bend the order of things—even of material things—to its will. And so, with implicit faith in his message, and a burning desire to deliver it, Ralph Myles was making his way, and meeting with encouraging success, where "practical men," so-called, would have prophesied complete failure. But fervid enthusiasm will prevail when cold calculation must inevitably fail.

It was in the prosecution of his unwearying labours in this mission that Ralph Myles had come for a time to Carrington, which he intended to make a centre for little missionary tours in various directions, especially up the large river into which the Arqua ran.

It was at a crisis in Alan's life that Ralph Myles came to be his fellow-boarder. There were already boarding there one or two young men of rather unsteady habits, from whom Alan had been wont to hold himself aloof, disliking their practices and the tone of their conversation. They, along with two sons of the landlady, Mrs. O'Donohue—reckless, rollicking young Irishmen, whose means of living were not very clear, unless they lived upon their poor, hard-working mother—used to have what they called "social evenings" of card playing, generally accompanied by gambling, which social evenings were wont to be wound up by "a glass,"—meaning more accurately half-a-dozen glasses. Other young men of similar tastes sometimes came in to join them, and these evening parties often became rather boisterous, to say the least of it, before they ended, which they usually did in the strains—very musical, for the O'Donohues had fine voices—of "He's a jolly good fellow;" and energetic exclamations that the singers did not intend to "go home till morning," resounded with startling vehemence through the quiet streets. Poor fellows! it was hardly to be much marvelled at if they did amuse themselves in this way. No taste for any purer, more elevated pleasures had ever been cultivated in them; they did not care for reading, no taste for it having ever been awakened in their untutored minds; there were no pleasant home-circles open to them, where their hearts and minds might have been awakened to purer tastes and a nobler conception of life; they were hirelings and strangers, whom the busy little world of Carrington—divided off into several "sets," and all intent on their own pleasures and profit—disregarded and threw upon their own resources, such as these resources were.

And now that Alan was despondent and miserable, often feeling not equal to seeking even Philip Dunbar's society, finding the books that used to interest him now demanding more command of thought than his depressed and heart-sick frame of mind would allow; when the volume would drop neglected from his hand, while his thoughts went bitterly back to the sorrow that they were ever morbidly feeding on, he began to listen to the merry sounds—as they seemed—that came up from the room below, and then, as at least a temporary diversion and refuge from the painful thoughts that sometimes became intolerable, he began to join the circle, at first as a spectator merely, then gradually as a participator. He learned, for the first time in his life, to play at cards, and began to like the excitement of it, and even the further excitement of playing for money. And then, too, against all his own former principles, he began to join in the "social glass," at first out of mere good-fellowship with the fellows who were so friendly. and by degrees for its own sake—for the exhilarating effect and the temporary relief from present misery. The latent tendency which he inherited from his father, and which had first been excited by Mr. Dunbar's generous wine, was now being developed fast. Moreover, he was becoming familiarised with a tone of conversation such as he had never before been accustomed to. Low jests, stories of doubtful tendency, evil such as he had formerly never even dreamed of, were growing far too familiar to his ear. In short, Alan, under the pressure of a shock which he had no inner strength to resist, was fast going on the downward road to ruin, as many another has done before him; when, happily for him, the strong, kind heart and resolute love of Ralph Myles interposed and saved him from himself.

This might, indeed, have been tried by Mr. Dunbar, but he wanted Ralph's lever—that power of thorough faith, by which he produced such effects. The slight cynicism which tinged his manner either sprang from or was accompanied by scepticism. Alan could not have told why it was that he felt his kind friend could not be a helper to him at this time; why, in regard to the very highest subjects, there seemed to be about him so different an atmosphere from that in which he had been brought up. Mr. Dunbar was one whom his own painful experience and the restless spirit of the age had shaken loose from his moorings. He had suffered much in various ways, and felt as if he had been hardly dealt with by what people in general called "Providence," but what he called "chance," or "fate," or "luck." He could feel no Father's love, could see no Father's hand guiding the "changes and chances of this mortal life."

His experience of those whom the world calls "Christians," had not been a happy one. His mother had been a weak, inefficient woman, making a rather ostentatious profession of religion an excuse for neglecting home duties, even for much unprofitable gossip about her neighbours. Then, as he had seen more of life, he had seen many strange inconsistencies between the things which these people professed to believe and the things they did. He had seen those who were looked upon as pillars of their respective religious organizations, professed champions of a cause that essentially looks beyond the "fashions of this world that passeth away," just as worldly, as unscrupulous in their business transactions, as greedy of this world's filthy lucre, as their more irreligious neighbours. He had seen men like Dick Sharpley evidently parading their "religious connexion," with the aim, half avowed, of improving their business connexion, and he had seen such manœuvres succeed. He had seen employers, men who took a prominent part in church matters, going complacently to church with their families, seemingly careless of the fact that by their compelling their employees to work on the day of rest, they were depriving them of all chance of receiving the spiritual nourishment which they appeared to think needful for themselves. He saw churches in which it was supposed that the "gospel was preached to the poor," fenced about with pew-rents, and filled up with well-dressed congregations, who sat in their luxurious pews and listened to the exposition of a religion of love and self-sacrifice, without one thought of the poor sunken creatures wrangling and writhing in their ignorance and vice and misery, not a stone's throw without, who might, by the extending of a helping hand, have been given a chance to rise. But the people who professed to be followers of Him who came to "seek and save that which was lost," went home to enjoy their Sunday dinner and their Sunday afternoon of repose or gossip, or indolent reading, without any idea, apparently, that they had anything to do with the matter. Even in the management of some so-called "charities," he had seen abuses which excited his indignation—the grinding down of the poor to serve the selfish ends of those who managed them to suit their own interests, all the while gaining and taking credit for their supposed self-denying exertions. In politics, too, in which Mr. Dunbar took a deep interest, he had often seen men who professed to be followers of embodied Truth and Love, setting at nought the simplest principles of political honesty, sacrificing truth and fairness to party exigencies, and conscience to expediency, and taking their full share in all the unfairness, misrepresentation, and animosity of blind partisanship; in short, doing and condoning, apparently without a single scruple, evils which he, Philip Dunbar, who made no profession of faith at all, would have died sooner than endorse or participate in. His keen eye had detected Pharisaism and hypocrisy in a hundred guises, until he had hardened himself into a general belief that the whole was a sham and an unreality. Judging more hastily and less candidly than he would have done in any legal matter, he judged Christianity by the shortcomings and inconsistencies of those whose want of practical faith made them unworthy to fight under her banner, and, of course, taking a test of this kind, found it wanting.

The divisions of the Christian Church, too, were another stumbling-block to him; not because theoretical differences existed, for he was philosopher enough to allow for the differences in mental constitution and habit which prevent any truth from being seen exactly alike by all, but because the great common cohesive force whose power all professed to own, did not more generally triumph over the theoretical differences; because that which is admittedly the strongest of all bonds seemed to be so often the most embittering source of alienation and separation. And again, instead of referring this evil to its source in the erring heart of man, he half unconsciously referred it to a defect in the religion which he thought he judged "by its fruits."

Moreover, in the course of his extensive reading, he was constantly coming upon some of the attacks—sometimes covert and sometimes open, but generally keen and bitter—which a philosophy falsely so-called "is so fond of launching at a misconceived Christianity"—misconceived, because its enemies will not take the trouble of candidly studying it at its fountain head. Not by the utterances of its Founder, but by the "traditions of men," they judge, and so grossly misjudge it. Mr. Dunbar could hardly take up a scientific periodical without meeting with some of the insinuations or bold, unblushing invectives of those who avail themselves of the light given them by the God of Nature, by which they are enabled to see a little way into His wondrous workings, to draw hasty conclusions, and from them falsely to deduce systems of thought which would exclude the Creator from His own universe, and reduce everything to the blind working of the forces which He has permitted them to study. Philip Dunbar did not go so far as that however. Such things had their effect upon his mind, but he never lost his faith in abstract truth and goodness, and that, at least, saved him from the black gulf of materialism. He thought that his "faith had centre everywhere"—

> "Nor cared to fix itself in form,"

forgetting that, as human beings, we want something real, something concrete to cling to; and that form, however worse than useless it may be when deprived of the living spirit which alone can give it any value, may yet, when that spirit is present to animate it, be not only a beautiful but even a necessary expression of the life within. But though this was Philip Dunbar's own state of mind, he was at least careful not to disturb another's happier faith, where he saw it was genuine. When, as in Lenore Arnold, he saw a real attempt to live out the spirit of the religion believed in, he respected it as a beautiful development of humanity, and would not have uttered a word to shake what he deemed a fair illusion. And in regard to Alan, he would have avoided doing anything to lessen his reverence for that which might be a safeguard to him in passing through life, knowing, as Mr. Dunbar did, how much safeguards are needed in it. But when Alan, in his distress, needed real help and comfort, he knew intuitively that Mr. Dunbar had it not to give.

Ralph Myles, on the other hand, was one of the happy few who seem to reach the light without any intermediate experience of darkness and doubt. He held the living principle of the truth he had received with too firm a grasp to admit of doubting, and weighing, and critically theorising respecting that which energized his whole soul and being. He had got beyond the need of logical demonstration, if logical demonstration were possible in a sphere which so far transcends human reason. He could as easily have doubted the existence of the warm physical life that animated his physial frame, as the strong spiritual impulses hat pervaded his inner being. Some of the nore formally appointed labourers in the ame field, who, taking their stand upon the dvantages of college education and eccleiastical authorization, would have hardly eigned to acknowledge Ralph as a fellowabourer, might have envied him the strong rdent zeal and satisfied grasp of Truth that as the moving principle of his happy and seful life.

He had the gift, and a rare and valuable ne it is, of drawing out the confidence even f the reserved. He saw Alan's unhappiness nd his danger, and by degrees he obtained ome glimpses into the state of his mind. e set himself to break up the dissipated abits of the little coterie, and almost withut their knowing why, his presence had a estraining influence, and his efforts to rouse hem to a sense of something nobler and etter were not without their effect.

But he made Alan his especial care, for he was drawn towards him by a strong attraction, and soon gained over him a powerful influence. He taught him to see, or at least believe when he could not see, that life here is but a discipline and education for a nobler one in the future, that he had been hitherto satisfying himself with the lower love, and allowing it to crowd out the desire or wish for the higher, and that that higher and inexpressible Love which had a right to claim him as its own was now guiding every step of a way intended to lead him to his true rest. And wearied out with his misery and his fruitless struggle, as well as burdened with a sense of sin and wrongdoing, Alan, at last, was fain to abandon the useless conflict, and give himself up in childlike faith to the "unseen Friend at his side," —to the Divine Love that, through suffering and death, had bought for him a purified conscience and true spiritual life.

But all this was not learned in a day.

(*To be continued.*)

CANADA.

I KNOW a land in the glowing West,
Which my youthful heart loved first and best ;
A land which seemed to my raptured eyes,
As a last sweet likeness of Paradise—
Where birds and flowers were bright and gay,
And all nature joined in my happy play ;
Where the blushing morn and the balmy air
Seemed ever breathing a thankful prayer ;
And a spirit dwelt in the young moon's light,
And guarded with beauty each summer night.

Ah, would 'neath the dear old roof I might stand,
And feast my eyes on that pleasant land,
On the meadow reach where the "scarlet cup"
Seems drinking the dazzling sunshine up.
Where Ontario's waters in calmness lie
'Neath the azure blue of the boundless sky.
And the war-birds flash and the blue-birds play,
Through the long bright hours of the summer day ;
While some youth springs down from the glowing land.
And the light skiff darts from the yellow sand.

And then when the light snow falls thro' the air,
And winter sets in, oh ! how bright and clear !
When the sleigh-bells ring their joyous song,
When the days are short and the nights are long,
When the dear toboggan is drawn thro' the street,
And moccasins pulled over dainty feet,
When swiftly we fly down some terrible slope,
With nothing to stop the toboggan, I hope !—
O can there on earth be more glorious fun?
Is any land better? say? under the sun.

But alas ! I know that a change is there !
'Tis not in the sunshine, 'tis not in the air,
No ! man may improve (?) every acre of soil,
As for fame or for riches he'll stubbornly toil,
But the air and the light, though we question them well,
Escape, with their secret scarce deigning to tell !
Yes, the sky is our birthright, 'tis young, and 'tis old,
And there's room for us all in that wonderful fold ;
But the reason I sigh, though I know 'tis in vain,
Is for flowers that, alas ! will bloom never again.

For the beech and the maple whose shadows no more
Will make like an old Roman pavement the floor
Of the forest ; where lately the chip-munk and deer
Lived happy and free as the birds of the air ;
And all the bright flowers that bent o'er the stream
Are gone, like the visions that flit thro' a dream ;
And down by the brink of my own darling lake,
Where the lilies would tremble, would quiver and quake ;
Stone battlements cover the sand and the shore
And the whip-poor-will sings nevermore, nevermore !

But why should I mourn? Here in England I find
The treasures of ages, the triumphs of mind ;
And wherever we are in this Pilgrimage time,
Dear friends, we shall meet in a happier clime.
If here we look humbly and trustfully on
To the heaven where loved ones already are gone ;
And if flowers and forests that charmed me of old
Have vanished like sunsets of crimson and gold,
They have left me bright pictures, and ne'er from my heart,
Shall the love of the home of my childhood depart.

London, England. E. S. T.

THE LATE HON. JOSEPH HOWE.

BY THE REV. G. M. GRANT, HALIFAX,

Author of "Ocean to Ocean."

PART III.

IN 1835 Howe found out that he was an orator. So did the people of Halifax; and the year following he was elected as one of the four Reform candidates for the county. Now commenced the third period of his life, his ten years conflict for Responsible Government. The old order of things was strongly entrenched in Halifax. The citadel was too stoutly defended to be taken by a rush. Whether it was that the crisis gave birth to the men, or that the men gave birth to the crisis, certain it is that we have had no such men in Nova Scotia since. Well and long was the battle fought; and, now that the smoke has cleared away, we can see that what was involved was not mere reform, but a social and political revolution.

In the course of the contest hard things were said, and some wise men have blamed Howe for them. He could have done all that he did, say they, without speaking and writing bitterly, and so making enemies. To say the least, this is doubtful. Omelettes cannot be had without breaking eggs, nor wars without wounds. If there must be war, it will be essentially barbarous, in spite of all the International Peace Congresses in the world. A dog will bite if you try to take away his bone, and so will the average Briton if you touch his position, privileges, prejudices, or purse. Perhaps he will base his resistance on principle, on the cause, the country, or some other grand word. "I must bring in a bill to reduce your salary from £8,000 to £5,000," said the Prime Minister to the Bishop. "B—but, my dear sir," exclaimed his Lordship, horror-stricken, "what then will become of religion?"

From the first Howe seemed to know instinctively what was involved, and that there was no other course but to fight the battle out, although the fighting was sometimes merciless enough. "Forced into a cleft stick, there was nothing left for us but to break it," was his pithy way of putting the case. Naturally enough the stick objected to being broken. And as in every war, for one man killed in battle, five or six die from other causes connected with the war—bad boots, bad food, bad rum, wet clothes, the trenches for beds, hospital fever, and such like—so the open opposition of debate was the least that he had to fear. That, as one of the finest peasantry in the world said of Donnybrook, "was enjoyment." Howe was once asked by an old sportsman with whom he had gone fishing for salmon, how he liked that sport. "Pretty well," was the answer. "but after all it's not half so exciting as a fortnight's debate in the Legislature, and a doubt as to the division." The personal slanders in private circles—and he could not afford to be wholly indifferent to such; the misrepresentation not only of motives, but of the actual objects sought to be attained. which circulate from mouth to mouth till they become the established "they say" of society; those ceaseless petty annoyances and meannesses of persecution which Thackeray declares only women are capable of inflicting; these were showered about and on him like a rain of small-shot, and these *do* gall, no matter how smilingly a man may bear himself. He objected to the Anglican Bishop being a member of the Council, and to an Anglican clergyman being invariably Chaplain of the House of Assembly. The whisper went round that his real reason was not the equality of all denominations before the law, but that he himself was an infidel. He condemned the exaction of fees by the Judges, and there could be no doubt of the illegality of the practice; but he was none the less charged with bringing the judicial tribunals of the country into contempt. He advocated the opening of the outports, believing that when Halifax prospered at the expense of the rest of the Province it was no more a sign of prosperity than the growth of a tumour that absorbs the strength of the body is a sign of health; and he was, of course, held up as the enemy of his native city. He demanded that the Provincial Government should have the regulation of the Post Office. It was gravely answered that if that were done we might stop the mails! He claimed that political offices should not be held in defiance of the will of the people; and "they said" that all he wanted was an office for himself. He declared that the people were dissatisfied because the executive was not responsible to them; and he was accused of being the author and fomenter of the dissatisfaction. When he and his friends proved that everything they asked for was in strict conformity with British precedents and the British constitution, the serious arguments they got in reply were that what might be granted with safety in Britain could not be granted in colonies, that colonists were too democratic for British institutions, and that they must be content if it was thought necessary that they should not enjoy some of the legislative privileges of the mother country.

But the favourite cry against him all these years was that he was a rebel. It was the most telling, for many good people believed it, and believed that he had infected the farmers of the country until, as Howe said, "they wouldn't buy eggs from the Chezzetcookers, lest the very hens had also been infected." I would not exaggerate the bitterness felt against him by the official class of the day, nor revive memories that all are willing to let die, but it is necessary to refer to these things to illustrate his character and environment. After all, these people did as most of us would probably have done. They were taught, and they believed easily, that this printer Howe was bad, that he spoke evil of dignitaries, that he was a red republican, and a great many other things equally low. The dignitaries could not control themselves when they had to refer to him; to take him down to the end of a wharf and blow him away from a cannon's mouth into space was the only thing that would satisfy their ideas of the fitness of things. Their women, if they saw him passing along the street, would run from the windows shrieking as if he were a monster whose look was pollution. Their sons talked of horsewhipping, ducking in a horsepond, fighting duels with him, or doing anything in an honourable or even semi-honourable way to abate or demolish the nuisance. And they did not confine themselves to talk. On one occasion, before he became a member of the House, a young fellow inflamed by drink mounted his horse and rode down the street to the printing office, with broadsword drawn, declaring he would kill Howe. He rode up on the wooden sidewalk, and commenced to smash the windows, at the same time calling on Howe to come forth. Howe was in, and hearing the clatter rushed out. He had been working at the desk, and had on only a pair of trowsers, all bespattered with ink, and a waistcoat half-buttoned. Appearing on the doorstep with shirt sleeves partly rolled up, just as he had been working, and bare head, he took in the situation at a glance. A madman on horseback and sword in hand must be always an unpleasant antagonist. Howe did not delay a minute nor say a word. His big white face glowed with passion, and going up to the shouting creature he caught him by the wrist, disarmed, unhorsed, and threw him on his back in a minute. Some years after, another young gentleman challenged him. Howe went out, received his fire, and then fired in the air. He was a dead shot, but had no desire to have murder on his soul. He was challenged afterwards by at least two others, but refused to go out again. He had gone once to prove that he was not a coward, but he had no intention of being made a target of. And he was no coward. There was not a drop of coward's blood in his body. Even a mob did not make him afraid. Once when the young Ireland party had inflamed the Halifax crowd against him, he walked among them on election day as fearlessly as in the olden time when they were all on his side. He knew that any moment a brickbat might come, crushing in the back of his head, but his face was cheery as usual, and his joke as ready. He fought as an Englishman fights; walking straight up to his enemy, looking him full in the face, and keeping cool as he hit from the shoulder with all his might. And when the fighting was done, he wished it to be done with. "And now, boys," said he once when he was carried home in triumph, "if any of you has a stick, just leave it in my porch for a keepsake." With shouts of laughter the shillelaghs came flying over the heads of the people in front till the porch was filled. The pleasantry gave Howe a stock of fuel, and sent away the mob disarmed and in good humour.

We can see the true grit that was in such a man, but we must excuse those who fought hand to hand with him, if they could not see it. He was the enemy of their privileges, therefore of their order, therefore of themselves. It was a bitter pill to swallow when a man in his position was elected member for the county. The floodgates seemed to have opened. Young gentlemen in and out of College swore great oaths over their wine, and the deeper they drank the louder they swore. Their elders declared that the country was going to the dogs, that in fact it was no longer fit for gentlemen to live in. Young ladies carried themselves with greater hauteur than ever, heroically determined that they at least would do their duty to Society. Old ladies spoke of Antichrist, or sighed for the Millennium. All united in sending Howe to Coventry. He felt the stings. "They have scorned me at their feasts," he once burst out to a friend, "and they have insulted me at their funerals.

There was too much of human nature in Joe Howe to take all this without striking hard blows back. He did strike, and he struck from the shoulder. He said what he thought about his opponents with a bluntness that was absolutely appalling to them. He went straight to the point he aimed at with Napoleonic directness. They were stunned. They had been accustomed to be treated so differently. There had been so much courtliness of manner in Halifax before; the gradations of rank had been recognised by every one; and the great men and the great women had been always treated with deference. But here was a Jacobin who changed all that; who in dealing with them called a spade a spade; who searched pitilessly into their claims to public respect, and if he found them impostors declared them to be impostors; and who advocated principles that would turn everything upside down.

For a time things went from bad to worse. In his first Session in the House of Assembly, he got twelve Resolutions passed against the Council, as constituted, that laid the axe at the foot of the tree. He carried himself with a wariness as well as strength that gave him the leadership of the popular party at once. The first great step gained in the political contest was the separation of the Executive from the Legislative Council and the *quasi* acknowledgment of at least some responsibility to the Assembly. The next was the enforced retirement of four of the old Council, and the substitution of Howe and three others in their places. At the age of 36, the printer's boy became at the same time Mr. Speaker, and the Honourable Mr. Howe. But any one of the four who had been obliged to make way for him was considered by society worth a hundred Howes. They were rich, influential, able men. In their eyes he was a nobody, a political mendicant. Could they forgive him? They could not.

The coalition of the new with the remanent members of the Council did not work well. New cloth on old garments is at the best a temporary makeshift. The college question then came up, and leading Baptists thought that Howe did not use them well. He was for one free unsectarian college for Nova Scotia, just as he was for free unsectarian schools whenever he could get them; whereas they declared that they had been forced, by the injustice shown to Mr. Crawley by a rump board of Governors of Dalhousie College, into the policy of a college for their own denomination. The Baptists are a strong body in Nova Scotia, and they threw a heavy sword into the scale against him. And there were other reasons that made him feel uncomfortable in the Executive Council. Two of his defects were brusqueness of manner, and an egotism that craved the appearance as well as the reality of power. The first made him disagreeable to the Governor, Lord Falkland; the second made him intolerable to colleagues who disliked him from the first, and regarded him as an intruder. His retirement from the Council and resumption of the editorial chair followed. Then clamor rose. Personalities formed the staple of newspaper articles all over Nova Scotia, and of the discussions in the House. That was the epoch of thirteen or fourteen days' debates, followed by divisions with majorities of one, two, or three. Lord Falkland declared in public despatches that he would take any other members of the Liberal party into his Council, but that Joseph Howe he could not and would not take. Poor Lord Falkland! he was very angry, and as we must judge men according to their light, I do not wonder much. He was a man with a handsome face, had been a Lord of the Bedchamber and what not in England, and he looked upon colonists as a kind of semi-savages that he had come out intending to be very kind to. Social equality he had never dreamed of. Yet here was an Orson, very strong, but a perfect brute, who would perhaps walk up the street arm-in-arm with a truckman, shake hands with him, and next minute enter Government House, and calmly offer the same hand to a Lord of the Bedchamber, husband of a king's daughter, as if a Lord was not very different from a truckman, and was on a level with Orson himself. And when Orson left the Council he was worse. He went back to his printing business, and set people laughing at the Lord's anointed. It was a terrible time in Nova Scotia.

About the same period, the year 1845, Howe was penniless. When he went into the House of Assembly, eight years before, he was making money. His paper circulated all over the Province, and brought him in an increasing revenue every year. In 1836 his profits were £1,500. A wise friend then advised him to stick to his own business, and to keep out of the House. Had he taken the advice he might have lived longer and died as rich as Horace Greeley. And yet I do not know. "Money is not made," a Halifax millionaire used to say, "money is saved." Joe Howe never had the faculty of saving; and when he became the man of the people and kept open house in Halifax, it was simply impossible for him to save. He would toss a half-crown to the boy who held his horse for a few minutes at a roadside inn, when the little chap expected a halfpenny. A poor fellow who had perhaps voted for him would write to him from the jail, and Howe would say to a young relative in whom he had confidence, "Go and get him out; if there is no other way, pay what he owes, and take his note, if he is worth anything." But usually he wasn't worth anything, or the note wasn't. Or a warm-hearted Irishman, with an indefinite number of children, would come and explain to him that from bad luck he had laid in nothing for the winter, and that no work was to be had; and Howe would give him an order on a friend's provision store for a barrel of pork. The friend would take him to task when they met: "I say, Joe, look here! a barrel of pork you know costs £4. It will never do." "Oh! what's the use," would very likely be the reply, "he's on our side, and must not starve."

He loved, too, to keep open house in that truly hospitable way that cooks, with a right sense of what their profession is entitled to, detest. He would invite, or take along with him to dinner, a friend or half a dozen of his constituents whom he chanced to meet, without sending notice beforehand, and never dreamed of apologising to them though there was only half a peck of smelts, or some such provision, on the table. They got a welcome, and that made a dinner of herbs better than a stalled ox would have been without love. And no distinguished stranger visited Halifax without being hospitably entertained by him.

Such a style of living and of spending money left him not only without a dollar, but in debt to his friends; and though they said nothing about it, the ugly fact always does leak out, and was made the most of by his opponents. It injured his self-respect and moral tone. No man, least of all he who aspires to be a statesman, should ever forego "the glorious privilege of being independent." Let no high-hearted young man enter the political arena with the intention of running for the blue ribbon, unless, like Francis Deak, he has made up his mind to live on something like potatoes and salt, and unless he previously owns enough money to buy the potatoes at least. Never did political friends act more liberally to a leader than Howe's friends acted, but well for him had he reflected that the future of the country was bound up with his, and that prudence, therefore, was a duty he owed to the future. The man that has to pass round the hat or put his hand in his pocket for a politician is inclined to feel that he has bought him. The cords may be silken but they are none the less real. The feeling may slumber while the two are on the same side; but should duty compel the politician to take an independent course, the friend feels not only angry but injured. In Howe's case, those who aided him behaved with rare generosity, because they not only loved him, but felt that they owed much to him. On one occasion it was necessary for him to find £1,000 when he was not worth £100. He went to two friends and told them the circumstances. They advanced the money, he insisting on their taking from him obligations that covered all he was worth. Many years after, one of the friends fell sick. Alone in his bedroom, and believing that he would not recover, he remembered Howe's note for £500. If he died, his executors would count it among his assets. This would never do. The sick man staggered out of bed and across the room, rummaged among his papers, found the note, burnt it, and then staggered back to bed prepared for death. It is only right to add that the angel of death was so satisfied that he left the room and the man recovered. A politician must have had rare qualities who inspired men to do such things for him. It was well that they did such things. It was not well that they had to do them. Let it not be forgotten that Howe meant to pay everything he ever owed or ordered. He had faith in himself, in his resources, in his star, and felt that it would come all right. In the meantime he could not deny himself the pleasure of giving to the needy, even though the beneficence was sometimes like that of Mr. Skimpole, who invariably left Mr. Jarndyce to pay the bill. Creditors of his have told me that in settling with them he was always scrupulously correct; and that he would insist on their taking interest as well as principal, even when they were unwilling to do so. Still, would that he had kept out of debt!

The last two of the ten years' conflict for Responsible Government he spent on the head waters of the Musquodoboit, where he worked a farm; in other words he worked for his living hard as any Musquodoboit farmer. Here he renewed the physical and nervous strength which had been giving way under the strain to which they had been subjected. He writes in his "Letters and Speeches:"—"I had been for a long time overworking my brains and underworking my body. Here I worked my body and rested my brains. We rose at daylight, breakfasted at 7, dined at 12, took tea at 6, and then assembled in the library where we read four or five hours almost every evening. I learned to plough, to mow, to reap, to cradle. I knew how to chop and pitch hay before. Constant exercise in the open air made me as hard as iron. My head was clear and my spirits buoyant." In those evenings in the library he educated his daughters, explaining to them, as they read, the English classics. Such an education is worth more, how much more need not be specified, than the ordinary boarding-school gives. In the intervals of farm work he went through the Province electioneering, and firing the Nova Scotian heart. He did the work of three men and as many horses. One summer he addressed 60 meetings in 90 days, many of the meetings being in the open air, and lasting the whole day, as able opponents had to be met and answered. He could feel the pulse of a crowd in five minutes, and adapt himself to its sympathies. He was equally at home with the fishermen of Sambro, the farmers and shipbuilders of Hants, the coloured folks of Preston, and the Germans of Lunenburgh. He would ride 40 or 50 miles, address two or three meetings, talk to those who crowded round him after the meeting, and spend the night at a ball or rustic gathering as light of foot and heart as if he had been idling all day. The winters were spent in Halifax in the discharge of his duty as a member of the House.

The Musquodoboit people were delighted to have him among them, and chuckled hugely when they found the great Joe Howe ignorant of some detail of the farm, or little matter they knew all about. One evening he was mowing on the intervale, when he noticed a beautiful creature not much bigger than a large rat, regularly striped with black and white stripes on the body, and a fine little bushy tail curved round on its back. "What a charming creature for my little girls!" thought the unsuspecting town-bred farmer, and gave chase at once. Getting near, he was about to clap his hat on the pretty thing, when it lifted its tail a little higher, and, whew! he smelt a Tartar. However, not being sure of the cause, he carried the pet home in the waggon, but hat and clothes had to be buried, and he himself well fumigated before he could approach his nearest and dearest. This was a hair in his neck that every Musquodoboit man could pull at any time. In fact, it redressed the balance between them, and made them feel at ease in his presence. They were quite certain that if he knew more about the Constitution, they knew more about skunks.

The fact that in no part of Nova Scotia is Howe's character more highly estimated, and his memory more fondly cherished than in Musquodoboit must go for something in a general estimate of him. Our country-people are naturally keen, inquisitive, opinionative; inclined to be suspicious rather than reverential of any one above them. In our country districts the catechism classification of men as superiors, inferiors, and equals has no place. All are equals. I know no body of men so little inclined to hero-worship as our farmers. The politician who could stand the test, not of an ordinary canvassing tour, but of a two years' residence among them, must have had good stuff in him. "You know me well and have never failed me," he said twenty years after; "for twelve years you honoured me with your suffrages, for more than a quarter of a century you have given me your political support, and within that time, I passed upon this river, in intimate and close communion with you, two of the happiest years of my life! I miss from among you some of the old friends who respected and loved me, and who now sleep tranquilly on the hillsides. We would not wish them back; the resolute performance of our public duties is the best tribute we can pay to their memories."

Anecdotes about him circulate like current coin up and down the river, most of them illustrative of the strong and the good features of his character. Lady collectors once called on him for a subscription to send the Gospel to the South Sea Islanders. "Why not begin nearer home?" he questioned. "There's a camp of Indians three miles back in the woods. I spent part of last Sunday reading the Bible to them, but I did not find that any one else had been there on a similar errand." At a monster tea-meeting in the settlement, an old worthy was called on for a speech. He tried, but broke down. Howe was at his side in a minute, and, with his hand placed affectionately on the old man's back, he covered the break-down, and actually turned him into the hero of the hour. "Our friend," he said, "is not accustomed to speak to crowds, but he can do something far better. He can speak to God. Often has he been out in the woods with me calling moose, and when our tent was pitched for the night, and supper over, he never let me go to rest till he had prayed with me. And there under the stars in the silent woods we worshipped more truly than in church." These simple stories are told with exceeding relish by the people. They give us glimpses of his character, and help to explain why the people felt that Howe was their friend. He was interested in them individually, and they trusted and loved him in return.

When, notwithstanding Lord Falkland's proscription, Howe and his party were sustained at the great election of 1847, after a thorough discussion of all the principles and issues involved, the great battle of his political life may be said to have been fought and gained. Responsible, that is, popular or party, Government, in the fullest sense of the word, was secured for Nova Scotia, and Joe Howe was acknowledged to be its prophet. He succeeded Sir Rupert D. George as Provincial Secretary, and for the next ten years he wielded as real power in Nova Scotia as ever dictator wielded in Rome or Mr. Gladstone in Britain.

In speaking of the conflict for Responsible Government, I have scarcely referred to the able men who fought by Howe's side, nor of the general condition of political affairs all over British America at the time, simply because justice could not be done to the men or the question in a Magazine article. My aim, at present, is to give some insight into the character of Mr. Howe, not to write a history of his times nor to compare him with his contemporaries. It ought not to be forgotten that, though he had strong enemies, the popular current was with him, and that he did not create though, as far as his own Province was concerned, he did much to guide the current. He rose on it into power; and he then found how true was his great opponent's warning, that it is always easier to attack than to defend, to find fault with appointments than to make better ones, and that men do not cease to be selfish because they call themselves Reformers.

(To be concluded in our next.)

VOICES.

I.

THE VOICE OF THE DISCIPLE.

ONE fate with Thee, my Master, I will share ;
 Shame were it to rejoice where Thou didst weep ,
Where Thou didst wake, my Lord, I would not sleep,
 Or faint where Thou didst bear.

Far off I follow Thee in spite of strife,
Returning to Thee though awhile I stray,
In spite of thorns and briars in the way,
 Still on the path to Life.

And not alone, because Thy presence fills
My midnight darkness and my midday light ;
And so, though friend-bereft, I am not quite
 Guideless upon the hills.

II.

THE VOICE OF THE BELOVED.

My child, thou doest well to trust My love—
Can any save thee if I let thee die ?
Has the world proved to thee more kind than I,
 That thou should'st doubt and rove ?

The world gives tinsel, I do give thee gold ;
I cast not off My friend for being poor ;
Come, sad and desolate, unto My door,
 Or totter even, when old.

Who suffer here, hereafter reign with Me,
If only they trail not their spirit-wings,
Or tire them, by pursuing earthly things,
 For My eternity.

ALICE HORTON.

ALCOHOL IN MEDICAL SCIENCE.

BY STEPHEN A. ABBOTT, MONTREAL.

THE position which is ultimately to be assigned to alcohol in society and legislation will be determined chiefly by the verdict of medical science upon the character of that article. For about half a century this remarkable spirit has been the subject of a systematic and searching investigation, not only in the realm of medical science, but also, through its relation to intemperance, in those of scriptural exegesis and political economy. The controversy which has thus arisen in each of these departments of human thought has been of an intensity and volume commensurate with the great importance of the subject. It is felt that the physical and moral well-being of the people is, to a considerable extent, involved in the question of the cause and the prevention of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drinks. As this question falls naturally within the domain of physiological and medical science, it is chiefly to these quarters that we look for its final solution. For even were the Church universally to teach that the use of alcoholic beverages is not compatible with a Christian life, and political economy were to demonstrate to the satisfaction of every one that the public sale of such liquors is highly prejudicial to the financial and material welfare of the body politic, still so long as science teaches that men may safely indulge in a moderate use of those liquors, alcohol will be commonly used, and will have a recognised place in legislation. The majority of men are far more sensible to demonstrations in physics than to doctrines in ethics, and they yield much more readily to arguments *ad hominem* than to those derived from considerations of the public weal.

The result of the vast mass of experiments and investigations which the controversy on alcohol has stimulated, on the part of both friends and opponents, has been to enlarge the bounds of those branches of science which relate to the physical life of man. Another result has been widely to popularize many important scientific truths. Every professional temperance lecturer is, or ought to be, well acquainted with the *pros* and *cons* of the question in its physiological aspect; and by means of these teachers, as well as by a temperance press, the people are instructed in various physiological facts, of which many would otherwise remain ignorant.

In this matter, contrary to the natural order of sequence in reform movements, scientists must admit that the initiative in the alcohol controversy was taken by the temperance reformers, who argued that what was morally wrong could not be physiologically right. This proposition was a challenge to the adherents of the universal and hitherto unquestioned belief in the virtues of alcohol; and the chemists and the physicians set themselves to work to ascertain the real nature of alcohol and its effects on the human organism. The teetotallers formulated their doctrine as early as 1832, which was substantially the same as that which they hold at present. They asserted that alcohol was an irritant and narcotic poison, with a special affinity for the brain; that it is the sole intoxicating ingredient in fermented and distilled liquors, and is injurious in proportion to the frequency and amount of its consumption; that upon entering the body it excites violent reaction in all the organs with which it comes in contact, and these are stimulated to an increased effort to expel it. Upon this doctrine they joined issue with the prevailing opinion, and with the learning, fashion, and social habits of the age. Intemperance had always been recognised as a disastrous vice, but previous to that period it was regarded as akin, in its cause, to gluttony, being simply the result of excess in the use of a legitimate and even necessary article of diet. The novelty of the teetotal doctrine was that it proscribed *entirely* the use of this article, as being in its very nature injurious to the healthy human system. This was a vital point, and upon it the discussion commenced, and is not yet terminated.

Until then, the knowledge possessed by medical men of the *rôle* of alcohol within the body was very meagre. They were, of course, well acquainted with the train of diseases produced by the excessive use of alcoholic liquors, but they seem not to have given much attention to the pathology of those disorders. The first recorded experiments made with the view of tracing the course of alcohol in the body, were conducted by Dr. Kirk, of Greenock, Scotland, who, in 1830, made public the result of his examination of the brains of some men who had died after hard drinking, from which he obtained by distillation a quantity of alcohol, retaining the smell of whiskey, and burning with a blue flame.

The next contribution to the sum of knowledge upon the subject was the publication, in 1833, at Plattsburgh, N.Y., of the famous experiments and observations of Dr. Beaumont upon the stomach of a French Canadian, named St. Martin. While stationed at the military post of Michilimackinac, St. Martin received a charge of duck-shot in the side, making a frightful wound and laying open the stomach. Dr. Beaumont dressed the wound, but the aperture into the stomach never closed; and through this opening, which remained two and a half inches in circumference, at intervals during eight years, Dr. Beaumont observed the process of digestion, and the effect of all the usual errors of eating and drinking. He noticed that when St. Martin had taken a glass of brandy the coats of the stomach assumed an inflamed appearance, as if he had over-eaten, or the flow of perspiration had been suddenly checked. Nor did it make much difference whether he drank brandy, whiskey, wine, or beer, except so far as one was stronger than the other. After drinking hard for eight or ten days the stomach would show alarming appearances of disease; yet the man only felt a slight headache, and a general dulness and languor. "The whole class of alcoholic liquors," says Dr. Beaumont, "may be considered as narcotics, producing very little difference in their ultimate effects upon the system." He infers that the use of ardent spirits always produces diseases of the stomach if persisted in, and that "water, ardent spirits, and most other fluids, are not affected by the gastric juice, but pass from the stomach soon after they have been received."

In 1839, Dr. Percy, of Nottingham, published his investigations, which gave powerful support to the temperance doctrine, and greatly stimulated the discussion in Great Britain and on the Continent. Indeed, within a few years after this date, nearly every physician and chemist of eminence in Europe, particularly in Germany, seems to have studied the problem of the action of alcohol, but with varying conclusions as to the character of its effects. Dr. Percy made numerous experiments on dogs and men, and arrived at these conclusions:—

1. That the distillation of the blood, after the injection of alcohol by the stomach, yielded a liquid which dissolved camphor and burned with a bright blue flame.

2. That after the use of alcohol to the point of common intoxication, the substance of the brain yielded a larger measure of alcohol than a much greater weight of blood. "Indeed, it would seem that a kind of affinity existed between alcohol and the cerebral matter."

3. That alcohol may be detected in the blood, &c., and may be separated with great facility from the bile and liver.

The teetotallers used this testimony with great effect, but they were soon after confronted with opinions of a contrary nature, put forth by the great Baron Liebig and other German and French *savants*, who affirmed that alcohol is not eliminated by the excretory organs. In 1843, Liebig, in his famous work on "Animal Chemistry," admitted that alcohol could not be regarded as food in the sense of being an element of nutrition. In his own words, "Beer, wine, spirits, &c., furnish no element capable of entering into the composition of blood, muscular fibre, or any part which is the seat of the vital principle." But he still contended that alcohol might, like oil, starch, or sugar, be included amongst the elements of respiration, which, uniting with oxygen, contribute to the maintenance of animal heat. The great reputation of Liebig gave this hypothesis popularity, and while the partisans of alcohol loudly proclaimed his adhesion to their views, some of the temperance leaders appear also to have accepted this doctrine. Dr. Carpenter, in the fifth edition of his "Physiology," admitted that alcohol was fuel, in considerable quantities, and as such gave it a place as food in fever; as did also Prof. Miller, of Edinburgh University, in his "Alcohol," and, still later, in his "Nephalism," both well-known temperance works. Dr. Carpenter seems later to have modified his opinion, for he says, in his "Manual of Physiology," (1865), "Alcohol cannot supply anything which is essential to the due nourishment of the tissues."

Liebig's theory, however, was ably combated by Dr. Lees,[*] who, while acknowledging that some portion of the alcohol might be decomposed in the blood, maintained that this could only take place by robbing the blood of oxygen intended first to burn up the effete tissues of the frame, and, second, to oxidise the oils and fatty matters of the blood, and in such a case it leaves a more valuable fuel than itself undecomposed, and consequently the body becomes cooler. That Dr. Lees was correct seemed probable from the experiments of Drs. Fyfe and Prout, of Aberdeen, who demonstrated that less carbonic acid was eliminated in the breath after the use of wine. Now, the quantity of carbonic acid exhaled in the breath has been generally acknowledged as the measure of the animal heat generated in the body from the combustion of the carbon in the food by the oxygen inhaled by respiration. Numerous experiments were accordingly made to ascertain the relative quantities of carbonic acid exhaled before and after the imbibition of alcoholic liquors, and in nearly every case it was found that the quantity exhaled afterwards was lessened.[†] This theory was subsequently confirmed by other experiments, showing that the temperature of the body, as indicated by the thermometer, is lowered after the ingestion of alcohol. In 1867, the Chicago *Medical Journal* published a series of experiments with Bourbon whiskey and sherry wine. The whiskey was mixed with sugared water, and in one hour after the subject had drank 4 oz. the temperature was lowered from 98¼ to 97½, while the pulsations per minute increased from 83 to 88. A year later Prof. Binz, of Bonn, published the results of forty-nine experiments on man and beast, and in every case the temperature sank after the use of alcohol. He says that in man half a glass of light hock reduced the temperature on the average 0.°5 in a very short time. In intoxicating doses on dogs and rabbits the temperature was rapidly reduced 4 or 5°. One of the most eminent of the partisans of alcohol, Dr. F. E. Anstie, the author of "Stimulants and Narcotics," in a lecture before the Royal College of Physicians, in 1867, finally abandoned the notion that alcohol warms. He says: "Alcohol, as has been abundantly proved by the researches of Dr. Sidney Ringer, does not elevate, but reduces bodily temperature, when given even in the largest non-intoxicating doses, except in the case where the temperature is already below the normal standard."

In mentioning the above experiments we have broken through the chronological order of the scientific investigations concerning alcohol, because it seemed well to follow out to the end the discussion on the particular question of its heat-giving properties. This is one of the points long in dispute which may now be considered as definitely settled, since those who contend for its utility in other respects, all concede that, so far from fortifying the system against cold, alcohol renders the drinker less able to withstand it.

The decomposition of alcohol in the system still remained a disputed question. If it did not warm the body, might it not nourish as food? The temperance men admitted that a part might be decomposed, but if so, where were its derivatives? The oxidation of alcohol would produce aldehyde and acetic acid, but no one could find these products in the blood after the ingestion of alcohol, though numerous attempts to do so were made. In 1854 we first hear of another argument in favour of alcohol, which has ever since played an important part in this controversy. Dr. T. K. Chambers advanced the notion that alcohol acts as a conservator of the tissues, that is, it arrests the process of disintegration, by which the used-up, effete materials of the system are replaced by new. Hence the stoutness of wine and beer drinkers in general, and the fact that working men take less food with alcohol than without. Dr. Lees and Professor Miller readily admitted that alcohol retards the elimination of waste material from the system and diminishes the appetite, and they urged these facts as strong reasons against its use. "The question comes to be," says Professor Miller, "whether shall we take alcohol, eat less, and be imperfectly nourished; or take no alcohol, eat more, and be nourished well?"

---

[*] Dr. F. R. Lees, of Leeds, England, to whose numerous writings I am much indebted in the preparation of this article, has done more than any other man to establish the temperance doctrine upon a scientific basis. By his talents, learning, and extraordinary industry, extending already over more than a quarter of a century, he has rendered such services to the cause as must make his name illustrious among temperance reformers.

[†] Liebig himself admitted, two years later, that alcohol diminishes the quantity of carbonic acid given out, and that alcohol is far less valuable than fat as a heat producer.

In 1861 Dr. Chambers appears to have modified his opinion on this point, for he writes:—

"Dr. Dorders has gone so far as to call alcohol a savings bank. Now we must not forget that metamorphosis is life, that the arrest which we cause for temporary purposes is an arrest of life, and that it is beneficial only when it enables the body to lay in supplies of nutriment. . . . . . We think that the evidence, so far as it has yet gone, shows the action of alcohol upon life to be consistent and uniform in all its phases, and to be always exhibited as an arrest of vitality."

We now come to the remarkable French work, "Du rôle de l'Alcool," published in 1860, by MM. Lallemand, Perrin, and Duroy, the two former physicians, and the latter a chemist, of Paris. The appearance of this work, on account of the high character of its authors, and the positiveness of their conclusions, formed an epoch in the history of this controversy. They were not obnoxious to the charge of partisanship, for they were not teetotallers; and their experiments with alcohol were a sequel to a series they had been conducting for some years in regard to the action of anæsthetic agents in general. They discovered a new and more certain test of the presence of alcohol and its derivatives in the breath as well as in the excretions. Their experiments were conducted with the utmost care, and are detailed at great length. The following are the most important of the conclusions at which they arrived:—

1. Alcohol is not food.

2. Alcohol is never transformed, never destroyed, in the organism.

3. Alcohol accumulates, by a sort of elective affinity, in the brain and in the liver.

4. Alcohol is eliminated in totality and in nature. The channels of elimination are, the lungs, the skin, and, above all, the kidneys.

5. The use of fermented and distilled liquors is often noxious; it should never be tolerated but in exceptional circumstances.

These conclusions of the French *savants* confirmed the doctrines of the temperance men in every essential point, and led many English and American medical men to abandon the theory that alcohol contributes in any degree to nourish the body as food.

The following year Dr. Edward Smith, F.R.S., instituted a series of experiments which exceeded in number any previously recorded. They were made on an empty stomach, and Dr. Smith concludes from them that pure alcohol slightly increases the amount of carbonic acid evolved; "that alcohol is probably not transformed, and does not increase the production of heat by its own chemical action, but indirectly, by a general temporary increase of the vital functions; that alcohol is not a true food, and it neither warms nor sustains the body by the elements of which it is composed." The rank and file of the medical profession, however, still denied the deductions which were naturally drawn from the conclusions of these authorities. But the highest teachers of the profession seem generally to have admitted the doctrine of the teetotallers. The *British Medical Journal* thus summed up the discussion at that time:—

"The grand practical conclusions are these:

"1. That alcohol is not food, and being simply a stimulus to the nervous system, its use is hurtful to the body of a healthy man.

"2. That if its imbibition be of service, it is only to men in an abnormal condition."

For several years subsequent to 1861, we meet with no recorded experiments opposed to the conclusions of Dr. Smith and the Frenchmen. But shortly prior to 1870, Drs. Anstie and Dupré made some experiments which the former claimed to have exploded the error of the French observers. In 1870, Dr. Parkes and Count Wollowicz published a series of very careful experiments on the effects of alcohol, which do not in all respects sustain the conclusions reached by investigators ten years before.

They found that moderate doses of alcohol slightly raised the temperature, though this, they are careful to state, seemed due to a quickened circulation rather than to the oxidation of the alcohol. They gave the subject—a strong, healthy man, who had been in the habit of drinking from one to two pints of beer daily—water during eight days, and the average number of beats of the heart during that period, was 106,000 in twenty-four hours. Then, during a period of eight days, they gave him an average quantity of between four and five ounces of alcohol per day, and the heart-beats were quickened to the rate of 127,000 per day. They next gave him half a bottle of brandy per day, and the pulse was raised to 131,000 movements in the twenty-four hours. On the fifth day after the alcohol was left off, the heart showed signs of unusual feebleness. Our investigators concluded that any quantity over two ounces of absolute alcohol daily would certainly do harm to a healthy man.

In May, 1874, Dr. William A. Hammond delivered an address before the Neurological Society of New York, in which he gave the results of his investigations into the action of alcohol. This address was published in the New York *Tribune* and other pro-alcohol papers as being an answer to the fallacies of the teetotallers. Dr. Hammond states that a portion of the alcohol is excreted unchanged, and that the rest undergoes decomposion, and, in some mysterious way which he is unable to explain, developes force. He also revives the old doctrine of Dr. Chambers, that the chief virtue of alcohol is in retarding the destruction of the tissues. But, as we have seen, Dr. Chambers himself subsequently admitted that this very metamorphosis of tissue is life, and its temporary arrest is an arrest of life. From the same premises, therefore, these two gentlemen draw opposite conclusions. Dr. Hammond distinctly admits, in another place, the doctrine in physiology that by the transformation of the tissues thought and muscular force are generated. His argument, then, destroys itself; for that portion of the alcohol retarding the transformation of tissue would neutralize the effects of the other portion which is decomposed, and which he claims to develop force; and the subject, so far as alimentation is concerned, would be in the same condition as before taking the alcohol.

We cannot give a better idea of the present position of this controversy than by quoting from a recent number of the *Lancet* (November 7, 1874), the chief organ of the Medical Profession in Great Britain. It says:—

"The French chemists have been shown to be wrong, not in saying that the system eliminates alcohol, which was a sound truth discovered by themselves, but in maintaining that all the alcohol taken was eliminated. It has been amply shown by Anstie and by Dupré that the system does change alcohol; that alcohol to the amount of an ounce and a half can be taken without more than a mere fractional elimination of it by any of the excretory organs.

"There is a most powerful reaction in the medical profession in favour of moderation, and the employment of very limited quantities of alcohol; and practitioners are becoming daily more and more impressed with the advantages arising from the use of the lighter over that of the heavier alcoholic drinks."

In the beginning of the present year, Dr. W. B. Richardson, F.R.S., gave a course of six lectures upon alcohol, before the Society of Arts, London. According to the *Lancet*, which accepts Dr. Richardson's views, he denies that alcohol is food, while admitting with Dr. Anstie that it is disposed of in the living body by other processes than direct elimination. His inference is that it is decomposed by oxidation into secondary products, at the expense of oxygen, which ought to have been applied to the natural heating of the body.

Hitherto we have given only the individual opinions of eminent physicians upon the several points of the controversy. A better idea of the gradual advance of the profession at large upon this question is afforded by several public declarations which large numbers of medical gentlemen have at various times put forth in a collective capacity. The first of these was published about 1842, and was signed by nearly two thousand medical men of Great Britain. They declared that the most perfect health is *compatible* with total abstinence, and that the universal practice of such abstinence would greatly contribute to the health, morality, and happiness of the race. They thus abandoned the old dogma that the moderate use of alcoholic liquor is beneficial; but their testimony is negative as to the real point at issue, namely, whether such use is injurious. In 1871 appeared another declaration signed by two hundred and sixty physicians and surgeons, comprising the *élite* of those professions in London and the provinces. This document was a protest against the too free prescription of alcoholic liquors by medical practitioners. They state that "while unable to abandon the use of alcohol in certain cases of disease, they are yet of opinion that no medical practitioner should prescribe it without a grave sense of responsibility."

In February, 1873, ninety-six medical gentlemen of Montreal signed a declaration of opinion relative to the use of alcoholic liquors, which took ground in advance of any previous declaration. This document bore the names of about five-sixths of the practising physicians, among whom were the most eminent members of the profession, English and French, in the city. They were of opinion "that total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, whether fermented or distilled, is consistent with, and conducive to, the highest degree of physical and mental health and vigour." In affirming that total abstinence is *conducive* to the highest degree of health, they have virtually yielded the whole ground to the teetotallers, and have taken a position that logically banishes alcoholic liquors from society as beverages.

During the same year, one hundred and thirty physicians of New York City and vicinity published a document giving their views concerning alcohol. They endorse the later English declaration, and in addition express the belief that "alcohol should be classed with other powerful drugs." They "would welcome any judicious and effective legislation which should seek to confine the traffic to the legitimate purposes of medical and other sciences, art, and mechanism." During the year just past, the Ohio State Medical Society resolved, "that they would use their influence against the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage, and deplored the excessive use of alcohol as a medicine." In October last, the American Medical Association, at its annual meeting at St. Louis, deprecated the use of alcohol as a beverage, and declared that it should be confined to the uses of science, the arts, and medicine. The physicians of the Eclectic School of New York State resolved to use all laudable means to discourage the use of alcoholic liquors as beverages, and not to use them in prescriptions unless imperatively demanded.

If we are to consider the preceding individual and collective testimony of medical men as indicating the actual position of alcohol in medical science, it is very evident that an extraordinary advance has been made towards the standpoint of the teetotallers. Half a century ago, when discussion commenced on this subject, medical men regarded a moderate use of alcoholic beverages as decidedly promotive of health and strength; they almost universally believed that alcohol warmed, and that it nourished the frame like any other food; while they used it so frequently in medicine as to cause the people to regard it as a veritable panacea. On each of these points medical opinion is now completely reversed. In medicine, as in any other practical science, the relations which many things are held to bear to the general economy must not unfrequently be changed in order to harmonize with the constantly increasing body of facts and laws which compose the science and make it progressive. The increased knowledge of the action of alcohol, which has been acquired by observation and experiment, has, as we have seen, greatly modified the opinion which was formerly entertained of it. Over a few minor points there is still some dispute; but the general question as to whether alcohol is, in its very nature, inimical to the human constitution, must be held to have been decided affirmatively. It is doubtful, however, if a majority of the profession would categorically acquiesce in this conclusion. Among many of them still lingers the old belief in some mysterious properties of this tricksey spirit, which caused the ancients to regard it as *aqua vitæ*. But this fact is simply an instance of a medical dogma surviving after it has been abandoned by medical science. After Harvey had demonstrated the circulation of the blood, his doctrine was combated for fifty years before being finally admitted.

It is a curious fact that alcohol was pronounced a poison by toxicologists, several years before the teetotallers commenced their crusade against it. In 1813, Orfila published his celebrated work on Toxicology, in which alcohol was classed as a Narcotico-acrid poison, along with strychnine. All writers on *materia medica* now rank it as such.

It is also worthy of mention that the experience of total abstainers, under circumstances that render it irrefutable, accords with the view that alcohol is essentially injurious to man. There is an Insurance Society with its headquarters in London, called the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, which has been in operation about thirty years. It has two separate sections, one consisting of moderate drinkers or temperate men (intemperate men are, of course, rigorously excluded), and the other of abstainers. During the first eight years of its existence, the annual rate of mortality in the Temperance Section was 6 per 1,000, while among lives insured in the other offices it averaged 11 per 1,000, and in the Equitable Society, 13 per 1,000. The Institution numbers now about 20,000 in the General Section, and 10,000 in the Temperance Section. Taking the whole period of its existence, it has been found that the profits in the Temperance Section, vary from 17 to 20 per cent. higher than in the other section. The report for 1874 shows that the expected claims in the Temperance Section the preceding year, based on the ordinary mortality tables of the country, were 137 for £26.058, while the actual claims were but 90 for £13,005. In the General Section the expected claims were 224 for £48,883, and the actual claims were 262 for £50,772. The deaths among abstainers were 47 fewer than the estimated number, while the deaths among non-abstainers were 38 more than the estimated number.

Another fact equally conclusive as to the advantages of abstinence, is furnished by the experience of a Foresters' Lodge, in Streatham, England. In 1869, the Lodge had 120 members, of whom 98 were moderate drinkers, and 22 were abstainers. At the end of the year the non-abstainers had drawn £95 15s. for sick and funeral money, while the abstainers had only drawn 25s. The following year the membership increased to 111 non-abtainers and 25 abstainers. At the end of the year, the former class had drawn £90 6s. for sick and funeral money, and the abstainers only 14s. In 1871, the Lodge contained 105 non-abstainers and 45 abstainers. At the end of the year, the first class had drawn £65, while the abstainers drew nothing.

As to the advantages of abstinence in most circumstances of health, there is now scarcely any difference of opinion among well informed medical men. The main controversy has now shifted to quite another ground, namely, the value of alcohol as a medicine. It would be making this article too long to follow the discussion into this new field. but it may be remarked that the revolution in opinion that has already taken place among the professsion regarding the medicinal value of alcohol, bids fair to banish it in all except very rare cases of disease. There has recently been established in London, a Temperance Hospital, for the purpose of testing the principle of treating disease without alcohol. From the first report it appears that during the seven months the Hospital had been opened, 73 in-patients and 470 out-patients had been treated. Among all these cases only one death had occurred, and in that single instance only, alcohol had been administered. A writer in a recent number of the Dublin *University Magazine* (Feb., 1875) states that "men of the highest scientific attainments, who have made the subject a special study, concur in opinion that alcoholic medication is not sustained by the investigations of science, nor justified by the conclusions of authoritative experience."

From a comparison of the position held by alcohol half a century ago, with that which it occupies to day in physiological and medical science, we observe a rapid tendency towards its complete proscription, not only as an article of drink, but for most purposes of a medicine. The notion so common until late years, in regard to its supposed virtues, is no doubt the most terribly disastrous physiological error that has ever been brought to light;* and society has a right to demand of its medical guides that now, the error being discovered, they shall at once bring their professional practice and great social influence into harmony with the teachings of their own science, as expounded by its recognised leaders. In no department of science is an adherence to ancient but exploded systems less tolerable than in medicine, and no disrespect is meant to that noble profession to which humanity owes so much, in saying that humanity would still be immensely the gainer, if a yet larger proportion of medical men were more readily disposed to follow the later teachings of science concerning alcohol, than to conform to a popular but pernicious custom.

---

* As to the effect of alcoholic liquors used in moderation, the following is an extract from a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, written some two years ago by Sir Henry Thompson, Physician to the Queen, than whom there is no higher authority in Great Britain:—

"I have long had the conviction that there is no greater cause of evil, moral and physical, in this country, than the use of alcoholic beverages. I do not mean by this the extreme indulgence which produces drunkenness. The habitual use of fermented liquors to an extent far short of what is necessary to produce that condition, and such as is quite common in all ranks of society, injures the body and diminishes mental power to an extent which I think few people are aware of."

AFTERWARD.

THE sea is calling the sea,
  Wildly, fitfully calling,
And a voice in my heart is calling thee,
  Thro' the tears that break it in falling!
Oh! the wild rose bends to the bee,
  And the shadow pales to the sun,
And the stream grows dark 'neath the alder tree,
  And the stars blink other to one;
But never a word hast thou,
  For the words of love I pour,
And I pray the prayer, and I vow the vow,
  But thou answerest none the more!

Is it that Death has set
  Thy feet on a plane too high?
Is it that eyes with the earth mist wet,
  Cannot look into eyes that are dry?
Is it that ever my voice
  Breaks with the weight of tears?
O spirit blessed, rejoice, rejoice—
  But mine are the sorrowful years!

And the sorrowful years they stand,
  Like spectres haunting the night,
But the light that streams from that other land
  Is caught on their garments white.
And the kiss of the rose to the bee,
  And the paling of shadow to sun,
Can never be types of thy greeting to me
  When the sorrowful years shall have done.
Oh, not as the star to the star,
  Of a different glory and range,
But soul unto soul, as the angels are,
  And the greeting will not be strange!

St. John, N. B. MARY BARRY SMITH.

UP THE SAGUENAY TO HA-HA BAY AND CHICOUTIMI.

BY JULIA ALEYNE, BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

PERHAPS there are few among the pleasure seekers of the day, who are aware of the exceeding grandeur and picturesque beauty of that most wonderful of rivers, the Saguenay. Certainly there can be nothing more refreshing to the thinking man, nothing affording more food for reflection or scientific observation, than a trip over its inky waters. For perfect wildness and grandeur of scenery, there is probably nothing equal to it on this continent. It is a river which one should see, if only to observe what dreadful aspects nature can assume in her wildests moods. The effect produced upon the mind in passing from the broad St. Lawrence, reaching on, on as far as the eye can see, into the narrow and fearfully deep Saguenay, whose waters lave the sides of the towering rocks, which rise on either side, and almost shut out the very light of heaven, is such as no pen can paint, or tongue describe.

As the tourist suddenly passes from a landscape of such remarkable beauty, into a region of primitive grandeur, where art has done nothing, and nature everything, "where," to quote the words of a noted writer, " at a single bound, civilization is left behind, and nature, in naked majesty, stares him in the face, when he sees Alps on Alps arise, when he floats over unfathomable depths through a mountain gorge, the sublime entirely overwhelms the sense of sight, and fascinates the imagination."

There can be little doubt that at some remote period, these massive granite walls were rent asunder by some great convulsion of nature, and thus this wonderful river forced a passage to the St. Lawrence.

In fact the aborigines regarded it as the entrance to a " region of death and demons ;" and when Jacques Cartier first attempted to explore its windings in 1535, the seamen drew back in terror, refusing to enter its gloomy depths : they believed that the Great Spirit in his anger had torn the mountains asunder, drained an immense lake in the far north, leaving its bed an oozy marsh, and so formed the passage of the Saguenay.

This river is the principal outlet of Lake St. John, a sheet of water about forty miles long ; its waters are remarkably clear, and abound in a great variety of fish. There is a most beautiful curtain-fall, 236 feet high, into this lake, which is so conspicuous as to be seen forty or fifty miles distant.

The river is only half a mile in width for the first half of its course, and runs through an almost untrodden wilderness, abounding in falls and rapids, but it gradually widens, till near its mouth it is about three miles wide. The original name of the Saguenay was Chicoutimi, signifying " Deep Waters," and black and deep they certainly are, varying from a hundred to a hundred and fifty fathoms in depth, nearly the whole way. A few miles below Lake St. John is the little village of Chicoutimi, which is the highest point navigable for steamboats, as there is a range of rapids above it, which extends ten miles up to the lake. The Indians say there is a subterranean fall above the foot of the rapids, which they call Manitou or " Great Spirit."

The village has an ancient appearance, and lies back among the bleak rocks and barren hills, a desolate picture indeed ! The only object of interest is a rude catholic church, said to have been founded by the Jesuits at a very early period. In the belfry hangs a clear toned bell with an inscription upon it, which has never yet been translated or expounded. But the great resort of the tourist is Grand, or Ha-Ha Bay.

The name of this bay is said to have arisen from the circumstance of early French navigators sailing up the river for sixty miles, with eternal sameness of the feature, grim and lofty rocks, on which they could not land, and no bottom for their anchors, till at last upon finding themselves in this beautiful bay, they broke out laughing, " Ha-

Ha," when they found landing and anchorage. The village lay smiling in the sunshine, as we sailed into the bay, on that summer's afternoon.

There is a church there; and about one hundred and fifty families reside in the two villages that follow the crescent beach. The wharf was a busy scene as we landed; the *habitans* had turned out *en masse* to witness the arrival of the boat—the one exciting event of the day—and were gesticulating and vociferating wildly in their barbarous *patois*, making a perfect Babel. As we returned to the boat, after our *promenade en voiture* over the hills, we noticed a long procession of boatmen marching on board with the inevitable "huckleberries,"—six hundred coffin-shaped wooden boxes. At first we could not imagine what all those queer looking boxes contained, but upon being enlightened by one of the men, I fully sympathized with Col. Ellison in "A Chance Acquaintance," when upon a similar occasion he expressed a fear that Ha-Ha Bay was being depleted of its entire infant population.

Leaving Ha-Ha Bay, and sailing down the river to the St. Lawrence, a distance of sixty miles, we have the grandest scenery; penetrating through a mountainous tract of syenite granite, with walls of perpendicular rocks, rising from a thousand to eighteen hundred feet above the surface of the water. It is an awful sight, as we raise our eyes heavenward, to look up at those massive granite rocks, towering majestically above our heads, and in some places almost shutting out the light of day. And now we come to the great attractions of the Saguenay, Cape Eternity and Trinity Rock. If the only recompense for a visit to this remarkable river were a sight of these stupendous promontories, I feel sure no one would be disappointed. There is a grandeur and sublimity about them which is perfectly indescribable. It was at night when we first passed these gigantic cliffs, and as we dimly made out their forms in the deepening obscurity, the land seemed enchanted and unreal, and we felt as if we were travelling into a region of unknown wonders. But upon our return trip we had the bright afternoon sun, and as we bade adieu to Ha-Ha Bay, and commenced the descent of the river, we began, as if by instinct, to strain our eyes, that we might get the first glimpse of all the magnificent natural grandeur that now burst upon our view. The vessels shut off steam as they approach these points, and, as the boat turned her prow into the lonesome Bay of Eternity—creeping into the grim shadows—and lay to under those towering cliffs, that lifted their threatening heads full eighteen hundred feet above us, we looked up at the "measureless mass," that seemed to swing and sway overhead, and our nerves trembled with the same terror that besets him who looks downward from the verge of a lofty precipice.

The wonderful Gothic arch was pointed out to us, the reputed doorway of an unexplored cavern, under which an upright shaft of stone had stood for ages, statue-like, till not many winters ago, the frost heaved it from its foundation, and it plunged headlong down through the ice into the unfathomed depths below.

The boat whistle was blown. and the cannon fired to awaken the echoes that answer from Trinity Rock, and reply from its "mighty mate," Cape Trinity, on the other side of the bay, and then we sailed away from their gloomy shade towards the broad St. Lawrence. The water is very deep in the vicinity of these promontories; in some places it is over twelve hundred feet, and owing to the height of the overhanging cliffs, it assumes a black and inky appearance. Then we saw the bald-headed eagle, the salmon leaping from the water after its prey, and porpoises and seals bobbing up and down.

It was just at nightfall that we came in sight of Tadousac upon own return. The sun was setting as we sailed out of the gloomy depths of the Saguenay into the beautiful bay that say stretched out before us, and the sky and the river were one blaze of crimson, purple, and gold, while just over the tops of the dark trees, appeared the full orbed moon; the front of the wood was buried in shadow, but a bridge of silver spanned the gulf, and the hither shore was flooded in light. It was one of the grandest sights I ever beheld. Even yet the beauty of that scene lingers in my memory and fills me with perfect delight, and with the hope that sometime perhaps, I may see it again!

The bay of Tadousac is just at the entrance to the Saguenay, and here it is that that dark narrow stream "steals down from the north out of regions of gloomy and ever enduring solitude" into the vast St. Lawrence.

The return boat from Quebec was just starting on its trip up the river as we entered the bay ; and as we watched it sail through the moonlight—past the two giant cliffs that stand like sentinels, keeping guard at the portals of this strange river—into the dim obscurity beyond, it seemed in its turn to be hastening, over a pathway of silver, into some weird world of mysteries and wonders.

The bay of Tadousac is picturesque beyond description ; and there, amid frowning hills and wild scenery, nestled the village with its odd little cottages, its grand hotel, and Lord Dufferin's charming villa, looming up before our astonished vision, like some fairy palace ; and, last but not least, the little church, over three hundred years old, which Mr. Howell has so graphically described. There it stands, conspicuous in its old-fashioned simplicity, between the hotel and Lord Dufferin's villa. There the light is ever burning, still keeping its weary vigils night after night, for nearly three hundred years, and seeming doubly sacred from its antiquity.

Tadousac is also interesting to the traveller from the fact of its having been, from a very early period, the capital of the French settlements, and one of their chief fur-trading posts ; and here, too, once stood the first stone and mortar building ever erected in America—the home of Father Marquette. A cluster of pine trees over two hundred years old has grown from the centre of these historical ruins.

On our return trip we stopped at Cacouna, Riviere du Loup, and Murray Bay ; all of them first class watering places of the Lower St. Lawrence. And here congregate most of the fashionables of Montreal and Quebec, many of whom spend the entire season at these resorts. There are excellent hotels at both Cacouna and Murray Bay, where every accommodation can be found, billiard rooms, bathing-houses, and sailing-boats kept ready for the use of visitors. At Cacouna the water is quite salt, and the sea-bathing lacks nothing but the surf ; but at Murray Bay, as at Quebec, the tide, which rises over fifteen feet, is the impulse, not the savour of the sea. We found Cacouna a most enjoyable spot in which to pass the hot summer days, and the week spent at Murray Bay I shall always look back upon with pleasure. The pleasant hotel, with its broad verandas, and shady lawns, filled with a gay party of pleasure-seekers ; the light airy toilets of the ladies ; the fantastic costume of the gentlemen ; their straw hats decked with white muslin scarfs, or blue gauze veils, which were supposed to be worn for the purpose of protecting the back of the neck from the glare of the sun ; the moonlight rambles by the river ; the sails in the Indian canoes, and the difficulty experienced in getting into them without upsetting ; the rides over the hills in the primitive charettes of the *habitans*, which are nothing more than hay carts on two wheels, with straw beds fastened on them, upon which we spread ourselves, in humble style, clinging frantically to the slats in the sides, in order that we should not slide down upon our neighbours as the cart jolted and tossed about most unmercifully, taking away one's breath, and almost the power of speech ; all contributed to make up a *tout ensemble*, so odd, so primitive, so perfectly unlike anything we had ever experienced before, that our enjoyment was almost without alloy.

Unlike our fashionable people, the Canadians do not go to the sea-side expecting the luxuries of Saratoga or Newport. Although, as I have said, both Murray Bay and Cacouna boast of excellent hotels, yet the majority of city people go to these resorts with the intention of roughing it. They hire cottages from the *habitans*, just as they are, rag carpets, pine furniture, blue crockery, &c. ; and probably enjoy the novelty and change from their own luxurious homes, so much the more ; at least they all appear to enjoy their sojourn at Murray Bay.

But every pleasure must have an end ; so in course of time we bade adieu to this pleasant sea-side town, sailed past Quebec, teeming with historic recollections, up the St. Lawrence to Montreal, and through Lake Champlain to our own beloved Hudson.

TALFOURD'S TRAGEDY OF ION.

BY E. A. MEREDITH, LL.D., OTTAWA.

THIS Tragedy, like everything from Talfourd's pen, bears the impress of his large and tender humanity. It is, however, even amongst his writings, pre-eminently distinguished by noble and lofty sentiments, and by classic grace and elegance of style. As a play, it is no doubt better adapted for the closet than the theatre, and it has, consequently, been but seldom represented on the stage. To this cause in some measure must be ascribed the fact that the tragedy is not so well known or so popular as many modern dramatic productions of inferior literary merit.

"The beautiful Ion of Euripides," as a writer in the *London Quarterly* observes, "has suggested the name of the hero of the play and some circumstances of his position at the opening of the scene. Like the 'fatherless and motherless' boy of the Greek tragedian, he is a foundling who has been nursed and reared within a temple, and is now employed in the service of the place; but, with these exceptions and a few scattered images, the author has taken nothing from that play."

The Ion of Talfourd is Grecian not merely in its title and in its story. It is Grecian in the character and management of the plot and in the tone of lofty sentiment which pervades the whole; but above all is it Grecian in the use which is made in the play of the controlling agency of *Destiny*.

Deeply imbued with the spirit of the immortal masters of the Greek Drama, the author has, to use his own words, "breathed an atmosphere of Grecian sentiment over the work," an atmosphere, however, which glows throughout with a warmth and colouring reflected from a purer faith, a more enlarged philanthropy, than Grecian philosophy ever dreamed of.

A few words suffice to give a general outline of the plot.

The scene is at Argos, one of the most ancient and important cities of the Morea. The crimes of Adrastus, the reigning monarch, have drawn down upon his subjects the wrath of Heaven. A wasting pestilence walks through the city, and the people perish by thousands. Meanwhile Adrastus, regardless of the judgments of the Gods, sits in his palace, surrounded by a crowd of revellers, mocking the sufferings of his people and drowning their prayers and shrieks of agony in the loud roar of his frantic orgies. In their distress the Senators despatch a messenger to consult the oracle at Delphi, hoping thence to learn the cause of the woes of Argos and the best means of appeasing the offended Gods.

The messenger has not yet returned, and the king, who in a moment of unwonted pity for his suffering subjects had consented to the mission, becoming impatient of all counsel, "has again retired to his palace in awful mood," having called together the reckless of his court to "share his stores and end all with him;" and when the citizens ventured to disturb his dreadful feastings with an humble prayer that he would join with them in some solemn ceremonial to avert the wrath of heaven, "the poor slave who bore the message flew back smarting from the scourge, and muttered a decree, that he who next unbidden met the tyrant's gaze should die."

Such is the posture of affairs at the moment when the play opens, and presents to us the high priest and the venerable sages of Argos assembled within the sacred precincts of the Temple of Apollo, deliberating if aught can yet be done to move the tyrant's pity on behalf of his sore afflicted people. It is resolved to send another messenger to the king. Each sage in turn volunteers to undertake the perilous embassy. Ion, however, comes forward—Ion, the gentle foundling of the Temple, the much loved, adopted child of the high priest, Medon—and earnestly entreats that he may be selected for the duty, urging, as a special reason for preferring his strange request, that "high promptings which could not have risen spontaneous in his nature bade him plead thus boldly for the mission."

Medon, recognizing in Ion the appointed minister of *Destiny*, reluctantly yields to his request, exclaiming, "My brave boy, it shall be as thou wilt; I see thou art *call'd* to this great peril, and will not stay thee."

The preceding part of the play contains an exquisite delineation of the lovely character of "Ion," and affords at the same time an intimation of the mysterious change which had already begun to creep over his nature, foreshadowing the terrible office assigned to him by Fate. The portrait of Ion is drawn by Agenor, one of the sages of Argos, who, on being informed that Ion alone was permitted to leave the precincts of the Temple to visit the plague-stricken city, thus expresses his surprise :—

"What, Ion,
The only inmate of this fane, allowed
To seek the mournful walks where death is busy!
Ion, our sometime darling, whom we prized
As a stray gift, by bounteous Heaven dismissed
From some bright sphere, which sorrow may not cloud,
To make the happy happier! Is he sent
To grapple with the miseries of this time,
Whose nature such ethereal aspect wears
As it would perish at the touch of wrong?
By no internal contest is he trained
For such hard duty; no emotions rude
Hath his clear spirit vanquish'd; Love, the germ
Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth,
Expanding with its progress, as the store
Of rainbow colour which the seed conceals,
Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,
To flush and circle in the flower. No tear
Hath filled his eye save that of thoughtful joy
When, in the evening stillness, lovely things
Pressed on his soul too busily; his voice,
If, in the earnestness of childish sports,
Raised to the tone of anger, check'd its force,
As if it fear'd to break its being's law,
And faltered into music; when the forms
Of guilty passion have been made to live
In pictur'd speech, and others have wax'd loud
In righteous indignation, he hath heard
With sceptic smile, or from some slender vein
Of goodness, which surrounding gloom concealed,
Struck sunlight o'er it; so his life hath flowed
From its mysterious urn, a sacred stream,
In whose calm depths the beautiful and pure
Alone are mirror'd; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light
And takes no shadow from them."

To which another Sage replies—

"Yet, methinks,
Thou hast not lately met him, or a change
Pass'd strangely on him had not miss'd thy wonder.
His form appears dilated; in those eyes
Where pleasure danced, a thoughtful sadness dwells;
Stern purpose knits the forehead, which till now
Knew not the passing wrinkle of a care;
Those limbs which in their heedless motion owned
A stripling's playful happiness, are strung
As if the iron hardships of the camp
Had given them sturdy nurture; and his step,
Its airiness of yesterday forgotten,
Awakes the echoes of these desolate courts,
As if a hero of gigantic mould
Paced them in armor."

Before setting out upon his perilous mission to Adrastus, Ion bids farewell to the High Priest Medon, his "more than father," asks and obtains his fatherly blessing, and then seeks occasion to say a parting word to his fair playfellow Clemanthe, Medon's daughter.

Clemanthe, supposing that Ion was about to make one of his accustomed visits to the city, to relieve and console the perishing plague-smitten wretches from whom all others fled, rebukes him with more than sisterly earnestness for risking his life for strangers, "in whose aid," she adds, "even he could do but little."

The reply of Ion is exquisitely beautiful and touching. It is, indeed, one of the gems of the poem. Never before, perhaps, was the priceless value of the lesser charities of life more feelingly and eloquently set forth. The whole passage indeed is not unworthy of a place beside the splendid lines on mercy which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Portia.

"It is little,
But in these sharp extremities of fortune,
The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter
Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fever'd lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear

Of him who thought to die unmourned, 'twill fall
Like choicest music ; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears ; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again :
And shed on the departing soul a sense,
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honour'd death-bed of the rich,
To him that else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near and feels."

Clemanthe's alarms for Ion's safety are not diminished when she learns the true object of his visit to the city. She intreats him to forego his purpose, reminding him of the almost certain death which awaits him, and, in the terrible agony of the parting moment, "forgetting her maiden bashfulness," reveals to him the cherished secret of her soul, her long felt love for Ion, the depth and intensity of which she herself had hardly known till then. From Ion's lips she learns that her love is not unreturned.

The next act opens with the interview between Adrastus and Ion in the palace of the former. For dramatic effect this scene is perhaps the most striking in the play.

The tyrant still holds his revel. He has, however, dismissed his courtiers and now feasts alone. His stern and haughty spirit scorns alike the sympathy and the flattery of the crowd of sycophants by whom he is surrounded. Feeling his doom at hand, he resolves to meet it as befits the descendant of the long line of kings of whose glories "he was the sad inheritor."

The gloomy current of Adrastus's thoughts, as he thus feasts alone, is suddenly disturbed by the entrance of a soldier of his guard who, trembling with terror, announces that a youth has made his way into the palace, and, regardless of the warning that the interview would probably be bought with life, persisted in demanding audience of the king. Adrastus directs the soldier to admit the bold intruder, whom, as he enters, he thus sternly accosts : "Stranger, I bid thee welcome ; we are about to tread the same dark passage, thou almost on the instant." Then, turning to Crythes, the captain of the guard (who had ushered in Ion to his presence), he enquires : "Is the sword of justice sharpened, and the headsman ready ?" adding, as Crythes is about to leave :

"Crythes ! till yon dial
Cast its thin shadow on the approaching hour
I hear this gallant traitor. On the instant
Come without word, and lead him to his doom.
Now leave us."

Unappalled by the death which awaits him, Ion pleads in a strain of bold and lofty eloquence the cause of the afflicted Argives. He tells the king that the nation's fate lies circled in his. He conjures him, by the memory of a father's and a mother's love, by the memory of childhood and its early friends, to harken to his subjects' cry of agony.

Adrastus listens to the appeal unmoved. "In every word," he answers,

"Thou dost but steel my soul.
My youth was blasted ; parents, brother, kin,
All that should people infancy with joy,
Conspired to poison mine."

But when Ion asks if he had "ever loved ?" and tells him—

"To think upon the time
When the calm depths of thy yet lucid soul
Were ruffled with the troublings of strange joy,
As if some unseen visitant from heaven
Touched the calm lake, and wreathed
Its images in sparkling waves."

Then, indeed, the monarch's heart is moved. As Ion speaks, visions of long-lost happiness roll back upon his soul ! Memory recalls the one bright gleam of love—kindled light that for a short season had gladdened his dark and fate-encircled existence. He listens, spell-bound. The looks, the voice of the speaker aid the spell. He seems to see once more the form of her "who alone had ever loved him for himself." He seems to hear again the "long-hushed music of the only voice that ever spoke unbought affection to him," and at the touch of Memory's potent wand a fount of sad but delightful sorrow bursts from the monarch's rocky breast !

His long pent-up grief, the woes which he had hitherto laboured to conceal, scorning to communicate them to any of the vile herd of cringing parasites by whom he was surrounded, are poured into the attentive ear of Ion. Adrastus tells him how he was doomed from the very moment of his birth :

"At my birth,
This city, which, expectant of its Prince,
Lay hushed, broke out in clamorous ecstacies ;

Yet in that moment, while the uplifted cups
Foamed with the choicest products of the sun,
And welcome thunder'd from a thousand throats,
My doom was sealed. From the hearth's vacant space,
In the dark chamber where my mother lay,
Faint with the sense of pain-brought happiness,
Came forth, in heart-appalling tone, these words
Of me the nurseling—'*Woe unto the babe!*
Against the life which now begins shall life,
Lighted from thence, be arm'd, and both soon quench'd
End this grand line in sorrow!' Ere I grew
Of years to know myself a thing accursed,
A second son was born, to steal the love
Which fate had else scarce rifled; he became
My parents' hope, the darling of the crew
Who lived upon their smiles, and thought it flattery
To trace in every foible of my youth—
A Prince's youth—the workings of the curse;
My very mother—Jove! I cannot bear
To speak it now—look'd freezingly upon me!"

He tells how this younger and more favoured brother died; how a horrid suspicion, which his parents shared, fell on him that he was privy to his brother's death; how, maddened by the foul suspicion, he fled to the mountains, "breasting the icy wind in the vain hope to cool his spirit's fever;" and then reveals the one joyous passage in his darksome life, his passionate but ill-starred love. "Wandering," he says, "through those wild scenes,"

"My steps were stayed by the bright vision of a maid, whose face
Most lovely, more than loveliness revealed
In touch of patient grief, which dearer seemed
Than happiness to spirit seared like mine.
With feeble hands she strove to lay in earth
The body of her aged sire, whose death
Left her alone. I aided her sad work,
And soon two lonely ones, by holy rites
Became one happy being."

His father's spies, however, tracked out their sylvan home, and at the moment when in defiance of fate, his happiness seemed complete, when he had embraced a son—

"While jocund smiles
Wreathed on the infant's face, as if sweet spirits
Suggested pleasant fancies to its soul,
The ruffians broke upon us; seized the child;
Dash'd through the thicket to the beetling rock
'Neath which the deep sea eddies; I stood still
As stricken into stone; I heard him cry,
Press'd by the rudeness of the murderer's gripe,
Severer ill unfearing—then the splash
Of waters that shall cover him for ever;
And could not stir to save him!"
Ion. — And the mother—
Adras. She spake no word, but clasped me in her arms,
And lay her down to die, a lingering gaze
Of love she fix'd on me—none other loved,
And so passed hence. By Jupiter, her look!
Her dying patience glimmers in thy face!
She lives again! She looks upon me now!
There's magic in it, bear with me—I am childish.

We pass now to the great square of the city, where Adrastus is seated on a throne, surrounded by his sages.

Agenor entreats the king "if he will not submit to cast himself upon the earth with his subjects in penitential shame," at least not to augment the wrath of Heaven, and "to cease the mockery of his frantic revels."

Adrastus in haughty language declares that the few hours of empire allowed to him by fate shall be the most lustrous of his reign, that the "Royalty of Argos shall pass in festive blaze to darkness." Scarce has the monarch ceased to speak, when a loud shouting is heard without. Phocion, the messenger to Delphi, has returned. He rushes into the square, followed by a crowd, and, holding in his hand the fatal scroll, reads aloud the oracular response, the doom of Adrastus and his race!

"Argos ne'er shall find release
Till her monarch's race shall cease."

The response of the oracle, the reproach of his councillors serve only to rouse up a spirit of stern defiance in the monarch's breast. He derides the oracle and commands his soldiers to hew down Phocion and his friends. The conclave breaks up. Adrastus hastens to resume his revel. The sages resolve to strive once more to pacify the gods by sacrifice, while Phocion and his friends hurriedly arrange a meeting to concert measures for effecting their country's deliverance by slaying the tyrant.

The third act opens with a beautiful and touching scene between the now affianced lovers—Ion and Clemanthe. Clemanthe playfully but sadly remonstrates with Ion, reminding him that his unwonted melancholy scarcely befits him at such a time. He then for the first time reveals to her in solemn and affecting words the dreadful and mysterious change which had lately passed

passed over his nature. He tells her how the bright visions of his boyish days have vanished and been succeeded by dark and ever-haunting terrors :

"I strove awhile
To think the assured possession of thy love
With too divine a burthen weigh'd my heart
And pressed my spirits down—but 'tis not so ;
Nor will I with false tenderness beguile thee,
By feigning that my sadness has a cause
So exquisite. Clemanthe ! thou wilt find me
A sad companion ;—I who knew not life
Save as the sportive breath of happiness,
Now feel my minutes teeming, as they rise,
With grave experiences ; I dream no more
Of azure realms where restless beauty sports
In myriad shapes fantastic ; dismal vaults
In black succession open, till the gloom
Afar is broken by a streak of fire
That shapes my name—the fearful wind that moans
Before the storm articulates its sound ;
And as I pass'd but now the solemn range
Of Argive monarchs, that in sculptured mockery
Of present empire sit, their eyes of stone
Bent on me instinct with a frightful life
That drew me into fellowship with them,
As conscious marble ; while their pondrous lips—
Fit organs of Eternity—unclosed
And, as I live to tell thee, murmured 'Hail !
Hail ! Ion the devoted !'"

In some expressions which fall from Clemanthe during this interview the highly wrought mind of Ion discovers irresistible evidence to confirm the belief, which he had for some time felt it impossible to resist, that he was himself marked out by destiny for the dread office of the "avenger" of his country.

"*She* has said it," he murmurs musingly, "her pure lips have spoken out what all things intimate, dids't thou not mark *me* for the office of avenger, *me!*"

Tearing himself from Clemanthe, he repairs to the rendezvous appointed by Phocion. The conspirators hail as a good omen the spontaneous accession of Ion to their councils. They had shrunk from inviting one of so pure and gentle a nature to join them in their deed of blood. They are yet more persuaded that his thus joining them is an augury of success when he tells them : "The Gods have prompted me, for they have given one dreadful voice to all things, which should be else dumb or musical."

The conspirators cast lots to decide who shall slay the tyrant. The lot falls on Ion. Approaching the altar, and lifting the sacrificial knife, he says : "I dedicate this arm to the destruction of the king and of his race ;" adding words of which none then knew the terrible import to himself :

"And if he has a child
Whose blood is needful to the sacrifice
My country asks, harden my soul to shed it."

While this is being enacted, Medon accidentally learns the incredible fact that his adopted child Ion, whose lips were but now giving utterance to the terrible oath we have just heard, is the son of Adrastus, the long lost son, over whose supposed early death the unhappy monarch had so long mourned in secret.

Medon hastens to rejoice Clemanthe with the unexpected tidings, and learns with horror her fears (founded on Ion's strange language at their recent interview, and on what she had, unperceived, witnessed at the fatal rendezvous), that Ion was, probably, at that moment about to stain his hitherto guiltless soul with the tremendous crime of parricide.

Availing himself of a secret passage which led from the Temple to the palace, Medon gains the chamber of the king, at the moment when Ion is about to plunge the steel into his father's heart, at the bidding too of the king himself, who, recognizing in Ion the resistless minister of fate, has composed himself to welcome death at his hands. Thrice the son had raised the weapon to inflict the fatal blow—thrice his hand refused its office and fell powerless at his side ; again the steel is lifted, when the the voice of the high priest is heard, exclaiming :

"Ion, forbear,
Behold, thy son, Adrastus !"

One moment of delicious ecstacy Adrastus knows, as he clasps to his breast his long lost son, the first that he has known since that son had been snatched from his arms and consigned, as he believed, to an ocean grave. One moment only—in the next the conspirators becoming impatient of Ion's long delay, burst into the presence of the doomed ones, and the dagger of one soon drinks the monarch's blood.

The native nobleness of the monarch's soul gleams forth in his dying moments. His heart, naturally generous and tender, had been steeled by the wrongs he had endured, the sufferings he had undergone. He finds in his last moments a melancholy satisfaction in the thought that the calamities which his crimes have brought upon his people, will be more than atoned by the blessings which his son's virtues must ensure them. He exacts from Ion a solemn oath, that he will mount the throne his ancestors had filled, and with his latest breath he hails him "King of Argos." The citizens echo with delight the words, and salute Ion as their king.

But the pestilence still rages, and to Ion's question "if any symptom of returning health bless the wan city," Agenor answers sadly, "No, the perishing

"Lift up their painful heads to bless thy name,
And their eyes kindle as they utter it.
But still they die."

The stern decree of Heaven is but half accomplished. The words of the oracle ring in Ion's ears.

"Argos ne'er shall find release,
Until her monarch's race shall cease."

Fate demands one other victim—himself. He is impatient to offer up this last sacrifice on the altar of his country, and is only deterred from doing so at once by the solemn pledge which he had given to Adrastus. Resolved, however, to abridge as much as possible the period of his people's sufferings, he gives directions that at the dawn of the following day every thing shall be in readiness for the sacrifices and games with which the enthronement of the kings of Argos was wont to be preceded.

The thought of Clemanthe alone unmans the heroic soul of Ion. To die were easy, but the parting with his beloved Clemanthe, the thought of the anguish which the morrow's dawn will bring with it to her, almost unmans him.

In the vain hope that he may wean her affections from him, and thus, perhaps, mitigate her anguish when the terrible catastrophe occurs, he affects towards her an indifference, even coldness, of manner. He attempts to persuade her that the crown which he is about to assume must of necessity place an impassable barrier between them, and that their paths must henceforth be separate.

"Dark and cold," he says, hinting at his own fate,

"Stretches the path which when I wear the crown
I needs must enter : the great Gods forbid
That thou should'st follow in it !"

Alarmed at the strange import of these words, she enquires in terror—

"And shall we *never* see each other more ?"

Ion, whose mind is at the moment filled with the prospect of the death which so soon awaits him, answering his own thoughts rather than the question of Clemanthe, replies that he believes and feels they will meet hereafter.

"Yes,
I have asked that dreadful question of the hills
That look eternal ; of the flowing streams
That lucid flow forever ; of the stars,
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
Hath trod in glory : all were dumb ; but now,
While I thus gaze upon thy living form,
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
Can never wholly perish ; we *shall* meet
Again, Clemanthe !"

It is almost needless to add that Ion, unable any longer to sustain the character which his tenderness for Clemanthe had induced him to affect, flings aside the thin disguise with which he had vainly endeavoured to conceal his real feelings, and confesses himself hers for ever.

We are now arrived at the closing scene of the tragedy.

It is early dawn. Ion is to be enthroned in state. The great square of the city is thronged with spectators. Clemanthe has concealed herself close at hand, within the shrine of Minerva, from which she hopes, unseen, to "feast her eyes by witnessing the greatness of her idol." On one side of the square is the throne, on the other the altar for the sacrifice.

The statues of the gods which adorn the square are gaily decked with garlands. The trumpets sound. A procession of priests and sages enter the square, followed by Ion arrayed in royal robes. As he takes his seat upon his ancestral throne, to which the high priest Medon conducts him, "the paleness of the grave marbles his face," which wears, however, a look of calm determination and even of holy joy.

The promise made to his dying sire is now fulfilled. He has taken his seat upon the throne of Argos. The moment for the last sacrifice has arrived, and Ion is prepared.

He approaches the altar unattended, and thus invokes the Gods:

"Gracious Gods!
In whose mild service my glad youth was spent,
Look on me now; and if there is a Power,
As at this solemn time I feel there is,
Beyond ye, that hath breathed through all your shapes,
The spirit of the beautiful that lives
In earth and heaven: to ye I offer up
This conscious being, full of life and love,
For my dear country's welfare. Let this blow
End all her sorrows!"

The fatal wound is given, and Clemanthe rushes forth from her concealment to catch the fainting form of Ion.

While the warm life-blood of the youthful patriot is still welling from his self-inflicted wound and the multitude stand aghast at the terrible and unlooked for catastrophe, the ears of the dying hero catch the joyous words, uttered by the slave of Adrastus as he bursts into the square:

"The Pestilence abates."

He springs upon his feet, and feebly, but exultingly exclaims—

"Do ye not hear!
Why shout ye not? Ye are strong—think not of me;
Hearken! the curse my ancestry has spread
O'er Argos is dispell'd—Agenor, give
This gentle youth his freedom, who hath brought
Sweet tidings that I shall not die in vain—
And Medon! cherish him as thou hast one
Who dying blesses thee: my own Clemanthe!
Let this console thee, also—Argos lives—
The offering is accepted—all is well!"

We have thus endeavoured to present an outline, meagre and imperfect no doubt, of this exquisite play. We have given at length some of the striking and characteristic passages which it contains, preferring rather to afford the reader an opportunity of forming an estimate of the poem, than to attempt any laboured criticism of its merits.

We have alluded to the Grecian atmosphere which the author has breathed around this work. In two particulars, especially, is the Grecian character of the play most striking: in the ideality or general elevation of the characters, and in the controlling influence of "Destiny" throughout.

An American critic, thoroughly qualified to judge on such a point, has truly said that the play is "the most successful reproduction of the antique spirit with which he is acquainted."

If ideality, or the elevation and dignity of the principal personages of the play, may be regarded, as Schlegel thinks, as the very essence of the ancient Grecian Drama, then is "Ion" altogether "Grecian." Everything is raised above the level of ordinary humanity: all the characters, but especially the principal ones, are cast in a noble and heroic mould. Even the slave Irus speaks in a strain of eloquence, and Adrastus, the king, amid all his crimes, preserves a majestic, and almost godlike port, and shews proofs of an exalted and generous nature. The character of the gentle Ion seems to us one of the most lovely creations of modern fancy. The author has endeavoured to depict, and with wonderful success, a nature "essentially pure and disinterested, deriving its strength entirely from goodness and thought, not overcoming evil by the force of will, but escaping it by an insensibility to its approach, vividly conscious of existence and its pleasure, yet willing to lay them down at the call of duty."

All who study this lovely creation of Talfourd's, will, we think, feel satisfied that no heathen poet could have ever conceived such a character. Such purity and goodness, coupled with such tender charity towards the faults and failings of others, such childlike gentleness united with such heroic daring, such self-sacrificing nobleness combined with such meekness, constitute a character which could not have been imagined by any one who did not sit in the bright light of Gospel revelation, and had not been accustomed to contemplate the perfect character of the Saviour of the world.

The other point of resemblance, as already stated, between this play and those of the Greek dramatists, is in the introduction of Destiny as the great agent by which the catastrophe is brought about. In "Ion," we seem to be brought as it were into the very presence of this dread power. It influences and controls the thoughts and actions of both the principal personages. It marks out the victims, it appoints the avenger. Indeed the author was forced (as he himself intimates in his preface) to avail himself of this tremendous agency to enable him to work out the plot. But over and above the old Greek notion of Destiny, the author has recourse, he tells us, "to the idea of *fascination* as an engine by which Fate may work its purposes on the innocent mind, and force it into terrible action most uncongenial to itself, but necessary to the issue."

The employment of either of these agencies in the play was perfectly admissible ; but the employment of both at the same time, was, as the author felt, hardly justifiable, and detracted from the feeling of reality of the poem. It seemed, however, to the author, that by nothing short of the united influence of these two tremendous agencies could the gentle and ethereal Ion have been involuntarily impelled to the commission of acts so utterly abhorrent to his nature.

It cannot be questioned that the introduction of these Greek elements into the play has tended materially to diminish the interest it is calculated to excite. By raising the characters of the *dramatis personæ* above the level of ordinary humanity, and by exempting them from the weaknesses or failings of our common nature ; by making the actions of those characters the necessary result of the resistless energy of inexorable fate, rather than the consequences of their own free will in other words, by making the *dramatis personæ* more than men in their nature and their powers, and less than men in their control over their own conduct, Talfourd has, no doubt, to a considerable extent diminished the reality of the drama, and placed his characters outside the pale of human sympathy and human interest.

This undoubtedly is a defect in the play, a defect of which no one could be more sensible than its accomplished and critical author, who in reference to these peculiarities of the play, says : "The drama may be described as the phantasm of a tragedy, not a thing of substance mortised into the living rock of humanity, and therefore incapable of exciting that interest which grows out of human feeling, or of holding that permanent place in the memory which truth only can retain." We have thus in Talfourd's own beautiful language, referred to the main defect of this elaborate composition, considered as a drama. It may indeed have other defects both as a drama and a poem. But on these it is not our present purpose to dwell.

Suffice it merely to say, in conclusion, that while we claim not for Talfourd a place among the highest in the Pantheon of Poets, we still think that for tenderness and elevation of thought, for purity of sentiment and elegance of diction, it would be difficult to point out on the bright muster roll of ancient or modern bards any name which deserves to be placed above that of the gifted and accomplished author of "Ion."

MEDICINE AND MATRIMONY.

A STORY IN SIX CHAPTERS.

BY ARNE.

CHAPTER IV.

FOR the little company in la Sainte des Eaux now ensued a charming spring time. Through all the country side sweet Nature, with her tender, silent, swift, magic fingers, was everywhere at work. The air gradually lost its chilliness, still clinging from the snow-time. The river, which the ice in its breaking up had rendered somewhat muddy, became constantly clearer, and more easily reflected the hues of the sky. Every day the grass grew greener, buds swelled on the trees, and here and there those of the willow opened. The firs that had wintered their old dark, needle attire, appeared yet darker when the fair, soft, new shoots sprouted from their boughs.

Klari at first thought it pleasure enough simply *to be*—to sit out on a sunny hill, leaning perhaps against a maple stump, to breathe the wonderful, invigorating air of the wide out-door world, and feel that she lived. Existence, *that* sufficed.

"If life were nothing but this, dear Margaretta," said she softly, "I should have everything that I wish."

The bush-smoke rose up into the sky, and bluer even than it, against a background of tall, leafless tamaracks and beeches. Upon the mountains in the North the fires were also lighted, and when the afternoons waned, there stole gradually over all a deep peace.

"How is it," asked she, "that so very lately I was so very wretched? Dear aunt Meiklejohn! I really love her. And yet how ungrateful, how unamiable, how harrassing I have been. After this I must write her long letters twice a week."

The garden-making began. The birds returned in clouds, and while they flew hither and thither, mating, pairing, and nest-building, they loudly sang. Klari made acquaintance with the whistle of the robin and the trilling of the rossignol. She rose at five to listen to their concerts, and to behold the sun in the beauty of his dawn.

"Dear Margaretta," said she earnestly, "I am really afraid that my own good spirits will fly away with me if this extraordinary exhilaration continues. I cannot understand how any one can be out of humour with any one else or anything in this delightful world."

Very shortly afterwards, however, there came a letter from Mrs. Meiklejohn that helped her to quite a clear explanation on that point. It contained what were evidently extracts from last Sunday's sermon, tacked on to sundry directions as to millinery, with variations on the favourite theme of her niece's settlement in life.

"Change," it ran, "is the human lot. We must all, the middle-aged and the youthful alike, be in some measure prepared for it. I have decided to spend the summer at the salt-water, and thither you will accompany me as soon as any of the places are open. See that all your things are carefully done up, and that your whole wardrobe is in order. Your Victoria lawns—the proper quantity of starch—fluting—sea-side hats—and so on. It is not always possible successfully to carry out the plans we would; the future may mature or may frustrate them. All is uncertain. We are here to-day and yonder to-morrow. I intend settling $5,000 upon you when you marry, and will further allow you another thousand dollars for your outfit. I desire to leave your own choice and taste unfettered as much as possible. Having had more expe-rience than you in shopping, *et cetera*, we can put our heads together over the more important items. And I am sure that you will not choose unworthily of either yourself or me." With much more to the same and other purposes.

Klari, uncertain whether her aunt, in those bewildering paragraphs, meant to refer to her future clothes or her future husband, brought the letter to her cousin, while the wings of her soaring spirits pitifully trailed.

"When I was so happy!" she exclaimed.

"Who is this Judge," asked Margaretta, when she had finished reading it, "of whom she makes such frequent mention?"

"Oh, that is one of the *partis*," answered Klari, sighing. The letter had wakened her from her own Utopian dream of the last few weeks, and she returned weariedly to the discussion of her aunt's. "An elderly widower, I believe, highly respectable, and supposed to be very wealthy. Though, with me, suppositions as to wealth go for nothing. Aunt Meiklejohn, you know, is supposed by a dazzled world to be very wealthy."

Margaretta mused, with the letter still in her hand.

"At least," said she, "you are not altogether dowerless, whatever aunt may mean by expressing her intentions just now with regard to you."

"Ah, no indeed! And with three hundred dollars a year, to whom or what may not one aspire? Three hundred dollars! Sufficient to keep me, when left to myself, quite luxuriously in gloves and boots. A pity that I have not aunt's faculty of turning and altering a dress half a dozen times in the course of its life, and making it do duty, at different stages of its career, for everything from a full evening toilet down at last to a morning wrapper. The various phases and disguises which one white silk of mine was subjected to last winter, only an accomplished expert in *chiffonnerie* could have determined. It was cut up into strips at last, and is now binding the flounces of that black dress you have admired so much."

"Yes," said Margaretta, "it is very pretty. If I were a gentleman and saw you in that dress, I should assuredly fall in love with you, even though you had put on with it your ice-cold-queen demeanour."

"It was in that dress I met a gentleman whom, if I ever marry, I will marry, if he will marry me."

"Dear, Klari," exclaimed Margaretta, "you are very provoking. I have been fancying all the time that there must be something of this kind at the bottom of your seeming caprices, though you would not confess. You will tell me all about it at once. Has he not then proposed to you?

"Oh, no."

"How long has he known you?"

"He doesn't know me at all!"

"What are you saying, child? How long then have you known him?"

"I don't know him either."

"Klari! Who is he?

"I don't know."

"What is his name?"

"I don't know."

"And he doesn't know you, I suppose?"

"Probably not."

Margaretta was silent from simple amazement.

"Dear Margaretta," exclaimed Klari "do not look so shocked, and I will tell you all that I myself know of the matter. The day before we left town I went to perform a message for aunt that took me through a retired street near the Medical college. In passing along I observed a group of students standing opposite what was evidently a boarding-house, gesticulating upwards towards one of the second-story windows. I at first thought that it was either a clown or a large monkey who was leaning out and going through the oddest contortions, but as I approached I discovered it to be another young gentleman in a parti-coloured dressing-gown. He stopped and looked at me with all his eyes, and I looked at him with all mine. And you will think me very foolish, but in that moment I experienced a strange sensation that has made the profoundest impression upon me. I could not then and have not since been able to rid myself of the idea that his destiny and mine are in some way connected. I felt drawn towards him. It was as if something passed between us—something electric—something magnetic; ah! I know not what; I cannot tell you. Talking about it seems like rubbing the feather-powder off a butterfly by too much handling. But one thing is certain, that I shall not think of marrying, even with my newly-acquired dower-dignity, until I have again seen the unknown in motley, and satisfied myself by more accurate observation whether I dreamed or not."

Margaretta listened to this recital without interruption. If she had felt inclined to smile at what, under other circumstances, she would have dismissed with an impatient Pish! she sustained herself. She knew her cousin too well to doubt her earnestness, and was therefore convinced of the futility of any remonstrances. But Klari's avowed determination to continue setting at nought the wishes of her friends on the flimsy grounds of this baseless fabric so alarmed her, that she was induced to try the effect of a few words.

"Ah, you know, dear," said she affectionately, "that I am neither romantic nor imaginative. Such a magnetic encounter as you represent would be totally impossible to me, and I can only regard what you have told me from a practical point of view; in its influence, that is, upon your present and your future. You might as well say, dear, that you would wait for Orion or one of the stars in Charles's Wain."

Klari smiled. Perhaps so remote a marriage-possibility had not been far from her own thoughts.

"And then only think how contradictory you must appear to yourself," continued Margaretta. "You who have set your face so determinedly against matches which you had abundant opportunity of knowing were excellent, now so perversely to allow your fancy to be taken captive by some tattered, unformed lad of a student with a taste for practical jokes, and with whom you have never exchanged a word. He may be rough in manner, too; poor, of the most undesirable connections."

"If he is proved to be rough and undesirable my fancy will not be captive long."

"And in the meanwhile wasting your time in a sentimental, romantic waiting; for what? Something less substantial than a will-o'-the-wisp!"

"I am waiting anyway."

"I could not have believed, Klari, that you had been so much in earnest."

Klari was for a moment silent. Any discussion with any of her lady-friends that was likely to take the form of wrangling she at once ended.

"Forgive me, Margaretta," she then said very gently. "The whole affair is of so slight a nature that, as I have already said, it will scarcely bear talking over aloud. Do not think me ungrateful, insensible, *entêtée*, but indeed, indeed, I am afraid that I must be intrusted with my own future; being three-and-twenty, you know."

Margaretta at this was also silent, and when she at length spoke, it was to say with a sigh,

"Poor aunt Meiklejohn."

CHAPTER V.

AT the T—— hotel Dr. James Rossèl was making giant strides in those branches of knowledge hitherto so lamentably neglected by him, which society so graciously imparts. We find him the hero of quite a large circle of young ladies, children, and matrons.

At salt-water resorts the presence of gentlemen is by no means confidently to be counted upon. Their's have all the uncertainty and rarity of angels' visits. They may snatch a happy one, or two, or three days' leisure, in which to take a longing glance at the to them unattainable paradise; but they are the Peri at the gate, and they hasten back to the hot, prim city streets and ways, leaving a clear coast.

Dr. Rossèl, however, remained in perpetuity. Him the lady residents of the hotel had always with them, and he became correspondingly popular. It very soon began to be the Doctor here and the Doctor there, the Doctor will do this for us and the Doctor will do that, at all hours of the day. He was the promoter, or at least seconder, mainstay, and centre of all expeditions and excursions, land or marine. From croquet to schooner-sailing, from pigeon-berry picking to hay-cart picknicing, from ninepins to billiards, he was for everything equally available and enthusiastic. Under such propitious circumstances he also, from time to time, added to those notes formerly begun with his ever fruitless Galahad-quest, though never to the dimming of that impalpable, ever-present photograph.

"We must turn out in force upon the wharf to-morrow," he said one day to some of his friends. "My uncle, Judge Rossèl, has written to engage rooms for himself and a large party who are expected in the next steamer."

"I hope the party is not very large," said some one with a salt-air appetite, "the salmon being always so small."

"*Autres temps autres mœurs*," said some one else, "and I hear that there has just been a successful take."

A young lady with a blonde complexion, standing beside Dr. Rossèl, took him into her confidence in an undertone.

"Short allowance of salmon," said she to him, sweetly, "and the arrival of Miss Meiklejohn at one and the same time, would be rather overdoing our misfortunes, and she, you know, is also coming to-morrow."

"Indeed!" said he carelessly. "And is the lady's presence so baleful that it must of necessity add to our misfortunes?"

"Oh, I meant with respect to us ladies, you know."

"Ah," said he. "Who then is Miss Meiklejohn?"

"Oh, do you not know?" The blonde young lady became quite animated. "The very greatest flirt in the Province—preposterously great! I have heard witty gentlemen call her Juggernaut—a kind of heathen goddess on wheels who, when she is wound up to go, runs down any one and every one in her way, but principally you gentlemen, I suppose; at least Miss Meiklejohn does. So you see, Doctor, we need not look for any attention from you while she remains."

He murmured some illusory platitudes, and asked, with awakening curiosity,

"Is she so very beautiful?"

"Oh, not at all *your* style, Doctor. You like fresh, unaffected, natural, milk-and-roses—or is it buttermilk?—kind of girls; and she you know, has been out in society this ever and ever so lóng. She is tall, dark, and oh, no, not pretty except for her eyes. *They* are somewhat peculiar, and have a very disagreeable way of staring into yours and laughing at you, even when the rest of her face seems to be quite polite and serious. Some people think her clever and fascinating, but I really don't know. I am quite afraid of clever women. Aren't you, Doctor?"

The Doctor's reply, whether it signified assent or dissent, was not audible. Musingly he looked off seaward with introverted gaze.

The next day, as the hour approached for the arrival of the steamer, the wharf was as densely crowded as any one could desire. All the inhabitants of the place, as was indeed usual, had flocked down in fresh toilets from hotel, cottages, and boarding-houses, for the sake of a break in the monotony, for the sake of a walk, for the sake of looking at each other, and particularly to welcome disembarking and exchange greetings with passing friends, and to refresh their minds with a good, general, exhaustive stare. The steamer was late on this particular day, causing an improvisation of seats extraordinary. But as no accident of a serious nature ever occurs in these waters, she finally appeared, sweeping slowly round from the black, fiord-like Northern stream into the little harbour of l'Ance à l'Eau, her decks packed with passengers.

All was at once activity—motion and commotion. And amid the bustle of the landing, and the persistent pressing forward at one time of two counter-currents, those who would come on shore and those who would go on board, there appeared at the top of the gangway a tall, white-haired, florid, pompous-looking gentleman, having a lady on his left arm. He picked his way down with elegance and determination, and Dr. Rossèl, quickly approaching, addressed him as "uncle."

"Ah, Jim!" said the uncle, shaking his nephew heartily by the hand, and advancing with him to a comparatively safe position. "Glad to see you, my boy, and very glad to see you looking so well. But, heavens and earth! do you always have such a crush as this down here among the rocks? I begin to think, my dear, that we were very venturesome in coming ashore when we did. Here, Jim, you want to be employed in something useful and agreeable at the same time, I am sure. My dear, you must allow me to make you acquainted with my nephew, Miss Meiklejohn, Dr. James Rossèl, in whose charge I will leave you for a moment."

And then it was that these two found themselves face to face. Their eyes met in the simple interchange of courtesies, and behold, it had come! The moment of meeting, of which each, unknown to the other, had so often dreamed, the moment of actual bowing and hand-clasping acquaintanceship, and with it the opportunity for all the necessary measuring, estimating, and balancing process that usually precedes heart-barters.

The recognition on either side, however cleverly veiled, was complete. At the mention of her name Jim's thoughts had naturally reverted to the conversation of yesterday; but when he saw with wonder and joy that it was indeed She! all the other ladies in the world, young or old, blonde or squaw, became as a thick winter-morning's fog, which this Sun rising ever higher and stronger scattered to the four corners of the earth in mere cloudy fragments. And his heart bounded in exultation and thanksgiving when he thus beheld her. the radiant, lofty, sweet embodiment of his very dream-vision which, with hope and something of faith, he had for three loyal months carried in the depths of his soul. More dazzling if possible, and still the very same, with no shadow of a doubt. Blessed fate! blessed summer days! blessed host of the T— hotel! with huzzas, vivas, and medals to the silvery Spoons!

Klari, for her part, looked at him, and beheld a tall, large, somewhat ungainly person with features devoid of the line of beauty, but with the same appearance of strength that supplied the want of grace in his figure so evident also in his countenance that you pardoned its plainness. And as his earnest, searching, triumphant glance met hers, she fell away from him a little, for there certainly stood the hero of the boarding-house window, concerning whom she had confessed to feeling so deep an interest.

A train of thought fortunately flies through a head very much faster than through a steel pen. They had been examining each other therefore for only fifteen seconds, when Klari recovered herself and spoke.

"Judge Rossèl has returned for the remainder of us, I think," said she, with no apparent tinge of embarrassment in her voice, and attentively attending to the fastening of her glove. "We are such a collection of trappings and odds and ends, the confusion was so great and my aunt so anxious, that he caught me up in despair at last as being easily movable, and fairly carried me off, thus definitely disposing of at least something." She smiled slightly and glanced up at him for one instant from under her lashes.

He, borne upwards by the influence of her presence and the sound of her voice.

was by this time suspended high in delicious air, so that he made answer somewhat absently.

"I began to fear that you would never come," said he.

Klari smiled again. "Yes," said she, "we were detained in the Bay for some time this morning. A question of tides, they said."

"Tides," said Jim from his heights, "are a tremendous bore."

"Occasionally at the mouths of rivers, are they not?" said Klari. "But not I think in this one."

"Ah! Perhaps not in this one," said Jim.

"The detention, however, was rather fortunate," continued Klari, occupied again with her glove-fastening, "as it gave us an opportunity of seeing the country for a few hours in carts. I like carts so much."

Jim liked carts too—glorified, winged carts, to suit his present altitude.

"Judge Rossèl has taken the kindest care of us during the whole journey," Klari went on as if bound to pursue the conversation at all hazards. "My aunt, you know, made his acquaintance recently in the West, from whence she accompanied him and his party to M——, my cousin and I joining them there. Quite a formidable sequence of events, is it not? And he has been telling us that you and we have been fellow-citizens in M—— for some time past,—is it not odd that we should never have met?" Saying which she turned full upon him the questioning, dancing, kindling light of eyes so like his treasured memory of them that he suddenly and impetuously exclaimed—

"Have we then never met?"

"Have we, then?" said she.

"Do you not remember that we have?" asked he, anxiously.

"Do you?" said she.

"Yes!" he exclaimed, with confidence and enthusiasm. "And I shall never forget! It was on a glorious, sunshiny, cloudless, beneficent, Heaven-sent spring afternoon, and the day of our last medical Convocation. In—in a window. You had a white frill at your throat, and there was somewhere a butterfly with orange-barred wings. And—oh—that ancient Turkish—"

But at this Klari could not avoid laughing aloud. A laugh breaking forth so clearly, though so low, so thrillingly, so frankly, so friendly, that Jim, entranced, thought it the voice of a message-bird bearing to him tidings of life.

"Are you laughing at my dressing-gown?" he exclaimed, as if now taking for granted that her recollections kept pace with his own, while he was drawn ever higher into the region of delicious air.

"No, at your grimaces," replied Klari.

"I have given up grimaces," said he earnestly, and could say no more.

Indeed, at this moment, the simple Arcadian scene was interrupted, and succeeded by a purely conventional modern one. A short, seemingly well-lubricated, elderly-looking gentleman with a row of youthful auburn curls showing beneath his hat, appeared pressing his way towards them through many obstructions.

Jim's cheery voice was heard accosting him with, "Hallo, Spicer, you here?"

"Yes, confound it," said Mr. Spicer, grasping Jim's hand in an almost affectionate manner. "Just ashore this moment. Never seen such a disorderly, headless crush in the whole course of my life, give you my word. Have been hunting up and down this half hour. Excuse me," and breaking off in his sentence, he hurried to Miss Meiklejohn's side.

He was the bearer of certain evidently important messages from her aunt, who was not yet extricated, which in the delivery sounded like "Carriages, walking, fatigued, trunks," "trunks, fatigued, walking, carriages," and *vicê versâ*, and again repeated for several minutes. All of which referred to the means of reaching the hotel. Soon, however, the whole party found themselves together with many mutual congratulations, and the animated discussion that followed was at last decided by Mrs. Meiklejohn, as by imperial ukase. The force was to be divided in carriages and on foot.

Klari's lot fell among the latter, and then with Mr. Spicer upon one side and Dr. Rossèl upon the other, to each of whom impartially she made her exclamations of rapture, she first learned the charm of that grand and sterile country. Of its giant cliffs, and deep-cut gorges, its towering headlands, its weird defiles, the great white shining rock-masses, where bracken and stunted cedar and poplar-growths shoot up through the crevices, the narrow barren stretches of sand soil, and lastly, the out-look over the bay and across its gleaming bar.

That night Margaretta was in Klari's room for a few minutes.

"Had you seen Dr. Rossèl before to-day?" she asked her after some indifferent conversation.

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In the constellation of Charles's Wain."

And thereupon Margaretta crossed the room, and kissed her cousin cordially upon either cheek.

CHAPTER VI.

THE promenading, boating, bathing, climbing, lounging, continued in the general society of T—. All the resources of the place were tested in turn. Daily parties were made up for croquet on the hard-beaten grassless lawns, or for journeys to the inland lake, or visits to Hudson Bay House, or to the first church erected in the Western world, or for rambles among the higher rocks, or for bowling, or sailing in smacks, or simple strolling with no defined object whatever.

In particular instances, these amusements were of course somewhat varied. In that of Mrs. Meiklejohn and Judge Rossèl, for example; who had taken to the gentle craft of angling, and who with unflinching, almost sleepless vigilance, cast out towards each other lines baited with artificial flies of cunning, so like nature, that the wary old fish themselves were all but satisfied.

In that also of the young blonde, who set traps and snares, constructed neither to maim nor kill, but to capture alive, in the habitat of Dr. Rossèl, to whom she whispered every day the assurance of the betrothal of Miss Meiklejohn and Mr. Spicer.

In that, too, of the latter gentleman, who danced constant attendance upon Klari's evanishing footsteps in the sand with the zeal and something of the grace of a dervish.

As to Dr. Rossèl, his employments, depending as they did to a great extent on those of Miss Meiklejohn, were somewhat varied and uncertain. Greatly to his bewilderment he had been gradually forced to come down from those airy, seemingly secure heights to which she had permitted him to rise on the red-letter day when they two had so frankly and gaily met, and for a long time he had made no ascents but those rough toilsome ones that led to sterile rocks. In the wealthy Mr. Spicer, he acknowledged a formidable rival, but as to which she least discouraged—her general deportment being best expressed by negatives—it would have been difficult for either of the gentlemen to say.

Certain it is that she very frequently wore an impenetrable, icy, winter-night aspect, which no stray beam from the veiled moons of her eyes was suffered to light up. Jim's refuge was then, at times, the blonde trapper, who received him always with the same kind and pretty face. At others, he would launch his canoe in the waters of the bay, and paddle outwards with strong, vigorous strokes, that soon rendered him an indistinct speck to the observers on the verandahs, and from which adventures only nightfall brought him back. At others again, he would put on a formidable heavy pair of boots, that might have resisted a jungle, and a wide-brimmed, provincial-looking straw hat, the universal *chapeau de pâille* in fact of more favoured parishes, that had been plaited for him by a leathery old *habitante* out of the gleanings of a whole oat-field, and stalk straight into the unknown lands of the back country. The veiled moons would occasionally be visible on his return, and would indeed change themselves by some mysterious celestial alchemy, untaught in his College, into warm genial suns before him, in whose fertile rays he would bask and dream, and sigh for perpetual noon-day.

Mrs. Meiklejohn could not resist commanding Klari once more regarding Mr. Spicer, whatever qualms may have overtaken her in the West; and her pre-occupation led her to believe that everything worked according to her wishes, so that Margaretta was left alone to puzzle over what seemed a more perplexing riddle that ever. While her whole instincts went with Dr. Rossèl, as far as the man was concerned, and while she would for that reason have put her cousin's shapely hand within his with the heartiest confidence in their united future, the eminent social position and advantages offered by Mr. Spicer were not without their allurements. In her conversations with Klari therefore—rather her appeals and addresses to her—she endeavoured to bring forward both sides of the question with the strictest justice. But Klari remained a puzzle.

"I shall begin to flatter myself, dear," said she on seeing her return, dispiritedly, from her solitary perch, on the white headland overhanging the bay, where she would sometimes sit for hours, observed occasionally through the cedar-boughs from the hotel, but rarely interrupted, "that no place suits you, but my Sainte des Eaux."

"I was happy there."

"Why will you not be happy here?"

No answer.

"You know, dear Klari, that I have never altogether understood you. Still, from what you yourself previously told me, I should have thought that when you had found your ideal, you would at least have given him a little encouragement. I do not see that there can be any question of cabbages here, and Dr. Rossèl is certainly only waiting his opportunity to declare himself. Or perhaps magnetism has proved a dream?"

Klari still had nothing to say.

"You have yourself been convinced for some time, as I gathered from what you said in La Sainte des Eaux, of the necessity of your marriage; what else can a young lady in your position do but marry? And aunt's hints since she went West, if not before, have been sufficiently significant. Let me entreat you, if your heart is pleading for James Rossèl, as I believe it to be, not to let any foolish fancies prevent you from showing your preference. A young lady can do that without loss of dignity. As it is, you freeze him every day, and though I grant that you can thaw him out again with marvellous dexterity, it is still possible that the freezing process may take place once too often. Have you become speechless?"

"Only have patience with me, dear Margaretta."

"Patience, dear child, undoubtedly. Aunt Meiklejohn, you must know, believes that all is understood between you and Mr. Spicer, and in such event she will most probably give you a much handsomer *trousseau* than in her former vexation with you she intended to have done. While he will, of course, make you mistress of an unimpeachable establishment. Everybody knows his horses; and the arrangements of his house are, I am told, quite perfect. An estimable man too, and one who is, I am sure, sincere in his attachment to you. What do you think of Mr. Spicer, dear?"

"Forgive me, Margaretta!"

"You know that it is only the desire for your own good that induces me to teaze you."

"Yes, indeed, I know. Therefore I say forgive me."

"Well, you have before you at this moment, love and the strictest economy with Dr. Rossèl, and commanding wealth and—and ——"

"Toleration."

"Toleration with Mr. Spicer. Think and act, dear child."

A day of purpose and achievement, as if preconcerted, at last came to all most interested. It was in August, month of harvests, month of crickets; and even in the barren clime of T— there was something ripe to the reaper, and, inland, an occasional cheerful crick! crick!

In the afternoon it happened that Klari sought her aunt, and after some search, found her in the little parlour upstairs. She was sitting upon the sofa with a slightly tear-bedimmed eye, but with an expression of triumph on her face, and beside her was the Judge, also slightly agitated, but smiling and apparently at peace with the whole world. To the intruder it was evident that the artificial flies had successfully landed their respective fish. She would have retreated, but Mrs. Meiklejohn recalled her.

"Your future uncle, my dear," said she, taking Klari's hand.

Judge Rossèl took the other. "I congratulate," said Klari, and forgot her errand.

"My dear," said Mrs. Meiklejohn, "Augustus, I should say Mr. Spicer, has been looking foı you. He will walk with you, and I have given him my permission to do so when he finds you. Away, then, child."

"Shall I go in search of him, aunt?"

"Do so, dear," said Mrs. Meiklejohn, deaf to her niece's tones.

Klari turned away in bitterness of spirit, thinking "Will they drive me?" and met him on the stairs, anxiety depicted in the whole man.

"Oh, Miss Meiklejohn ——" he began.

"I have seen my aunt," she coldly interrupted.

"And will you then favour me with a short stroll?"

She passed out of the door without speaking, and he after, while mechanically she took the path to the white headland. An ominous, portentous silence on the part of

Mr. Spicer, who toiled up the steep way breathing loudly, and almost exuding oil. Klari went up like an arrow, and as silent, but when they reached the height she sat down in her accustomed place, saying—

"This is strolling sufficient."

Seaward went her gaze. The sunshine, steely-bright and keen, was flashing off the waters as light strikes from a sword. A thousand gulls dipped their silver-fair breasts in the waves, white porpoise-forms turned over here and there like rounded storm-caps, and ships spreading wide sail-wings fled outwards, or rose up, dark and tall, against the line of sky.

Mr. Spicer's glance followed hers, and he perceived by the long, high sand-bar that the tide was almost out.

Standing up then before her, after a short pause, and without further preface than what it itself contained, he propounded to her the following question:—

"Miss Meiklejohn, will you be my wife?"

Scarcely had Klari left the parlour that contained the elderly anglers, when Jim, approaching from an opposite direction, also entered it. He drew back immediately with "I beg your pardon," but as the aunt had before done, so now did the uncle. Jim concealed a smile at this explanation of certain hitherto dark passages in the Judge's letters, and at the same time offered his heartiest congratulations.

"But, my dear aunt that is to be," said he, "can you direct me where precisely to find Miss Meiklejohn? I have looked for her in vain in a dozen places."

"Aha!" said the judge. "She has gone out for a walk in her favourite direction, I believe. Go on, my boy; you will overtake her if you walk fast enough."

Mrs. Meiklejohn darted a sharp look at her bridegroom.

"Wait," said she, "and we will accompany you as far as the beach. I have promised some friends of mine a collection of sea-urchins, which I have not yet made, and your and the judge's scientific knowledge will be very useful to me."

There was considerable delay, but Jim saw the happy pair safely stuck in the soft sand, each armed with a stick for puddling in search of their *radiata* specimens, before he left them, and it was then with a light, bounding step that he hastened in the direction of the steep, rocky path. He had already made three-quarters of the ascent, when Klari and Mr. Spicer appeared on their way down.

"Spicer! dash his ingenuous auburn wig," thought Jim. "How many more marches is he fated to steal on me?" And thereupon he stopped and complely blocked up the way.

They approached in silence, unsmiling, uncommunicative, apart, and Jim instinctively sought by a lightning glance to decipher each countenance. Whatever he read there, and to whatever conclusion he came, he at once acted as if no Spicer existed in the wide universe, and, turning to Miss Meiklejohn, he exclusively addressed her.

"I was about seeking you on your headland," said he, "where they told me I should find you. Will you not return?" Involuntarily to himself there was the pathos of pleading in the words.

"If Mr. Spicer will excuse me," said Klari, in the same cold voice with which she had set out.

Mr. Spicer bowed with inexpressible stiffness, and immediately continued the descent, hastily, stumbling, breaking off branches and twigs from the slender brush, rolling down rock-fragments before him, as if a tiny avalanche were loosened.

And now in the seat from which she had just risen Klari was again sitting, cold, sad, and motionless. Jim had thrown himself down a little distance off, yet at her feet, and he thought despondingly that Spicer, with a special license in one pocket and the wedding-ring in the other, could not have put a deeper gulf between them at that moment than what lay there in her own frozen presence.

For a long time he sat thus and watched her, while she forever watched the sea, until suddenly he lifted himself up and spoke to her. Spoke hopelessly, passionately, longingly, and could not guide his utterance as he would.

While, by beach and bar, gently, gradually, all but imperceptibly, the tide was beginning to rise.

"I do not know how it is that I dare to love you," he exclaimed, "but I do love you with my whole heart and soul!"

And Klari moved. As suddenly as he had spoken, the crimson blood swept up into her face, her eyes returned swiftly from their wanderings over sea, but not to seek his, for her head drooped upon her breast.

Jim beheld, and dared not trust his vision ; dared not still believe ; dared not approach her.

"Klari." he said, and his voice sounded unnatural to his own ears, "Is it possible that you can love me ?"

She drew a deep breath and clasped her hands together, and would have looked at him, but could not.

Doubt had tormented him so long, he must now reach beyond doubt.

"Klari," said he again, "do you love me ?"

She raised her eyes to his gaze then, and so liquid did they seem that he looked down into her soul, and their meaning was clear. But she became quite pale.

"Yes, Jim, I do," said she, and broke down, sobbing.

He was beside her in a moment.

It was, perhaps, an hour and a half after these events that our second happy couple found themselves speaking in connected sentences.

"Why did you make me wait so long, Klari ?"

"I could not bear to be taken."

"And now ?"

"Ah, Jim ——"

After another hour.

"I have $5,000 in the bank," said he.

"I also," said she.

"Mine is at seven per cent."

"And mine at six."

"But we will still be happy, Klari ?"

"Yes, Jim."

THE POLITICAL FUTURE OF CANADA.

BY JEHU MATHEWS, TORONTO.

THERE can be little doubt that of late a feeling of anxiety in regard to the political future of Canada, and a desire to find an answer to the question, Whither are we drifting? have begun to manifest themselves amongst the thinking part of our people. Of the existence of such a sentiment ample proof is to be found in the various views enunciated in the several publications whose titles are placed at the foot of this page,* and in the discussions to which they have given birth—to say nothing of the utterances of some of our prominent public men. Different policies have been recommended for adoption, but none of them can be said to have emerged from that chrysalis stage in which all political theories remain until they are put into a practical shape in the legislature ; or, at least, until some political party has incorporated them into its "platform." Under these circumstances it may be well to seek to discover in what direction the various theorists desire that we should drift, and what would be the consequences of following any one of them. Without a clear understanding of these points it is scarcely possible to say whether any political policy is practicable ; and utterly impossible to compare the relative merits of many rival policies.

Foremost amongst the exciting causes of this spirit of enquiry has been the action of that party which inscribes on its banners the words "Canada First," and calls on us "to cultivate a national spirit." What is meant by this language is, like most of the movements of the party, rather ambiguous. But this ambiguity is precisely what its members ought, in justice to themselves and their fellow-countrymen, to have cleared up. For accordingly as one interpretation or another is set upon their watchwords, they embody radically different policies, aim at contradictory ends, and appeal to directly opposite principles and feelings.

---

* Canada First, or Our New Nationality. By W. A. Foster, Esq.

Canadian Nationality : its Growth and Development. By William Canniff, M.D.

Imperial and Colonial Confederation. By A. T. Drummond, B.A., LL.B.

The Colonial Question. By W. H. Fuller, M.A.

Speech of Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., at Aurora.

The Canadian Question. By William Norris, Late Captain of Canadian Volunteers.

In reply to the cry of "Canada First," it may fairly be asked, In respect to what countries, and in relation to what authorities is it proposed to place her so? Our situation in this matter is very similar to that of a Kentuckian or Californian in the neighbouring Union. There the cry "Kentucky First," or "California First," is either one which may be heard with cordial good-will by the citizens of the other States, even though each should re-echo it on behalf of his own State; or it may be rank treason which each and all of them would unite to extirpate with fire and sword. So long as it implies only that the inhabitants of each State should bestow on their own a greater share of affection than on any other State; and that they should exert themselves, by all legal means, to make it surpass its neighbours in moral, intellectual, and material growth, no exception will or ought to be taken to it. But if it be meant to maintain "Kentucky First," not only in opposition within constitutional limits, to sister States, but even in opposition to the whole Union, then it is simply rebellion—a setting-up of the claims which were made on behalf of each of the seceding States in the late war, and which were then opposed by the last logic of nations. It is much the same with Canada. She forms one member of a mighty Empire, over which one Sovereign reigns, and in which the Imperial Legislature is acknowledged, for certain purposes, to be supreme. If by "Canada First" it be meant only that Canadians should exert themselves to equal, or surpass, other members of the Empire in a career of generous rivalry in the arts of peace; and in time of war by nobler efforts against the common foe; there is nothing to hinder almost all our people, of every shade of politics, from endorsing it. But if, on the other hand, it is meant that the claims of the Empire on our allegiance should be ignored whenever they may happen to clash with any special interest of Canada—then it is evident that a claim is being asserted on behalf of a Province of the Empire analagous to that which led to secession in the States; which claim was there rightly declared to be inconsistent with political unity, and which would here be more fiercely opposed by some of our people than any other project which could be submitted to them.

Then in reference to "the cultivation of a national spirit," it may be asked, what sort of a national spirit is it desired to cultivate? It has been almost always remarked by travellers in our country, that the national spirit was very strongly developed in Canada—that is to say, the spirit of the glorious BRITISH nationality. Is it desired to *supersede* this national spirit by any other; or merely to cultivate such a national spirit as English, Irish, Scotch, Australian, or Canadian, may each feel for the land of his birth, while proudly merging the inferior glories expressed by what I would call his national Christian name, in those proclaimed by his yet more glorious national surname of BRITON? Do these war-cries mean, Canada First, *in the Empire*, and a *British*-Canadian national spirit; or do they mean, Canada First *irrespective of the Empire*, and a spirit of nationality *exclusively* Canadian? They may be interpreted in either sense, and I believe are so interpreted. But it is obvious that until one or other interpretation has been formally adopted, people may call themselves members of the same party, while holding views essentially at variance with each other. This will not do. No party can serve any practical purpose until its members are agreed on the objects which they will strive to promote or retard. "A party," says Burke, "is a body of men united to forward the public interest, on some common principle on which they are all agreed." In the present instance the common principle has never been clearly defined. All known to outsiders is that the language of their watchwords involves an endorsation of one or other of the above policies. But between these two "there is a great gulf fixed." On which side of it the party now is, or is most likely hereafter, to be found, I offer no opinion. But it is easy to see that it must ultimately take its stand on one side or the other; there is no *via media* open. And it also seems pretty clear that on whichever side it may take its stand, it must alter its tactics if it would forward its objects. Dr. Canniff, in his calm and thoughtful pamphlet, confesses that he "is now convinced that a Canadian political party is an impossibility," (p. 13.) It not only is so, but must remain so, until it can state plainly to what goal it wishes to lead Canada. If its leaders do not know where they wish to go, they can scarcely expect outsiders to accept them as guides. On the other hand, if they really wish to maintain British connection, feelings, traditions, and institutions in Canada, it is a mistake to be continually calling people's attention to the other side of the case. There are permanent and powerful influences at work to bind any man to the land of his birth or adoption, which there are not to bind him to the cradle of his race. De Tocqueville, in considering the relative influences of the Federal and State Governments in the United States, points out the facts that the several States maintain the liberty, regulate the rights, protect the fortune, and secure the life and the whole future prosperity of every citizen ; and that the Federal Government is very far removed from its subjects, while the State Governments are within the reach of them all, and ready to attend to the smallest appeal. And for these, as well as other reasons, he draws the conclusion that the Americans are more likely to attach themselves to the States than to the Union.* Whether this view has been confirmed—it is impossible to prove that it has been refuted—by the late war, is a question on which people will probably differ. But it is perfectly clear that the same reasoning is much more applicable to the British Empire than to the American Union. For there the Imperial Government is still further removed from its subjects, and possesses still fewer prerogatives, than the Federal Government; while the Colonial Governments are more powerful than those of the American States. Hence when the propagation of "States' Rights" theories led to secession from the Union, it follows that the proclamation of similar tenets should be carefully avoided by those in favour of the maintenance of the unity of the Empire. Therefore if the watchword means "Canada First *in* the Empire," some clearer expressions of devotion to it than any which have lately been made, should, from time to time, be set forth in the interest of the principles of the party. But if, on the other hand, the watchword means "Canada First unconditionally," then a great many important points which have scarcely been examined, must be clearly established before the advocates of this policy can expect their countrymen to accept it. Under present circumstances, when we have been told that Canada can have independence should she desire it, I think that the advocacy of its establishment ought not to subject its authors to the charge of having violated either legal or moral duties, inasmuch as the Empire to which they are due has generously offered to sacrifice them to our will. But if Nationalists attempt to influence men by painting the glories of an imaginary Canadian future, they have no right to complain if Imperialists oppose to these pictures, the historic realities of the past, the substantial benefits of the present, and, perhaps, even the imaginary glories of a Pan-Britannic Empire in the future. If they speak of what we and our sons may be, it is open to their opponents to speak of what our fathers were, and to ask if we are likely to go astray while following in the footsteps of the men who clung to Fatherland "for better for worse," and in a howling wilderness laid the foundation of the fair inheritance which we possess to-day. There *may be* some descendants of the U. E. Loyalists, who have "progressed" so far as to "thank God that they are not like their fathers;" but I am strongly of opinion that they are few and far between. If Nationalists are allowed to present their own side of the case freely, they have no right to complain when what the *Nation* has contemptuously styled "the annual loyalty cry" is raised against them. If they may appeal to one moral feeling, their opponents may appeal to another.

But whatever arguments Nationalists may use, or in whatever manner they may reply to Imperialists, they must, as before remarked, establish a great many important points before they can expect their countrymen to accept their policy. They must prove that separation from the Fatherland is either unavoidable or desirable ; and to establish the former of these propositions they must show not only that the connection cannot permanently be maintained on its present basis, but also that a satisfactory modification of the terms of union is impossible. Then, supposing the desirability of separation to be established, they have to examine the responsibilities, naval, military, diplomatic, and financial, which Independence must entail on any country ; and the probability of our being able to discharge them in time of peace, and to maintain order, liberty, and unity within, in face of the increased subjects of dispute which would be afforded to sectional and partisan feeling, and the possible intrigues of the American Government with discontented parties or provinces. Next, supposing a satisfactory conclusion to have been reached on all of these points, they would have to compare the probable amount of happiness and prosperity which we should enjoy as an independent nation with that which would accrue to us as members of a Pan-Britannic Empire or of the American Union, and to show that the balance of advantages would be on the side of the former polity. And then, supposing these points also to have been established, and a separate nationality proved to be the highest ideal to which we can aspire, they would have to prove our ability to maintain it against that last logic of kings and nations—the sword. Setting aside the chance of our independence being assailed by any European power — though this is rather a bold assumption in face of the fact that when sectional feeling ran high amongst us one of our parties threatened to "look to France"—the fact remains that Canada, with a population of 4,000,000, would be confronted all along her southern frontier by the United States, with a population of 40,000,000, *equally brave and civilised* as her own. So that to demonstrate her ability to maintain her national independence under these circumstances, it is requisite to prove that she could repel an assault against ten-fold odds—a thing which never has been, and never will be, accomplished in the history of the world. We are, it is true, continually told that the apprehended assault would never be made; that the two great Anglo-Saxon Republics would live together in harmony as sweet as that of cooing-doves. Those who may feel inclined to accept this Progressionist cant, I would invite to consider the admissions made by Dr. Canniff in regard to the conduct of the Union towards us in the past.* In reply to his theory that this hostility has been induced by our connection with Britain, and would cease with the dissolution of it, I would point to the facts that the States have displayed a similar lust of territory in reference to Texas, California, Alaska, and Cuba—in fact against all their neighbours—and that the gains derivable from the annexation of Canada are much more considerable than those which could have been expected in any of the former cases. It would augment their military and naval strength by adding our resources to their own, and by removing the danger of any European power being enabled to assail them on their northern frontier by means of an alliance with Canada. So long as Canada were not annexed, she might be a formidable ally of possible foes, but once absorbed, no enemy could find a territorial basis of operations against the Union. It would bring them large commercial gains, by throwing open our markets for the products of their manufacturing industry, and shutting out those of England by protective duties on the coast. It would prove directly profitable to their revenue, for were Canada taxed for Federal expenditure at the same rate as are the States, there can be little doubt that, after payment of the expenses of government, there would remain a balance of $15,000,000 to $20,000,000 per annum, which sum would constitute a clear gain to the Federal finances. And finally, it would enable them to accomplish that "Manifest Destiny," the attainment of which has been their national day-dream during the last half-century. Any one of these motives continually proves sufficiently strong to induce the most unblushing aggression. Devotion to the Union alone led Northern Americans to fight the late civil war, in violation of a principle to which they were almost as much devoted as to it—that the sole right of government is derived from the consent of the governed. What, then, would be the result of the combined influence of all of these military, commercial, financial, and moral inducements, in the absence of any counter-irritant? Should some obstinate optimist reply that it would not be an invasion of Canada, we can only "agree to differ" on this question. But behind it there is another point on which we must agree to concur. That there is a possibility of such an attack being made all must admit; and none will dare to deny that against Canada, unassisted, it could not fail of success. Hence the stubborn fact that the Canadian nationality would be *dependent for its existence* on the forbearance of the United States, remains unshaken and indisputable. Such a species of "Independence" is no *desideratum* for any nation; and people who admit that Canada would occupy such a position should not seek, either directly or indirectly, to make Canadians covet it.

---

* Democracy in America, pp. 382-3.

---

* "It is true the attitude that nation has always maintained towards Canada has been uniformly unfriendly, often actually hostile. Indeed, the history of the United States is prominently characterized by unswerving efforts to obtain possession of British America. Every inch of land along the boundary which could possibly be claimed has become from time to time a question of international dispute. And in consequence of the ignorance or indifference of British negotiators on the one hand, and American craftiness on the other, valuable and important portions of Canadian territory have been severed from their legitimate connection, to enlarge the domain of the United States. It is true that shortly after the Revolutionary War, when numbers of American Loyalists had sought new homes in the wilderness of Upper Canada, the United States endeavoured to starve them out by insisting upon an early evacuation by the British of the various military posts along the frontier, which were a channel through which came the necessaries of life to the refugee settler. It is true that at the close of last century the United States sought a reason to declare war against England in order to seize Canada, and that in 1812, war was actually made—whatever reason may have been given—that British America might be conquered. Again, it is true that the Canadian rebellion in 1837-8 was encouraged, with the expectation of acquiring the country: and again it is true that the United States acted a disgraceful part in publicly and privately encouraging Fenians to invade Canada for the same object: and it is true that, in a multitude of ways, efforts have been put forth to control the destiny of the country by indoctrinating Canadians with the theory of Manifest Destiny." (p. 18.)

These considerations are so obvious, and at the same time so powerful, that very few advocates of nationality are to be found amongst our people. The most outspoken with whom I have met is Mr. Norris, in his pamphlet entitled "*The Canadian Question.*" Even were he right in his conclusions as to the effects of separation, the case would not be closed, for the question would remain whether the same, or even greater benefits than those which he promises, might not be had at a less cost by means of another policy. But in front of this there lies the previous question of the actual correctness of his conclusions, which point I now propose to examine.

In order to prove that the Fatherland is desirous of a disruption of the Empire, or at least of Canadian independence, Mr. Norris quotes an article from the *Times* written three years ago, in which that sheet said, "Take up your freedom, your days of apprenticeship are over." Mr. Norris affirms that "It is nonsense to say that this is not the language of England" (p. 83). I reply that it is nonsense to say that it either was or is; seeing that it was repudiated at the time it was written, and that to-day there is not a single political party in England which inscribes "Colonial Emancipation" on its banners. A movement in favour of it was initiated immediately after the *Trent* difficulty, but the result has been that no political party has adopted it as part of its policy. Within the present year, Messrs. Foster, Childers, and Goschen have disowned it on behalf of Liberalism, while Conservatism has always opposed it, and, as "deeds speak louder than words," has conveyed its ideas pretty clearly by the annexation of the Fiji Islands. As to the nation, the facts that it has never sent an emancipationist party to the house, and that it has this year accepted the annexation of Fiji to the Empire, seem rather inconsistent with a desire for its disruption. And if anything else is requisite to overturn the alarm caused by the words of the *Times* in years past, I would refer to an article in its own columns on the 1st of May, 1875, in which it said, in reference to the Australian colonies:—"The time may come when they will desire to be more closely united with her, and to be admitted to a share in the government of an Empire of which they will be no mean part." "The matter," it is remarked, "may possibly come forward before our own generation has passed away." . . . "It may be well that all these matters should be sometimes discussed; and *there can be at least no harm in the endeavour to familiarize ourselves with the notion of a vast united Empire*, in which our remote dependencies in the far off East and West will find a place, and of which the old country will be the centre and common link of union. For some time yet it can only be a dream; but *it is a dream which we are the better for indulging in, and the day in which it will be fulfilled literally may be nearer than any of us suppose.* It is something, meanwhile, to be assured that events are at any rate proceeding in the right direction. Whatever may be our relations with our Australian colonies fifty or a hundred years hence, we cannot be wrong now in keeping up a loyal union between all the distant members of the Great Britain that is to be. There can be no possibility of error in such a policy as this. It is quite possible that Sir George Bowen and other Colonial Governors may be *preparing the way for the grandest Federation of States the world has witnessed.*"

On the Canadian side of the case, Mr. Norris tells us that "to avoid participating in the future of the United States, independence is highly expedient for Canada" (p. 68). He affirms that "her weakness consists in the differences among her people, caused by different nationalities and different religions, with no common standpoint of union. . . . When the interest of their native lands is involved the old feeling revives, and they are ready to betray the land of their adoption (p. 68). But, on the other hand, independence "would create a nationality which would unite the people as one man against all encroachments by the United States, and effectually prevent the absorption of the country by that power" (p. 65). Unfortunately for the former of these theories, Mr. Norris says elsewhere: "The most encouraging fact brought out by the last census is, that 83 in every 100 of the population are native-born Canadians, and probably 10 more in every 100 were brought to Canada so young as to regard it as their native land (p. 22). This stubborn and admitted fact overturns most conclusively a theory which very many British immigrants would feel inclined to denounce as being nothing short of calumnious and insulting. For even were *all* immigrants "ready to betray the land of their adoption," they would be powerless to do so, as native-born Canadians outnumber them by nearly five to one; or, classing youthful immigrants with the latter, as is done by Mr. Norris, by thirteen to one. Even granting the idea that nationality "would unite the people as one man against all encroachments by the United States" to be correct—though I very much doubt it—the question remains untouched how *even such union* would enable four millions of people successfully to resist forty millions? Then, separation from the Fatherland is recommended, because "this connection is not only a source of embarrassment to England and Canada, but it is the cause of actual injury to the latter in more than one respect which independence only can remedy" (p. 73). One of these is that it involves Canada in quarrels in which she has no interest, and that these quarrels are settled at her expense. It would have been well for Mr. Norris, before writing so confidently as he seems to do on this matter, to have examined the views expressed by his English Emancipationist brethren. Their grand argument has always been that "For Canada and Canada alone England stands constantly on the brink of war with the United States." Hence it appears that there is at least another side of the case to be heard. But independently of this neglect, Mr. Norris's reasoning is rather inconsistent and defective. He tells us that the "spoliation" of Canadian territory and interests by the United States has been, and is, going on, and affirms that "Independence and Independence alone, will put an effectual stop to this spoliation; without it, it will continue" (p. 70). Here again the conclusion is rather rash. If, as Mr. Norris tells us, American hostility to England has been bought off from time to time by the surrender of Canadian territory and interests to our cousins, it follows that the latter regarded the spoils as valuable. But if the spoils of Canada are valuable when won from England, would they be of any less worth when gained from Canada alone? Would not the gain derivable from the spoliation of independent Canada be just as great as that accruing from the spoliation of British America? If the gain has been valued in the past, why should it not in the future? If the temptations have proved effective in the past, they should also prove effective in the future, unless some new deterrent force would be created by Independence; but of such force neither Mr. Norris, nor anybody else, has advised us. The truth seems to be that *two* countries will always have more cause of strife with a third than will *one* of them alone. But as "Union is strength," their unity will enable them to make better bargains conjointly than separately, the gain being manifestly greatest in the case of the weaker and more exposed of the two. On this point, as on every other, the matter for consideration is the *comparative* merit of the different policies open to us.

The catalogue of the advantages of separation is not, however, yet exhausted. Mr. Norris goes on to inform us that, "In consequence of its present position, Canada is shut out from the labour market of Europe, except that portion of the continent comprised by the British Isles" (p. 74). He then goes on to argue that this position has hindered her growth in wealth and population, as compared with that of the States. Had Canada been part of the Union, and grown only as she has done, would he assert that her growth has been below that of sister states? A glance outside may not be amiss on this subject. Nobody considers it strange that New Zealand has failed to acquire a population as large as that of Australia; all admit that the immensely greater extent of the latter country, and its start of half a century in the race, form a sufficient explanation of its excess of wealth and population to-day. Yet similar circumstances in the case of Canada and the States are almost always overlooked. When the two countries started on their race about ninety years ago, the States had much larger and more fertile territories than those of Canada to offer to the emigrant; they had attained an amount of wealth and population which enabled Americans to lead the way in settlement and the State to perform services in opening up new lands and developing natural resources, which the Canadian municipality—for it was then no more—was powerless to effect; while in Europe their climate was, and is, popularly believed to be temperate, and that of Canada frigid. Yet in face of all these immense advantages, and the subsequent still greater advantage derived from the *prestige* of success, the fact is that at the date of their first census, in 1790, their population stood to that of Canada somewhere in the proportion of 30 to 1, while to-day it stands somewhere about 10 or 11 to 1, thus proving that Canada has been growing thrice as rapidly as the Union. The further fact that from 1830 to 1871 the population of Quebec and Ontario increased from 700,000 to about 2,800,000, or 300 per cent., while the increase in the States during the same time was only from 12,866,000 to 38,558,000, or 199 per cent., shows that Canada has no reason to fear a fair comparison of her *rate of growth* with that of the States. Her *aggregate* growth of course will not stand such a comparison any more than will the growth of New Zealand with that of Australia, but for similar reasons, only more strongly developed. The causes are physical and economical, and not political, as Mr. Norris seems to imagine when he tells us that "Canada cannot offer citizenship to any one," and that "the dependent position of the country is just as effective in repelling the inhabitants of Britain as those of any other country" (p. 74). Australia, *in a similar position*, throws into the shade the growth of even those Western States which he holds up to our eyes, thereby proving most decisively, that inability to offer citizenship, does not repel immigration. He tells us that "owing to the difference in money and the increased price of all necessaries of life, the labourer and artizan are better off in Canada than in the States" (p. 76). But he omits to explain how they would continue to be so when subjected to the increased burdens consequent on the birth of our new nationality, which burdens, I should say, would be as powerful to repel emigrants as the privileges of citizenship to attract them. Finally, Mr. Norris alleges as an argument in favour of Independence that "the dependent position of Canada not only prevents immigration, but also prevents the investment of capital in the country . . . . . No English capitalist will invest his money in a country subject to such misfortunes" (p. 76). Had he taken the trouble to examine the Public Accounts for 1874 he might have found reason to alter his opinion. For there, at pp. xlv. and xlvi. are statements showing that of the funded debt of Canada, there are $85,798,000 payable in London, and only $8,914,000 in Canada. And in reference to railways, we find Mr. Jenkins, when *defending Canada* as a field of investment for British capital, against the *Times*, publishing a table the total of which is £32,704,000, as containing "a correct statement of the amounts advanced to Canada on Railways. *

Mr. Norris sums up his case as follows:—"As Independence, then, would prevent absorption by the United States, preserve Canadian territory, induce immigration and the investment of foreign capital, and stimulate progress and enterprise, it would therefore be beneficial to the country, and is to be desired." For the reasons above stated, I think that Mr. Norris fails to prove that it would effect any of these things. If so, his argument for Independence falls to the ground, without even urging against it the drawbacks incident to the change, which he almost omits to examine. And after all, he proves recreant to his principles, as he proposes that England should "protect and guarantee Canadian independence" (p. 83). His position on this point is really rather inconsistent. We are told that Canada could support her own independence, yet an English guarantee is sought in aid of it! It is maintained that England wishes to sever the connection, yet that her interest would lead her to grant the required guarantee! As there seems lately to have sprung up something like a popular feeling in favour of this scheme, I propose to consider it carefully in the second, or concluding, part of this paper.

---

* A Criticism on Critics, by Edward Jenkins, p. 20.

CENTRAL AMERICAN SKETCHES.

BY H. H.

V.

Separation from Spain—Predominance of the Church of Rome—Confederation of States—Cholera—Revolution—Carrera dictator—Assembly of representatives—Controlling Elections—Courts of Law — The Military system — Immunities of Soldiers and Ecclesiastics—Tithes—Education —Revenue—Benefits of Carrera's Government — His Death—Political troubles thereupon—Civil War — Overthrow of the Government—Expulsion of the Jesuits—Reforms — Counter-revolution—Peace—Immigration.

THE separation of Central America from Spain took place in 1821, when the latter country was so weak from internal dissensions as to make it impossible for her to offer any obstacle to it. It was begun and finished in one day, by a declaration that Spain had no longer any right or power to interfere in the affairs of the country. Slavery was abolished at the same time, and the form of government established was declared to be republican. Many Spanish office-holders and residents who had acquired property, or had other ties in the country, joined in the formation of the republic, and some of these being hidalgos (hijos de algo—*anglice*, sons of something), an aristocratic element was introduced, which has been one of the most fertile causes of the subsequent revolutions and anarchy which have characterized Spanish America.

For a time the Spaniards had the power in their hands, and the laws of the republic were assimilated as closely as possible to those of Spain. The predominance given to the Church of Rome was kept up in all its force, and, every attempt made to liberalize the country being at once put down, the government was carried on for some time by the few aristocratic families who had remained.

The discontent caused by this bore its natural fruits. Those who considered themselves pre-eminently natives of the country, born in it, with one of their parents indigenous to it, looked upon those in power as foreigners, who had no right even to a share in the government, much less to have supreme control over it. The first years of freedom, therefore, instead of being taken up in the consolidation of the new institutions, were occupied by jealousies and rivalries; then came the first revolution, and the Serviles, as the party in power were called, were overthrown, the principal of them exiled; and the five Central American States were confederated on the model of the United States.

But self-command and loyal submission to the law and the will of the majority have never been Spanish virtues, and the liberated colonies showed themselves as wanting in them as the old country. The government established was headed by General Morazan, a brave soldier and a man of capacity, and he tried to give some solidity to the national life, and make the country prosperous. But every element was wanting to make either a stable government or a great country.

The roads were either mule tracks or Indian paths over rough mountains. The capitals of the several States were so far distant from each other that prompt com-

communication between them was impossible. There were no manufactures, and except cattle-raising, the agricultural interests of the country were small, the principal ones being cochineal-raising in a small part of Guatemala, indigo-growing in San Salvador. and sufficient sugar-cane for home wants. Add to these the persistent narrowing down into the smallest compass, by former rulers, of everything like material progress or intellectual development, and it will not be surprising that the first experiments in self-government were a failure. One petty revolt after another broke out, all of which were suppressed, but at such a cost as to render the carrying on of good government impossible.

An outbreak of cholera in 1837 in Guatemala was received by the people of the outlying districts as a proof of Divine anger against the introduction of a liberal government, and fanatical priests went about the country threatening still further punishment if protestants and heretics were not exterminated. Of the former there were perhaps not more than a hundred in the country, but every man was a heretic who was favourable to the government. Just then a rumour was set about that some foreigners had been caught throwing poison into the rivers, and this was said to be the cause of the pest. The town where this horrible rumour was started was about half a day's journey from the capital. Its inhabitants were a tribe of Indians who, from their proximity to the capital, had adopted the Spanish language and dress, though Indians in every other respect, and they were a bold and fearless race. Amongst them was a youth about 20 years old, called Carrera, who earned his living by driving pigs to the city, and he put himself at the head of his townsmen to rid the country of its enemies. Getting together a band of men as ferocious as himself, he retired into the mountains, descending from time to time on defenceless towns and estates to rob and murder friend and foe alike. At first he was denounced by all parties, as he gave it out that he sought the destruction of the white people whatever might be their political opinions. Through the rapidity and dash of his movements he soon became terrible, and the government made overtures to him and bribed him to retire to his home. The Conservative party then entered into negotiations with him, and he recommenced a revolution in their favour, and soon a priest called Hobos began to figure as chaplain to the liberating army, and from that time there was a certain amount of principle introduced into Carrera's movements. A proclamation was issued in his name, saying how his heart bled for the want of religion and the oppression of the clergy, but confessing that he was totally unfit for any share in the government. He said that God had raised him up to restore the religion of his fathers, which once accomplished, he would retire to his home. His forces swelled rapidly, and though almost without arms, he and his hordes continued to be a terror to the country, for wherever they went pillage and every evil attendant on such men were the rule.

Morazan was at that time in a distant State, but on finding that Carrera was growing powerful, he hastened with troops, and wherever they met the rebels succeeded in putting them to flight. But defeat to such men had little meaning in it, for after a battle they retired into the mountains, appearing in the valleys again, always with the cry, "Long live our holy religion. Death to all heretics;" and, with these cries on their lips, they committed the most atrocious barbarities. Carrera was at last invited to the capital to discuss with the government what terms he would accept. High mass was said in the cathedral before the discussion, to which the rebels went, headed by Carrera, whose dress on the occasion was a red coat, common Indian trousers, bare feet, and a fashionable woman's bonnet of the period on his head. After keeping the city in a state of alarm for several days, terms were come to, and the rebels promising to disperse, Morazan again left. He was scarcely out of the country when depredations were renewed, and Carrera, favoured by the Conservatives, went on gaining power until, in spite of numerous defeats in the plains and mountains, he surprised Morazan (who had returned) in the city of Guatemala, and defeated him after a hard fight. The government troops retired from the city, and thus at the age of 22, this illiterate Indian, who could neither read nor write, was declared president of the republic.

His first step was to shoot or banish all the more prominent members of the government, and form a new government from the principal members of the aristocratic party. He recalled all the priests, monks, and Jesuits, who had been banished by Morazan, to all of whom he gave rich properties; and a form of government was established which lasted, almost without any change, even in the personal members of it, from 1841 to 1865, when Carrera died.

His power, which had commenced in such an extraordinary manner, continued to increase until he was feared by all parties. He was declared president for life, and though for ten years there were constant revolutions to overthrow him, he defeated them all, sometimes shooting the leaders, and giving to others important posts in the army. After his accession to office, he laid on one side all his prejudice against foreigners, and became very friendly towards them, especially to Englishmen, who, he used to say, were the only people who always told him the truth.

The country under his rule continued to enjoy profound peace, and every opportunity was given to it to repair the injuries it had received in its first era of independence. Carrera was very anxious for the progress of the country, but in many respects he was scarcely a free agent, owing to his defective training, and the influence of his ministers and advisers kept him in ignorance of all that he might do.

The government was carried on in the name of a republic, with Carrera as president. He abolished the confederation of the Central American States, and was President of Guatemala only, aided by Don Pedro Aycinena, a descendant of a noble Spanish family, as Prime Minister, and Don Manuel Echeverria, a shrewd lawyer, and a man of great tact, honesty, and ability. These two were the real sharers in the power of the president, and although the system they established may be termed a paternal despotism, they conscientiously believed their government to be the best fitted for the wants of the country, though they finally erred in keeping the power too long, and in resisting reforms which even their warmest friends advised.

There was an assembly of representatives who met annually to pass or approve of the laws introduced by the government, but were not allowed to initiate new laws. This assembly was elected by the municipalities of each department, except a few who were members by right of their position, such as the Archbishop, Bishops, and Commander-in-Chief.

Of course the government were careful that few but their own friends should be elected to the assembly, and the elections were conducted on the following plan:—

When the term of an assembly expired, the ministers wrote privately to the governors of the departments, indicating the persons they wished to be elected for the ensuing term. On this the municipalities were notified that on a certain day they must appear before the head of the department to vote for the person whom they wished to represent them. This announcement bewildered them. Those in office for the year, as a rule, did not know who had been their representative for the previous term, and after discussing the matter it was usually decided that the best thing they could do would be to go and consult the governor about it. They were, of course, told that the election being a free one, they must vote for whom they pleased, as it was not the governor's place to interfere. After waiting patiently to see if he would not give them a hint about it, the poor fellows asked him in despair if he would not have the kindness to suggest some one. The governor would then point out to them how wicked it was to oppose the government, and how angry Carrera would be if he knew they had done so, and the result was that the government candidate was returned unopposed. Any office holder might be a member, and out of an assembly of about sixty members, one-third were clerks in the custom-house, or persons dependent on the government for their livelihood; and, all but about half a dozen being supporters of the ministers, the best understanding existed between the legislature and the executive.

The promulgation of new laws, or the reform of old ones, was entirely in the hands of the government. When anything of the kind was to be done, a decree was issued, commencing with an explanation of the motives why it was considered necessary, and closing with a decree in which the law desired was embodied. This was signed by the president and one of the ministers, and printed in the official *Gazette*, which was the only newspaper in the country. Copies were sent to the chief towns in the departments, and on the following Sunday the alcalde (mayor) of the town, accompanied by his secretary and a dozen soldiers, read the new law at each corner of the public square, and the new decree became law.

The most important part of the machinery by which the country was governed were the governors of the departments, ten in number, but the largest of these were divided into sub-departments, under a lieutenant-governor. The Conservatives named these governors, corregidores (correctors), but the Liberals called them political chiefs. By law each governor was nominated by the president for four years, but the same system of perpetuity was adopted with respect to them as obtained in other offices, and some of them were in the same office for twenty years. The office was one of great power for good or evil. Each governor was responsible to the president for the carrying out of the policy of the government, and for keeping the public roads and buildings in repair. The municipalities were under his control, and he had to see that the local taxes were properly administered in the towns where they were collected. The financial operations of the government, and the administrations of justice were under his supervision, and as a rule he was the military commander of the district. Although in some few instances they were great tyrants, and made themselves obnoxious to all classes, they were mostly decent, orderly men, who tried their best to keep the people quiet, and allow as few innovations as possible.

The basis of the laws, civil and criminal, were the old Roman laws, with such general precedents as Spanish experience afforded. In each department there was a court of justice presided over by a judge of the first instance: before him came every cause which was beyond the jurisdiction of the municipalities. Everything was in writing, and accusations, testimony, defences, and pleadings were all given in documents written on stamped paper. The judge took his own time in giving a verdict, which he did also in writing; after which he sewed all the documents together, and delivered the case for perusal to the parties interested. Appeal was allowed to both litigants, and the documents were sent to the Supreme Court for its final decision. The system was a very dilatory one, but the judges were usually upright men who gave their verdict on the merits of the case.

The great evil in the criminal law was the power to condone such serious crimes as murder, wounding with intent, and robbery, by the payment of a fine, the proceeds of which went into the government coffers.

For commercial litigation there was a court held in the city of Guatemala, presided over by a judge of commerce, who also dealt with cases of bankruptcy. The action of this court was prompt, and its technical formalities less irksome than in the ordinary courts.

The military system established is recognised by all parties as a great evil, but hitherto all attempts to control or reform it have been in vain. By law every able-bodied man, not a foreigner or a pure Indian, was a soldier. Every town had its companies of soldiers with officers and commander belonging to the same town. Every Sunday morning after Mass the drummer went round to call the soldiers together and they were formed in line in front of the town-hall to pass list. Many of the townships were of great extent, and men had to come every Sunday on foot to pass list. For the poorer people the system was very rigorous, but was so lax amongst the better classes (the men who wore boots and cloth coats), that they never appeared at assembly and no notice was taken of them. In times of peace no further service was required, and no military instruction was ever given. But when a revolution broke out the governor would send word to each town that the commander should collect as many men as possible with all secrecy, and take them to head-quarters. The non-commissioned officers were then called and told to go out and bring all the men they could lay hands on, but on the first capture being made the news that they were catching soldiers spread rapidly, and the men would at once leave whatever work they were doing and run off to the bush or mountains to hide; there they were hunted out, their hands tied behind them, and they were marched off without even saying good-bye to their wives. For estate-owners the system was a great curse, for no matter how urgent the work they had in hand, all the operatives would run away, and those who had the good fortune to escape being taken remained in hiding until the scare was over. In return, however, the soldiers had a number of privileges called "fueros," which they prized so much that they preferred being soldiers with all the evils attendant on it, to giving up their "fueros." A soldier could claim to be exempted from work on public roads, and also he was allowed to pay a smaller municipal tax than a civilian. Even in times of peace, when every man was living as a civilian, a man who passed list could not be sued either for debt or crime before the municipal officers or the judge. The military commander of each town was also judge in complaints against soldiers, and it being necessary to his comfort to be popular with his men and not to offend them, a civilian complaining against a soldier was apt to get scant justice. There was a superior military judge in each department for the more serious charges, and in a case where a civilian and a soldier were mixed up in the same complaint the greatest confusion arose.

The privileges and immunities enjoyed by the Church were so extensive as to make the civil power of an entirely inferior grade. No priest or monk could be sued for debt or tried for any breach of civil or criminal law, except by an ecclesiastical court composed of priests like himself.

The most severe tax known in the country was levied by the Church, but it was of so oppressive a nature that no one thought it wrong to evade it as often as he could. This was the diermos or tenths, a favourite tax amongst Spanish rulers from the time of Philip II. One in ten of everything produced went to the church, no matter whether its production were profitable or not. One calf, one cheese, one bushel of corn, one bushel of beans, one cental of sugar, in every ten, had to be given up in kind or its equivalent in money paid, and in addition to this, the local priests claimed the first fruits of everything. The collection of the diermos in each department was farmed out either by auction or private contract, and in most cases those who were given the contracts were priests, although especially prohibited by their vows from doing any kind of business.

Judging from the working of this measure in Guatemala it must be confessed that it was one of the greatest obstacles to a progressive policy which the government had to contend against; as it diverted large revenues from the control of the government, into the hands of a body already rich by means of other fees which bore a large proportion to the earnings of the people.

Morazan's government had paid considerable attention to popular education, but, on the accession of Carrera, one of his first decrees was to prohibit anything being taught in the public schools beyond the Catholic doctrine, a little reading, writing, and the first four rules of arithmetic; and fines were imposed on schoolmasters who infringed the law. Higher education was almost entirely in the hands of the Jesuits, who had a large college in the City of Guatemala.

The chief sources of public revenue were the import duties of about 35 per cent. *ad valorem*, and the rum licenses. One half the revenue was produced from rum, which was the liquor drunk in the country, and which sold at about ¼ of a dollar a bottle. The government sold to the highest bidder a monopoly to sell rum. First it was in every town so that the monopoly might be distributed amongst many holders; but in later Conservative times a company was formed, who offered the government $100,000 a year more than the tax had ever before produced, and they were given the sole right to make and sell rum in the country. This company soon became another great source of weakness to the government, which they first tried to coerce, and they afterwards caused its overthrow, though by a fortunate circumstance this and every other monopoly fell at the same time.

Whatever the opponents of Carrera might say, the general condition of the country under him was peaceful. Travelling was perfectly safe and free from risk. Even among the wildest mountains, highway robbery or murder in the woods was unknown. Very few of the laws of the country were oppressive to foreigners, who were well treated and respected so long as they conformed to the law. Except that they were prohibited all public mention of any other than the Roman Catholic religion, and were expected to abstain from political discussions, they enjoyed a greater amount of individual liberty than the natives.

Carrera died on the 14th April, 1865. On his death-bed he requested that General Cerna, one of his most trusted friends, should succeed him, and the government had no difficulty in securing his election by the Assembly. With every disposition to govern well he lacked the capacity to do so, and caused great discontent from the first by continuing with the same ministers, governors, and officials. He was also believed to have fallen entirely under clerical influence, a thing which was never said of Carrera. At the end of his term of four years, he and his ministers offered themselves for re-election, when they were opposed by a moderate party headed by General Zavala, an educated man, who was very popular with the army. But with such a backing of government officials in the Assembly, Cerna was re-elected, though only by a small majority. No change being introduced by the ministers, a revolution broke out, headed by one of Carrera's Field Marshals, Don Serapis Cruz, and from that time (1868) forward the country was in a continual state of anxiety and alarm until January, 1870, when Cruz was enticed with his soldiers into approaching the City of Guatemala under a promise of being joined by the garrison. This was only a ruse on the part of the government, who had Cruz and his forces surrounded during the night, and fell on them as they were coming from mass, and caught the chief, whose head they cut off, and had it paraded in triumph through the city. The same afternoon, three of the most prominent members of the Assembly who had favoured Zavala's election, were thrown into prison and banished from the country.

Within a year the principal of the exiles, Don Miguel Garcia Granados, a politician of great culture and knowledge, got up another revolution, which was destined to overthrow the government of 30 years' standing. During Cruz's rebellion, a prominent member of his staff was a young man called Rufino Barrios, who had been educated by the Jesuits, but who afterwards had the most bitter hatred for them. He possessed many of the qualities which had made Carrera famous, and notwithstandrng his being denounced by the government as a bloodthirsty assassin he soon became a popular hero. On Cruz's defeat and death he retired into Mexico, on the frontier of which country he bought an estate. Here he was sought out by Granados, who offered to make him major-general of the revolutionary army, and he entered the country at the head of 36 men, armed with Remington rifles, whilst the government still trusted to the old-fashioned muskets. Barrios attacked 200 government soldiers with his 36 men, and put them to flight, after killing 22. His force was soon augmented, and he was joined by Granados. A fortnight after the first fight Granados and Barrios, at the head of 300 men, defeated 800 of Cerna's troops; and at the end of two months, Cerna himself, at the head of 3,000 men, was twice defeated, and finally escaped from the country. The last fight had been about four leagues from the City of Guatemala, from which a deputation left on the same day, and offered the Presidency of the Republic to Granados, who entered the city on the 30th of June, 1871. The campaign had been conducted on both sides in the most orderly manner, no outrage being committed on either side, and although the capital was occupied by nearly 3,000 men, who the day previously were rebels, there was not an instance of either drunkenness or violence during the whole day. The fallen ministers were allowed to leave the country, and no one connected with the late government was either shot or imprisoned.

After expelling the Jesuits from the country, Granados made an honest attempt to introduce a constitutional government, and gave orders for the election of an assembly to make a constitution which should place future governments, whether liberal or conservative, under greater control. The election was a free one, and resulted in a majority against the government, and the first Assembly became so disorderly that the friends of Cerna thought there was good hope of his return to power, and a revolution again broke out supported by funds supplied from the capital, and this revolution would have been successful, but for the energy and valour of Barrios. Meanwhile the president was attacking and destroying one monopoly or another, until the whole fiscal system was changed. The clergy were placed under civil law, all foreign monks were banished, and those who were natives were obliged to leave their convents and go out into the towns as ordinary priests, and had a pension allowed them. Colleges were opened in all the principal towns, the convents in the capital were converted into public free schools, liberty of the press permitted, and an attempt made to introduce trial by jury, which was soon abandoned.

But the country was not yet ready for such sweeping changes, and Granados finding that the revolution was gaining ground, but, unwilling to adopt desperate measures, retired from the presidency in favour of Barrios, who was declared President in 1873. He made up his mind to suppress the revolution by punishing the capitalists who supplied the funds for it, but he refused to shoot any of them. Instead of this, he adopted the policy of thrashing them, and he carried it out so energetically, that the representatives of the foreign powers then in the city, protested in the name of humanity against men of education and refinement being subjected to so degrading a torture. But the thrashings still went on, until the rebels submitted, and at the end of 1873, the country was once more at peace, with a ruler as despotic and as much feared as Carrera had been.

The prime minister is Don José Maria Samoyoa, a man of great administrative ability and financial talent. They call themselves liberals, but are as far from being so as the man they overthrew. Barrios's intention is to govern without an assembly, instead of which he has nominated a council with whom to consult. Many of them were supporters of the late government, and the system so far appears to work well.

The policy of Barrios with the church has been bolder and more sweeping than any known in modern times. All property belonging to the church has been put under government control. Diermos or tenths have been abolished, the peculiar dress worn by the priests has been prohibited under severe penalties, freedom of religion has been decreed, and every effort is being made to educate the people.

The new government is paying much attention to road making, and facilitating, by every means possible, the traffic between the interior and the seaports. The country now possesses several telegraphic lines, and a Canadian, named McLuder, has a contract to place all the capitals of the departments and the seaports in telegraphic communication with the capital, and has a school for teaching young men how to operate.

The effects of these measures will be the work of time. The country has rich and extensive lands for the cultivation of coffee, sugar, and cocoa. It exports at present about 150,000 cwt. of coffee, and this will go on increasing as long as the country is at peace. It has fine timber on its unopened coasts to supply the world for a generation, and there are signs, even now, of prosperity which it has never enjoyed. Immigration is favoured by Barrios, and already many Germans and Swiss have found prosperous and happy homes there. There are few foreigners who have lived there who have not been charmed with its delicious climate, and the pleasant life of its inland towns ; and so long as revolutions can be kept down, there is every reason to believe that it will advance in material progress, so as to form a contrast, and may be an example to old Spain.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE sultry term, tardy and coy though its approaches have this year been, visits us at last with unabated ardour. We could welcome the heat as a long-parted friend, if its attentions were not too demonstrative to consist with bodily comfort, or serious mental exertion. At such a time Dominion Day intervenes appropriately as a respite for the toiler in the season when he needs a respite most. Anniversaries with us are simply days of recreation, of which we cannot be said to enjoy too many. Rest from labour there is for every one once a week ; but no stated period, regularly recurring, for recreation. Otherwise these holidays, except so far as they partake of a religious character, have no significance. No one is exuberantly loyal on Her Majesty's birthday, or fervently grateful for Confederation on the first of July. An Englishman who visited us on the 24th of May, might suppose that loyalty was oozing out of our finger ends, that our attachment to the Crown constituted the very essence of our colonial being—in short, that we were *Angliores Anglis ipsis*, more thoroughly monarchical than London itself, not excepting the tradesmen of the West end, whose reverence for the sovereign is essentially personal, scarcely even Benthamite, but altogether selfish. Canadians are loyal to the Crown, with a steadfast loyalty resting upon sentiment in part, but mainly on a more secure and promising foundation. It can stand the wear and tear of work-a-day life, and is perhaps never less apparent than on a state holiday. As a people, we are fond of a good speech ; but we do not usually "spout" on these occasions. We do not indulge in "orations," as our American and French fellow-mortals are prone to do on festive days. The man who can claim to be, what Mr. Carlyle calls "a well-fired volley of talk," has his value in Canada, rather too high a one perhaps, but he knows better than to cast his pearls before—holiday-makers.

It may be a question how far these little pauses in the life struggle subserve their purpose. They are supposed to afford relief and refreshment to the weary and the heavy-hearted ; but it is perhaps safe to say that, in the great majority of cases, they remove, for the hour, an accustomed burden, only to heap upon the bowing shoulders a heavier one. There must be something wrong in our conventional holiday-making, or those who have the best right to claim a pause from toil and care, would not return from pic-nic or excursion so jaded and dejected as they usually do. Mr. Greg, in the robes of Cassandra, has complained that the working man no longer takes pleasure in his work, which may be true or not, but it is abundantly plain that he makes a labour, and a wearing labour, of his pleasure. The only real enjoyers of a holiday are the very young ; and their joy sheds a sober cheerfulness by reflection upon their elders. A party of obstreperous Sunday-school children, returning from a pic-nic in 'bus or boat, carries with it a bubbling, overflowing mass of accumulated joy and gladness, in which regrets for yesterday, or apprehensions for to-morrow, mingle no bitter ingredients. Children are the only honest and consistent Epicureans, yet they are not altogether selfish. Of pure animal spirits they have enough and to spare for their elders, who stand by grimly smiling, yet refuse to dance when the little ones pipe forth their shrill huzzas from throats untouched by the mellowing and deepening hand of time. Their philosophy is not more elevated perhaps, than that of the Garden ; but to "eat, drink, and be merry" with them, has no dark shadow in advance, to mock the banqueter or mar the feast. They, at least, know not that they are self-deceived when their hearts whisper, "other days shall be as this day and much more abundantly." The same spontaneous joyfulness may last on, perhaps, in *diminuendo*, however, into pairing time, when love gives its aid to youth, and nerves the wings of pleasure. But by degrees, the shadows lengthen, the means become the end, till, at last, pleasure itself becomes a harder task than the labour it should relieve. No doubt it is a change in form, like turning over in bed, but, as this is rather a sign of sleeplessness than repose, so the other affords no merciful oblivion, no refreshing rest.

Of all the forms of work, the most exhausting and the most unsatisfactory is that which we expend upon our pleasures; and yet it is that into which we most eagerly rush—lotos-eating to no purpose.

Those of us who sit at home at ease on Dominion-day might perchance find matter for satisfaction, if not for ecstacy, in contemplating the glorious event it is designed to commemorate, if we could exactly make up our minds in what its glory consists. Everybody agrees that Canada occupies a stronger position as a united Confederation, than it did when divided into isolated Provinces: but that reflection is as old as the fable of the bundle of fagots. The country has progressed wonderfully, in other than mere material interests, and in these also (for further particulars consult the *Canadian Year Book*, and other Arabic authorities). We occupy a higher position in the scale of nations, was on the pen-tip, but here arises a difficulty at the outset. Are we a "nation?" A very grave authority has pronounced it high treason to say so: and, therefore, until that knotty point is definitively settled, tender consciences will shrink from too gushing a display of rejoicing on July the First. We should be sure what sort of a thing was born on that occasion, before we celebrate the anniversary. Lord Monck, it is true, spoke of Canada as "a new nationality," sitting too, *in loco reginæ*; yet, perhaps, if he had been at liberty to exercise an Irishman's privilege, he would have corrected himself; but nationality goes for nothing, when the impeccability of the Crown is involved. Ordinary Irishmen "have leave to speak twice," not so vice-regal Irishmen; *litera scripta manet* therefore, as against Lord Monck. Then there is Mr. Macdougall, who, by the way, was shrewdly suspected at the time of having smuggled those treasonable expressions into the Royal Speech; but he is joined to his idols, and the wisest course therefore, as appeared in South Simcoe, is to let him alone.

It appears that it is also high treason to "imagine"—we believe that is the technical word—to imagine, not the sovereign's death, but a possible future of Canada, apart from the mother-country. There are actually people who desire to constitute a new offence "against the Queen, her crown and dignity," that of looking more than one inch beyond your nose. If such a penal statute is to be enacted, we insist that it shall be *ex post facto*. If Mr. Goldwin Smith is to be berated in fish-wife dialect, because he thinks that, sometime or other, Canada will be independent, and has the honesty and manliness to say so, then we should like to see a number of others taken from the Senate, the Cabinet and the *sanctum*, and pilloried beside him. We could name one hon. gentleman, the managing director of a certain joint-stock company (limited), who would not be outside the cage to throw a putrid egg at him or them. As a mentor, our oldest city journal may have claims—though it is apt to overrate them—for age is, or ought to be, the time for counsel; its weak point is always memory, except where it remembers things that never happened. The inexperience and want of ballast in youth, is often compensated for by the vigour of the reminiscent faculty. It is natural, therefore, that the youngest of our dailies should have turned upon Nestor, by recalling some forgotten words of his own. The *Liberal* has an awkward, perhaps an unjustifiable, memory; for violent memories do not become young people when dealing with their elders, especially when extending, as in this case, to words uttered before the youngster was born. It would appear that an hon. Senator once regarded it as impossible, "that these great Provinces shall be permitted to hold their present relations to the mother country," and he looked forward—it luckily might be done with impunity then—to a time when Canada should "stand together, and in close alliance and heartiest sympathy with Great Britain." The Senator was none other than Nestor himself. Now, as it takes two people to make an alliance as well as a quarrel, and as it would be a solecism in language to speak of sympathizing with one's self, it is obvious that Mr. Goldwin Smith's "treasonable" opinions and Mr. Brown's patriotic and prophetic utterances mean the same thing. Both of them are agreed that, at sometime in the future, Great Britain will be one entity and Canada another. The latter may have renounced this opinion; perhaps, because his powers of prevision are not so acute as they used to be, or because he has reached the goal of his ambition, and is too weary to go further. If so, why, instead of abusing Mr. Smith for giving substantially his own forecast of the future, does he not frankly own that he has changed his mind? Instead of that he meets the *Liberal's tu quoque* by endeavouring to wriggle out of the plain and obvious sense of his words. His journal, in fact, pays him the equivocal compliment of urging that what he did say was something different from what he meant to say. The *Globe* is wary enough, however, not to be entrapped into any recognition of the *Liberal's* existence; to use an expressive Scotch phrase, it "never lets its eyes touch" the hideous thing. *N'importe*, the latter has ability, enterprise, and what are of almost equal value as things go, gentlemanly instincts to guide it in political controversy, and can afford to be "sent to Coventry" without a murmur. Yet, is it not pitiful to witness the wretched vindictiveness of a journal, so influential and pretentious as the *Globe*, trampling upon the ordinary courtesies of a common profession? When a gentleman of the bedchamber, attached to a Thracian court, was filled to bursting with the awful secret that his master, King Midas, had ass's ears, he dug a hole in the ground and committed it to the treacherous keeping of mother earth; but he did not think it necessary to thrust into the sand his head and neck up to the shoulders, as our contemporary is in the habit of doing, when he desires to speak of a rival, rather than *to* him.*

It is claimed that between Mr. Brown and Mr. Goldwin Smith there is the essential difference, that the latter wishes for independence, whilst the former does not. What, we should like to ask, has wishing to do with it, if, as Mr. Brown has said, it is inevitable? It matters little when once a man is down the rapids, past self-help or other help, whether he desires to "shoot Niagara" or not. A boy may wish to be a man, but he cannot, by any effort of his own, make himself a year, or even an hour, older. There is one thing, however, which he may do—and which, if he be wise, he will do—prepare for manhood during the season allotted to preparation. It is not otherwise with a nascent community like ours. Attached as we are to the mother country by ties of natural affection and enlightened self-interest, we cannot afford to neglect the training needed for a future which we cannot lose sight of, if we would. The looseness of the colonial tie and the liberty of action we enjoy, so far from being reasons why our destiny should be left to care for itself, are additional motives for discipline and self-culture. A nation under rigid tutelage may take time in its training; but Canada is already her own master in all but the name: can she afford to look forward to the assumption of full responsibility without striving hand or heart in preparing herself for the independent nationality for which she may possibly be destined?

Mr. Blake's Walkerton speech afforded material for some warm discussion a month ago when our June number was passing through the press. It may not be too late even now to examine briefly the speaker's new position, and to indicate its real significance. He has been charged with harking back from the advanced stand-point occupied in the celebrated speech at Aurora. If this be the case, it is of some importance to ascertain the fact; for although consistency is not the most exalted of virtues, or in many cases a virtue at all, there is a lingering attachment to it in the public mind. This is not uniform in its manifestations, it is true; still it is always there in a latent state ready to break out fitfully upon occasion. Mr. Blake has accepted a prominent place in the Cabinet, reluctantly indeed, but that is a purely personal matter and may be left out of account. The position of an independent member of Parliament was highly prized by the Minister of Justice, for it gave his abilities and eloquence full scope, untrammelled by the restraints of place. This is an advantage, however, which has its drawbacks. No man, avowedly attached to a party in power, can long maintain himself in this anomalous position, when his knowledge and capacity are of so high a character as to give his country or party a right to claim their employment where they can be of most use. A Cabinet Minister has a hundred opportunities of effective action to one possessed by the most earnest of independent members. It is true that he must be content to waive, for the time, the most advanced of his opinions. He must hasten gently in schemes of reform imperfectly understood by the people, and endeavour to "educate his party" by calm exposition and with untiring patience. The question must now be answered—has Mr. Blake surrendered or disavowed any of his principles? The fossil politicians assert that he has—especially those of his own party, who have displayed much ill disguised and unseasonable glee at the fancied retractation. Their exultation was ill-disguised, for it bubbled up unconsciously in every sentence; it was unseasonable, because it appeared simultaneously with Mr. Blake's assumption of office in a government supported by the whole party. It was a dubious compliment to Mr. Mackenzie and Reformers generally, when congratulations on the accession of the new minister were couched in language representing him as a traitor to principle and a convert to safe and canny mediocrity. Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked, but we are not informed that he kicked his own friends.

---

* Since the above was written and in type, the *Liberal* has, we regret to say, suspended publication. As, however, this misfortune does not affect the validity of our position, we leave the paragraph as it stands.

Turning to the speech itself, it will be easy to prove that the insinuations referred to above are utterly without foundation. The pregnant sentences in which the speaker dwelt upon the "cowardice" of those who despised free expression of opinion, who "hounded down new views and declared them unsound" without argument, and even without examination, are noticeable. The comparison between England and Canada, to our disadvantage, is far too true, and extends to other domains than that of politics. The repression of inquiry in all departments of human thought is a standing reproach to Canada, the burden of which is not shared with us by any civilized country under the sun. In that, more than in anything else, we see the reason why our literature is dwarfed and petrified as it is, even in this our time of national youth. The questions which Mr. Blake is said to have abandoned are thus referred to in the Walkerton speech, with evident reference to his utterances at Aurora:—"He had now to say that, upon these questions and his views in regard to them, he stood by them still; and that it would be his happiness and pleasure, as he conceived it to be his duty, to use his opportunities * * to develop in the presence of his fellow-countrymen, these opinions, in order that he might, if he could, hasten the day for an intelligent discussion and determination as to their wisdom and truth." Then a recognition is given of the necessity of informing the people, or, in other words, forming public opinion, as a condition precedent of sound legislation. No ultra radicalism is here and there is certainly no recantation.

Turning to the particular measures advocated, we find that the first regards the Senate. Mr. Blake acknowledges that the subject is beset with difficulties. He urges some strong and, as we think, valid objections against the nominative life-system; but nothing appears to show that he is ready to adopt the fatal system of election by the local legislatures. We cannot be brought to believe, until we see it in his parliamentary action, that a man who has always protested earnestly against untoward connection between the Local and Dominion Governments and Legislatures, will deliberately and on reflection adopt a system which would involve our whole system in pernicious confusion. The United States' system suits in some degree a federation of nearly forty States; the equality of senatorial representation provides a powerful conservative counterpoise to the popular body in the Representatives; and if the villainous caucus and wire-pulling had not reduced chicanery to one of the fine arts, the Senate might now be what it once was, an embodied element in the political machinery, reflected from the minds of its founders. As every one knows, it is far otherwise; those in particular who have followed the contested elections for the Senate, are aware that corruption is as rife there as in all other departments of government. Yet there are essential distinctions between the American system and that of Mr. Mills: two only are elected from each State, and but one at a time: the elections recur at intervals of three years, and a new legislature is always or almost always the constituency. Mr. Mills's scheme would keep the larger Provinces in a continuous electoral ferment. The affairs of the Province, which are the primary duty of the Legislature, would be lost sight of, both at the polls and in the House. If it were desired to devise a scheme which would utterly deprave our entire governmental system, a better one could not be chosen by Mephistopheles himself.

The question of minority representation may be taken in here in connection with that of the Senate. Mr. Blake, as his factionist enemies have noted, regards it as one in which the people must be educated. No one will object to this "formation of public opinion," who has noticed that Mr. M. C. Cameron talks a good deal of nonsense upon it. Perhaps he and others would not have proclaimed with all the pride of originality "that the majority ought to rule," if they had known Mr. Hare's scheme as one to secure "personal representation." For the present, it cannot be applied to the House of Commons, owing to the backwardness of popular knowledge as to the arguments in its favour. To the Senate, however, it can be applied at once. We oppose Mr. Mills's scheme for election by legislatures in fours or threes, because we have a shrewd suspicion, from American and French records, to what it would lead. But supposing that instead of a tainted election of that kind, there should be a real election by the people directly? The need is, in Mr. Stuart Mill's phrase, "a Chamber of Statesmen;" the less of purely local representation, the better; we want the intellectual *élite* of the Dominion, and we can obtain them by minority representation. A statesman like Robert Baldwin or Lafontaine, could not then be kept out of the Senate by any local wire-pulling; each, in his own Province, would unquestionably secure the necessary proportion of votes. The hunting down of leading men, representing a salient principle, would cease; cabals and rings would die of sheer impotence. Let Mr. Mills's apportionment of the Senate in the Provinces be adopted. Twelve representatives in Ontario and Quebec, chosen every four years in batches of six would be the least disturbing mode of election. Every elector would vote for a limited number, but his franchise would avail for one only. If the first, second, and third of his choice were elected otherwise, his vote would be recorded for the fourth. At least he would be represented personally in the Senate, as he often is not in the House. Minority representation could not be tried under more favourable conditions than we have here, and there would be a Senate as far superior to the nominated Senate, as we believe in all earnestness the latter is to any similar body elected on the plan of the member for Bothwell. Moreover the adoption of this scheme would tend directly to the promotion of a public opinion in favour of the general scheme, such as Mr. Blake desires; for it is only because it appears novel and speculative that it does not win the support of a practical people. It seems at least worthy of consideration from the Government, for it could be adopted as a *dernier resort* from the nominative system, without dislocating any limb of the body politic.

The other subjects touched upon in the Walkerton speech are—reform in the civil service, compulsory voting, and Imperial federation. The first is one already pressed upon public attention through these pages. Mr. Casey made a courageous effort last session, and might have succeeded if there were any honest desire to secure efficiency in the service. The putrifying influence of party is the essential cause of the woful condition of the civil service. So long as party members and party managers think themselves at liberty to button-hole ministers and demand, as a reward for services past or future, the appointment of constituents or relatives to the service, without regard to competency or even character, so long will the evil continue. Whilst those who are trustees for the people act otherwise than they would do were they trustees for private individuals or corporations, there is no hope of improvement. Those who would scorn to take a man into the employ of a bank or a mercantile firm in which they held a responsible position, without strict examination into his capacity and general character, do not scruple to do otherwise when they are servants of the people. The dictates of conscience and the sense of honour are flung to the winds so soon as they have crossed the Rubicon into the charmed territory of official power. Nor is this all; for promotion goes by favour, not by desert. The salaries, which ought to be the rewards of assiduity and the careful and honest discharge of duty, are poured, like the sunshine of heaven, on just and unjust alike. There is no equable adjustment of recompense to service; everything goes on in that happy-go-lucky way dear to red-tape. If Mr. Blake can effect a reform in the service, he should lose no time in commencing the work; he has an Augean stable to cleanse, and the sooner he applies himself to the task the better.

Compulsory voting has been the subject of considerable ridicule lately; yet an examination of the subject in all its bearings, should give pause to the jesters. We do not approve of Mr. Bethune's penal measure in its favour, because such punitory provisions unsupported by public opinion, are sure to defeat themselves. It is quite sufficient that the law should declare it to be an elector's duty to vote, on pain of disfranchisement for a term of years. Statutory provisions have a wonderful effect on the *morale* of a people, and if such a declaration were placed on the Statute-book, the great bulk of those who abstain from voting occasionally or uniformly, would feel constrained to do what the law commands. They may be divided, generally speaking, into two classes. The first includes those who hold back because they desire to be bribed. Under such a law as we have indicated, their occupation would be gone; and the case is similar with those who think they are conferring a favour upon a candidate, instead of discharging a duty to themselves and the State. The second class are those who may be heard boasting that "they take no interest in politics, having enough to do to gain a livelihood." People of this sort seem to look upon a neglect of their duties to the community as an evidence of superior virtue, rather than the positive infringement of a law most important to the well-being of society. They are punctilious, sometimes Pharisaic, in looking after family, church, and charitable obligations; but the idea that the State, the great guardian of all the other social relations, needs anything at their hands seems Quixotic. "Politics now-a-days are so rotten, that it is too much to ask a man to defile himself with them," they urge, and perhaps with some truth. They forget that some of the worst catastrophes recorded in history were precipitated from kindred solutions of social confusion. The Romans knew their duty better; for they deemed it a heinous offence to despair of the State. So far as the authority of the Republic could enforce it, Rome, not over-zealous about other matters, insisted that political duties should occupy the chief place. These, in better times, can surely be done, without leaving the others undone. The men who declare our politics to be unworthy of attention, do so from ignorance or self-conceit—either because they do not know that a class which might ameliorate them must be answerable for all its evils if they stand aloof, or because they have failed to see under a popular franchise, any prospect of that importance to which they conceive themselves entitled. In any case, let the obligation to obey the law be thrown in the scale, and there is little doubt that the vast bulk of them will fall into line, and conscientiously perform their duty as citizens.

The Federation of the Empire has not yet assumed a tangible shape for Parliamentary discussion, it is true. Perhaps it never will, until it is undertaken in earnest by the Colonial office. Mr. Disraeli has expressed a favourable opinion of the principle; but he has given so many oracular utterances without taking the first step towards giving them practical form, or putting them into debateable propositions, that nothing is to be expected from him, save mysterious hints and squeezable theory. But Earl Carnarvon is eminently a man of action, determined to make his office a centre of life and light to the outlying members of the Empire. The Earl of Salisbury is trusted in Indian affairs, but he has strangely erred in church matters this session, not to mention his *fiasco* in the River Pollutions Bill, which is quite worthy of the dullest head in the Cabinet. The only Minister, therefore, who can be said to work with energy and deliberate purpose, is the Colonial Secretary. As an English journal remarks, "The Colonial office is now administered in a more vigorous and original spirit than has been felt during the present generation, in that region of Olympian slumber." When last in power, Lord Carnarvon completed, though he did not originate, our own Confederation. He has constantly pressed schemes of Australian and West Indian Confederation, and he is now engaged, with characteristic energy and earnestness, in organizing a Dominion in South Africa, extending from Port Natal to the Cape. In his despatches to Sir Henry Barkly, he commends it to the colonists, because it "would tend to develop the prosperity of South Africa, to sweep away many subjects of prolonged and unfruitful discussion, and to knit together the scattered communities of European race, into a powerful and harmonious union, valuable alike for the interests of themselves and of the whole Empire." The minister who penned these words is not likely to stop short in his work, or content himself with an Empire which, after all, would only be a loosely connected set of magnificent, but isolated fragments. Moreover, the English people have been aroused from their apathy regarding the Colonies. They are beginning to talk of the dignity and glory of the Empire, and nothing is so likely to direct and fix their attention to the subject as a vigorous policy at the Colonial office. It seems probable, therefore, that at a day not far distant, less so perhaps than most people suppose, a tangible scheme of Imperial Federation will be devised. The first step would naturally be a conference of representatives from all the Colonies with the Minister. Of the scope and extent of the measure it would obviously be premature to speak. But it is not premature to discuss the propriety or impropriety of federation in the abstract. It can hardly be questioned that an overwhelming majority of Canadians desire to remain attached to the Empire, and would gladly hail the adoption of any measure which would tighten the bond without making it unduly irksome, pecuniarily, or politically to the Dominion.

It is scarcely necessary to follow the contested elections, of which there has been the usual crop during the month. In most cases the result turned upon casual treatings, and the evidence bore too close a resemblance to what we have read many a time before to be diverting. It is plain that the law intended to enforce the closing of taverns on polling day is systematically set at naught. It is equally clear that there are men who would hesitate to give a money bribe, who are not above treating promiscuously, in the teeth of the statute. The reason doubtless is that, in many of the constituencies, perhaps throughout the country, treating is regarded as a proof of liberality of soul and love of good-fellowship. A candidate who is hail-fellow-well-met with the electors wins his way to their hearts by a very short cut. Until the penalties attached to treating have firmly impressed the kind of men who hold the balance at an election and can turn the tide in favour of one candidate or the other, treating will not be stamped out. It is obvious that public opinion or moral scruples are powerless in the matter; the only real deterrent is to be found in a rigorous interpretation of the law. How the popular feeling runs is distinctly apparent in the fact that some total abstainers and prohibitionists have been detected in the commission of the offence. They have been charged with inconsistency, and sometimes hypocrisy also, but the accusation has been too rashly made. The fact is that, as things go, they cannot help themselves; they must do as their opponents do, or suffer defeat. It must be borne in mind that, at the height of election excitement, when the issue is trembling in the balance, the temptation is overpowering to forget one's principles and row with the tide. Let the statute be enforced, as some of our judges are enforcing it, and the time is not far distant when the one party will not have the advantage of pleading the necessity of acting as the other does. We observe a tendency in some of the party organs to complain of judicial interpretation as too rigid; they would have the law made more flexible, especially when it affects a candidate of their own. Scorpions are not too severe a chastisement for opponents, but whips of a harmless kind are quite harsh enough for friends. It is singular that objections of this character are oftenest heard from the "party of purity," the original advocates of stern and inflexible measures. They appear to have imagined that the fruits of this legislation would enure to themselves, the "corruptionists" being the only sufferers. Perhaps they have begun to realise the fact that corrupt practices are the result of corruption in the body politic, and not the peculiar taint of any particular party. The engine they devised for the foe has recoiled with double violence upon themselves; hence the cry of distress which rises continually. It is urged that the promoters of the law never intended that it should be construed so rigidly. On the contrary, they always contended that its provisions were not stringent enough. When they had secured power, they very properly closed up the gaps and loop-holes of escape, and shouted lustily for a stern administration of it; but that was before their own ox was gored so unmercifully. It is trifling to speak of legislative intentions; the scope of a statute is to be discovered from its provisions, and it is not pretended that any act has been adjudged an offence by the bench which is not within the purview of the law on its most obvious construction. If the objectors desire its interpretation in a "non-natural" sense, where their own partisans are concerned, let them say so; we believe that all whose opinion is worth having will agree that the rigorous course adopted by the judges is wholesome and salutary—the only one indeed calculated to ensure the speedy and effectual enforcement of the law. In England, great difficulty has been found in reaching agents or *quasi* agents who bribe or treat. As with us before Mr. Blake's provision saddling culpable agents with the costs, they are absolutely irresponsible. "The officious friend, the silly friend, and the secret traitor," to use the *Spectator's* classification, all do their mischievous work with impunity. The Election Petitions Committee, in a report recently presented, suggest a thoroughly drastic mode of dealing with them. It is proposed that immediately after the decision of the judges on the petition, "all persons with respect to whom there has been evidence in the course of the trial that they have bribed, treated, or unduly influenced," shall be summarily tried by the Election Judges, "and such persons, if convicted, shall be sentenced to imprisonment for a term not exceeding three calendar months, with or without hard labour." Mr. Blake's plan is decidedly inferior to this. It is true that under the former, the agent may be charged with the costs, but how is the payment to be enforced when it cannot be recovered by distraint, as where a man has no property to be distrained? The result may probably be that agents will in future be of a still lower and disreputable class—men of straw, who have little or nothing to lose—and the mischief will be aggravated. The English provision would cut at the very root of the evil, and is therefore deserving of consideration by our own Government, if any change in the law be contemplated.

The people of Toronto have at length aroused themselves to a sense of the danger which threatens their only Park. It is probable that the terms offered by the University authorities will be accepted, and the city spared the disgrace involved in the loss of the only breathing-space accessible to all classes of society. The subject has been fully treated in the local papers, and we allude to it here for another purpose. The statement has been made that our national University is sorely in want of money, and that it is compelled by force of circumstances to lay out the Park in building lots, unless the city is prepared to give the Senate an equivalent rental. This announcement gives additional point to the question frequently urged of late. What is to be the future of University education in this Province? The enquiry is all the more serious and important, because the class at present interested is small. The general public would not let the Provincial University perish, but they know little of the real needs of the time, and of the work which must be undertaken before it can satisfactorily discharge its proper functions. The cry of centralization is always raised when any plan is propounded to broaden the foundations of the institution. No objection that can be urged has so much of unreason in it. A University must have its headquarters somewhere, and, as we know by disagreeable experience, the frittering away of university powers has been our besetting transgression against the interests of higher education. It is not by any means essential to consolidation that the examinations should be held at Toronto. What is essential to any plan of national culture may be simply stated in a few words—high standards of examination simultaneously conducted in all collegiate institutions, from headquarters outwards in all directions. The jealousy of institutions now possessing University powers is unreasonable and unaccountable, unless on the supposition that they fear competition with University College. The great *desideratum* in higher education is, that it shall be rated everywhere at a uniform value—that a degree of B. A., M. B., M. A., or M. D., should not represent diverse values according to locality. Ontario cannot afford to maintain more than one University, indeed there is no room for more , and therefore the truest policy would be, and is, not destruction or even absorption of existing institutions, but the consolidation of them all.

Failing this, under the sanction of Parliament, the University Senate should be urged to the work of expansion. No doubt everything would depend at the first set-off, on the exact state of the endownment . and Parliament would unquestionably demand as a condition precedent to any aid they might advance, that assurance should be given of its provident management. In other countries there is either adequate property at command, or individual endowment by bequest or otherwise. The erection of Keble College at Oxford is evidence of what older lands can do by collective liberality. Ours is not a rich country in the sense of accumulated wealth, and, notwithstanding some noble exceptions, the miserable sectarianism of many keeps them aloof from the people's university, open to all creeds, without inculcating any save the common Christianity, which is a cult and not a creed. When we remember that in the two venerable universities of England, where prejudice is so inveterate, so much has been done to nationalise and unsectarianise them, it is painful to find it is boldly asserted here that creed is of greater importance than knowledge, and that unless you pronounce the shibboleth of a sect, you ought to be debarred the privileges of study and the distinctions of learning. Where theology is taught with a view to the clerical profession, tests are, of course, necessary; but what business they or the churches which impose them have to do with the degrees in Arts, Law, or Medicine, we fail to see.

The first step in the way of expansion is to utilise the machinery of the University for popular purposes. Oxford and Cambridge have middle-class examinations, including what we so much want, adequate tests of female education, applied by University examiners. The women of Canada can compare in general intelligence and aptitude for learning with those of any country where they suffer from similar disadvantages. The eagerness with which they apply themselves, when the opportunity offers, as in Toronto and Montreal, gives promise of results far exceeding ordinary expectations, if one university would only extend the advantages of its examinations, diplomas, and degrees, and institute separate courses and certificates to those whose ambition does not lead them to aim so high. To raise the standard of female education is a matter of primary importance, which should no longer be neglected; but there is in addition a large class of young men who cannot leave their homes, or afford four years' training in the University. They are by no means to be neglected, and by some such machinery as obtains under the supervision of Oxford or Cambridge, an examination might be held in every important town in Ontario. Popular lecture-courses are also given at various central points, and these, in conjunction with the examinations, are stimulating intellectual cultivation in an astonishing degree. To the University of Toronto every one of these young men and women would be a staunch friend, who would extend the cords and strengthen the stakes of Alma Mater, and lay deep a foundation of affection and gratitude in the hearts of the whole people.

The exodus of the American people eastward is in full progress, and it is calculated that at least seventy-five thousand will scamper over the old world, from Skye to Khartoum, or from the Alhambra to the Kremlin, this season. The heated term has set in also, and no activity appears anywhere except with the brokers of Wall street, the criminal classes, and the hangman. In the absence, therefore, of more exciting political topics, the American papers are still discussing the enigma propounded to the Philadelphia Committee by President Grant. The *Herald* takes some pride in announcing that the English press, especially the higher weeklies, "endorse" its view of the puzzling letter. When the occupant of so high an office declares that he does not desire a third term any more than he did a second or first, when he tells the Pennsylvanians that the constitution does not prohibit a third term, and further, "that he would not accept a nomination if it were tendered, unless it should come under such circumstances as to make it an imperative duty—circumstances not likely to arise," his utterances, to say the least of it, are ambiguous. Mr. Reverdy Johnson, erewhile ambassador to England, and the negotiator of an abortive Alabama Treaty, dissects the letter without much consideration for General Grant's feelings or dignity. Referring to the clause quoted above, he says—"The idea of the President, that the safety of the country may demand the re-election of a President for a third term, in my opinion, is an idle conceit, having no other support but the most egregious vanity. * * * May he not conclude that a nomination by a convention is conclusive as to the duty?" and so on. No one who reads the letter—with the knowledge that Grant's most intimate friends and allies are pressing his re-nomination, obviously with his connivance—can believe that he intended to decline; and if the Pennsylvanians accept the other view, they must be easily satisfied. Vice-President Wilson, who is supposed to have an eye on the White House himself, agrees with Mr. Johnson, though he expresses himself in politer and more guarded language. Wendell Phillips, the abolitionist orator of by-gone years, on the other hand, openly advocates the third term. If the Republicans desire success, the nomination of Grant is, to all appearance, the most politic course they could adopt, and if he should be nominated he will certainly regard it as "an imperative duty" to stand between his party and defeat. Whether he would be elected as against Gov. Tilden or Chas. W. Adams, or any strong Pennsylvanian, is a question. We think he would, because the power of the Executive patronage is almost invincible, and but little doubt can be entertained that the so-called Democratic reaction was really a rebuke to Grant from a large section of his own party. At all events, the Democrats will nominate a "straight" candidate, and not repeat the Greeley fiasco.

Centennialism is as much in vogue as ever. The first naval action of the Revolution was celebrated at Machias in Maine, on the 12th ult.,—a trumpery boarding of a revenue cutter by some fishermen. The New York *Herald* celebrated an overlooked centennial all to itself on the 15th, one, however, of no little importance—the appointment of Washington to the supreme command. Some curious information is given from John Adams's diary. Slight in importance as the matter might then have appeared, there was imminent danger of a collapse in the Revolution. The New England jealousy of Southerners was even then rampant. Hancock, whose name appears in bold and dashing chirography at the head of those who signed the Declaration of Independence, desired the command for himself, although he had never been in action or commanded a battalion. He was backed by others, including Tom Paine, who afterwards figured in the French Revolution, and as author of the "Age of Reason." Samuel Adams and Cushing also looked askance at the Virginian colonel. John Adams, much to Hancock's chagrin, secured the nomination of Washington, and by it, perhaps, the eventual success of the Revolution. Bunker Hill was the great centennial of the month. That battle of the 17th of June, 1775, was like that of Lexington—a defeat, not dishonourable in any sense to the Americans. They had an inferior force, badly disciplined, and still worse equipped, and every inch of ground was bravely contested. It was the first proof of unquestionable courage on the part of the rebels, and the moral effect of it remained with them to the end. It is somewhat amusing to read Burgoyne's despatch in a newspaper of to-day, with criticisms upon its truth, but we can hardly find fault with Bostonians who rank Bunker Hill as a cherished memory.

It seems a very difficult thing in the United States—or perhaps we should say New York and Chicago—to secure the punishment of a swindler. The legal proceeding are so dilatory, the opportunities for legal exceptions so ample, and the absurd method of empanelling juries so obstructive to justice, that we only wonder that a scoundrel ever meets his deserts. Perhaps no man ever merited condign punishment more richly than "Boss" Tweed. Many a poor youth has swung from Tyburn tree, immaculate as compared with him. Sentenced to fourteen years at the Penitentiary in Blackwell's Island, he has enjoyed himself tolerably well, save when the Grand Jury came there on an official visit, his counsel meanwhile raising technical points in the courts. They finally triumphed in a judgment which occupied a full page of the *Herald* in the smallest type. It appears that the judge who had sentenced Tweed gave a longer sentence than the law permitted, and he was ordered to be discharged. The District Attorney, however, had twenty-six additional indictments in hand, and Tweed was transferred to Ludlow St. jail. The contention on his behalf is that, by law, the succeeding indictment referring to the same matter—peculations of ten or twelve years, we presume—must supersede the first, and should be quashed. In other words, the first indictment came to the ground from the court's discharge, therefore the second cannot be entertained. We do not say that the New York judges are venal, but it is surely time that a law which permits this legal ingenuity should be amended.

We have no intention of noticing at length the trial of Tilton *vs.* Beecher. The case is still suspended *in nubibus*, with no prospect of an agreement by the jury. Anything more thoroughly degrading, not to mention the Christian profession, but to our common humanity, has never defiled the columns of the press in any country. It is hard to guess where the severest censure ought to fall. The parties are all bad, the counsel worse, and the press which has ministered to a depraved public appetite, worst of all. The only man who figured with credit to himself, and gave dignity to prurience in which he had no share, was Judge Neilson. To him alone can any pure-minded man give a tribute of praise in the matter. He strove, as far as he could without ruling out relevant evidence, to exclude the nauseous and corrupting out of court. He certainly gave a latitude to counsel, both in cross-examination and address, an English judge would not have yielded. For that he may not be personally to blame, and we should like to think so, because he has exhibited throughout patience, dignity, and an impartial desire for substantial justice between two most eccentric and hare-brained men. We may take another opportunity of examining the moral bearings of the case; meanwhile the jury are still enjoying themselves in the retiring-room, and whether they agree or not, we trust no second trial will deprave the popular mind as this has done for nearly four months past.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Natural History of Man. By A. de Quatrefages, Member of the Academy of Sciences, &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875.

Some curious stories are told of members of the Paris Academy of Sciences, who continued their researches even when the German bombardment was at its fiercest. These are probably apocryphal—Gallic versions, we may suppose, of the well-known anecdote of Archimedes at the taking of Syracuse. Ballistæ and Krupp ordnance differ considerably—the latter being much more insinuating and unceremonious in siege operations. Archimedes perished, though not till after the storming of the Sicilian capital; no Parisian *savant*, on the other hand, seems to have fallen, while absorbed in scientific enquiry. Whether these tales be true or not, science, since the war, has certainly shared in that wonderful resurrection of France which astonishes the world and disturbs the dreams of Bismarck. What is more to our immediate purpose, French science is distinctly belligerent. M. Papillon, for example, following M. Berthelot, claims to have utterly overthrown the atomic or molecular theory of matter on irrefragable evidence. M. de Quatrefages, again, the author of the book under review, is a determined opponent of Darwin's theory of the origin of species. He is a professor in the Paris Museum of Natural History, and, as the preface informs us, "one of the eminent founders of anthropological science." This volume consists of five lectures delivered to working-men at Vincennes, and is, therefore well fitted to occupy a place in "The Popular Science Library" of Messrs. Appleton. We could wish that Miss Youmans, whose translation of these lectures is so well executed, would undertake an English rendering of the author's Academy lectures on anthropology. Popular addresses have an important use, no doubt: but when it comes to a matter in eager controversy between dogmatic scientists, no student can afford to content himself with diluted versions of the argument on either side. It so happens that in England and Germany as well as the United States, the evolutionists are having it all their own way; and, like other dominant parties, whether theological or scientific, are particularly anxious that nobody should hear diverse views from competent authorities, fortified by the evidence which they claim to possess. We have an instance of this scientific dread of untrammelled exposition in the padding contributed by way of an appendix. Prof. Gill, of the Smithsonian Institute, is so terribly afraid for the safety of the Darwinian ark, that he cannot think of letting M. de Quatrefages speak without using paste and scissors in gathering scraps to controvert him. It is to be regretted, for the American professor's own sake, that he did not confine himself to quotations from Huxley, Owen, and Darwin.

In these lectures, the writer purposely avoids the importation of theology and philosophy into a purely scientific question. In the first four, which treat respectively of the Unity of the Human Species, the Antiquity of Man, the Unity of Man, and the Physical Characteristics of the Human Race, this course was comparatively easy ; but in the fifth lecture, which deals with the Intellectual and Moral Characteristics of the Human Race, he necessarily trenches somewhat on the territory of psychology and ethics. It is very skilfully done, however, and, on the whole, he maintains his position as a teacher of natural science alone. One broad principle underlies the professor's entire view—the principle of the stability of species. Those who desire to read an English view from the same side, should consult the chapter on Specific Stability, in Mr. St. George Mivart's *Genesis of Species.* M. de Quatrefages states the matter thus :—"When you have two different vegetables, or two different animals, and wish to know whether they belong to *distinct species*, or only to *two races of the same species*, marry them. If the union proves immediately fertile, if the fertility is propagated and persists, you may affirm that, notwithstanding the differences which separate them, these vegetables and these animals are only *races of the same species.* If, on the contrary, you see the fertility disappear completely or diminish notably at the first union, if you see it decreasing and go on diminishing, to disappear at the end of a few generations, you may, without hesitation, affirm that these vegetables and these animals belong to *distinct species*." In other words, species run in parallel lines and meet at neither end ; between any two of them there is and always has been a great gulf fixed, which may sometimes be overcome abnormally and temporarily, but never bridged *in permanence*. Mr. Darwin, whose wonderful power of scientific generalization and masterly skill and industry in collecting and arranging the results of scientific observations will always, whether his theory is established or not, entitle him to one of the highest places in the great Walhalla of science, was not slow to appreciate the difficulty, nor does he, in his latest work, claim to have altogether surmounted it. Its bearing upon his theory is obviously fatal ; for if the doctrine of specific stability be a law of nature, the apparent exceptions can weigh but little. If species can only in rare instances be transmuted, and even this is not to be taken as proved, then Mr. Darwin's theory wants one of its main supports.

Our Smithsonian professor has got an easier way out of the wood. He settles the French anthropologist by calling his argument a *petitio principii* and also a *reductio ad absurdum.* Now, M. de Quatrefages's argument, put in logical form, stands thus :—If Mr. Darwin's view be correct, then species may be successfully and permanently intermixed ; but they cannot be so intermixed ; therefore Mr. Darwin's view is not correct. This is what is known as a conditional syllogism and is perfectly valid ; if the premises be admitted as proved, the conclusion inevitably follows. Prof. Gill, observing the hypothetical statement in the major of a proposition which is negatived in the conclusion, calls it arguing in a circle, or "begging the question." He might as well have styled it an *ignoratio elenchi*, a *fallacia accidentis*, or an undistributed middle. He denies the minor premiss in point of fact, and, if he could substantiate his denial, the French *savant's* argument would fall to pieces. When he can do that he will add something to the elucidation of the subject. In another place, notwithstanding his positive assertions here, Prof. Gill admits his imperfect knowledge of hybridism, and claims that, therefore, no law can be postulated regarding the immutability of species. If he means that there has not yet been time to search out apparent exceptions strong enough to cast doubt upon the law, he is correct ; otherwise no searching is necessary. Sheep and hogs, dogs and cats, lions and antelopes have been living in close proximity for ages ; where are the links between these species ? If they do not exist, why not ?

Our author deals with man alone, except so far as his argument requires. From his principle it of course follows that man is one species and has dispersed and peopled the earth from one centre. He believes with Dr. Dawson, that our race was contemporary, in western Europe, with the mammoth, and produces some probable, if not conclusive, evidence in proof of it. In answer to the query, "Whence comes man ?" he professes to have nothing positive, but he "can affirm, in the name of scientific truth, that we have had for ancestor neither a gorilla nor an orang-outang, nor a chimpanzee, any more than a seal or a fish, or any animal whatever." This is the conclusion after a brief but lucid account of the structural differences between man and the anthropoid apes. Side by side let us place Prof. Huxley's words, on the other side, as quoted in the appendix :—"I may add the expression of my belief that the attempt to draw a physical distinction is equally futile, and that even the highest faculties of feeling and of intellect begin to germinate in lower forms of life. At the same time no one is more strongly convinced than I am of the vastness of the gulf between civilized man and the brutes ; or is more certain that, whether *from* them or not, he is assuredly not *of* them. No one is less disposed to think lightly of the present dignity, or despairingly of the future hopes, of the only consciously intelligent denizen of the world."

We cannot, unfortunately, dwell upon M. de Quatrefages's concluding chapter, which is, from its subject, one of deep interest. He denies entirely the existence of savage races having no moral sense or religious feeling, supporting his position by an examination of supposed instances in Australia and elsewhere. It is here, as we have already hinted, that the author is obliged to leave the strict ground of physical science :

but the chapter will, perhaps, be read with more attention than those which lie within the prescribed limits.

THE EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY: also, an Essay on the Portraits of John Knox. By Thomas Carlyle. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1875.

The name of Thomas Carlyle is not to be lightly spoken of. During a busy and protracted literary career, he has been beset with enemies and detractors on every side, with extravagant eulogists, and, what is worst of all, with unworthy imitators; but that he has left his stamp and impress on the age admits of no dispute. He has been, after Coleridge, our greatest lay preacher—a contemporary John the Baptist, crying in the wilderness, and warning men, in no gentle terms, to flee from impending wrath. Perhaps no living man has been so roundly abused and misrepresented, or—and this is perhaps harder to endure—so grossly flattered, and yet we are not aware that he has ever shown sign of resentment on the one hand, or of delight on the other. Some men have regarded him as a cynic, the preacher of a negative gospel, a prophet whose mission it appears to be, like Ulysses, though in another sense, *spargere voces in vulgum ambiguas*, to give nothing but an uncertain sound—in short a Germanized Jeremiah whose message has only attracted attention, because of the uncouth jargon in which it is clad. To others he has been as an angel of light, the unfolder of a new evangel, the oracle of truth and earnestness, the enemy of cant and sham of every sort. They would claim that the character he has drawn of John Knox in the volume before us, is the fruit of introspection—"emphatically of Scottish build; eminently a national specimen; in fact, what we might denominate the most Scottish of the Scots, and to this day typical of all the qualities which belong nationally to the very choicest Scotsmen we have known, or had clear record of: utmost sharpness of discernment and discrimination, courage enough, and what is better, no particular consciousness of courage, but a readiness in all simplicity to do and dare whatever is commanded by the inward voice of native manhood; on the whole, a beautiful and simple, but complete incompatibility with whatever is false in word or conduct; inexorable contempt and detestation of what in modern speech is called *humbug*. Nothing hypocritical, foolish, or untrue can find her hour in this man; a pure, and mainly silent tenderness of affection is in him, touches of genial humour are not wanting under his severe austerity; an occasional growl of sarcastic indignation against malfeasance, falsity, and stupidity; indeed, secretly an extensive fund of that disposition, kept mainly silent, though inwardly in daily exercise; a most clear-cut, hardy, distinct, and effective man; fearing God, and without any other fear" (pp. 179–182).

This extract, with some modification, and perhaps an additional touch or two from the brush of some appreciative scholar, if only he had the hand of the master, would not form an inappropriate sketch of Thomas Carlyle. When his German disguise is peeled off, the distinctive character of the Scot is revealed, and the likeness is unmistakable. The chief foes he has spent his life in fighting, have been summarized in two ideas; "Self in the sense of selfishness, and God as the artificial property of a party." These he finds rampant everywhere in "politics, art, science, and religion." He is a worshipper of earnestness, it is said, without much regard to its object. Mr. Morell observes, "disgusted with journalism he has shown an inclination to make sincerity the *whole* test of moral greatness. He *tends* to make Paul the persecutor as elevated as Paul the apostle. He *tends* to sink all consideration of the object towards which our zeal is directed, in the glory of the zeal itself." The italics are Mr. Morell's, and they were needed; because Carlyle's hero-worship is not quite so undiscriminating. It is quite true that Dr. Francia, the Jesuit dictator of Paraguay, Oliver Cromwell, Frederic the Great, Harold, the Olafs, and John Knox, are all heroes whom he admires in his own way, though by no means equally. Of the Vikings of the Baltic, his favourites are evidently those who struggled to establish Christianity. He can give a back-handed cut at modern dogmatism, it is true, and sometimes shows a lingering affection for the hammer of Thor; but this arises from his love of sincerity *per se*. When it comes to a question of comparative value in earnestnesses, he takes sides at once. His pathetic reflections on Mary, Queen of Scots (p. 242), are the outpourings of a tender and thoroughly human heart. We should gladly insert them, did space permit; and it would be a pleasure to know how Mr. Froude regards them, especially the allusion to "that last scene in Fotheringay," which the disciple has gloated over with brutal savagery. "With irresistible sympathy," says the master, "one is tempted to pity this poor sister-soul, involved in such a chaos of contradictions; and hurried down to tragical destruction by them. . . . The tendency of all is to ask, 'What peculiar harm did she ever mean to Scotland, or to any Scottish man not already her enemy?' The answer to which is, 'Alas! she meant no harm to Scotland; was perhaps, loyally wishing the reverse; but was she not with her whole industry doing, or endeavouring to do, the sum-total of all possible harm that was possible for Scotland? . . . And there, with as deep a tragic feeling as belongs to Clytemnestra, Medea, or any other, we must leave her condemned." Neither pity for beauty in misfortune, nor his respect for sincerity of ulterior motive, stays the moralist's hand here. Had the choice lain between Mary and Elizabeth, or even the Regent Murray, the verdict might have been otherwise ; but it was between Mary and Knox, the Roman Catholicism of the Guises, and the Scottish Reformation.

It appears to us that the great objection to much of Carlyle's writing is to be traced to a different, though not uncongenial, tendency—a tendency to admiration of power or force, without much regard for the motive which prompts its exercise. The "Kings of Norway" is taken, as the author states, from Snorro Sturleson's History of the Norse kings, a compilation from the Icelandic Sagas, as indicated by a German work of Dahlmann, "The History of Denmark," now over thirty years old. We cannot say that the general effect of the panorama is agreeable. As a work of art it is skilfully done in itself; but it resembles, too closely, what we may imagine Pompey's statue to have been, after it was bespattered with the blood of Cæsar—the only human thing about it is the gore. A series of deeds of violence, however touched with picturesqueness, is repulsive ; and such reading, even when enlivened by grim humour, or relieved by moralizing on the advantage of turning Chaos into Kosmos, is not to our taste. "The Immensities" are lost sight of here—as they are more signally in Mr. Froude, the disciple, when he treats of Mary Stuart, or of Irish history—in a blind worship of "blood and iron," where they are found on the successful side. In Mr. Froude's case, the Carlylean doctrine is improved upon by a complete disregard also of the "veracities," on which the master loves to dwell ; for historical facts are distorted, and historical records deliberately garbled.

When these Norse sketches first appeared in *Fraser*, the *Saturday Review* took the author to task with its usual tartness. It complained that he constantly blundered in all that relates to English history, and "having blundered, chuckles over it as if he were delighted with his own cleverness." A number of these errors are indicated, and a general censure passed upon Carlyle's credulity in accepting all the absurdities of the Norse legends, when he had English authorities on which he could rely. There are other errors in addition, which we have noted : here are several in one sentence. Carlyle says that Cnut (Canute) died leaving two legitimate sons—only the younger of whom was his widow's son. These two were Harold I. and Harthacnut ; that the former might have made a good and orderly king, but only reigned a year and a day. Here are no less than three blunders altogether. Canute was married only once—to Emma, the widow of Ethelred II., both Sweyn and Harold being illegitimate. Secondly, Harold reigned in a most villainous fashion. He seized Ælfred and put out his eyes, because he had invaded the kingdom, and he slew in cold blood every tenth man of his prisoners. "Never was a bloodier deed done in the land since the Danes came," an old song said ; but Mr. Carlyle had supped so full of horrors previously as to consider this "good and orderly." Lastly, Harold reigned five years, from the death of his father (1035) down to 1040 ; it was his brother who did not much exceed a year, dying in 1042.

The quaint renderings of Norse surnames, and the arch references, half-humorous, half-satirical, always allusive and never direct, to current topics of controversy, are eminently characteristic. Singular to say, as we approach the close, we find that the evolution of Kosmos from Chaos culminates in civil war, anarchy, and "absolute ruin," lasting a century. In the "Epilogue," however, many thoughts are awakened in our author of "despotism and democracy, arbitrary government by one, and self-government (which means no government or anarchy) by all ; of Dictatorship with many faults, and Universal Suffrage with little possibility of any virtue." On this subject, Mr. Carlyle entrenches himself behind some "strange, piercing, and winged words" from Ruskin (*Fors Clavigera*, Letter xiv.) : it is only to be regretted that he did not also reproduce, as a pendant, certain well-known chapters from Froude's History of Ireland.

The monograph on Knox we can only recommend to the perusal of the reader ; it is much the better half of the book. Carlyle has thrown his whole heart and all his untiring energy into the sketch. The "portraits" which are engraved in this volume are only the thread on which the author has strung pearls of impassioned and earnest eloquence. Whether the Somerville portrait be the true semblance of his earthly tabernacle or not, in the text we have the whole man in all his noble though rugged proportions. Carlyle having almost reached his eightieth birthday, this may be the last work to come from the living hand, and it is gratifying to find that it has not lost any of its cunning, even to the end.

It is the popular fashion to mix him up confusedly with the materialistic, sensational, and utilitarian philosophers of the time. His chief guide in philosophy, however, is consciousness ; he is therefore eminently an idealist, an intuitionalist, and a spiritualist. In literature, of the school of Weimar, notably an admirer of Goethe and Jean Paul ; and in England, of Coleridge and Wordsworth. The practice is too common of confounding together all who hesitate to accept dogmatic religion ; but this is extremely unjust, at least so far as regards Carlyle. His attachment to the philosophy of Fichte and Jacobi has imparted to his writings a certain Pantheistic tinge, it is true ; moreover, certain stock passages, quoted from his biography of Sterling, and his "Past and Present" especially, have given his name an ill-savour in orthodox circles. Yet that this treatment is unfair we shall show by letting Carlyle speak for himself in a few brief sentences from his Inaugural Address at Edinburgh (1866), and with these we close :—"I believe you will find in all histories that . . . no nation that did not contemplate this wonderful universe with an awe-stricken and reverential feeling that there was a great, unknown, omnipotent, all-wise, and all-virtuous Being superintending all men in it and all interests in it—no nation ever came to very much, nor did any man either, who forgot that. If a man did forget that, he forgot the most important part of his mission in this world." And again, after quoting Goethe (*Wilhelm Meister*) on the three-fold character of reverence, Carlyle continues thus :—"He defines that as being the soul of the Christian religion, the highest of all religions ; a height, as Goethe says—and that is very true, even to the letter, as I consider—a height to which the human species was fated and enabled to attain, and from which, having once attained it, it can never retrograde. It cannot descend below that permanently, Goethe's idea is."

JANET DONCASTER. By Millicent Garrett Fawcett. Toronto : Hunter, Rose & Co., 1875.

We have all heard of the blind Professor and M.P., and of his wife, whose abilities and education make her a fitting helpmate to her sightless husband. Except in a volume of essays which appeared in their joint names and in a small work on Political Economy, the husband has hitherto been the mouthpiece of the pair. One is therefore curious to read the lighter production of a lady who seems in advance of her time, a foreshadowing of the being who will form the upper class after half a century of Women's Rights, Women's Colleges, and Women's Employments.

In most respects the novel is an excellent one, a simple tale plainly told, characters clearly drawn, and the descriptions which form the setting of the story not too minute or obtrusive. There is humour, too, in many parts, and Mrs. Fawcett has studied the style of writing now fashionable. She even adopts the fashionable sneer at her heroine's mother being a narrow Evangelical, as her successors will, in another generation, label their's a bigoted Ritualist. But the unloveliness of her characters prevents her novel from being successful. Alas for the coming generations if the morality of our female novelists is significant of the effect we may expect from their teaching !

Mrs. Fawcett, with evident approbation, separates her heroine from her husband, because he is a drunkard ; and she carries her through the usual courtship into an engagement which is stealthily continued until neglect and *delirium tremens* carry off the husband and leave Janet Doncaster free to marry again. Mrs. Fawcett may, and probably does, consider drunkenness a sufficient reason for a separation *a mensâ et thoro ;* but why stop at drunkenness ? Every man and woman finds some disenchantment in matrimony. What is to be a sufficient reason to justify desertion a fortnight after marriage ? If drunkenness, why not epilepsy, heart-disease, rheumatism, or bunions ? Where shall we draw the line ? Janet Doncaster's love-passages with her lover are carried on with a good deal of decorum, but the position is one which Mrs. Fawcett's disciples may find too trying. We are hardly sufficiently educated to approve of "indulged individualism" as glossed by Mrs. Fawcett, any more than we can admire the same quality in the grosser impurities of Ouida.

The volume is printed and bound most creditably by the Canadian publishers.

THE BOUDOIR CABAL : a Novel of Society. By Grenville Murray, author of "Young Brown," "The Member for Paris," &c. Canadian Copyright Edition. Toronto : Rogers and Larminie.

We seem in the pages of this bright and sparkling novel to really enter different phases of London society. Even after gaspingly following the fortunes of Lord Mayrose in their fitful progress through a daily paper, we rise from a re-perusal of the novel in a complete form, even more impressed with its ability and fascination. To attempt an extended notice would be impossible. Characters and episodes crowd each other as they do in London streets and drawing-rooms. A story, excellent in its moral tone, is the vehicle for introducing us to politics treated from a very Conservative point of view, and we pass through a political revolution as complete as the equally conservative mythical battle of Dorking. We are tempted to compare this episode in reform with the one chronicled by Warren in "Ten Thousand a Year." Both novels are by Tory writers, both are moral ; but what a change they depict in the manners, customs, and modes of thought of times separated by barely forty years ! Second in importance to the political element, is the explanation of the mode of swindling the trusting English public by trafficers in worthless foreign loans. Even if Mr. Grenville Murray's novel had no other good qualities, he deserves the gratitude of the British investor for his exposure of abuses which were verified to the letter in the evidence given before the committee appointed by the House of Commons last session. His comments on private asylums for the mentally afflicted are most judicious. His suggestions that all lunatic asylums should be public, and every official paid by the state, are the only remedies which can possibly prevent the abuses which no amount of inspection can ferret out. If, in addition to such a law, it were made impossible to deport such persons from the country (legislation much required in Canada), the relatives of the insane could have no fear that their patients would be kept under restraint one day longer than is essentially necessary. Altogether we know no more agreeable volume for the summer holidays.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

A VIGOROUSLY written paper, published anonymously, but attributed to Colonel Chesney, the author of the "Battle of Dorking," and entitled "What could we have done for France or Belgium?" opens the *Fortnightly* for June. The writer shows the fact, which is now evident to all the world, that the so-called "scare" had far too solid a foundation to rest upon. "There has been no justification" says the writer, "for what Germany has lately done towards her two neighbours. The excuses put forward in either case are too flimsy to bear the slightest examination of any one judging them by other eyes than German." Referring then to the prevalent notion that the panic was occasioned by newspaper correspondents, he says, "no one who is the least behind the scenes at Berlin, Paris, or London, much less at St. Petersburg, has the smallest faith in this view. War, instant, aggressive, and to be carried out to the bitterest end, has been actually contemplated by Germans, with a late prostrate and now unoffending rival." The Belgian complication, he contends, was purposely kept up as a means for the occupation of that neutral kingdom. Of the truth of this view we have now irrefragable evidence; and the question remains,—What could England have done for France or Belgium? Without examining the very able comparison of England's position in 1815 and 1875, we may give his conclusion. "In short, if we examine fairly the means at our present disposal, in money, in naval strength, in land forces, we must admit, that if Germany should return suddenly to the policy threatened three weeks since, England could do nothing for France or Belgium." *Per contra*, let us quote Mr. Morley's lucid utterance in 'A Day at Sedan'—the last paper in the number: "If England, Italy, Austria, Belgium, and Turkey chose to constitute themselves into a great peace league, and are prepared instantly to back diplomatic reasoning by military sanctions, they may succeed in keeping down the smouldering flames." As an English journal remarks, it comes after all to the old phrase supposed to be obselete, "the balance of power." *Mutatis mutandis*, it is the old story over again, and severe as the struggle might be, the result would be the same.

Prof. Clifford appears desirous of being considered the hierophant of the new *cultus* in which matter is deity. The work criticised in his latest paper, "The Unseen Universe," we do not consider a strong one, but little of its argument is answered. The Professor indulges in taunt, sneer, and satire, the most unsatisfactory of logical weapons—and the most unworthy, because whether we be spiritualists or materialists, we are certainly too serious to be made matter of gibe. We have no room for any of the offensive passages we had marked, nor need we characterise them otherwise than as a reproduction of Tom Paine's tactics in a cultured garb. It is amusing to fall upon a writer, who complains in italics of *negative* words—*im*-mortality, *in*-finite, &c., although he uses, to take only one example, "*in*-destructible *a*-toms" on his own side. His notion of immortality is worth studying for its absurdity. He urges, contrary to universal experience, that it is the vigorous who desire another life, because they have a natural shrinking from death, while the infirm and the aged, who are spent in the struggle, care little for life, either here or hereafter. Appeals to the heroism of being able to address our associates as "my brothers" in some general scheme of self-help, with the blessed hope of annihilation as the goal, will injure science not religion. Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Order and Progress," is a review of Mr. Frederic Harrison's collection of essays. Author and critic are both in sympathy, and both are singularly able writers. But they are preachers of a strange evangel, both in religion and politics, followers of an esoteric will-o'-the-wisp. Positivism is doomed to premature death, in proof of which we shall cite one passage: "He (Mr. Harrison) is one of the initiated, and though he is willing to speak to us on equal terms, we feel that his consciousness of superior wisdom is veiled not abandoned. If a difficulty is unanswered, it is not that it is unanswerable (?) but that we are unworthy to have the answer (!). We are babes to be fed with milk, before we can digest the strong meat of pure positivism." *Sic fiat ad finem.* Mr. Sayce's paper on University examinations, is the old and futile plea against all examinations, on the ground of cramming practised in preparation. Mr. Lewis Carroll in "Some Fallacies on Vivisection," makes a laudable attempt to expose the hollowness of the pleas for scientific brutality. Mr. Sanday's paper on "Marcion's Gospel," takes the author of "Supernatural Religion," metaphorically speaking, by the throat. The latter was quite aware of the task before him, when he essayed in one chapter to deal with Basilides and Valentinus, and with Marcion in another; the second (Vol. II, chap. vii), being nearly seventy pages in length. In fact, defeat here would be fatal to any theory depending on a late date for our gospels, especially the Synoptics. Irenæus, as the rationalist admits, charged Marcion with mutilating the Gospel of St. Luke. Now Baur and our author claim that the writer of the third gospel and Marcion borrowed from a common source. Mr. Sanday proves, as we think, by irrefragable evidence, textual and otherwise, that Marcion compiled his Gnostic gospel directly from the gospel now in our Bibles.

In the *Contemporary Review* there are none of the articles of which we can afford space to speak more than cursorily. Mr. Gladstone's paper on Prince Albert, though it contains some lucid reflections on the influence of the Crown in later years, is otherwise of little value, and has the peculiar demerit of telling what we knew before, in the language of the orator rather than the essayist. M. Milsand's paper on "Religion and Politics in France," is a much needed exposition of the various social elements which keep France in a state of unrest. His sketch of her history, from 1789 until now, is exceedingly instructive and thoroughly clear. It would be difficult here to measure the value of this paper to foreigners, and perhaps to Frenchmen also. The writer is no radical; he abhors with impartial hatred both universal suffrage and ultramontanism. The return of Barodet and Paray-le-Monial are as one in his detestation. "The evil," he says, "is altogether moral, and requires a moral remedy." Mr. Brodrick's "Universities and the Nation," is an able defence of Oxford and Cambridge, in the course of which Mr. Goldwin Smith is freely quoted. Dr. Badger's criticism of Mr. Bosworth Smith's lectures on Mohammed, calls for no remark; there is little in it new to the readers of the *Monthly*, who have had the opportunity of reading an account of the work in these pages. Mr. Sully's paper on "The Opera," contains much that we should like to have condensed. His views of the actual function of what many seem to regard as a hybrid amusement, perhaps an irrational one, are valuable.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE CINCINNATI MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

To all who are interested in the higher culture of the American people, the results of the Musical Festival held in Cincinnati, in the month of May of this year, must be very encouraging. To have carried out successfully a series of renderings of the very highest creations of musical genius, to have stirred by these performances the liveliest enthusiasm of large multitudes, and finally, to have made what might have been expected to be a losing enterprise financially (considering the enormous expenses incurred) a complete success,even in that point of view, was, indeed, a triumph of which those by whom it was achieved might well feel proud.

The hall used for the festival was one originally built for the Sangerfests of the German musical societies, and is capable of seating 5000 persons. Its acoustic properties are excellent; no sound, however faint, failed to be perfectly heard; no grand outburst from orchestra, organ, and chorus was ever overwhelming. Borne on the waves of sound the souls of the listeners yielded to the harmonious spell, and all the emotions of which human nature is capable when most deeply stirred—sorrow, joy, pleasure, pain, tranquil content, feverish unrest, triumph transcendent — responded to the voices of the great masters of musical science and art.

There were four evening concerts and three matinées. The selections given were from Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Haydn, Mozart, Strauss, Brahms, Wagner, Rossini, Gounod, Schubert, Gluck, Meyerbeer, Weber, Liszt, Verdi, Handel, Bach, Fesca, and Thomas, an array of names showing that, while the conductors of the festival were anxious to do justice to the great creators of the past, they were not disposed to neglect the many admirable composers of more recent times and of the present day. A word or two here with regard to Theodore Thomas, the musical conductor of the festival, may not be uninteresting. For many years Mr. Thomas' has been known as the musical educator of the American public; and it is owing, in a large measure, to his devoted and untiring efforts that classical music enjoys amongst them the popularity it does. He was born in Hanover in the year 1835, but came to this country with his father when only ten years of age. His first instruction in music he received from his father, who was a skilled violinist. When only six years of age young Thomas played in public in his native land, and was received with marked favour. Not many years after arriving in the United States he took the position of first violin during the engagements of Sontag, Jenny Lind, and other illustrious singers, and finally rose to be conductor of both the Italian and the German operas. This was not the sphere of action, however, best suited to his peculiar talent, which lay in the interpretation of the symphonic works of the classical composers ; and, therefore, abandoning the opera, at no slight pecuniary sacrifice, he devoted himself to establishing the Symphony soirées, which afterwards became so famous and successful.

The festival orchestra included one hundred and one instruments,* exclusive of the organ, which was built specially for the occasion. The organist was Mr. Dudley Buck, of Boston. Mr. Thomas had this powerful orchestra so perfectly under control that it could be made to represent, with equal perfection, the sighing of a breeze, "a vaporous mist of melody," as in the introduction to Lohengrin, or the triumphant shouts with which the approaching conqueror is greeted in Brahms's "Triumphlied." These two works with Beethoven's 7th Symphony, constituted the programme for the first evening.

Johannes Brahms is a name comparatively little known on this continent, and the performance of his "Triumphlied" at Cincinnati was the first that had ever been attempted anywhere out of Germany. Born at Hamburg, in 1830, Brahms early devoted himself to music. It was not, however, till 1852 that he attracted any public notice. It happened that in that year Joachim, the celebrated violinist, being at Brunswick and needing some one to accompany him on the piano, employed young Brahms. The work they first took up was Beethoven's Opus 47, (his greatest work for the violin), but, to Joachim's despair, it was found that there was a difference in pitch between violin and piano. "That is very easily remedied," said the young musician, "I can alter the key from A minor to A flat minor." This feat so astonished Joachim that he took an interest in his clever companion, examined some of his compositions, and, finding them full of merit, sent him, with a highly recommendatory letter, to pursue his studies under Schumann. The latter was impressed very much as Joachim had been ; indeed, he carried his admiration of Brahms so far as to speak of him in a letter as "the New Messiah."

The text of the "Triumphlied" is taken from the 19th chap. of Revelations. "Alleluia ! Praise the Lord ! Honour and power and glory to God ; for in righteousness and truth the Lord giveth judgment," are the words of the first movement, which expresses most grandly a cry of gladness, a shout of joy. The second movement, in which praise is joyfully ascribed to the Most High, is similar in spirit to the first, but is in slower time and is more expressive of fervid adoration than of eager excitement. The third movement expresses the welcome of the nation to their victorious Emperor Wilhelm, to whom this triumphal hymn is dedicated. This wonderful composition, it is stated, was placed in rehearsal lately, at the Crystal Palace, London, but had to be abandoned as impracticable. Its difficulties are, indeed, extraordinary (one of these being a double chorus of eight parts), so that it was more dreaded by the festival singers than anything else they attempted. Still they carried it through nobly, to the great delight and surprise of Mr. Thomas, who congratulated them warmly on their success.

Beethoven's Seventh Symphony (performed after the "Triumphlied") displays the great composer's powers in their full maturity, having been written when he was forty-four years of age, before the terrible calamity of deafness had fallen on him. It is in four movements many of its strains, wildly joyous, invite to mirth and gaiety ; but in the allegretto, there steals upon the ear a sadder strain, intensely melodious, and heavenly in its soothing tenderness ; and this again is succeeded by a quick playful movement, in which we seem to recognise, as it were, laughing streams of music flowing over rocks of massive chords, and here and there breaking into rippling runs, or bubbling up in foam-like shakes. Its performance occupied forty-five minutes. An effort was made to encore the allegretto movement ; but this and all similar demands, save one, were invariably refused by Mr. Thomas. The exception made was in the case of Rossini's "Night Shades no Longer," sung by the school children.

The first night's performance ended with selections from "Lohengrin." Ever since 1862 Theodore Thomas has been labouring to introduce Wagner's music into America, but it is only during the last three years that his efforts have been attended by any marked success. At present Wagner enjoys in this country an equal popularity with the sweetest masters of Italian song. The general characteristics of his works are pretty well known. His imagination revels in the gigantic and grand, and he aims at, and we may fairly say accomplishes, effects never contemplated by earlier composers. Complaint has been made of the "anarchy" of Wagner's scores ; but on this occasion Thomas had culled and arranged all the more melodious passages with excellent effect. The first selection presented the advent of Lohengrin in his boat, drawn by a swan, and then a tumultuous chorus succeeding the defeat of the Duke Frederic by an unknown knight (Lohengrin). The second scene begins with a representation of day-break, twelve trumpets sounding the "réveillé," and answering one another from distant towers. The effect of this was magnificent, and called forth most enthusiastic demonstrations from the audience.

---

* There were ten violas, one harp, ten violoncellos, nine double-basses, one piccolo-flute, three flutes, four oboes, one English horn, four clarionets, one bass clarionet, four bassoons, four horns, twelve cornets, three trombones, two tubas, and two double drums, &c.

The solo parts during the entire festival were sustained by eight performers: Mrs. Smith and Miss Whinnery, sopranos; Miss Carey and Miss Cranch, altos; Messrs. Winch and Bischoff, tenors; and Messrs. Whitney and Remmertz, bassos. Of these Miss Cranch only is a native of Cincinnati; Miss Whinnery, however, obtained her musical education there, under Madame Rive. Mrs. Smith, a Boston lady, possesses a high pure soprano voice, flexible and graceful, and of such power as to be distinctly heard in every portion of the vast hall. Miss Carey's singing was most charming, and took the hearts of her audiences by storm. The role of "Ortrud," in "Lohengrin," is now recognised as peculiarly her own in this country. It is the sympathetic quality of this lady's voice that rouses such enthusiasm. It is stated that some years ago, when a late Chief Justice of Kentucky was on his death-bed, he sent for Miss Carey, and begged the favour of one song. "Let it be 'Home, Sweet Home,'" he said. Miss Carey sang; but her tears overcame her, and she was unable to proceed. The dying man, turning his head on the pillow, thanked her. Miss Carey's fame has travelled beyond the limits of this country; and she is said to be now determining whether or not to accept some very flattering offers that have come to her from distant Russia, the land where prima donnas are so enthusiastically worshipped.

Mr. Winch (of Boston) possesses an unquestionably fine tenor voice of brilliant quality and pure tone; but, on one or two occasions, he showed signs of fatigue not visible in the other leading singers. Mr. Bischoff has studied music in the best German schools, and has made a decided mark in German opera, to which his voice, a "robust tenor," seems peculiarly suited. Mr. Frantz Remmertz (of New York), baritone and bass, has a voice deep and sonorous, but at the same time sweet and pathetic. Mr. Whitney ranks as the greatest American basso. He was fulfilling important engagements in London, England, at the time the preparations for the festival were being made; but his services were considered so indispensable to its success, that he was induced to return to America specially for the occasion.

The music provided for the matinées was not less choice than that performed in the evenings, but it was more varied, and did not impose so severe a strain on the powers of the singers, or on the attention of the audiences. Among the pieces included in the Wednesday morning programme, were Beethoven's Overture of "Leonora," "In Native Worth," from the "Creation," Meyerbeer's "Stella del Nord," and Brahms's "Hungarian Dances." The score of the latter composition was only received in this country during the present season. The matinée closed with a trio from "William Tell," and the ever-welcome Overture to that opera. Wednesday evening was fully occupied with the oratorio of "Elijah," the work which carried Mendelssohn's fame to the highest point, but which also carried him to the grave at the early age of thirty-eight. The circumstances of the first production of the "Elijah," at the Birmingham Festival, in 1847, and of its subsequent successes, are too familiar to all lovers of music to be recapitulated here. We may quote, however, the account given by Ferdinand Hiller, of the manner in which a portion of it, at least, originated. "One evening," he writes, 'I found Mendelssohn deep in the Bible. 'Listen,' he said, and then read to me, in a gently agitated voice, a passage from the 1st Book of Kings, beginning with the words, 'And behold the Lord passed by.' 'Would it not be splendid for an Oratorio?' he exclaimed. It afterwards became part of *Elijah*."

The character of the Prophet in this Oratorio, is one that requires above all things sustained power on the part of a singer. Mr. Whitney's voice served him well; his conception of the part too was solemn and dignified, and it is not too much to say that he carried with him, all through, the rapt sympathy of his hearers. The chorus singers also did nobly; their eight hundred voices giving out a richness and volume of sound truly inspiring. No one endowed with true musical taste can listen to the "Elijah," worthily performed, without feeling how richly deserved was the tribute paid to Mendelssohn by the late Prince Consort, in the following words, written in a libretto of the oratorio: "To the noble artist who, though encompassed by the Baal-worshippers of false art, has, by his genius and study, succeeded, like another Elijah, in faithfully preserving the worship of true art; once more habituating the ear, amid the giddy whirl of empty, frivolous sound, to the pure tones of sympathetic feeling and legitimate harmony; to the great master, who, by the tranquil current of his thoughts, reveals to us the gentle whisperings, as well as the mighty strife of the elements—to him is this written in grateful remembrance, by ALBERT."

Both in "Elijah," and in the "Triumphlied," the grand organ contributed much to the general effect. In the latter work the organist had a very difficult task to perform, having to provide a perfect organ part from the orchestral score. When Brahms directed the performance of this work himself, in Cologne, he used the organ; but either the part was not written out or it has not been published.

Thursday's matinée was chiefly distinguished by the singing of choruses by fifteen hundred children, of the public schools. The day was bright and sunny, and the children, in their white dresses and fluttering ribbons, seemed a song in themselves; at least the sight of them appealed very strongly to the hearts of all present. After a beautiful overture came the first chorus, a prayer from Gluck, arranged for the children by Mr. Singer. Their voices were harmonious, and in perfect unison; once they got a little flat, when the organ emphatically gave the pitch, which the youthful choristers caught without difficulty, and maintained to the end. Rossini's "Night Shades no Longer," as sung by the children, created such overpowering enthusiasm, that Thomas had to yield, as already mentioned, to the demand for a repetion. His own delight on the occasion seemed, indeed, to be as unbounded as that of the audience.

The culminating point of the festival was, however, Thursday night's performance. The programme included Bach's Magnificat in D, to be performed for the first time in America, and "Beethoven's wondrous Ninth Symphony." The latter was doubtless the magnet that drew together so unprecedentedly vast a concourse of people, estimated to have numbered eight thousand.

Of Bach, an eminent modern composer. Gounod. has said that were all the music composed since his time swept out of existence, upon what he alone did it could all be rebuilt. The Magnificat in D is divided into twelve numbers, two solos for sopranos, one each for alto, tenor, and bass, a duet for alto and tenor, a trio for two sopranos and alto, and four choruses. The character of the music is calm and devotional; it roused little enthusiasm, but was listened to with close and respectful attention. Miss Carey's alto solo, and the trio sung by Mrs. Smith, Miss Whinnery, and Miss Carey, were gems in themselves; but they were soon lost in the splendid choruses at the close, the grand and intricate harmonies of which convey a majestic idea of the composer's genius.

Notwithstanding the oppressive heat, and the terrible crowding from which the audience was suffering, and which, during the intermission, seemed positively unbearable, the opening of the Ninth Symphony worked like magic in restoring content and quiet. In the directness of its appeal to our higher nature, it seemed to say: "I understand you: listen to me while I interpret for you your inmost emotions." Opinions, however, have been far from unanimous, even among high authorities, concerning the merits of this celebrated work. Marx, on the one hand, has declared that "it exhausts the resources of instrumental music," while Spohr on the other, maintains that, "in spite of occasional traits of genius, it is inferior to any of Beethoven's earlier ones." For our own part, we shall only speak of it as it affected ourselves. For one hour it seemed to fairly charm existence. The first three movements are orchestral, plaintive, full of melody, and changeful; the first, *Allegro ma non troppo*, being succeeded by the *Scherzo*, almost wildly gay, yet revealing an undertone of sadness; and this giving place to an *Adagio*, in which the great charm of the symphony resides. The tones of this movement seem like sobs: the exquisite *diminuendos* are wails of profound sorrow. At the close of the Adagio, there is one abrupt and almost frantic transition, the fourth movement beginning with a piercing note, like some supreme cry of anguish; then, as if sorrow had exhausted herself, the music follows a more tranquil course of expression, reminding us of Tennyson's beautiful lines in "In Memoriam."

> "My deeper anguish also falls,
> And I can speak a little then."

The chorus in this symphony had a difficult task. Some of the vocal parts lie almost out of range; but they "scaled the heights" with enthusiasm. The performance, altogether, was superb; and at its close the audience completely lost self-control, the vast mass rising to their feet, cheering, gesticulating, waving handkerchiefs, while the chorus-singers bestowed special cheers on their conductor, Mr. Otto Singer. Such a scene might naturally remind us of the first performance of the symphony in 1824, at Vienna, in the presence of the great master himself. At that time he had been completely deaf for twenty years, and, having his face turned intently towards the orchestra, he knew nothing of the tumult of enthusiasm or the thunders of applause that filled the building, till some one gently turned him towards the audience. Then he *saw* what he could not hear; and many in the audience realising thus for the first time the full extent of the great composer's affliction, melted into tears.

We have not space to discuss at any length the music produced on the last day of the festival (Friday). "Pieta, Pieta," from Meyerbeer's "Prophet," was exquisitely sung at the matinée by Miss Carey; while Handel's "Oh, ruddier than the cherry!" displayed the great versatility of Mr. Whitney's voice. The programme for the evening consisted of Schubert's Ninth Symphony, in C, selections from Wagner's "Walkure," and Liszt's beautiful Cantata, "Prometheus." It is painful to think that such genius as Schubert's should have been associated with so much of worldly misfortune, and should so signally have failed of recognition among his contemporaries. Beethoven knew very little of him; though, shortly before his own death, looking over a number Schubert's songs, he recognized in him, as he said, "a godlike spark." The Ninth Symphony was finished in March, 1828, and Schubert died in the following November. It was his purpose to throw into this work the whole wealth of his genius, so that it might be a monument of him to after generations. Those who have heard it cannot fail to wonder at the superhuman sweetness poured forth from a life so unfortunate and sorrowful.

Mr. Otto Singer relieved Mr. Thomas in the performance of the "Prometheus." At a concerted moment, the chorus-singers, who felt how much they owed to his faithful drilling, covered him with a shower of bouquets, with which they had provided themselves for the occasion. The festival closed amid joyous excitement. All had gone well: the public had been nobly entertained, musical art had been honoured, the most fastidious critics acknowledged that justice had been done to everything that was attempted; and finally, when all expenses had been paid, there was found to be a surplus of two thousand dollars in the treasury. Cincinnati has won for herself a place second only to Boston in musical fame among the cities of the continent; and no doubt she is looking forward to a time when even her last very creditable effort will be definitively surpassed. A. Y.

Newport, Kentucky, May, 1875.

LITERARY NOTES.

IT was rumoured lately, with what correctness we know not, that Mr. Disraeli was about to hold an advisory conference with representatives of the various Colonies of the Crown, on the subject of Imperial Confederation. Whether the rumour be true or false, it is sufficiently evident that "disturbing forces" are at present at work in other places than Canada, in the discussion of the relations of empire and colony; and that the whole question of Imperial policy on the subject is likely to come up for immediate and practical settlement. But with whatever disfavour agitation upon the subject is looked upon in a certain quarter in Canada, it is gratifying to find that in England the problem of colonial relationship is being freely and candidly discussed, and that there, at any rate,

> "——— No one suffers loss or bleeds,
> For thoughts that men call heresies."

The latest contribution to the subject comes to us in the shape of a political pamphlet, entitled "The Great Game, a plea for a British Imperial Policy," by "A British subject," and it is rather amusing to find how strange a phase the work presents of the question of Canada's relation to the Crown.

With a good deal of aggressive strength, but much more of indiscreet and intemperate zeal, the anonymous author proposes a scheme of Imperial Federation which shall embrace all the Colonies of the Crown save Canada, which is to be left to her democratic idols, and to have no share in this dream of a mighty Pan-Britannic Empire. The reasons given by our author for this exclusion of Canada are, that "while she remains nominally a part of the British Empire, she is the pledge of its thraldom to her insolent neighbour," and that "she is a child too big and wilful for paternal amendment of her evil republican ways; and the elevating effect of the indirect influences of British connection is far too slight to justify an enormous sacrifice of British Imperial efficiency," which would be involved in her retention. Newfoundland and British Columbia, however, are not to be given over to the Philistines, but are to be brought under the benign influences of this political union. Such are the "base designs" of this "revolutionary" dreamer, and the fate in store for us, unless the organ of British connection which has endeavoured to suppress the latent treason in our midst shall succeed in annihilating this new *doctrinaire*, and shall plant in the English mind reasonably intelligent notions of Canada and Canadian political opinion, in place of this heresies and ignorances of the fatuous writer. But in spite of the author's animosity to Canada and the neighbouring republic, "The Great Game" will doubtless have readers; and we learn that Messrs. Willing and Williamson, of this city, have just issued a reprint of the work, with a Canadian introduction

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of "The Canadian Monthly and National Review."

SIR,—In the article entitled "Intellectual Progress of Canada during the Last Fifty Years," which appeared in the number of your Periodical for June last, it is stated that Queen's College, Kingston, "seldom counts over twenty students in Arts." The author of the article, James Douglas, Jun., Quebec, I believe to be the student of that name who graduated at Queen's College, as Bachelor of Arts, in the year 1858. In the session then ending there were thirty-seven students in Arts; in last session there were fifty-nine. In every intervening session the numbers have been over twenty, and for the whole number of sessions since Mr. Douglas graduated. namely eighteen, the average number is thirty-eight.

I remain, your's truly,
W. SNODGRASS,
Principal of Queen's College.

Queen's College, 29th June, 1875.

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 8.] AUGUST, 1875. [NO. 2.

THE POLITICAL FUTURE OF CANADA.*

BY JEHU MATHEWS, TORONTO.

II.

THE former part of this paper closed at the point where there opened for consideration the scheme of a Canadian Nationality, with its independence guaranteed by England. The feasibility of this project is the question now to be examined.

The proposal helps to clear away a good deal of mist from our subject. If Canada is competent to maintain her own independence, it is evident that there is no need to have England guarantee it; but if an English guarantee is requisite to save her from annexation, it follows that she cannot stand alone, and must cast in her lot with either England or the States. As all our people agree in preferring a British to an American connection, the question, with all who believe the guarantee to be essential, is narrowed to that of the form which our alliance with the Fatherland shall assume. That it will not be that of an independent Canadian republic, with England bound by treaty to come to its aid in time of war or other difficulty, may be confidently predicted on the most cursory survey of the situation; and the reason is the simple fact that the terms of the new alliance would be even less favourable to England than those which she now denounces as being unfair. The favourite argument of the advocates of a guaranteed nationality is derived from the case of Belgium. "Why," it is asked, "when England is willing to guarantee Belgian, should she be unwilling to guarantee Canadian, independence?" The answers are easy and numerous. In the case of Belgium, she is one of many guaranteeing powers; consequently the burden is lighter than it would be in a case where she would be the sole guarantor. Her interests are more involved in Belgian than in Canadian independence. Her statesmen and soldiers have always been willing to fight rather than allow Belgium to fall into the hands of a possible foe, because they hold that Antwerp and the Scheldt are, if not the only positions from which an invasion of England can be undertaken with any chance of success, certainly those from which an attack would be most dangerous; while they have not formed a similar opinion in regard to Canada and the St. Lawrence. Besides this, when the guarantee was accepted, it seemed to be the only means of averting unpleasant European complications, which fact, doubtless, weighed in its favour. And again, if England should decide that annexation must at any cost be prevented, she can attain this end much more easily under the terms of the present alliance than under those of the proposed guarantee. England now complains, or at least Emancipationists complain, that the connection with her Colonies subjects her to dangers, responsibilities, and burdens for which she receives an inadequate return, and from which she would be freed by the dissolution of the tie. While arguing in this manner, she still holds the keys of peace and war in her own hands exclusively; the Colonies are bound to follow her into war, and are now strong enough to afford her assistance in the strife, as Canada offered to do during the Russian war. But were the guarantee system substituted, the ex-Colonies could, by their prerogative of declaring war, involve her in a strife, and by that of concluding peace, desert her in the midst of it, if so inclined, whilst they would not, as at present, be forced to follow her into war. Indeed the latter fact seems to be held up prominently in favour of the guarantee system. Then again, England's chief gain, from the connection under present circumstances, is found in her trade with the Colonies. But under the guarantee system, the tendency towards a Protectionist policy of which she now complains, would be increased by the need of larger revenues, and the exclusive devotion to local interests, which it would cause in the Colonies. Finally, England now exercises a considerable amount of moral influence over the colonists, by the name of their common Sovereign and nationality; and a direct influence over colonial statesmen and legislatures, through the chief magistrate whom she appoints; by whom she can at any time convey her wishes, or suggest a remedy for any sin of omission or commission of which she may believe them to be guilty; and can, in the last resort, send legislators about their business and appeal direct to the people. But standing merely as the guarantor of Colonial Independence, she would possess none of these prerogatives. Do not these facts prove that the consequence of a system of guarantees would be to increase England's risks and responsibilities, whilst diminishing her returns and securities? By way of improving her position, it is proposed to strip her of the prerogatives and privileges which now tend to lighten the weight of the burden of colonial defence, and both practically and morally to secure some return for it, and yet to leave her liable to be called on at any moment to fulfil those duties for which Emancipationists declare the above prerogatives and privileges to be an illusory compensation! Is anything more requisite to prove the scheme to be an absurdity? If England should determine to maintain Canadian or Colonial Independence, would she not prefer to do it on the present terms, which at least secure her some return, rather than on those which would leave her destitute of any?

---

* Canada First, or Our New Nationality. By W. A. Foster, Esq.

Canadian Nationality: its Growth and Development. By William Canniff, M.D.

Imperial and Colonial Confederation. By A. T. Drummond, B.A., LL.B.

The Colonial Question. By W. H. Fuller, M.A.

Speech of Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., at Aurora.

The Canadian Question. By William Norris, Late Captain of Canadian Volunteers.

In face of these facts there seems but little room to doubt that a guaranteed nationality is unattainable. But if this view is correct, the question again becomes narrowed. If a British alliance is essential to our independence, and if we cannot get it in the form of a guarantee, it must either remain substantially on its present footing, or assume a more intimate character. In other words, shall we remain colonies, or become members of a glorious world-wide Pan-Britannic Federation, embracing, on equal terms, fatherland and offspring within its ample folds?

The relative merits of these two forms of polity now claim our attention. These have been compared by Messrs. W. H. Fuller and A. J. Drummond, in the pamphlets whose titles are placed at the head of this article. Both of these gentlemen arrive at substantially the same conclusion, which is expressed by Mr. Fuller in these words: "How long their [the colonies'] present relationship with Great Britain will last cannot be predicted, though we feel assured that it is the most enduring tie with which they can be bound together, and the most wisely adapted for mutual profit and advantage" (p. 31). With this view of the situation I cannot agree. The truth seems to me to have been approached much more closely by Mr. George Brown, when, in an address to his South Oxford constituents, he said : "It cannot be that these great Provinces shall always be permitted to hold their present relations to the Mother Country. We cannot expect that Britain will always, without consideration, send her navy to guard our shores. We cannot expect that British troops shall always, without consideration, stand ready to defend us against attack. We must look forward to the day when the whole of British America shall stand together, and in close alliance and heartiest sympathy with Great Britain be prepared to assume the full duties and responsibilities of a great and powerful nation." If it be replied that these words were uttered under circumstances different from those now existing, I would answer that the changes have tended to increase the difficulty of maintaining the present alliance.

My reason for holding this opinion is the fact that in the present system of government there is no provision in existence for securing that united action which experience has proved to be essential to the maintenance of any sort of union. Unity of action is the basis of every sort of association, be it political, ecclesiastical, commercial, benevolent, or fraudulent. Hence the existence of some authority to enforce such a course of action amongst the several parties associated is essential to the permanence of any organization or corporation, whatever. That in a state "absolutism must reside somewhere" is an admitted maxim of political science. But in the British Empire at present it practically resides nowhere. The several countries composing it are, in fact, almost independent of one another. Each acts with a view to its own peculiar interests ; but the confusion of prerogatives is so great that the act of one may affect all. England possesses exclusive control of diplomacy ; she can make war and peace for the whole Empire without consulting the Colonies, whose relations towards foreign states are thus entirely at her disposal. On the other hand, England is responsible to foreign countries for the action of colonial officials towards their people ; but of these officials she usually appoints only the Governor, and where "responsible government" exists, his power to command is very small. The Colonies can tax the products of the Mother Country to any extent which they may desire ; and it can do the same with those of the Colonies. England's insistance on the Colonies assisting in their own defence, and the withdrawal from them of imperial troops, have led to the formation of separate armaments in different parts of the Empire, each practically under the control and at the disposal of the government by which it was called into, and is kept in, existence. Thus, in matters pertaining to either armaments, commerce, or diplomacy, one part of the Empire may act in a manner directly at variance with the wishes or interests of another part ; and in some cases the result of such action may affect all its members adversely, whilst in finance there is not even a show of union. Under such a polity permanent political unity seems clearly unattainable ; for whenever the actions of several associated parties become inconsistent with one another, and one insists upon adopting a policy to which another refuses to submit, their joint action must end. When two associated wills come into collision, their quarrel can be settled only by a dissolution of the partnership or an appeal to the sword—in the case of individuals I, of course, mean the sword of state. But there is no doubt as to how such a quarrel would end in the present instance. England has repeatedly declared that in the event of its occurrence she will at once settle it by dissolving the connection. Hence it follows that the Empire can remain united under the present polity only so long as its several members use their prerogatives in reference to each other, and to foreigners, in such a manner as neither by acts of omission or of commission to disturb that identity of feeling and policy which is essential to the united action of several different parties. Neither nations nor individuals have ever maintained such a course of action for any considerable period ; and its permanent occurrence in the present instance may, therefore, be dismissed as an impossibility, from which it follows that the alliance cannot be permanently maintained on its present basis.

It may be replied, however, that the alliance may exist until Canada has become sufficiently strong to stand alone ; and this, I believe, is the popular idea of the day on this subject. The fact is that Canada can never stand alone so long as the Union remains intact. The United States, although we may continue to gain on them, must always remain sufficiently ahead of us to enable them to array against us a force which would crush any that we could oppose to it; and so long as this should be the case we would hold our political life at the pleasure of our neighbours. Should it be said that this is barbarous, drum-and-trumpet philosophy, utterly unworthy of the nineteenth century, the reply is that it is no less a stubborn fact. Mr. Fitzjames Stephen hits the simple truth when he tells us that: "War and conquest decide all the great questions of politics, and exercise a nearly decisive influence in many cases upon religion and morals. We are what we are because Holland and England in the sixteenth century defeated Spain, and because Gustavus Adolphus and others successfully resisted the Empire in Northern Germany." Or, as Mr. Stephen might have said still more forcibly, we are what we are because, so far off as eleven centuries since, Charles Martel crushed the Saracens on the plains of Tours, but for which event, to use the sneering, but truthful, language of Gibbon, "perhaps the interpretation of the Koran would now be taught in the halls of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the religion of Mahomet." It is the same on this American continent, and in this nineteenth century. The Union is in its present position to-day simply because Lee failed to rout his foes at Gettysburg. And thus will the world continue to be to the end of the chapter, for the simple reason that, in the words of Dean Milman, "when men feel strongly they act violently." In the opening lines of "The English in Ireland," Mr. Froude enunciates the theory that "when two countries, or sections of countries, stand geographically so related to one another that their union under a common government will conduce to the advantage of one of them, such countries will continue separate as long only as there is equality of force between them, or as long as the country which desires to maintain its independence possesses a power of resistance so vigorous that the effort to overcome it is too exhausting to be permanently maintained." I have no doubt that Mr. Froude is right in so thinking; but I do not undertake to defend his position, since all needful in the present instance can be established much more easily than by attempting to demonstrate its truth. That a Canadian nationality would stand in the position of the weaker country in the above illustration is patent; and that its powers of resistance would be tested, has already been shown to be at least probable. To call it into existence, in the face of these facts, would be simply equivalent to the action of a stage manager who announces the performance of a play without providing for the part of the central character.

If this be the case it follows that, if we wish to obtain security against annexation, we can do so only by placing our relations with the Fatherland on a mutually satisfactory basis. The only matters in which any readjustment is needed are the duties and privileges of the several parts of the Empire in reference to diplomacy, armaments, commerce, and finance. On all other matters no objection is made to each member acting for itself; but on these mutual complaints are heard. Hence, to obviate the danger of dispute and collision, all that is requisite is that they should arrive at a clear settlement of their relative duties on these points, and secure adherence to it by placing the administration of its provisions in the hands of a legislature in which all parties to the settlement should be proportionately represented. These things once done, the FEDERATION OF THE EMPIRE would be an accomplished fact.

Here, however, the Imperialist at once encounters a loud shout to the effect that unity may be indefinitely prolonged under the present polity, but that to attempt to establish an Imperial Federation on equal terms for all is to seal the disruption of the Empire. What is this but to allege that unity may be maintained in connection with the present anomalies and incongruities, but not without them? Is not this something very like starting the argument against Federation with a transparent inconsistency?

But, not insisting on this point, let us pass on to the next. It is alleged that it would be impossible to arrive at such an understanding, or to form such a legislature. I believe that it would be very easy to arrive at such an understanding, because each party could supply what the other would value. The difficulty arises from the unequal distribution of the powers, privileges, burdens, and responsibilities of nationality. Let England agree to share its powers and privileges with the Colonies; and the Colonies to share its burdens and responsibilities with England, and a settlement would be effected by means of giving and taking. As to the machinery of a Federal Government, the greater part of it is already in existence. It is admitted by Mr. J. S. Mill that "the ruling powers of the United Kingdom already constitute to some extent a Federal Government, and the countries comprising the British Empire a Federation." This is undoubtedly correct. These countries acknowledge a common sovereign. Questions of peace and war are decided by the Imperial Government. The army and navy are raised and paid by the same authority. And in the Colonies local governments are established, which have control of their internal affairs. Here we have almost the entire machinery of Federalism already in existence. What is needed is not creation but reconstruction; and for this I should say that there are requisite only the following measures:—

1. That a Federal Legislature, consisting of two chambers, should be formed, the lower House to consist of representatives returned on one uniform system by the British Islands and the Colonies; and that provision should be made for colonial representation in the Upper House also.

2. That the Colonies—meaning thereby British America, the West Indies, South Africa, and Australasia—should be left in possession of the systems of local self-government at present enjoyed by them, and that means be taken to secure the same privilege to the British Islands.

3. That the revenue required to meet the expenditure of the Federal Government should be raised on a uniform rate of taxation, though not necessarily on a uniform system, all over the Federation, and that the inhabitants of it should be equally liable to military and naval service.

4. That the Federal Legislature should succeed to all the prerogatives now enjoyed by the Imperial Parliament, excepting only those granted to the body or bodies appointed to legislate for the local government of the British Islands, and should also enjoy the right of taxation all over the Federation.

It is plainly impossible to compress details of the measures requisite to give force to the above policy within the compass of an article in the *Monthly*. A few explanations, however, are indispensable, in order to throw light on some points which otherwise might be misunderstood. The basis of the Federal Legislature is to be found in the Imperial Parliament. The number of representatives to be returned by each province should be settled by fixing a basis of representation, and having the representation readjusted at each census in accordance therewith, as is now done in Canada and in the States. Colonial representation in the Upper House could be adjusted either by a reconstruction of the House of Lords, something in the style proposed by Mr. Mill, or by simply allowing the Crown to appoint a given number of colonists peers for life, though, under present circumstances, I do not think it would be well to confer any further title than that of knighthood on them. The absence of a wealthy class in the Colonies would have to be met by the payment of an indemnity to their representatives. The distance between the different parts of the Empire would render necessary the appointment of a certain date for the opening of the session, as is done in the States, and the accordance to colonial members of the right to vote by proxy, in order to secure them their due influence should extraordinary circumstances render necessary a meeting of the legislature more quickly than all of them could attend. The taxation could be adjusted by leaving the United Kingdom and the Colonies each responsible, as at present, for their local debts and the cost of their local governments, and all equally responsible for charges of the army, navy, diplomacy, and civil service of the Empire. The share to be borne by each could be settled by taking at each census a valuation of the real property of the Empire, and assessing each member for a proportion of the expenditure, equal to that borne by its property to that of the whole. And the ways and means of raising the colonial share of it could be found by making it a first charge on their customs duties. The commercial relations of the several members would be adjusted by an agreement that no province should impose customs duties above a certain rate on the produce of other parts of the Empire. The local government of the Colonies should be settled by leaving the colonial legislatures in possession of all the prerogatives now enjoyed by them, save that of exceeding a certain rate of customs, and of raising armaments; and that of the British Islands either by creating local legislatures endowed with prerogatives similar to those of the Colonies, or by having the Imperial Legislature, as at present constituted, hold one session for legislation on matters defined as belonging to the local government of the British Islands, and then having the colonial representatives admitted to their seats and a second session held for the discharge of matters belonging to the Federal Government of the Empire. Fully to explain and defend the details of these measures would require a volume; and as I have already devoted one to the subject, I must take the liberty of referring my readers to it, should they desire to pursue the subject.*

The scheme of Imperial Federation is usually met by opponents clapping their hands to their ears and shouting, "Impracticable! Impracticable! Impracticable!" in loud, louder, and loudest tones. A few of the more calm-minded occasionally accompany this shout with a statement of their reasons for the faith that is in them. The feasibility of the scheme can probably be best tested by examining the soundness of their pleas.

1. A very common argument is that employed by Mr. Norris when he says: "The scheme was never recognised by statesmen as possible. It is the theme of dreamers and speculators only, and can only be ranked with that other beautiful but impracticable dream, the Utopia of Sir Thomas More" (p. 40). Those who adopt this argument must be rather short of memory. In Canada the scheme has been warmly supported by the late Mr. Howe and by Mr. Blake, and in England it is supported by an ex-Premier. Lord Russell, in his "Recollections and Suggestions," after denouncing emancipationist theories as strongly as he possibly could do, goes on to say: "At the same time I do not think the relations of the Colonies to the Mother Country can be kept up precisely in their present form." And after a short sketch of what might be done, he remarks: "This scheme may seem impracticable to many. But so did the Reform Act of 1832; so did the total repeal of the Corn Laws; so did the abolition of the Irish Church. Great changes have been made; great changes are impending; amid these changes *there is no greater benefit to mankind that a statesman can propose to himself than the consolidation of the British Empire.*" None of these gentlemen can be called "dreamers and speculators." If they are few in number, it is simply because the need for action, and the circumstances calculated to encourage it, are both of recent occurrence.

2. The great standing plea against Federation is that concisely stated by Mr. Mill, in the words: "Countries separated by half the globe, do not present the natural conditions for being under one government, or even members of one Federation." The answer to this *theory* is the *fact*, that all the countries in question have been thus united for about a century. The Imperial authorities have, during that time, fulfilled for the whole Empire, all the duties which would devolve upon a Federal Government, with the single exception of raising a revenue. When alleged "natural" laws, or conditions, are contradicted by actual historical facts, the only possible explanation is, that the laws of nature have been misinterpreted. If the testimony of facts is of any value, Mr. Mill and his endorsers are, in this instance, guilty of such misinterpretation. For the British Islands and their Colonies not only have been, and are, for certain purposes, united under one government; but, after an experience of its administration, desire to remain so. Seeing is believing. That a central authority is competent to manage the diplomacy and armaments of the Empire, has been demonstrated by experience. That the difficulty of the task would be increased by the mere receipt of colonial contributions to the revenue, can be maintained by nobody. Under such a financial policy as is sketched above, no difficulty could arise in reference to unjust appropriations of taxation, because the amount for which each member would be liable could be ascertained by a simple operation of arithmetic; nor could any difficulty occur as to the "ways and means" of raising it, as the source from which it should be taken would be specified. With the commercial policy of the Empire the Federal Legislature would not interfere, save to enforce the observance of the terms of union. Thus the Federal Legislature would have few, if any, further duties to discharge in the future than the Imperial Government has

---

* See "A Colonist on the Colonial Question," by Jehu Mathews. London: Longmans & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

already discharged in the past; and this under circumstances which practically rendered the different provinces of the Empire about thrice as far from one another as they are to-day. If it could be done once it can be done twice; if it could be done without steam navigation and the electric telegraph, it can be done with them. "The wisdom of a statesman is the result of experience and not of theory."

3. To this reasoning it may be replied, that it altogether overlooks the fact that the rule of the past was effected by the Legislature of the United Kingdom, while it is proposed that in future it should be carried on by a Federal Legislature, representing the most distant Colonies; and that the difficulty consequent on the absence of geographical unity lies in the fact, that it would render impossible the meeting of the Legislature as quickly as might be needed. The Imperialist must meet this difficulty. But before doing so, he is entitled to observe, that it is one thing to say that the countries in question "do not present the natural conditions for being under one Government, or even members of one Federation," and altogether another thing to say that they cannot be members of one Federation, because the Legislature could not be called together as quickly as might be requisite. The latter plea implies that if such an assemblage of the Legislature is possible, so is the formation of an Imperial Federation. It is quite true that such meeting would have been impossible fifty years ago, but it is equally true that it is possible to-day. Distance for purposes of communication has been annihilated by the electric telegraph; and, for locomotion, reduced three-fourths by steam. Canada is practically as near London to-day as was Caithness or Donegal at the beginning of the century; and Australia can be brought almost as near to it as were California and Oregon to Washington prior to the opening of the Pacific railway. The force of these facts is so strong that even Mr. Fuller is obliged to admit that "the objection to the scheme on the grounds of distance, would not seem to be well founded" (p. 14). His conclusion is correct, for the simple reason that all the members of the Federal Legislature could be brought together within a fortnight of the same time as could the American Congress ten years ago; and that in times of pressure it could, by allowing colonial members to vote by proxy, as before suggested, be assembled as quickly as is the Imperial Parliament to-day.

4. The suggestion to fix a *maximum* rate of tariff, not to be exceeded by any member of the Federation, is said by Mr. Fuller to "contain in itself a condemnation of the Federal scheme, for there can be little hope of the success of a Confederation thus arrayed against itself" (p. 19). I may remark that the same suggestion is made by Lord Russell, which fact may induce some more respect for it. The reply, however, is very easy. Mr. Fuller holds that union may be indefinitely prolonged under the present system, which makes no provision whatever against a war of tariffs. If there is hope for union in presence of this difficulty, why should there be none in the absence of it? If it be alleged that any sort of customs' duties is inconsistent with unity, I again oppose fact to theory. Not only has such union existed in the British Empire, but so long as tariffs have been limited to revenue purposes there has been no complaint on any side against them. These facts prove that all requisite to secure harmony is, not their abolition, but only provision against their abuse. And this is precisely what would be afforded by what may be called a commercial treaty, binding each member of the Empire not to exceed a certain rate of duty.

5. It is alleged that the Colonists, "having tasted self-government, so dear to the Anglo-Saxon, would be loth to sink their autonomy in federative union even with England." Were it necessary to the success of the scheme that they should do so, the fact would probably prove an insurmountable difficulty. But there is nothing of the sort needed or suggested. A glance across the line may throw light on this matter. New settlements in the American Union constitute territories, and stand on much the same footing as do British Colonies, being denied representation in Congress but allowed to regulate their internal affairs by means of the free action of a local legislature. Is their local autonomy endangered by their development into *States* and their acquisition of sovereign powers through representation in the national legislature? If not, how can it be proved that a similar process on behalf of the British Colonies could endanger their local autonomy. The new prerogatives might serve to protect the

old ones, but could scarcely expose them to new risk, *more particularly as the amount of local independence would be much greater in the British than in the American federation.*

6. The idea of having colonists sit in a chamber mainly composed of British Peers is denounced as the crowning absurdity of the scheme. It would be such if the want of historic ancestors rendered men incapable of making themselves respected, or of securing attention to their counsels. But as this is not the case, and as Englishmen of every rank are continually making their way into the House of Lords, and making themselves respected in it, I fail to see why colonists could not do the same, particularly when aided by the moral support of their countrymen, and the fact that their position would be in nearly all cases an acknowledgment of past services. For people who denounce the House of Lords as a caste to shrink from competing with its members on the wider field of free election is rather inconsistent.

7. We are informed by Mr. Norris that "the voice of Canada could not be any more powerful in a Federal Parliament than it is now" (p. 34). I confess that this style of argument tries my patience somewhat, inasmuch as it involves a mathematical absurdity. At present, when Imperial Ministers use Imperial prerogatives to our disadvantage, we have no means of checking them. Were Canada represented in the present Imperial Parliament according to her population, she would return about 80 members to it; and if according to her property about 22, as nearly as I can judge. Mr. Fuller says very truly: "Had Canada possessed representation in the Imperial Parliament she would never have tamely submitted to the lease of her fisheries"(p. 16). Can anybody suppose that the Ministry would have dared to adopt such a policy, had they known that its result would have been to throw into the ranks of the Opposition a number of votes counting 44 on a division? If "the whole is greater than a part," surely "something is greater than nothing." Even the smallest proportion of representation that could be granted to us would be as large as the balance which usually decides the fate of Ministries. To say that such a body would be powerless is simply to allege that representatives are unable to influence the action of Ministers.

But this is only one side of the subject. That there are serious difficulties to be overcome is loudly proclaimed; that the conquest of them would entail a rich reward seems to be totally forgotten. Did the reward consist only in the prevention of the evils consequent on disruption, we should be richly repaid. "It would, indeed," says Lord Russell, "be a spectacle for gods and men to weep at to see this brilliant Empire—the guiding star of freedom—broken up . . . while France, the United States, and Russia would be looking on, each and all willing to annex one or more of the fragments to the nearest portion of their own dominions." And, alas! too probable is it that these or other powers would succeed in such aggressions; for "these are not the days of small states;" and that the age of conquests is *not* past has been demonstrated pretty clearly by the events of the last twenty years. In the light of recent events it seems not improbable that the West Indies might witness scenes akin to those of the St. Domingo massacre; or that in South Africa the British, Dutch, German, and Native races might become involved in strife. Canada and Australasia would be less exposed than the above countries to the danger of internal dissension; but even supposing them to escape it, they must, should they resolve to make any stand whatever against foreign aggression, maintain armaments which would act as a severe strain on their resources. The need of raising money for their maintenance, and the current of local feeling could scarcely fail to lead to the adoption of a protectionist policy, and a consequent war of tariffs; while their isolated position and diplomatic complications might even induce war in which men of the same race would imbrue their hands in each other's blood! On the other hand, let them unite their fortunes in one grand Federal league of British nations, and the smallest chance of even the least of these dangers vanishes in the might, glory, and unity, of the new Pan-Britannic Empire. Internal order and liberty are secured by the strength of the central authority, resting on institutions which have withstood the strain of centuries. External aggression is defied by the might of their united power, which, within a few years, would enable them to face the world in arms. And harmonious action is secured by their union on equal terms, and experience of the fact that it brings to each exactly that of which it stands in need. A teeming population and overflowing capital seek an outlet on the one hand; on the other, millions of acres of virgin soil, with immense undeveloped riches in sea, mine, and forest, invite them to come in and take possession. Long lines of coast need defence on one side; on the other, the mightiest navy in the world stands ready to guard them. Youthful energy and beaming hope exist in the offspring; the strength of manhood and the wisdom of experience in the Fatherland. The lustre of historic glory, calling on us to love, admire, and revere, is found in its highest development in the Old Country; opportunity for new achievements encouraging us to aspire, in the youthful communities. Scientific culture has reached a high point at home; an unoccupied field for the application of its fruits is offered by the Colonies. The gifts and resources of one side are almost useless, in some cases are even pernicious, unless supplemented by those of the other; but their union would produce an Empire unique in the history of the world, before the glories of which those of Old Rome would pale. Difficulties there are; but to shrink from a noble enterprise in dismay at its proportions, is simply to yield to the dictates of sloth and cowardice, or in other words of sin; and to pronounce the difficulties insuperable before the first step in advance has been taken, is nothing else than to refuse to subject the correctness of a theory to the test of action.

In reply to the above arguments, it may be alleged that even an admission of their correctness would not suffice to establish the Imperialist position, inasmuch as they adduce benefits to the whole Empire in support of the scheme, while the point under consideration is the future of Canada alone. Let us, then, examine the subject in a purely "Canada First" light, and enquire whether Canada would be likely to gain more from Nationality or Federation.

Our experience of British connection and institutions proves most decisively that they secure to us a continuance of the inestimable blessings involved in the combination of internal order and political freedom. Nationality would involve the adoption of democratic republicanism, and an extension of the duties of the legislature. The latter fact would afford increased matter for sectional and partisan dispute, and the former would afford increased facilities for the expression of such jealousies. Such increase might seriously endanger internal concord and political freedom; or if not, could scarcely fail to render our system of government less pure and efficient than it is at present. It is possible that nationality might tend to establish a Canadian national spirit amongst us, though even this point might be disputed; but the question is whether we should be greater gainers by having our views contracted to so limited a sphere and so short a history as our own, or by having them extended to an Empire on which the sun never sets, and to a history embracing "classical association and great names of our own which we can confidently oppose to the most splendid of ancient times." Nationality would place us in possession of the rights and privileges of sovereign states, but we have already seen that these are useless without the strength to enforce them; while, on the other hand, Federation would not only bring us these prerogatives, but also the power of the mightiest Empire in the world to back them. Nationality would in some measure enlarge the field for native genius and patriotism; but Federation would open up for it a career of splendour unexampled in the history of the world; let us once be represented in the Imperial Legislature, and there would be opened before us the very loftiest honours in law, politics, arms or diplomacy, throughout an Empire embracing a fifth part of the world in its ample folds. Nationality, it is contended, would promote immigration and the development of our natural resources. This could be the case only in what we have seen is the very doubtful event of it proving successful. But were a Federation of the Empire established, the promotion of the growth of the outlying provinces would become a direct object with the Federal Government, and the more intimate relations which would be established with the Fatherland would suffice to turn the flow of its surplus labour and capital in one mighty stream into the Colonies. Finally, Nationality would bring upon us severe financial pressure. The expenditure of the United States on the army, navy, and diplomacy of the Union have of late years amounted to about $2 per head of its population. Did we expend only at the same rate, it is evident that the expenditure would prove sufficient to maintain a force only one-tenth that of the Union, and consequently utterly insufficient; but were we to become members of a Pan-Britannic Federation, in which taxation for Federal expenditure should be proportionate to property, it seems probable that the total *increase* could not exceed $1 per head. Thus Federation would bring us all the possible benefits of Nationality, and some others in addition, while enabling us to avoid all its chances, perils, and difficulties; and this at a much smaller pecuniary loss. Are not such facts decisive in its favour?

Whether they will or will not prove to be so is problematical. The question at issue vies in importance with any in the history of man, for on its decision depends the destiny of the race which has spread itself most widely in modern times. It is not one of those "burning questions," which "will not brook delay," and in which "the voices of indignant millions cry aloud for justice;" but it is a deeply intricate question, because there are different solutions open and different interests to be served, some by one policy and others by another. There is, consequently, ground to hope that it may be settled according to the dictates of reason rather than those of passion; but there is also ground for apprehension that it may be left to settle itself according to the policy of drift. To avert this catastrophe it is essential that our statesmen and thinkers should apply themselves earnestly to the task of inquiry; facing facts unflinchingly; exacting from the advocates of any policy a clear definition of the ends at which they aim; discussing rival theories in a spirit of patriotic good-will, and forming conclusions cautiously. This done, it seems probable that we may be able to secure for our country a future worthy of herself, by establishing her as one of the noblest members of a Pan-Britannic Federation which would, undoubtedly, constitute the Empire State of the world, in comparison with either the contemporaries by which it would be surrounded or the great nations by which it had been preceded in the long line of history.

VIVE LA COMMUNE!

BY GRANT ALLEN.

(*Professor of History, Queen's College, Spanishtown, Jamaica.*)

ALONE, amid the solemn heathy desert
  Whose bleak brown side o'erhangs Braemar,
I sit, this sombre, Scottish August Sabbath,
  High up the slopes of Lochnagar.

Beneath my seat the gusty autumn breezes
  Drive on grey wreaths of swirling cloud;
Above, a lowering mass of leaden vapour
  Wraps round the peak its misty shroud.

Far in the distance stands a ruined hamlet.
  Girt round with walls of fir or birch,
Where looms the stunted solitary steeple,
  That marks some sober granite church.

Around, a bushy wilderness replaces
  The ancient tilth or meads of sheep,
With forest growth where roam high-antlered figures,
  And purple moors where grey grouse creep.

But here and there a straying sunbeam flashes
  On palace, castle, tower, and hall,
Thronged with the idle crowd whose lordly pleasures
  Cast desolation over all.

Who thrust across wild waves of Western Ocean,
  The scanty remnant of the clans,
And gave to gorse and brake and forest-rangers
  The meadow slopes that once were man's.

Gazing athwart this weary waste of heather,
  And desolate haunts of bird or deer,
And lonely homes of selfish Saxon splendour,
  A southern cry rings in my ear.

A cry that, bursting from ten thousand voices,
  Awoke from midnight into noon
Marseilles, Bordeaux, St. Etienne, Lyons, Paris,
  With lips that shrieked, "Vive la Commune!"

My thirsty bosom pants for sunny waters,
  And luscious glebe of vine-clad lands,
And chanted psalms of universal freedom,
  And sacred grasp of brotherly hands:

Pants to behold the ruddy Highland ranger,
  With fair-cheeked sons of English soil,
Linked to the sunburnt throng of Southern cities
  In one vast brotherhood of toil;

Banded to break the pride of hoarded treasure,
  Or insolent boast of lordly birth,
And spread the equal boon of free-born manhood
  Through all the mighty skirts of earth:

No longer with the red right hand of slaughter,
  Or eyes made drunk with blood and wine,
But sober sweat of brows whose sure endeavour
  Builds slowly up the grand design:

Not eager to forestall in raw impatience
  The lagging wheels of distant years,
But working out a silent revolution,
  Unstained by blot of blood or tears:

Till once again that holy cry re-echo
  From mightier crowds, and louder still,
Through ocean-sundered streets, with happier auspice
  Of single, undivided will:

And once again this gloomy Scottish landscape
  With glowing glories shine afar,
Spreading the nobler wealth of golden harvests
  High up the slopes of Lochnagar:

And, step by step, the men of many nations
  Merge in one boundless league and free,
As Thames and Seine, St. Lawrence, Nile, and Ganges
  Mingle in one illimitable sea.

LOST AND WON:

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

By the author of "For King and Country."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WEDDING BELLS.

"Bear a lily in thy hand,
Gates of brass shall not withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

And thy smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art!"

LOTTIE was married, as had been arranged, in the first week of June, and went on the wedding trip to which she had always looked forward as an integral part of the marriage ceremony, before settling down in the new red brick house which Mr. Sharpley had had furnished in the most approved manner to inaugurate the new order of things. She had invited Jeanie Campbell to be one of her bridesmaids—for she was not content with fewer than four—and felt somewhat aggrieved because Jeanie had coldly declined.

"For it wasn't as if I had broken an engagement with Alan," she said to her mother. "He really could hardly have expected me to do anything else in the circumstances."

Of course Alan knew the wedding day. By some means or other people always do, in such circumstances, even when they do not try to find out. He tried resolutely to shut the fact out from his mind, worked hard all day without a moment's intermission—they had a great press of business just then—tried to take an intense interest in every passing event; but, all through everything, could not get rid of the leaden weight he felt at his heart, the unformed but ever present thought that she whom he had once looked upon as wholly his own, had passed irrecoverably into the possession of another. That day was perhaps the hardest he had ever had to pass through. When it was over, with all the dread of it which he had been feeling, a slight reaction set in, and his heart seemed a little lighter.

Very few people in Carrington, outside of Mrs. Marshall's circle at least, knew anything of Lottie; but Mr. Sharpley's marriage to a country girl caused its due share of talk, as well as some disgust to a few young ladies and their mammas; for Mr. Sharpley was in favour with mammas looking out for "settlements." Like Mrs. Ward, they were sure he would "get on."

However, the small affair of Lottie's nuptials was soon completely thrown into the shade by the preparations for the grand wedding of the season, Mr. George Arnold's, to his cousin, Miss Adelaide Junor. With so handsome a bridegroom and so pretty a bride, to say nothing of the bridesmaids, the wedding could not fail to be as pretty a one as had ever been seen in Carrington, and the time of year—the last week of June—rendered everything possible in the way of adornment. Those who were invited guests to the marriage were envied by all who were not; but nearly all the "society" of Carrington had invitations for the grand party which was to be given at Ivystone, on the evening of the wedding day, in honour of the event. As every young lady wanted to look her best, and as all gave their orders at once, the poor dressmakers had a pretty hard time of it, rising early and sitting late, to try to satisfy their customers, and often not succeeding after all. Poor Helen Morgan was one of the victims of rufflings and trimmings and adornments for the dainty dresses. So hard and so long did she work, unwilling to disappoint the dressmaker on whose employment she depended for her own and her mother's subsistence, that the confinement and overwork brought on an alarming attack of illness, which looked as if it might be the precursor of an illness like her mother's.

It was a lovely summer morning at Ivystone, which never looked more charming than in June. The lilacs still wore their somewhat fading bloom—they were late that year—and the Tartarean honeysuckle and snowy Gueldres roses were just beginning to wane before the coming glory and fragrance of syringa, and honeysuckle, and early summer roses that were already making a flush of rich colour on the shrubbery, and particularly on that portion of it commanded by the Misses Arnold's pretty little morning room.

The house at Ivystone was a large one, built in a rather imposing style. It was of grey stone, somewhat irregular, with pointed gables and gothic windows, and at one end a double two-story piazza, commanding a lovely view across the sloping green lawn, and the winding river, and the green undulating country on the other side. The piazza, as well as the house itself, was richly draped with the Virginian creeper, which, from its resemblance at a distance to English ivy, had suggested the name of Ivystone. Upon the piazza, in a retired corner, opened the window of the graceful little apartment claimed by the young ladies of the family as their especial retreat, tastefully furnished in bright delicate chintz, and the pale green walls adorned with a few well-chosen photographs and water-colour landscapes.

There, on this particular June morning, were grouped Renée, Lenore, and Pauline Arnold, with their two cousins, the bride expectant and her sister, a girl some two or three years younger, but not nearly so pretty, though with much more character and cleverness in her face. Miss Adelaide Junor was spending the morning with her cousins, as she often did, and was now reclining gracefully in a large arm-chair, declaring herself "so tired, it really was too warm to work," and at the same time contemplating, with a critical eye, the effect of some trimmings on a drapery of gossamer material which Renée was holding up for her inspection.

"I should think the effect would be lovely, Renée," said Adelaide. "Just decide upon it at once. It looks very pretty in the daytime, and would be perfectly charming at night. It's just the very thing you want."

"Yes, only Miss Medwin grumbles a little over the work it will be. She says she hardly likes to undertake it, she has so many dresses on hand," replied Renée, with a rather doubtful air.

"Oh, nonsense! that's what she always says. But she'll find ways and means of getting it done. That's her business, you know." And Addie languidly half closed her eyes, and took up a fan that lay conveniently near. It was warm for June.

"Renée, you can have your dress made as you please," interposed the gentle but decided tones of Lenore. "But please remember, I shall not have mine trimmed in that way, and you want them all alike."

"Come now, Lenore," replied her cousin, in a languid, deprecating tone; "don't you start up with your Quixotic notions, and spoil it all! We want to have the prettiest effect we can; George said so particularly, and it's only once in a way, you know."

"It's always 'only once in a way' for somebody, but it comes very hard all the time on the poor dressmakers; and Addie, I couldn't wear the dress with the least comfort if I thought those poor things had been slaving away at extra work over it this warm weather, when we are glad to sit still and do almost nothing."

"I'm sure I don't know what you call 'almost nothing,'" said Addie. "I know the amount of things I've had to do lately has been something dreadful. Everybody has got to, you know; that's only their way!"

"I'm afraid if we had to work in their way for a while we should soon feel that it was a very different way from ours! There is poor Helen Morgan, the sister of Joe Morgan, that died, you know, Renée. I met her the other day looking like a ghost, and walking as if she could hardly move, and I told her she wasn't fit to be working. 'Oh, it's no use to say that, Miss Lenore,' she said, 'If I were to stop working now, Miss Medwin would never give me work again! She's got so much promised, and the ladies want them all made with so much trimming that it takes us all to do it, every minute we can work. I've been working till past midnight for a week, and up early too; and I've got to go on!' Of course I told her it was wrong to endanger her health so, but what could the poor girl do? And I got a message, a little while ago, to say that she was very ill of bleeding at the lungs.

Now, Addie, there's one instance for you of what comes of 'once in a way.'"

Lenore spoke eagerly, almost breathlessly; her colour coming and going as it did when she was excited, and an indignant vibration in her clear, flute-like voice. Renée, always kindly and good-natured, looked shocked and impressed, but Addie only remarked coolly:

"Oh well! she has mistaken her vocation, that's all! People with delicate lungs oughtn't to go into dress-making, just as you can't stay here in winter when the rest of us can. But what a girl you are for *protégés*, to be sure! You're always having some one on hand. And, by the way, that reminds me, how do you come to be on such friendly terms with that young man we met this morning when we were driving out. George's head clerk you know."

"I don't know what you mean by such 'friendly terms,'" said Lenore quietly. "I bowed to him."

"Yes, and such a cordial bow! I thought you were going to stop the pony carriage and speak to him. How do you come to know him at all?"

"Why, Addie, don't you remember when I was driving with you last summer, and I dropped the reins; and he saved us from a runaway? I should think the least I could do was to bow to him."

"Yes, then, but not now, at this distance of time. I shouldn't think of doing so. It will only teach him to be presuming, and one has quite enough to do with bowing to the people one must bow to."

"I don't think he looks much like a 'presuming' young man; and by the way, Renée, it's rather a shame he's never been asked here,—a stranger in the place and connected with papa and George—"

"By business," interposed Addie.

"Have you asked him to the party, Renée, I dare say he'd like to come? Don't faint, Addie!"

"My dear child, I shall leave you and your vagaries to Renée; I'm tired of interfering."

"I never thought of it," said Renée "but perhaps we had better, as almost everybody is coming. I don't mind if I do write him an invitation, or you can for me. What's his name,—Campbell, is'nt it?"

"Is it my Mr. Campbell you're talking about?" exclaimed Pauline eagerly. "Why, of course, Renée, you must ask him! He's ever so nice, and he took such good care of me last winter, skating. And I'm sure he's met with some great misfortune lately, for he looks so grave whenever I meet him, and never laughs and stops to talk as he used to do."

"He looks as if he were getting dissipated," Addie said, decisively.

"No, indeed he doesn't! How dare you say that, Addie! He's far too nice! He's as good as—as—Mr. Dunbar!"

"Renée, that child ought to be looked after, really! She'll be falling in love the first thing you know."

"As if I'd do anything so silly," said Pauline, in a tone of supreme contempt. "I leave that to you, Miss Addie!"

Addie only laughed, and Renée and she resumed their discussion of the dresses, while Pauline took her cousin Clara out to the piazza, to tell her all about Mr. Campbell; how nice he was, and how many interesting stories he told her. "But oh dear," she said confidentially, "I wonder what has happened to him lately; he looks so dreadful, you can't think! Perhaps," and she put her mouth to Clara's ear, to whisper a theory she would not speak aloud.

That evening Alan found on his table a dainty little note, in a handwriting he had seen once before. He recognised it at once, and opened it with a little curiosity. It was a formal invitation to the party that was to be given to celebrate the wedding,

Nuptial rejoicings were not much in harmony with Alan's mood just then; however he thought it over and concluded that he would go. It would be a little variety, and he had some curiosity to see something of Ivystone and its inhabitants. He knew by this time what was the proper thing to do on such occasions, so he wrote on his best sheet of paper, in his neatest hand, an acceptance in due form, which, next day, found its way to Ivystone.

Miss Junor's wedding furnished the Carringtonians with abundant material for gossip for weeks beforehand as well as for weeks after. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity with on-lookers during the ceremony; and the looks and dress of the fair bride, the effective bridal *cortège* of bridesmaids in their airy dresses—which were a compromise between the ideas of Lenore and Adelaide; the splendour of the wedding presents and the dresses of the guests, formed the staple subject of conversation in the village for days after. Those favoured individuals who had the privilege of knowing how many dresses of various kinds were included in the *trousseau*, were regarded as oracles of eagerly sought information, and sometimes became rather hot in debating delicate points, such as whether a certain charming sky-blue robe were a poplin or a corded silk, or whether certain lace trimmings were Maltese or Valenciennes.

Of course Alan did not go to witness the ceremony, which would only have been a gratuitous torture to him then. But at the appointed hour, an early one—for the fête was to be a sort of garden party, so that visitors might enjoy the beauty of the grounds—Alan got himself up as well as the somewhat limited extent of his wardrobe would admit, and set out to join Mr. Dunbar and walk to Ivystone in company with him.

They found the guests already assembling, flitting about the shrubberies and gardens; their dresses making a pretty confused mingling of gay colouring under the trees by the river, and among the flower beds near the house. Alan was first duly presented to Miss Arnold, who, looking "superb," as every one said, in her bridesmaid's dress of white and rose colour, was standing in the large drawing-room, receiving her guests and chatting gaily with a little knot of young men who were hovering around her. Mr. Dunbar and she exchanged a few bantering remarks, and Miss Arnold graciously addressed a commonplace or two to Alan; and then they availed themselves of a fresh arrival to move on, through the open glass doors, into the piazza, and thence to the lawn, which sloped away towards the wooded river side. A bright little collection of flower beds, enclosed by a low cedar hedge, lay just under the piazza, and then a pretty winding walk led through the shrubbery to the river.

As they approached the river bank, Alan was welcomed joyfully by Pauline, who with her cousin, was trying to push out a little boat that lay on the beach. "Oh come here and give us a row, won't you!" she called out. "I was just wanting somebody to take us out, and I knew you would give us a splendid row! Mr. Campbell, this is my cousin Miss Clara Junor," she added, performing the introduction with all due formality.

"Well, I think I may leave you, Alan," said Mr. Dunbar, laughing, "as you are being taken in charge, and as I should certainly swamp that little affair if I were to try to crowd in, I need not sit on the beach waiting for your return. No thank you, Miss Pauline, your invitation comes rather late; do you think I would accept it now? So, *au revoir!*" And he turned away to perform the duty that, he knew, was expected of him—that of endeavouring to make himself agreeable to the lady guests, by entertaining them with some of the sarcastic small talk which he was very good at manufacturing when he pleased.

Alan, in the meantime, rowed Pauline and her cousin up and down the quiet little bit of river that extended for some distance on each side, between the rapids, winding away on the side farthest from the wide river, till it was lost to sight between high green banks. Pauline was delighted; she was an eager, excitable little creature, and she was rapturous in her admiration of the rich rose-coloured gossamer wreaths of clouds, floating away up into the blue, glowing brightly in the sunset; "just like angels' robes floating after them," Pauline remarked, while her more matter-of-fact cousin made fun of her delight.

"Now, Mr Campbell, won't you tell us some stories, such as you used to tell me last winter," said Pauline. "I want Clara to hear them: about long ago, when you were young, you know, and used to go nutting in the woods; Oh! and about that time your father saw the she-bear with her cubs." Alan good-naturedly complied with her request, and repeated the story, which she had heard before, about how, when his next brother was a baby, his mother, being obliged to carry him to a doctor, had to take him on horseback, walking slowly all the way, while his father led the horse by the bridle, there being no good road for wheels; and how, on the way, his father saw what he at first took to be a large black log, and presently found out to be a bear with cubs; how he never told his wife for fear of frightening her, but passed as noiselessly as possible, with his hand on his clasp-knife all the time, and how they managed to get past without ever attracting the animal's notice; then how they heard wolves baying in the woods as it grew dark, and they were still at some distance from their destination, and how glad they were when they finally arrived in safety at the village, which Carrington was at that time. Then there was a story to be told about a fright which they had got from the frantic demonstrations made by a party of Indians, who, as they thought, had come on some direly hostile intent, but who, as it turned out, had only come to perform a complimentary war dance by way of a serenade.

"Oh, there's Lenore looking for me!" exclaimed Pauline, when this story was ended, "I suppose she thinks we are staying out too long. But isn't it a shame to go in when it is so lovely out here? Only those angels' robes have all faded out. Look! they are only dark grey now, against the skies! And there's the young moon--high up—isn't she lovely? But you must row us in Mr. Campbell, for I know Lenore wants me."

Lenore was the only one of the family to whose wishes the wilful little Pauline would yield at once. She was evidently waiting for them, and as Alan beached the boat and politely handed out his passengers, she courteously advanced to meet him, addressing him at once, without waiting for the preliminary of an introduction.

"I'm sure, Mr. Campbell, it is very good of you to take the trouble of rowing these girls, they ought to be much obliged," she said, in the same sweet voice which had struck him before, when he had seen her in the pony-carriage.

Alan eagerly disavowed the idea of obligation, saying that the row had given him as much pleasure as it had them, which was on the whole true, for it was a long time since he had enjoyed anything so much before.

"Now Pauline," said her sister, "you have been enjoying yourself quite long enough, you must go now and help other people to enjoy themselves. There are Fred. Stanton and Willie Wood, looking as if they didn't know what to do with themselves; you had better go and try to amuse them a little."

Pauline looked unwilling enough to leave Alan, and go to try to amuse big boys at an age when "amusing" them is rather a difficult matter; however, she made no opposition, but went off with Clara to undertake the task, and very soon the lads were laughing heartily at her funny ways and naive speeches.

Lenore walked quietly up towards the house with Alan. Somehow he seemed to have the feeling that he had known her all his life, or, at least, for a long time, so completely at home did he feel with her. But Lenore had a way of making people feel at home with her. Perhaps it was her own complete unconsciousness, and the way in which she seemed to forget herself; but, whatever was the cause, Alan's shyness wore off, almost without his knowing it. and he found himself talking to her almost as freely as he would have done to Mr. Dunbar. To his own surprise he found himself referring to the evening when they had first met, in the thunderstorm.

"No! was that you" exclaimed Lenore, in surprise. "I had no idea that you were our companion in misfortune that night! How it did rain! I had good reason to remember it, for it gave me a cold that I did not ged rid of for months. But I remember very well your kindness in picking up my reins for me, a day or two after. I was feeling ill and stupid, or I should not have been so careless, and but for you the consequences might have been rather serious."

"I had good reason to remember the coming of the thunderstorm, too," said Alan, with a sigh, "for it was the beginning of a long series of family troubles."

Lenore looked up with so much genuine interest and sympathy in her face, that Alan felt himself drawn out to give her a brief outline of the events whose course seemed to have begun on that memorable evening.

"Oh!" said she, "I always felt as if that Mr. Leggatt was just like one of the usurers we read about in books. He always gives me a shuddering sensation when I look at his sharp, wizened face, and little twinkling eyes! Does it ever strike you, Mr. Campbell," she said earnestly, "how sorry one should be for people like him?"

Alan looked at her in surprise. Mr. Leggatt had not occurred to him exactly in the light of an object of pity.

Lenore caught the expression in his eyes. "Well, I don't suppose it's easy for you to feel very compassionately towards him, when you know how much suffering he has caused you. But don't you think, after all, the worst thing of all is, when one is miserable and never knows it; never knows there is anything better than the wretched little scraping and hoarding and working for one's self!

And then, how dreadful it must be for such people when the end comes, and they find out what a mistake their whole life was; when they have lost all the happiness they ever knew, and have no capacity for anything higher!"

It was quite a new view of the subject to Alan, whose thoughts had never taken that direction. He felt as if he would like to think it over, instead of giving a matter-of-course assent. Lenore had spoken earnestly, and more freely than she would perhaps have done in other circumstances. But the sweet, soft, summer dusk was falling about them like a caress, and the quiet twilight, and the fragrance of the white gleaming syringas, and roses, and honeysuckles seemed to draw out her thoughts, almost unconsciously. The expression of her soft, earnest eyes seemed to remind Alan of that which he had so often noticed in those of Ralph Myles. It was this association that made him say, a little hesitatingly;

"I think you and a friend of mine, Mr. Myles, would agree very well. He has always so much pity for wicked people."

"Well, I do think none are so much to be pitied! They injure themselves so much more than they can any one else, if they could only see it;" she replied with a sigh, for this was a painful problem that often burdened Lenore's mind. Then she went on enquiringly:

"Mr. Myles, you said. Is that any one in Carrington? I don't know the name."

Alan gladly seized the opportunity of sounding the praises of his new friend, who had already won his enthusiastic admiration and regard. Lenore listened with intense interest. This Mr. Myles must be very different from the people she usually met.

"How I wish I had known about him, before," she said, "I should have liked him to have been here and to have had a talk with him."

"I'm afraid he wouldn't have come," Alan replied, simply. "He has no time for anything but his work."

Lenore smiled a little. The speech seemed a little abrupt, but she rather liked abrupt things. They sounded genuine. "Perhaps we could have found him a little work here," she said, with a half-smile. "Don't you think any of these people here want putting right? How many of them seem to know anything better than living for their own pleasure, in some form or other? But there, I suppose, I am getting censorious," she added, catching herself up, and wondering how she could talk so freely to a stranger.

"And what do you think it is best to live for, Miss Lenore?" asked Alan.

"Isn't our highest happiness in serving?" she asked, in turn, speaking softly; "like the Highest and Best of all, who 'came not to be ministered to, but to minister?'" And then she repeated two lines out of a poem that she loved—

"He serves Thee best, who loveth best
His brothers and Thine own."

She said no more, and Alan did not reply. They were just approaching the house, and, after a few moments of charmed silence, they came out in front of the brightly lighted drawing-room windows. Then, with a courteous apology to Alan for leaving him, she went to do her share in making the evening a pleasant one for some of the quieter and shyer guests. Alan took his station on the piazza, beside one of the open windows, watching the gay, shifting scene within, made up of gay, fluttering dresses, and fair faces wreathed with smiles, and bright flowers and gleaming pictures, and graceful flitting figures; for the dancing had already begun, and Alan looked on with some amusement, getting his first glimpse of fashionable gaiety, and, meanwhile, also carrying on the train of thought suggested by his recent conversation.

How many, here, or anywhere, he thought were living on that principle? His mother was, he knew, and Jeanie also, but was he? That, after all, was the great question for him. If he had been, would he have given in, as he had done, just because his own dream of happiness had gone out? If his life was left desolate, he would not, at least, like to wake up and find it had all been a "mistake." Of one thing he felt sure, that neither Ralph Myles nor Lenore Arnold were living a mistake.

Alan was right in associating these two in his thoughts. Different as the sensitive, highly cultured, imaginative girl was from the sturdy, robust natured young man whose path had been among the roughnesses, not the refinements of life—they were animated by one spirit, their lives shaped themselves on one principle. They would have worded their thoughts and feelings rather differently, perhaps, but the essence that lay beneath was the same, as was the ideal and the impulse. Mr. Dunbar had been right about Lenore's enthusiastic girlish dream of convent life. It was the life of self-sacrificing devotedness, secluded from all that could distract and impede, as she saw, or thought she saw it, in some of the teachers who had won from her almost a passionate love, and which had so impressed her imagination. She had fallen in, too, at an impressible age with the fascinating history of the Port Royalists, which had strongly influenced her tone of thought and feeling. Her own second name was Angélique, and the association with the devoted young abbess of Port Royal, Angélique Arnauld, had kindled her fancy and made her wish that she could have been called to stand at some such post, "faithful among the faithless," stemming the tide of misery and sin, which is always encroaching on the most earnest attempts to repel it. But when a strong feeling of home duty had withheld her from following out her own first inclination, there had gradually grown up in her mind a nobler, truer ideal, that of a life *in* the world, but not *of* it, a life not unnaturally secluding itself, but still devoting itself through all its varying phases to the one loving service which reigned supreme in her heart, as the only object worth living for. And she lived the ideal too, so far as human disabilities would permit, for she leaned upon the invisible Helper whose strength is promised to all who truly ask for it. She was the one above all the rest, who seemed to make the real centre and sunshine of home—the one to whom all instinctively turned for help and sympathy. And without, many a lonely sufferer, many a poor home, where bread was often scarce, and friendly visits scarcer still, knew and blessed Miss Lenore Arnold. Even now, while girls around her were thinking only of their own amusements and pleasure, of present "attentions," and possible conquests, she was eagerly talking to Mr. Dunbar about poor Helen Morgan, and asking whether he thought it could be arranged that she should have the change of air which seemed so needful for her, as well as the rest which Lenore's generosity had already secured for her. But she never thought of comparing herself with the thoughtless troop around her, and in her happy freedom from self-consciousness she was hardly aware how much reflex happiness she enjoyed from her efforts to decrease sorrow and misery in her own immediate vicinity, and what an enviable immunity she enjoyed from piques and heart-burnings, and pangs of disappointed ambition—to say nothing of the hours of *ennui*, which, despite all the expedients of perpetual parties, dress, gossip, and shopping, too many of her acquaintances were compelled to spend.

It was not long before Mr. Dunbar found Alan out in his hiding-place. A little group of some of the seniors was formed near the window, to some of whom Mr. Dunbar introduced Alan, that he might join in the conversation that was going on. One of these was a lady, who evidently felt herself of great importance on the occasion, and who looked very magnificent in grey *moiré* and lace—Mrs. Junor, the mother of the bride. She was talking, in emphatic and impressive tones which corresponded very well with a good deal of stateliness and amplitude of exterior, of the sad blank she should feel in the loss of her daughter, who was to come to Ivystone to reside in the large mansion, abundantly roomy enough for all.

"No one knows how I shall miss the dear girl," she sighed; "but a mother must sacrifice her own feelings, and it is such a pleasure to see her so happy, and George is everything one could desire in the way of a son-in-law. And she will have a happy home here, I know; for those dear girls and she have been like sisters always. Ah! Mr. Dunbar, you and Lenore are always laying your heads together about some benevolent project! I heard you a little while ago; she is so good in that way, poor dear girl. Clara, my love, come here and let me straighten your wreath a little. And go and get your cousin Francis out of that corner. You see I have to take some little charge here, Mr. Dunbar. The dear girls are a little inexperienced," she said, with a self-important sigh.

"Quite so!" Mr. Dunbar remarked, in a tone whose slightly sarcastic inflection Alan noticed, though Mrs. Junor did not.

Then the lady turned to Alan and bestowed a good deal of her conversation on him, to his own surprise. But besides her fancy for playing the *rôle* of hostess, to some extent, at Ivystone, Mrs. Junor was rather fond of "taking up" young men, especially young men whose appearance pleased her, as Alan's did, and whom she fancied she might turn to some good account. For she had still Clara to look after, and Clara was much plainer than her sister, as well as less attractive in every way, and so could not expect to make so good a match; and Alan struck her as having the look of a "getting on" young man. It was no harm at any rate to be civil to him.

Suddenly Mrs. Junor's platitudes were cut short by the piano waking up into a rich, beautiful symphony, very different from the light dance music that had been played on it previously.

"Ah! there is dear Lenore going to sing!" Mrs. Junor exclaimed, and settled herself into an expressively listening attitude, though her countenance never once changed as the music proceeded. Renée was playing the accompaniment; she played with a powerful, and withal tasteful, touch that seemed to bring out the full tone of the instrument. Lenore's songs were mostly like herself, thoughtful, earnest, sometimes sad. She sang "The Bridge" first; and Alan listened with delight to the exquisite melody and the suggestive words, and the sweet rippling, wavering accompaniment, while some of the words went home to his heart. Then "Tears, idle tears." Why must she select one that so revived in Alan his vain yearnings for "the days that are no more?" And yet it soothed, too, even while it revived them. And then, by special request, she sang one more—one into which she always threw especial power and pathos. As the words rang out in her rich contralto voice, with a certain touching tremulous tone in it—

> "Farewell, there comes a morrow
> To every day of pain!"

Alan wondered in his heart whether that would ever be true for him. He had had a pretty long, weary "day of pain." Would a "morrow" ever come?

To his inward questionings, the sweet soothing tones of Lenore's last song might have seemed a reply. It was not easy for her to leave the piano when she had once begun to sing, for she was always obligingly ready to give pleasure in any way whatever, and she always liked to end with something that would raise the thoughts of the listeners to something higher than mere human pathos and sentiment, however beautiful that might be. So, with peculiar sweetness of expression, she sang, last of all—to her own accompaniment this time, exquisitely modulated—the words:

> "Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
> Lead Thou me on;
> The night is dark, and I am far from home,
> Lead Thou me on;
> Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
> The distant scene; one step enough for me!"

Alan had by this time, however, taken refuge in the darkness of the piazza, to enjoy the music and pursue his own thoughts, undisturbed by the glare and distractions of the brilliantly lighted and crowded room. The words of the beautiful hymn, which might have awakened something of the spirit in which they are conceived, hardly reached him where he was, and he was quite content to enjoy the linked sweetness—long drawn out—of the music that stole out to him on the soft sweet summer air, fragrant with the breath of the honeysuckles and June roses. But the sweetness seemed almost to oppress and overpower him in his present state of mind. The music, lovely as it was, seemed to have stirred up into full force and vivid life the longing, yearning regrets that had, just before, been almost hushed for the time. It was a sort of returning paroxysm, and his whole being seemed to thrill with almost intolerable pain. Supper was announced shortly after, and the large crowded room was soon empty, but he was only too glad to remain where he was. Mr. Dunbar, however, missing him, found him out, and insisted on his going in, and Alan, too shy to give any hint of his mood, did not resist his friend's determined disposal of him. By the time, however, that he entered the supper-room, the ladies had finished their supper and had retired. Champagne was flowing freely—far too freely. The sparkling draught in the enticing little frosted goblets was pressed upon him again and again, and Alan, who felt it a relief to get his present pain relieved by any anodyne, filled his glass once too often. Mr. Dunbar caught sight of his flushed and excited face, and listened to the unusual loquacity with which he was talking, and with some dismay went up to him at once, and told him he was going home. Of course Alan was quite willing to go too, and Mr. Dunbar got him away quietly, not, however, without encountering a grieved and startled look from Lenore, whom they met on their way out, and whose eye caught, in a moment, the excited look on Alan's face. It spoiled the evening for her, for she felt deeply pained at the thought that Ivystone should be a place of temptation for any—a place of temptation even such as were the wretched taverns whose existence she so much deplored, because of the bitter evil they wrought to some of her poor *protégés*. She would have had still greater reason to feel this could she have seen some of the young men whom Alan had left in the supper-room, staggering home half an hour afterwards. Could hostesses, who think that the claims of hospitality require them to have wine flowing freely at their tables, oftener see the condition in which some of their guests leave their hospitable houses, it might lead them to much serious consideration before again placing before their young friends the temptation of wine; and, should such consideration lead to an entire reform of social customs, in this respect, many a mother and sister and wife might have reason to rejoice.

Mr. Dunbar sought Alan out next day. "Campbell," he said, almost sternly, "you must look after yourself a little better. I'm afraid you have rather a tendency to too free indulgence in wine. Now, stop in time; watch yourself, and keep within the strictest moderation. I never felt the inclination in my life to 'indulge,' but you evidently do, so you must be most especially careful. You wouldn't be the first I have seen go down hill from such beginnings."

But a stronger, more thorough-going appeal had already done its work with Alan. Ralph Myles had somehow come to know the circumstance, perhaps from Alan's headache and pallid looks next morning.

"Alan," he said, "if you wish to live the life God means you live, if you wish to be the man He means you to be, make up your mind that henceforth you will never touch it! It is the only safety for a predisposition like yours. As you value the welfare of your soul and your body, your present and your future, make a solemn resolve that, with the help which you know is yours for the asking, you will never let it pass your lips again!"

And Alan did make the resolve, and kept it, too.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHANCES AND CHANGES.

"Love that has us in his net,
Can he pass, and we forget?
Many suns arise and set,
Many a change the years beget,
Love the gift is love the debt."

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sharpley returned from their wedding trip a day or two after the party, and Lottie, complacent in a handsome and fashionable toilette, and in her newly-furnished parlour, all fresh upholstery and veneer, "received" for the orthodox number of days, just as Mrs. George Arnold did, as complacently, in the Ivystone drawing-room, when she returned, a fortnight later.

Lottie looked in vain, however, for *one* visitor, whom, with her usual inability to understand any feeling deeper than her own, she had expected. She supposed that Alan would, of course, call and pay his respects, and while she rejoiced in the idea of impressing him with her grandeur and importance in her new position, she was prepared to be very good and gracious to him, and to take up the *rôle* of his intimate and patronising friend. She felt somewhat aggrieved, therefore, when the utmost limit of the time for "receiving" passed, and he did not make his appearance. She thought it "really unkind of him;" she told Dick, who only smiled knowingly, and thought how the poor fellow must envy him.

It was a good many weeks after her return before she at last met Alan on the street, as she was going to market with her friend, Mrs. Marshall. They encountered each other somewhat suddenly, so that there was no opportunity for Alan to turn aside, as he had done once or twice before, when they had nearly met. Somehow, it seemed to him that a change had come over her in the few months since they had last met. She looked much more like her mother. The sensual, worldly expression in her face had become more prominent, and the girlish softness and freshness had very much faded from a face which seemed hardening into lines of selfish scheming. She and her companion were talking and laughing loudly in a way that jarred upon Alan more than ever, now that it came upon him as a novelty. It seemed to him scarcely possible that this could be the Lottie he had known and loved.

If he felt any embarrassment at the meeting, it was evident that Mrs. Sharpley did not. She accosted him with the coolest unconcern, taxing him with neglect of his friends in never having been to see her. Alan replied briefly that he had been and was very busy, with but little leisure for formal calls. He laid the slightest possible stress on the word formal, to convey the hint that no intercourse between them could ever have any other character; and then bade them a coldly polite "good morning."

"Well," said Lottie, as he passed on, "I never thought Alan Campbell would have cut up in that way!"

"He did look kind o' soury," laughed Mrs. Marshall, in her loud uncultivated voice; "poor fellow, I suppose he hasn't got over being jilted, yet."

"Jilted! he was nothing of the sort," replied Lottie, indignantly. "Don't you know the engagement was broke off ages before I took up with Dick?"

Certainly that sight of Lottie did very much to cure Alan, especially as his standard of female character had become considerably raised by even the slight intercourse he had had with the Arnold family. True, in his mother and Jeanie he had always before him a high type of character, but then they had always been so much a part of his home life that he took them as a matter of course, and never thought of judging other women by them. But since he had met Lenore Arnold, with her sweet, low-toned voice, and her dainty, lady-like ways, with cultivation and refinement in every word and movement, he had grown more fastidious, and the contrast he could not help seeing in Lottie involuntarily repelled him. But it was with a sad and desolate feeling that he seemed to himself to lay the ashes over the grave of his buried first love, and to find himself alone without even the sweetness of a "loving memory" to cherish.

Alan paid two or three visits to Mapleford during that summer. The first time he went he took out with him poor Helen Morgan, drooping like a lily broken on the stem, to be taken care of by his mother for a few weeks of rest. Alan had written home about her, and about Lenore's desire that she should have rest and country air; and kind-hearted Mrs. Campbell sent an invitation that she should come out and stay a few weeks under her hospitable care, while Lenore procured a temporary nurse for the helpless mother. To Helen these few weeks in the country, with Mrs. Campbell's kind nursing, and Jeanie's bright, bracing society, were wonderfully invigorating, and she returned with a new stock of health and spirits to her monotonous round of work with its scanty remuneration.

Jeanie had got Mary Burridge's school when the latter became Mrs. Robert Warwick and went to be the mistress of Robert's comfortable farm-house. Some who had noticed Robert's admiration for Jeanie, thought she had been a fool to let so good a chance escape her, while she had to drudge away at teaching for her own support. But Jeanie, at least, did not think so. She had never regretted her decision, and her strong, bright, "capable" nature and her overflowing energy found a congenial outlet in her school. She was soon thoroughly interested in every one of her scholars, and found a keen stimulus and pleasure in the work of drawing out their young faculties, and watching their daily progress. Teaching was no dry task-work to her. She did not content herself with "cramming," and with hearing dry, parrot-like repetitions. She liked to see that they understood everything they learned, and, if possible, to excite their genuine interest in it; and the result was, that the parents of her pupils declared that their children had never yet got on half so well.

Dan's letters were always eagerly watched for at Mapleford. They still came with tolerable regularity, though not so regularly as at first. They often contained descriptions of skirmishes; now and then of an engagement. Dan had got the "scratch" he had been longing for, in the shape of a sword-cut on his right arm; but it had soon healed, and, as he said, it was well it was not his left arm, so that it did not disable him from riding, after the first day or two. They were getting accustomed now to the constant danger; and as Dan had been so long preserved from serious harm, a sort of confidence seemed to grow up in them that he still would be. The life of adventure and excitement seemed just to suit his high-strung nature, though, now and then, a few words of loving, yearning affection in his letters, such as Dan, a year ago, would have been ashamed to write, seemed to show that the boy had his fits of home-sickness, too, a circumstance which gave his mother no small pleasure, mingled though it was with pain.

Hugh had been studying eagerly and steadily; and had made such progress with Mr. Abernethy that his kind teacher thought he would be ready to enter Mr. Dunbar's office as an articled clerk by the autumn; and then he would go to stay in Carrington with Alan, to which he looked forward with great delight, as did Alan also, for he was both fond and proud of his studious young brother, whose mind was developing fast, a good deal in advance of his years.

Mr. Dunbar and Alan went, in September, for a few days of camping and shooting, to Heron Bay, which they made their head-quarters, spending the soft and bright September days in fishing along the glassy lake, taking long rambles in the woods after partridges, and tracing the reedy windings of the creek or river in search of wild ducks. The new saw-mill at Heron Bay was now in full operation, and bade fair in time to rival the mills at Carrington in business and importance. Ben, at his own request, had been transferred to it; the wild, free backwoods life suited him better than the more restricted life in Carrington, and here, after work hours, he could paddle about in his birch-bark canoe for hours, or go hunting, as his Indian nature loved to do.

Alan and his friend spent a day or two at Mapleford on their return, bringing with them a boat-load of ducks and other game,—more than the Campbells could use in a week, even after sending a liberal share to Mrs. Abernethy, and presents of them to others of Alan's friends in the neighbourhood. Mr. Dunbar enjoyed the home circle there exceedingly, and was more genial and free from cynicism than Alan had ever seen him. Hugh, his future clerk, was a boy of the stamp in which he delighted,—eager, inquiring, recalling his own youth, with its theories and speculations. Then both Mr. and Mrs. Campbell loved to talk to him about Edinburgh scenes and people, and though Mr. Dunbar's associations belonged to a later era than theirs, they found they had much common ground to traverse, reviving each others' memories of places and things that had been pleasant to both.

"Ah! there is nothing on this side the Atlantic like Auld Reekie," Mr. Campbell would say, for the hundredth time, "with the grand old castle frowning down upon the bonnie Prince's street gardens, and the Academy, and Sir Walter Scott's monument that's just a picture in itself; and how many a day I've gone up Nicholson Street to the old University in the days when they used to try to drive some Latin and Greek into my head! Poor Professor Pillans;—didn't you say he was there in your day, too?"

"Yes, poor old man, he was there still, but his best days were long gone by;"—and so they went on to talk about other Edinburgh men, who had been prominent characters in Mr. Campbell's day, and whose names and fames were still fresh and bright in Philip Dunbar's time.

These pleasant talks were held in Miss Honeydew's little verandah, where Mr. Campbell liked to sit in his invalid chair, in the golden September evenings, when the opposite slopes looked doubly golden in the sunset light, and the sun went down in a sky all barred with pale green and gold, turning into salmon colour after he was lost to view. And the river wound silently away round its projecting points, and Miss Hepzibah's garden looked bright and rich in its autumn colouring; its crimson and purple and white asters, its sweet-scented Marvel of Peru, and its deep-tinted stately dahlias. And Mrs. Campbell and Jeanie sat by, at their work, quietly enjoying the talk. It was the first time Jeanie had ever met any man of wide and varied information, and Mr. Dunbar's conversation had all the charm for her which a girl, fond of study and of knowledge, whose personal experience has been a very restricted one, must find in the conversation of a man who has seen and studied much, and who takes wide and intelligent views of the subjects to which he has given a calm and thoughtful attention. And Jeanie, in her turn, was a novelty, and a pleasant one, to Philip Dunbar. Her fresh, bright, unsophisticated nature, combined with native intelligence, and thoughtful study of everything worthy of study that had come in her way, interested him extremely, and he enjoyed drawing out her opinions about matters in which they differed, and looking at the world again through the eyes of a simple, unspoiled nature, which had as yet seen it only from a distance. Then the touch of northern independence and brusquerie about her, like a waft of the heather-scented breezes from her mother's native hills, yet without the least mixture of unfeminine roughness, was a pleasant variation upon the silky softness of some of his female acquaintances, too often veiling shallow insipidity, and the loud "fastness" of others. He respected, too, the earnestness he saw in her, whenever their conversation touched upon higher things. She was a woman, at all events, who could give "a reason for the faith that was in her," whose religion was not one of mere sentiment or feeling, but a strong, presiding influence, pervading every thought and action. While their conversation restricted itself to general matters, Jeanie was quite willing to defer to his wider experience, but when it touched upon man's connexion with the unseen and spiritual, he could not move her a hair's breadth, and he was surprised to see how intelligently she met any objections he did venture to throw out, and how readily her intuitive discernment penetrated and exposed an unfair, though plausible sophistry. She never courted argument with him, however, or ventured into questions which she instinctively felt were beyond her depth, nor did Mr. Dunbar unveil to her the extent to which sceptical theories had taken possession of his mind. He did not wish to disturb her peace, nor could he expect to find in discussion with a mind so inexperienced as hers, any satisfactory solution of the doubts that oppressed his. But seeing the strength and intelligence of her faith, he at last began to wonder whether he should not have searched more diligently "whether these things were so," and when Philip Dunbar admitted a misgiving as to any conclusion at which he had arrived, half the battle was won. Altogether, both Alan and he were sorry when their visit was over and they must return to work, but its influences did not pass away with the golden radiance of the autumn afternoon on which they drove back to Carrington.

Miss Honeydew had written to the Campbells to say that her brother strongly desired her to remain during the coming winter, at least, as his wife and daughters were not to return till the following summer, and that she was willing to stay if the Campbells liked still to remain in her house. Of course they were only too glad to do so, and so it was settled.

And then the time of glowing autumn leaves and gorgeous sunsets passed away, and the second November of Alan's stay in Carrington closed down, with its short days and murky skies, over the stripped and saddened country; and again Mr. Dunbar's snug, bright dining room seemed to Alan a haven of refuge from the general gloom. Thither, too, sometimes came Ralph Myles, whom Alan rejoiced to bring into contact with his friend; and long eager talks they occasionally had, reaching far into midnight, when Mr. Dunbar would propound his sceptical objections, with the earnestness of a man who really desires to find them met, if met they can be. And Ralph, who, if he had not a college education, had thought more vigorously and to more purpose than many who have graduated with honours, would reply in such a way as, if not to satisfy his friend, at least to send him to the fountain head, where, alone, his doubts could be fully satisfied.

Lenore Arnold had not yet set out for her southern winter quarters, though her still prevailing delicacy made it necessary, in medical opinion, that she should go for at least one more winter. But Mr. Arnold's health had been failing so rapidly and alarmingly that his daughter felt she could not make up her mind to leave him. Mrs. George Arnold had been rather disappointed as to the expected festivities which were to have followed her marriage, as her father-in-law's serious illness began not long after her return from her wedding tour, and it not only prevented party-giving at home, but kept George so busy as to interfere very seriously with party-going abroad.

Weaker and weaker Mr. Arnold grew, till he could no longer go, even in his carriage, to the counting-house at the mills. It was a breaking up of the constitution, the doctor said, the result of the wear and tear of a long life of toil and anxiety; and the people said he was suffering from the latter now; that the affairs of the firm were in a rather ticklish condition; that they had been launching out rather too much into speculation; and that the long postponement of the commencement of the projected railway was impeding them very much and causing them serious embarrassment. The people were awaiting the expected Government grant before commencing operations, and one thing after another seemed to delay its consummation. At all events, whether it was mental anxiety or not, Mr. Arnold's strength seemed waning fast. It was sad to see his once vigorous form, now shrunken and tottering, supporting itself on a staff as he tried to drag himself through the mills on the occasion of his latest visits, before, unwillingly, he had to give them up altogether; and the place which had so long been the centre of all his thoughts and hopes and schemes knew him no more. And then his luxurious home would have seemed to him only a sumptuous prison, if it had not been for Lenore, with her sweet winning ways, soothing his irritability, and trying to brighten those dark days with thoughts of truer and more lasting happiness than any that earthly good can give, and to turn to unseen things a mind long absorbed in the things that belong only to the transient, shifting phantasms of this lower world.

It was towards the close of a gloomy November day, when the dripping of the clouds broke up in a pale, copper-coloured splendour at the horizon, that Alan, taking a walk with Hugh, who had now entered upon his new career, met Lenore Arnold walking into town, a very unusual circumstance, as she was not usually thought strong enough for walking in and out. She looked very pale, and that, together with the heavy waterproof cloak she wore, brought back vividly to Alan's memory the evening when he had first seen her. He stopped to inquire for Mr. Arnold. Lenore's voice trembled a little as she replied that he was very ill indeed. "So ill," she added, "that I am going to ask Dr. Wilmot to come and see him at once."

"Are you *walking* in and out?" Alan ventured to ask.

"Yes, I had to do so," she said. "The carriage was out with my sister-in-law, when he grew so much worse as to alarm us, and so there was no one to send, and my brothers were all out of the way, so I came on foot rather than have any delay."

"Please let me do it for you," said Alan, eagerly. "I can do it without the least trouble," he said, answering her inquiring glance.

"Thank you, if you will be so good I shall be very much obliged indeed," she replied, and they parted, Alan showing some, at least, of the sympathy he felt, in his voice and the warm parting pressure of her hand.

Alan found the doctor at home, and sent him out at once, glad to be able to fulfil his mission successfully. But a day or two after that the news of Mr. Arnold's death spread rapidly through Carrington.

The shops were closed on the day of the funeral—a long and imposing procession, in which nearly all Carrington turned out to testify respect for the man who had done so much to make it. And there were long, eulogistic notices of the departed in both the Carrington newspapers, which would have somewhat surprised Mr. Arnold, could he have read them, since they attributed to him a good many virtues of which he would never have dreamed of claiming possession. And then the Carrington people, after they had exhausted all that was to be said about the death and the funeral, settled down to talk about the will, and "how the family were left." Every one approved of the arrangement which Mr. Arnold had made in leaving to his sons the mills, land, and business just as it stood, the profits to be shared according to a fair proportion, regulated by himself; while to each of his daughters he left a moderate but comfortable provision in money, which they were to have in addition to what they inherited from their mother, into possession of which they now entered, in accordance with the provisions of her settlement. So now, people said, George carried on the business at his own risk and that of his younger brothers, and if anything did go wrong with it, the girls at least would not suffer.

Lenore's always delicate health had been very much overtaxed by her constant attendance on her father, and still further affected by her grief for his loss, combined with the reaction when the excitement was over. The doctor decided that she must no longer defer her journey southwards, and though she longed to stay with her sorrowing family, she was obliged to submit. One cold, bleak afternoon, towards the end of November, just when the first few snow-flakes were straggling down on the black frozen ground, presaging the fast descending winter, Alan met the Ivystone carriage driving to the station, conveying Lenore and her second brother, Willie, who was to be her escort for the greater part of the way. He caught a momentary glance of her pale, sweet face, looking more delicate than ever, in its heavy mourning. She recognised him, and bent forward with a sad, half-smile, for a parting salutation. Little as he had seen of her, Alan felt a pang strike through him, at the thought that she was really gone, and Carrington, for a time, seemed to him strangely blank and lonely.

It was a good while after that before he saw any of the family. On New Year's Day, having returned from a short Christmas visit to Mapleford, he went, with Philip Dunbar, to leave a card; but, to their surprise, they found that the ladies were "receiving." Mrs. George Arnold thought they had "moped long enough"—she found it "*so* dull being shut up there, in the country"—and she had persuaded George, and George had persuaded good-natured Renée, that it would be no mark of disrespect to Mr. Arnold's memory to see their friends quietly on New Year's Day, especially as it would be *so* inhospitable to allow them to come so far without seeing them and offering some refreshment. Accordingly, Alan and Mr. Dunbar were shown into the large drawing-room, where a splendid coal-fire was burning brightly in the grate, and where Mrs. George Arnold, in black silk, heavily trimmed with crape, received her visitors with winning smiles and an air that told how fully she had taken up the part of lady of the house. Renée, a little graver and quieter, sat near, but notwithstanding all her stylish looks and dignity of manner, little Mrs. Arnold evidently placed her in quite a secondary position, helped thereto by her stately mother, who sat beside her, enjoying her daughter's importance. Pauline sat in a window recess with Clara, and joyfully welcomed her friend Alan, whom she had not seen for months.

Mrs. Junor was as gracious to Alan as she had formerly been, on the occasion of their first meeting. She had a reason for this, as she had for most things she did. She had heard an excellent report of Alan from Mr. Dunbar, and she thought that, in course of time, he would make the very partner that George needed; since his thoughtfulness and steadiness, together with the amount of business knowledge which he had obtained, would make up for George's shortcomings in these respects, and place the business, of whose risks she was by no means ignorant, on a much more satisfactory basis. It would be very much in the same way as that in which her own husband, who at first came as a clerk, had got into partnership with Mr. Arnold. And then—who knows? he might take a fancy to Clara, for whom she could scarcely expect a more brilliant marriage; and in the meantime it was quite as well to cultivate him a little. So Alan, a great deal to his surprise, received sundry invitations that winter to little quiet evening parties at Mrs. Junor's; since, owing to the family mourning, she was precluded from more extensive gaieties. As Mr. Dunbar, and even Hugh, who soon became as great a friend of Pauline's as his brother had been, were always included in these invitations, and the evenings were always pleasantly conversational and musical, Alan found them very enjoyable, especially as he set the invitations down to pure kindness on Mrs. Junor's part.

His old wound was fast healing over now, as it might not have done but for the way in which his illusion with regard to Lottie had been rudely dispelled. He always avoided meeting her, when it was possible, and declined all invitations to parties where she was likely to be present, thereby considerably offending Mrs. McAlpine, who, having heard some rumour of his disappointment might have guessed the reason of his repeated refusals to her party-invitations. But he sometimes heard reports of Lottie's flirting propensities, which she had not yet lost, and which, rumour said, sometimes caused some unpleasantness between her and her husband. And when he heard the way in which she was spoken of by the fast young men of Carrington, it took all the tenderness and charity with which his chivalrous nature still strove to regard his old love, so endeared by a thousand early associations, to prevent his acknowledging to himself that it had been a beneficent providence, rather than a hard fate, that had separated them.

Towards the close of that winter, Alan went to Montreal, to transact some business for George Arnold. It was the first time he had seen the metropolitan city of Canada, for so it may well still be called, notwithstanding the rapid strides of its more modern rivals. High as his expectations had been, they were more than realised. The Point St. Charles railway station, alone, astonished him by its extent, its numerous converging lines of rails, indicating the immense amount of business of which it was the centre. And when he walked along the busy streets, past mile after mile of massive stone buildings, emporiums of commerce that spread its network over all Canada; or penetrated into the seemingly endless mazes of Griffintown with its smoky manufacturing establishments; or walked along the wharves and looked at the numerous steamboats and other vessels wintered there, and admired the magnificent docks; or stood in the great cathedral, and from its tower surveyed the great busy city lying at the foot of its snow-clad mountain, with the wide, white, frozen river spanned by the massive Victoria Bridge, and St. Helen's Island, and the snowy hills on the farther shore; or passed out of the city din and bustle and admired the numberless streets of handsome private residences that stretch far up the mountain side, with its girdle of princely villas; he felt a sense of the extent and importance of his country deepening within him, and felt that he had never had a true idea of its resources before.

Then he enjoyed, too, his glimpse of the gay side of Canadian winter-life; the dashing, handsome equipages, with their beautiful horses and rich fur trappings; the low fur-covered sledges in which officers, driving fair muffled ladies, glided rapidly by (for in those days Canada still rejoiced in the presence of British forces); the French-Canadians in their blanket-coats and hoods driving into town; and all the bright variety of winter life and stir. He even went to the Victoria rink, guided by Pauline's glowing descriptions of the skating there, and was almost bewildered by the brilliant scene, looking like a chapter out of a fairy tale—the wide, brightly illuminated rink, the richly dressed fairy-like figures gliding gracefully over the gleaming ice to the strains of inspiriting music, and the crowd of spectators presenting scarcely less variety of colour and manner, from the sprightly French Canadians, all vivacity and motion, to the quiet English visitors, who looked almost stolid in contrast with their excitable southern neighbours.

Alan returned to Mapleford with his ideas considerably enlarged, and with a renewed and deepened faith in the future of a young country, which could already show such wealth of resources and means as he had seen in the busy populous city, which is seated, a stately modern queen, on that mediæval throne of the Old French Régime.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

From "SPRING WILD FLOWERS:"

A Volume of Poems, by Professor Daniel Wilson, LL.D., University College, Toronto.

TRUE love is lowly as the way-side flower
That springeth up beneath the traveller's tread,
And lifteth trustfully its lovely head.
Content to bless therewith the passing hour;
Unheedful of the wealth of heavenly dower
It lavisheth upon a path bestead
With the coarse trafficking of sordid meed,
So it lie open but to sun and shower.
And love no less deals with unstinted hand:
Lavish to others, heedless of reward;
Deeming no sacrifice of self too hard,
So that, with fruitful arms outspread, she stand
Sowing around home's hearth her harvest treasure:
Heart's hoards of golden grain, showered down in affluent measure.

THE LATE HON. JOSEPH HOWE.

BY THE REV. G. M. GRANT, HALIFAX,

Author of "Ocean to Ocean."

PART IV.

IT had been a long fight, but Howe was only 43 years old when it was over. He was in the prime of his strength; with a physical constitution that had stood every strain, with a mind disciplined, matured, and still growing. Had he been content with the limited sphere of his native Province, and used his power discreetly, honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, a comparatively peaceful and easy life, and a quiet and affluent old age, would in all probability have been his portion. His frame was constructed to have lasted full four-score years; and in the elasticity of his spirits and the youthful vigour of his mind he had other securities for long life and enjoyment. But the restlessness of genius was on him. He sighed for other worlds to conquer. Nova Scotia was too little for him. He felt in it like an Indian in his birch-bark canoe, that he could lurch it to one side or another, pretty much as he liked. These periods in such men's lives are not the happiest. They are not then in their most amiable moods. They appear wayward and reckless. They hurt the *amour propre* of friends. They seem to despise what they have gained with much toil, to be ready to toss it aside, as a child throws away the toy he has long cried for, the moment after he gets it. The steady going politician does not understand such moods. Lord Palmerston could never understand Mr. Gladstone, and used to declare privately that nothing would ever tempt him to take a genius into his Cabinet again. The one is happiest in himself, and blandest to others, when he has succeeded. The other is at his best in opposition, or when in power, the new idea having gotten full possession of him, the period of mere restlessness being over, he rises in glowing strength to the height of the new argument, and seeks to lead men onward to new realms and enterprises. Howe, as leader of the Government of Nova Scotia, all its resources and all the machinery of administration for the first time at his back, was more restless and less inclined for mere literary work than in 1845, when he seemed driven to the wall, penniless, ostracised, fighting a hundred foes with one hand, and digging with the other for daily bread. He dreamed new dreams. He believed himself capable of filling a position more than Provincial, more than Colonial. The vision of an United Empire, that glorious vision that made the old Loyalists leave all behind and go forth, not knowing whither they went, took shape and form before his eyes. But he was also a practical man, and daily work had to be done. How was he to combine the near and the far? How were the two sides of his own nature, the imaginative and the practical, to be reconciled? The answer suggested to him by the pressing facts of the day was, British America must have a vigorous Railway Policy. Railways will do much directly, and they will make much possible that is now impossible.

In 1850 Howe propounded his policy of railway construction, a policy that he adhered to all his life, and the soundness of which all our recent history is vindicating more and more. He contended that the true policy was for the Colonial Governments to build and own the railways, just as to build and own the main roads, and make them free if possible. "The roads, telegraphs, lighthouses, the standard of value, the administration of justice, are the topics with which a Government is bound to deal." If it is the duty of Government to make and maintain the great highroads through which its industry must flow, it is equally its duty to provide the best. Let the Governments then assume the responsibility, pledge their public revenues, issue their debentures, borrow money honestly, and spend it as faithfully as they can. This policy was bitterly condemned by many of his old opponents, and by not a few of his old friends, but at length it was accepted so universally in Nova Scotia that, had it not been for certain recent public proposals, I should have said that no man living would have ventured to propose its reversal. Howe fought hard for it. Free-traders assailed it on the ground that where there was a demand for railways, capitalists would provide a supply; and where there was not a demand, why tax the whole community for the sake of a portion? They forgot that the freest possible communication between the main centres and the productive parts of a country is essential to the prosperity of the whole country; and that just as it was right for Upper and Lower Canada to bring themselves almost to bankruptcy in order to build canals round the rapids of the St. Lawrence, though it might appear that only farmers and grain merchants were benefited thereby, so it was right to give the freest scope to the maritime propensities of our people, to connect our Province with the Continent, and our seaports with our agricultural and mining counties, that every facility for the exportation of our productions might be afforded. The main lines that were essential to the prosperity of the country were to be built and owned by the country, just as the great roads had been. Many believe this policy to be the best for all countries; for new and sparsely settled countries it is the only honest policy. In accordance with it, three lines were determined on and built in Nova Scotia; one connecting Halifax with the Basin of Minas, another connecting it with the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and a third joining the Province to the Continent, instead of leaving the Province like a thumb dissevered from the body. These railroads are accomplishing the purposes they were designed to accomplish. New life has been infused into the Lower Provinces. Major Head, the Commissioner appointed by Lord Durham, in 1838, to visit them, gave a melancholy report of their poverty, backwardness, and stagnation. Their population was only 365,000. Now it is over 800,000. He described his journey through Nova Scotia as exhibiting the spectacle of "half the tenements abandoned, and lands everywhere falling into decay." How different the spectacle now! In no part of the world is there a more general and healthy prosperity than in these Provinces. And much of this is due to the railroads, railroads honestly built with our own money, and intended to be made as free as possible, consistent with the revenues of the country, to all our producing classes, the shipbuilder, the manufacturer, the merchant, the fisherman, and the farmer. When a Nova Scotian thinks that the ownership of these railways by the Province for the good of the Province was the one point settled by Howe's second ten years' conflict, and then recalls the fantastic proposals and bogus schemes that have been lately aired in connection with them, he is tempted to cry out for one hour of Howe in his strength, as Scott cried out for "one hour of Wallace's might." But we have not got Howe now; and I do not know that we used him well when we had him. This lesson let us learn; that when we have a statesman who combines capacity and honesty, who has done the state service and can do more, whose powers are all held by him in trust for his country's good, the people should overlook much, should forgive a little. Montaigne says that every one of us has deserved hanging five or six times. Let us grant that Howe should have been hanged once or twice. He still remains better than any we have, or are likely to get in a hurry. The worth to a country of a real statesman it is simply impossible to overestimate. Even in a money point of view there are few men in Nova Scotia who have made money in the last thirty years, who are not in Howe's debt.

The Nova Scotian Government approved of Howe's Railway Policy, and many an old Halifax opponent rallied round him; but in September, 1850, a despatch came from Earl Grey declining any assistance in the shape of guarantee or otherwise to any line, even though all the Provincial revenues were pledged for the payment. What was to be done? Howe offered to go to England, and he was sent on what seemed the Quixotic errand of changing the policy of the Government of Great Britain. What is more, he succeeded. His letters to Earl Grey, his speech at Southampton, and his speech at Halifax on his return are published. These, with his speech in the Assembly, in 1854, on the organization of the Empire, are perhaps his ablest efforts. In these years he was at the height of his strength. His speech at the Detroit Convention, in 1865, has been extravagantly praised. Its magnetic force must have been immense. Addressing the most representative commercial gathering that has ever been held on this continent, an assemblage of hard-headed business men, many of them not only opposed to the renewal of a reciprocity treaty, but sent as delegates to the Convention to oppose any such proposal, he procured an unanimous vote in its favour amid boundless enthusiasm. Few speeches change votes; but then few men are orators. Still, that speech is inferior in weight and finish, in wit and force, to many that he gave on other and less important occasions previously. Howe's oratory was always fresh, because adapted to the occasion and to the prepossessions of his audience. He knew human nature, and could play on every chord, but he liked best to address a crowd. He had a thorough command of those homely proverbs and vigorous colloquialisms which finical people shudder at, but which in a public discussion always draw blood, and are well called "sabre-cuts of Saxon speech." Surpassed by many of his cotemporaries in fluency of utterance, in acute and sustained dialectical power, in weighty impressiveness of manner, and in classic elegance of style, he surpassed them all in freshness, versatility, suggestiveness, and true imaginative power.

Joseph Howe, in 1850 and 1851, actually moved public opinion in England, and changed the colonial policy of the British Government. He was treated with distinction by the leading men of the House of Commons, and praised in the House of Lords. The press acknowledged his services and abilities; capitalists had their attention drawn by him to British America as a field for the employment of capital; and the Government that had refused a few months before to guarantee eight hundred thousand pounds, agreed now to guarantee seven millions.

Howe came back to Halifax, glowing with excitement. The future opened out before him, and he felt that everything was possible. "You set eight or nine men on red cushions or gilded chairs, with nothing to do but to pocket their salaries, and call that a Government," he said to a crowded meeting. "To such a pageant I have no desire to belong. Those who aspire to govern others should neither be afraid of the saddle by day nor of the lamp by night. In advance of the general intelligence they should lead the way to improvement and prosperity. I would rather assume the staff of Moses, and struggle with the perils of the wilderness and the waywardness of the multitude, than be a golden calf elevated in gorgeous inactivity—the object of a worship which debased." Such were the tones we in Halifax were wont to hear. We seldom hear them now.

As it was necessary to secure the co-operation of the other Provinces, Howe went on to New Brunswick, where he was received with enthusiasm, and thence to Toronto to confer with the Governor-General and Council. He made a profound impression on all he came in contact with. He was now at the height of his power, and he felt that he was only on the threshold. At the Toronto banquet, he said, "The father in classic story whose three sons had gained three Olympic prizes in the same day, felt that it was time to die. But having gained the confidence of three noble provinces, I feel that it is time to live." Then, as afterwards, in 1862, when he went up to Quebec to discuss whether any practical scheme of colonial union could be devised, he towered above all the other colonial politicians assembled. It is not for me to explain the causes that delayed the construction of the Intercolonial and other railways. The fault was not Howe's. And it would also be out of place to discuss here the lesser incidents of his after political life, though each of them in its turn was the all-absorbing question of the day in Nova Scotia—his enlistment of men in the United States for the British army in the Crimea, the rise of Dr. Tupper, the Gourlay Shanty riot, his quarrel with the Young Ireland party, the formation and success of the Protestant Alliance, the subsequent utter defeat of himself and his party, and his acceptance from the Imperial Government of the post of Fishery Commissioner. In 1863 he handed over to Dr. Tupper the keys of the Provincial Secretary's office, with the words, "if ever I can be of use to Nova Scotia, let me know." He was then supposed to have quitted the political stage, but an act full of stirring events remained to be played.

As to this act—his attitude towards Confederation and his action—I feel like the

Scotch preacher face to face with a difficult text: "weel, if it had been a' the same, I would have liket that this verse had been left oot." But there the verse is, and it ought not to be skipped.

In 1864, the question of the Union of the British American colonies assumed for the first time a practical shape: Canada, that had hitherto held aloof, was ready. Our leading politicians had long been in favour of it as one man. But scarcely was the Quebec scheme published when a formidable opposition sprang up in the Maritime Provinces. Which side would Howe be on, everybody asked? At first it was taken for granted that he who had spoken so many eloquent words, all pointing to the magnificent future of British America, all tending to inspire its youth with love of country as something far higher than mere Provincialism, would now be among the advocates of Confederation, and the wise and loving critic of the scheme to be submitted to the Legislatures. But by-and-by it was rumoured that he was talking and writing against it, and before long he came forth as the crowned head of the opposition. What was the real cause? It is a delicate question, but it ought to be answered.

There can be little doubt that if he had gone to Charlottetown and Quebec, as one of the delegates, he would have thrown himself heartily into the project, and made his mark on the proposed constitution. He ought to have been there. He was ready to go, but his duties as Fishery Commissioner took him away for two months just at the critical moment. The Admiral declared that he could not give him a vessel at any other time, and the other delegates did not dream that his presence was indispensable. The next thing he heard was that the Quebec scheme had been completed to the minutest detail and published to the world. The egg had been hatched, not by the hen that laid it, but by some fancy steam process. The ship had been launched without the presence of the designer. He heard at the same time that the people of the Lower Provinces generally were averse to the scheme, and that many were already arrayed in downright opposition. What was he to do? He paused for a little. Two courses were open, a noble and a less noble. Not only in youth has Hercules's Choice to be made. Stern principle called on him to take one course, a hundred pleasant voices called on the other side. Was he to help, to be the lieutenant of Dr. Tupper, the man who had taken the popular breeze out of his sails, who had politically annihilated him for a time, with whom, too, his contest had been mainly personal, for no great political question had been involved between them; or was he to put himself at the head of old friends and old foes, regain his proper place, and steer the ship in his own fashion? In the circumstances, only a hero could have done his duty. There are few heroes in the world, and it is doubtful if modern statecraft conduces to make men heroic. Only he that can lose his own life finds it. He only walks in the first ranks among the mighties of the earth. And Howe was an egotist. Friends and colleagues had known his weakness before, but had scarce ventured to speak of it in public. In his cabinets he had suffered no rival. To those who submitted he was sweet as summer. He would give everything to or for them, keeping nothing for himself. They might have the pelf if he had the power. Proposals that did not emanate from himself got scant justice in council or caucus. When Chairman of the Railway Board, out of the Cabinet but with as much real power as if a member of it, he was restless and dissatisfied; damaged the Government by his criticisms and still more by a patronizing tone that degraded it. He assumed to be the power behind the throne, or, as the then Opposition called him, "the Government cooper." This egoism which long feeding on popular applause had developed into a vanity almost incomprehensible in a man so strong, was not known to the outside world. But if we live long enough, our sin, though it be only what the world calls our weakness, will find us out. It found him when consistency, when duty said, "go and help your enemy;" and self spoke in his own almost savage language to an old colleague, "let the devil kill his own meat."

Of course, there were other reasons that contributed to his decision, and by looking only at these he perhaps persuaded himself that they were the only ones that actuated him. We can put the telescope to our blind eye and then say that we cannot see. We seldom acknowledge even to ourselves, much less in print, the real motives that actuate us. The opponents of Confederation had made out a strong case financially against the Quebec scheme, and he did obtain better terms. Besides, when he had visited Canada in 1862, he came back angry and annoyed that the Canadian politicians thought only of their own difficulties, and were quite indifferent as to what Nova Scotia wished or did not wish. To him Nova Scotia was everything. To them it was a small, far-away Province that did not at the time concern them, and about which, therefore, they did not care to be bothered. They had enough to do with their own difficulties of deadlocks, dual leaderships, double majorities, that resulted from differences of race and rival sectionalism. After all, was it wise to cast Nova Scotia into such a seething pot of incongruous and mutually exasperated elements, and was not his old dream of a Federation of the Empire the only radical cure? He also foresaw financial difficulties arising out of the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty; and military harassments, Fenian and such-like, arising out of the state of feeling in the United States; and he was not prepared for the extraordinary vitality and public spirit which Canada has displayed since Confederation. Did he fancy that we or that any people could be bullied or worried into joining hands with their bullies and tormentors; that there could be birth without birth-throes; or that rude breezes would uproot a young oak? No, but his standpoint was unfortunate. Besides, he really doubted if the smaller would get fair play from the men who ruled the larger Provinces. He was not favourably impressed by those whom he met. Some he thought narrow, and others corrupt. He had little faith in their power to preside over the growth of a nation, especially in the troublous times that he believed were coming on us. "Had the Maritime Provinces been permitted to organize themselves first and then to unite with Canada, they might have acted together and had a chance to guard their interests; but disunited, they must be a prey to the spoiler." British America "naturally divides itself into four great centres of political power and radiating intelligence. The Maritime Provinces, surrounded by the sea; three of them insular, with unchangeable boundaries, with open harbours, rich fisheries, abundance of coal, a homogeneous population, and within a week's sail of the British islands, form the first division." This bit he thought could be saved; the other three divisions he would abandon. As Sir John A. Macdonald put it in the House of Commons, "he would wreck the ship for the chance of saving some of the pieces." Once, who could have denounced the cowardice and folly of this so scathingly as he? Once, he could have easily seen that a time had come when it was easier to get the whole than the part, and that the part as he wished it would necessarily follow in its own good time. But the telescope was at his blind eye.

When he resolved to oppose Confederation, he went into the fight—as his wont was—without reserve. He flung away the scabbard, and struck right and left in his old style. Never was he more popular; never did he fight with greater dash. In England, in 1866, he wrought as if he would move heaven and earth. He went for a few weeks and remained nine months. He tried every avenue, and might have succeeded, only he had to fight Howe as well as Tupper.

But Howe knew when he was beaten. When the Imperial Act was passed and the Dominion of Canada constituted, he knew well that no power he could ever bring to bear could undo the Act, and that about all that remained was to inflict punishment on those who had framed it, and then seek what improvement was to be had within the lines of the Constitution. The success that attended the Party of Punishment deceived others, but did not deceive him. He knew that the very name of repeal was odious in the ears of every British statesman. However, as he was desired by the Local Government to go again in 1868, he went, but without heart. He fancied that if an union of the Maritime Provinces could even then be effected, there might be some chance. But as that could not be he said "what's the use of keeping up a cry? We shall be like a goose hissing at a stage coach. We may hiss, but the coach will run over us."

What was his duty? He considered every alternative, even that of resistance. The whole Province at the time was like tinder. A spark would have kindled a fire that would have ruined it, or thrown it back ten or twenty years. That he would not apply the match showed a self-control for which we cannot be too grateful to him.

This then he would not do. "The blood of no brother, in civil strife poured," stains his memory. What then was he to do? To sulk and let the Province suffer, or to make the best of matters? All the leaders of his party were agreed that the latter was the only course left. Why he failed to carry them along with him it is difficult to explain. There were faults on both sides. He fancied that when he was satisfied so would they be satisfied. And had there been no telegraph between Ottawa and Halifax, had he been able to come personally and been the first to explain to them the improved financial terms he had obtained, and the necessity of his taking a seat in the Cabinet, they would have been satisfied. But the telegraph spoiled all, especially as there were men in his party who had been fretting against his leadership. For ten days the only fact that was made to stand out before all eyes was that the leader of the Anti-Confederate and Repeal party had taken office under Sir John A. Macdonald. The cry was raised, Howe has sold himself; Howe is a traitor. They condemned him unheard. And when he returned to Halifax, old friends crossed the street to avoid speaking to him, and young friends, who once would have felt honoured by a word, walked as close before or behind him as possible that he might hear their insults. He was getting old; during his labours in 1866 in England, bronchitis had fastened on him; the winter journey to and from Ottawa had nursed the germs of the disease, and now the love and trust of the people—that which had been the breath of his nostrils—failed him utterly. Oh, it was bitter. Yet, was it not well that before his end he should know the reed on which he had leaned! "Put not your trust in princes nor in the sons of men, in whom there is no stay." For the first time in his life, his buoyancy and courage deserted him. He gained his election for Hants, shattering his health in the contest, and he was never the old Joe Howe again.

Here, with a few words, we close our sketch of this man, the greatest that Nova Scotia has produced. Judging him not by single acts, as no one ever should be judged, but by his life as a whole, he may be called a great man. His honesty of purpose and love of country, his creative faculty, width of view, and power of will combined, entitle him to be called a great statesman. He was more than a politician and more than an orator. He had qualities that made men willing to follow him even when they did not see where they were going, or only saw that they were going in a different direction from their former course. Steering in the teeth of former professions, he bade them have patience, for he was tacking; and they believed him. True, they were swayed by his eloquence, and gladdened by his sympathy and his humour. The magnetism of the orator thrilled them; but had they not believed that at bottom he was sincere, the charm would soon have ceased to work. As it was, they followed him as few parties have ever followed a leader. Men followed him against their own interests, against their own church, against their own prejudices and convictions. Episcopalians fought by his side against the Church of England; Baptists fought with him against the demands of the denomination; Roman Catholics stood by him when he assailed the pretensions of their Church.

Though he was merciless in conflict, and when you go to war you must "imitate the action of the tiger," bitterness did not dwell in his heart. He was always willing to shake hands, true English fashion, when the war was over. If friends expostulated about the generosity of his language or actions to political opponents, "Oh! what's the use," he would reply, "he has got a pretty wife;" or, "he is not such a bad fellow after all;" or, "life is too short to keep that sort of thing up." He was generous partly because he felt he could afford it, for he had boundless confidence in his own resources. This self-confidence gave him a hearty, cheery manner, no matter what straits he was in, that acted on his followers like wine.

The one thing lacking was that he had not wholly subordinated self to duty and to God. He was immersed in active engagements and all the cares of life from early years. He was capable of enjoying, and he did enjoy without stint, every sweet cup that was presented to his lips. He was conscious of great powers that never seemed to fail him, but enabled him to rise with the occasion ever higher and higher. Small wonder then that he cast himself as a strong swimmer into the boiling currents of life, little caring whither they bore him, because proudly confident that he could hold his own, or, at any rate, regain the shore whenever he liked.

A thorough intellectual training would have done much for him. The discipline of an University career enables even a young man to know somewhat of his own strength and weakness, especially somewhat of his own awful ignorance. And self-knowledge leads to self-control. Circumstances put this beyond his reach; but something more excellent than even a College was within his reach, had he only been wise enough to understand and possess it as his own. In his father he had a pattern of things in the heavens; a life in which law and freedom meant the same thing, in which there was that reconciliation between the inner being and the outward environment which gives unity, harmony, and nobleness to life and life's work. The teaching of the old Loyalist's life was the eternal teaching of the stars—

> "Like as a star
> That maketh not haste,
> That taketh not rest,
> Let each be fulfilling
> His God-given hest."

But his veins were full of blood, and his bones moistened with marrow. Passion spoke in his soul, and he heard and loved the sweet voices of nature, and of men and women. Not that the whispers of heaven were unheard in his soul. No; nor were they disregarded; but they were not absolutely and implicitly obeyed. And so, like the vast crowd, all through life he was partly the creature of impulse and partly the servant of principle. Often it would have been difficult for himself to say which was uppermost in him. Had he attained to unity and harmony of nature he could have been a poet, or a statesman of the old heroic type. But he did not attain, for he did not seek with the whole heart. And he puzzled others, because he had never read the riddle of himself.

All Nova Scotians, except perhaps a few of the baser sort, are glad that he died in Government House. It was an honour he himself felt to be his due—a light, though it were but the light of a wintry sun, that fell on his declining days. Many old friends flocked to see him; and the meetings were sometimes very touching. A silent interview I cannot forget. An old follower, one who had never failed him, came to pay his tribute of glad homage. His chief had reached a haven of rest and the height of his ambition. When the door was opened, the Governor was at the other end of the room. He turned, and the two recognised each other. Not a word was spoken. The rugged face of the liegeman was tremulous. He looked round; yes, it was actually old Government House, and his Chief was in possession. After all the storms and disappointments it had actually come to this. The two men drew near, and as hand touched hand, the two heads bowed together, and without a word they kissed softly as two children would. Are there many such little wells of poetry in the arid wilderderness of political life?

The day of his arrival in Halifax, a true and tried relative called. "Well, Joseph, what would your old father have thought of this?" "Yes," was the answer, "it would have pleased the old man. I have had a long fight for it, and have stormed the castle at last. But now that I have it, what does it all amount to? I shall be here but a few days; and instead of playing Governor, I feel like saying with Wolsey, to the Abbot of Leicester—

> "An old man, broken with the storms of State,
> Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
> Give him a little earth for charity."

That was about all that we did give him. The only levée he held in Government House was after his death, when he lay in state, and thousands crowded round to take a long last look at their old idol.

On the morning after Howe's death, a wealthy Halifax merchant, one who had been a devoted friend of his, saw as he was entering his place of business a farmer or drover, one well known for "homespun without, and a warm heart within," sitting on a box outside near the door, his head leaning on his hand, his foot monotonously swinging to and fro, looking as if he had sat there for hours and had no intention of getting up in a hurry. "Well, Stephen, what's the matter?" "Oh, nauthin'," was the dull response. "Is it Howe?" was the next question, and in a softer tone. The sound of the name unsealed the fountain. "Yes, it's Howe." The words came with a gulp, and then followed tears, dropping on the pavement large and fast. He did not weep alone. And in many a hamlet, in many a fishing village, in many a nook and corner of Nova Scotia, as the news went over the land, Joseph Howe had the same tribute of tears.

I wonder not at it. Every time I think of him; of his brave, loyal, kindly nature; of his history so stirring, so splendid from a colonial point of view, yet so full of disappointment; of his lifetime toils so poorly requited; of his sufferings, the keenest reserved for his old age; of that last satire on human ambition and popular greatness—his coming corpse-like to take possession of Government House, instead of like a conquering hero, as he had dreamed in former days; of old friends standing aloof, young men who once honoured him now bitterly scorning, injurious things said of him, and sown broadcast over the Province he loved so well, and whose trust he hungered for more than for anything else in the world; and of his knowing it all, bearing it all in silence, but feeling it as the lion feels the bitterness of death; my own heart ever rises in sympathy with him; the tears start unbidden; it is so sad that we recognise God's cure as the only one adequate to his case—

> "Vex not his ghost; O let him pass! he hates him
> That would upon the rack of this rough world,
> Stretch him out longer."

He sleeps in Camphill Cemetery, not far from the pines and salt sea water of his boyhood, a column of Nova Scotian granite marking his resting-place; and his memory abides in the hearts of thousands of his countrymen.

"DIE LORE-LEI."

Translated from the German.

I KNOW not, O my sorrow!
  What bygone tale you've brought,
Or the sad song you are singing,
  How comes it here unsought.

The breeze is cool, the twilight fades,
  And gently glides the Rhine,
Only the hill-tops glow above,
  Tipped with the red sunshine.

O wonderful! O fairest!
  Sweet maid that sittest there!
Light gleaming from her girdle,
  And from her golden hair!

With golden combs she combs it,
  Singing a glorious song,
Till all the hills send back to her,
  Its music sweet and strong.

O downward-drifting boatman,
  List to that song no more!
Behind you lours the tempest,
  The rock-reefs boil before!

* * * *

An upturned boat is drifting
  Into the quiet bay:—
God speed thy merry singing,
  Thou sweet-voiced Loreley!

BARRIE.

F. R.

THE SITUATION: COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL.

BY JAMES YOUNG, M.P., GALT.

THE progress of nations is like the ebb and flow of the advancing tide. Several successive years of commercial expansion, the statist finds, are almost invariably succeeded by contraction—longer, shorter and sharper as the case may be—during which the nation does well to hold its own until the returning wave brings further development and prosperity.

At the present moment Canada is passing through a period of unusual financial stringency and business dulness. In many quarters, more particularly in Montreal, Halifax, St. John, Toronto, and other commercial centres, the difficulties are undeniable, widespread, and serious; and writers have felt themselves justified, by the condition of affairs, in drawing sombre pictures of the country as on the eve of a great crisis, pregnant with failure and disaster.

Although the state of business is unusually dull, money scarce, and the burden of public and private indebtedness seriously felt—although some large failures have occurred, and there may be more to come, still, after making due allowance for these unfavourable symptoms, the circumstances of the Dominion do not warrant such gloomy forebodings. The difficulties so loudly complained of largely arise from the ebb of the commercial wave, and are the natural results, in a great measure, of the country's extraordinary development and expansion during the last few years.

Nothing is more certain than that Canada has advanced with rapid strides since Confederation took place. Evidence of this may be seen on every hand. The numerous new railways in operation or in course of construction, the steady growth of our cities and larger towns, the development of native manufactures, the establishment of new steamship lines, and the improved condition and habitations of our agricultural population, all bear witness to the fact.

The most conclusive proof, however, may be found in the great expansion which has taken place in our commerce since 1867. The value of our transactions (imports and exports added) has augmented during each year as follows:—

1867-8	$129,553,194
1868-9	127,876,951
1869-70	144,811,093
1870-1	161,121,100
1871-2	190,348,779
1872-3	217,304,516
1873-4	216,756,097
1874-5	[*]201,853,772

These returns show that we lately enjoyed several successive years of commercial expansion, the highest point being touched in 1872-3. In that year the value of our imports and exports reached what, for Canada, was the immense sum of $217,304,516, having increased during that and the three preceding years no less than $89,427,565, or nearly $22,500,000 per annum! To put the point in another way:

In 1869-70, the expansion was	$16,934,142
1870-1 ,, ,, ,,	16,309,907
1871-2 ,, ,, ,,	29,227,779
1872-3 ,, ,, ,,	26,955,737
Total	$89,427,565

Our transactions with the Maritime Provinces having ceased to appear in our trade returns after the union, this expansion may justly be said to be unexampled in the previous history of our commerce, and certainly the people of Canada, numbering less than four millions of souls, have cause to feel some degree of pride in the fact that the volume of our commerce has in a single year exceeded TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, affording evidence, as it does, of great resources, enterprise, and prosperity, on the part of our young but vast and growing country.

Whilst these facts attest the progress of Canada since Confederation, it could not be expected that our trade would go on increasing at the rate of $22,500,000 per annum, without check. Contraction began to be felt in 1873-4—a most important fact in reference to the present commercial outlook, as we shall see hereafter—and it is now quite evident that it would have been much better if all classes, more particularly our importers—who are the greatest sinners, as they are probably at present the greatest sufferers—had put on the brakes earlier, and applied them with a firmer hand.

---

[*] These figures are approximate, as will be seen later on, but sufficiently near to be accepted as accurate.

Never since the great crisis of 1857 has there been a more intense feeling of anxiety and apprehension among our business men than during the month of June, when, in addition to other troubles, the drouth threatened the almost utter ruin of the crops throughout a large portion of Ontario. There was for a short period a strong tendency towards panic. A succession of heavy showers came in the nick of time to ward off this danger; but had the failure of the harvest not been happily averted, the close of 1875 must have witnessed such widespread commercial disasters as would have rendered the year a painful remembrance.

Even as things are, and with the prospect now of at least average crops, the country is passing through a period of much anxiety, failure, and loss, which occasionally displays the milder symptoms of a crisis, as depressing circumstances tighten the money market and weaken public confidence.

The present condition of business is—stagnant. Those in every branch of industry who have been carrying too much sail—and their name is legion—find that the breeze which so long filled their canvas has lulled. Customers will not buy as they formerly did, and when they order at all, require to be at once coaxed and credited. Large stocks of goods fill the shelves of the retail traders, and still larger ones the ware-rooms of the wholesale houses, whose drummers, plentiful as blackberries in the month of July, scour the country with little avail; all descriptions of goods, with a few exceptions, are a drug in the market, good marks buy lightly or not at all, whilst others have already too much to carry. Manufacturers who began with making one hundred machines, then two, then three, and this year have run up to five hundred, and in some special cases even one and two thousand, feel anxious how they are all to be placed. The pressure of indebtedness is felt very generally, many because they have laid in too large stocks, and others because they have built expensive houses, or lived too fast; in one way and another, bills payable and accounts due have assumed formidable proportions, and in the midst of it all, the banks, perceiving the necessity of caution, have curtailed discounts, raised the rate of interest, and thus increased the monetary stringency. Law suits and failures are frequent; and trials more or less severe, it is only too apparent, must be experienced before the business of the Dominion again reaches more solid ground.

Such is a rough outline of the existing situation—commercial and financial. Before we consider its probable results, and the needed remedial measures, let us glance briefly at the causes which have been at work to produce it. By clearly understanding the latter, we shall be able the more intelligently to come to right conclusions in regard to the former.

The causes of the prevailing depression are various. In the foreground, and standing out more prominently than all others is: over-importation and over-trading. We propose to show, at some considerable length, that this is the chief source of our troubles, but that they have undoubtedly been increased by other and totally different circumstances.

The crisis in the United States, with the long dulness which succeeded and still continues, has injuriously affected the business of the Dominion. Evidence of this is found in the decline of $5,493,538 in our exports to them last year (1873-4), and the decrease of American traffic over our railways. For two years past, the lumber and timber trade—one of our chief branches of industry—has been in an exceedingly depressed condition, and millions of capital have been locked up in timber limits and their produce. Very large transfers have been made of floating into fixed capital during the last six or eight years. A great deal of money has been invested in railways, public improvements, and companies of various kinds, much of which has as yet returned very little in the way of dividends or interest. To these disturbing causes, must be added a decline in our exports, which fell off to the value of $437,994 in 1873-4, and to the large amount, as we learn from official sources, of $8,689,332 during the fisal year which closed on the 30th of June last.

These various circumstances, more particularly the decline in our exports during the twelve months just expired, have no doubt contributed to the difficulties which environ the business of the country. But the principal cause thereof, we feel assured, is to be found in the enormous expansion of our importations of foreign goods as compared with our exports, for several successive years. This may be seen at a glance by the following comparative statement of our imports and exports during each year since the union of the Provinces took place :

Year.	Imports.	Exports.
1867-8	$71,985.306	$57,567,888
1868-9	67,402,170	60,474,781
1869-70	74,814,339	73.573,490
1870-1	86,947,482	74,173,618
1871-2	107,704,895	82,639,663
1872-3	127,514,594	89.789,922
1873-4	127,404,169	89,351,928
1874-5	121,191,176	80,662.596
Total since Confederation	$784,964,131	$608,233,886

These statistics throw a flood of light upon the present position of affairs. In the comparatively short space of eight years, it will be observed, our imports exceeded our exports, according to our trade returns, by no less than $176,730,245. The expansion which took place in our importations during the four years which terminated in 1872-3—when the maximum of inflation was reached—is unprecedented. During 1869-70 the increase was $3,835,433 ; in 1870-1 it was $15,709,879 ; in 1871-2, there was a further advance of $20,761,634 ; and in 1872-3 of $19,805,478 ; being over sixty millions of an expansion in four years, or an average of fifteen millions per annum ! This is an increase of 77.13 per cent. over the value of our importations during the first year after Confederation took place.

The excess in the value of our imports, over our exports, it will be seen, is still more marked and striking. In the year—

1867-8	the excess was	$14,417,418
1868-9	"	6,927,389
1869-70	"	1,240,849
1870-1	"	12,773,864
1871-2	"	25,065,232
1872-3	"	37.724,672
1873-4	"	38,052,241
1874-5	"	40,528,580
	Total Excess of Imports	$176,730,245

This excess of imports over exports in eight years, is sufficiently large to give a shock to those political economists who believe the right adjustment of the "balance of trade" to be the alpha and omega of national prosperity. We do not so regard it ; on the contrary, the returns may show a country to be constantly purchasing more than it sells, and yet constantly growing in wealth and prosperity. The best proof of this is to be found in our own history, for Canada has rarely had the balance of its annual exchanges on the supposed sunny side, and yet who can doubt our steady progress and growth in wealth ?

Whilst this position is indisputable, the balance of trade is, however, by no means an unimportant consideration. Whilst an adverse balance furnishes no evidence that a country is unprosperous, it can be easily understood that large deficiencies between the value of imports and exports for several successive years, may produce great monetary stringency, by the withdrawal of the capital necessary to balance off each year's transactions.

This is the chief and more immediate source of our present financial and commercial troubles. Not that Canada is not prosperous, nor that the superstructure of business is not generally based on a solid foundation. But that under the stimulus of various causes, more especially a large expenditure on railways and other public works, our merchants and others have made such enormous purchases of foreign goods, that the country neither requires them, nor can find the money to pay for them without temporary embarrassment.

The foregoing figures are eloquent in confirmation of this statement. Not to go further back than the past four years, it will be seen that in 1871-'72 the excess of imports over exports was $25,065,232 ; the following year (1872-3), it rose to $37,724,672 ; in 1873-4, it advanced again, reaching $38,052,241 ; and for the year just closed, the excess was no less than $40,528,580 ! Here is a balance of $141,000,000 against us upon the trade of the last four years, which, so far as it is real, had to be paid in gold or its equivalent.

At first blush, it is more easy to understand how the adjustment of so large a deficiency might embarrass the business of the Dominion, than to see how its liquidation could be accomplished at all.

It must be borne in mind, however, that this balance appears much larger by our trade returns than it really was. Although a percentage is annually added by our Customs' department for short returns, there is a well-grounded confidence that our exports always very considerably exceed the value at which they are entered. Then there are various other ways by which the ostensible deficiency is reduced. We own the third or fourth largest merchant marine in the world, whose yearly earnings are large, but do not appear in our returns; then immigration brings into the Dominion a considerable amount of capital; and in various other ways, too, the actual balance required to square off the national account must be reduced to limits very much less than the difference between imports and exports as given in the official returns.

But after making due allowance for these considerations, and while confident the real balance of trade against Canada during the past four years, was vastly less than stated above, we feel equally certain that it is the enormous excess of imports over exports during these years, and the flooding of the country with goods, until the market has been glutted and business completely overdone, that is the principal cause of the evils under which we at present suffer.

Few persons have any idea how much the trade in Dry Goods alone has expanded. The importing houses, as a rule, have purchased lavishly for many years past; not a few have done so recklessly and wildly, considering their capital, being not unfrequently encouraged thereto by their correspondents in Great Britain and the Continent, some of whom now complain very bitterly of what is largely attributable to their own indiscretion.

The total value of the articles imported by the Dry Goods trade in 1873–4, as nearly as we can make out from the blue book, was in the neighbourhood of $30,000,000,* but the unusual expansion—not to say inflation—in this branch of trade, can be better understood by a comparative statement of our imports of woollens and cottons during the last five years:—

	WOOLLENS.	COTTONS.
1869–70	$6,968,552	$7,339,992
1870–1	9,716,516	9,077,198
1871–2	11,735,351	10,182,154
1872–3	11,194,927	10,076,214
1873–4	11,297,598	11,182,045

The advance from $14,308,544 in our purchases of woollens and cottons in 1869-70, to the sum of $22,379,643 in 1873-4, notwithstanding the large increase in our home manufactures, tells its own tale; and the particular classes of goods mentioned are no exceptions, for the records reveal the fact that silks, satins, velvets, and other articles of luxury have increased about 100 per cent. during the same period.

The point may be still more clearly comprehended by taking our growth in population as the standard of comparison. That the purchasing power of a people augments with their wealth as well as their numerical increase, is no doubt true; but it will hardly be asserted by persons well informed on the subject, that there should be such a disparity in the percentage of increase between our dry goods' imports and our population, as is manifest by the following comparison:

	1868.	1874.	Per cent.
Dry Goods..	18,378,051	29,508,210	60½
	1861.	1871.	
Population..	3,090,561	*3,585,761	16

Looked at, in short, from any point of view, the conclusion is forced upon us, that the import trade of Canada, more particularly in the dry goods line, has for some time past been largely in excess of the public wants, and is primarily responsible for the dulness of business, pressure for money, and occasional symptoms of crisis which unmistakeably exist. This state of matters affords no cause for surprise. In fact, when one observes how completely our importations have exceeded our growth in population, and considers how immensely the aggregate value thereof since Confederation has surpassed the value of our exports, the wonder is not that some dark and threatening clouds have appeared, but how the Dominion has been able to absorb such vast quantities of foreign goods, and to pay for them, with so

---

* Since the above was written, we have received from Ottawa the following statement, which gives the exact value of our importations of Dry Goods, from Confederation up to 1874:

1868	$18,378,051	1872	$29,330,393
1869	17,111,697	1873	28,108,452
1870	17,818,492	1874	29,508,210
1871	24,099,434		

* We have added 100,000 to the census returns, for Prince Edward Island, as its imports are included in those of 1874-5 The comparison is not very exact, but sufficiently to to bring out our meaning.

little embarrassment, failure, and loss as have yet overtaken us.

In turning from the causes of existing difficulties to the consideration of the results likely to flow therefrom, we see little now to warrant the idea, which some have promulgated, that a disastrous commercial and financial upheaval, similar to that of 1857, is about to overwhelm the country.

The month of June was, it is believed, the critical, and, possibly, the turning point of our troubles. During its earlier weeks, when the crops now being joyously gathered in were suffering so severely in many sections that absolute ruin seemed imminent, the future looked very dark. Had the harvest really proved a failure, nothing could have prevented a serious and generally-felt crisis, the best evidence of which is to be found in the effects of the threatened danger: the alarm of the monied interest, the great fall in stocks, and the rapid decline of public confidence.

This serious danger, however, may happily now be said to have passed away. An average harvest, at least, is now assured, and whilst a general weeding-out of the speculative, extravagant, and thriftless in business circles is probably inevitable during the next twelve months, there are many circumstances which favour the idea that we shall now escape those graver disasters under which the United States have suffered so long.

The history of great crises shows that certain distinctive features always precede them. Those who were in Canada, and remember the period immediately prior to the great upheaval of 1857, even if they were not among the victims, will readily recall these peculiarities. There was at that time not only enormous importations of goods from abroad, wide-spread over-trading in all departments of business, but a wild spirit of speculation at work in all directions under the stimulus of the high prices of produce caused by the Crimean war. The excitement extended to the farming community, a mania for real estate seemed to seize all classes, sales of town and village lots made every nook and hamlet resound with the auctioneer's hammer, and the prices then freely offered look perfectly fabulous when considered at the present time. The entire community seemed to have got the idea that they were becoming rapidly rich, and were commencing to act accordingly, when, as if touched by a magician's wand, the scene suddenly changed: the crisis pitilessly dispelled the dream.

There is nothing analogous to this picture throughout Canada at the present time. The prevailing depression is not general; it is chiefly confined to two classes: our merchants, including the wholesale and retail trade; and the lumbermen; although not a few of our manufacturers may properly be added to the list. That great army of producers, the farmers, were seldom, if ever, more prosperous or less in debt. This assertion will, we think, be generally admitted, and finds corroboration in the fact, that of nearly $100,000,000 of deposits now in the hands of banks, building societies, and the Government, they own no inconsiderable part.

There has been very little of the wild speculation which existed prior to 1857. Some municipalities may have pledged their credit to new railways with undue liberality, and, if all reports be true, there has been considerable speculation in Montreal in stocks and real estate. The same spirit, although in a less degree, has been manifested in Toronto and a few western towns; but, taking the country as a whole, the value of real estate has not unduly risen, and very little speculation of a dangerous character has taken place. Neither has there been much fast living nor much disposition manifested to put up costly buildings by those who could not afford them. In short, the present condition of the Dominion, financially and commercially, presents few of those striking and dangerous features which heralded the great crash of twenty years ago.

The contrast between the two periods is at least sufficiently marked to justify the conclusion that anything like the crisis of 1857 was never within the bounds of possibility, although the threatened ruin of the crops, had it actually taken place, would have been fraught with the gravest consequences.

"Forewarned is to be forearmed," and the lesson of the financial collapse in the United States in 1873 was not lost upon the more thoughtful of our people. It is at least partly due to this fact, that contraction in our import trade began to set in about eighteen months ago. This is clearly established by our trade returns during the past two years.

During the four years ending in 1872–3, our purchases of foreign goods, as we have already shown, augmented to the aggregate extent of sixty millions of dollars, or at the rate of fifteen millions per annum. In 1873–4, this rapid expansion was sharply arrested, our imports declining $110,425, and during the last fiscal year, which ended on the 30th of June last, the contraction still continued, and was much greater in amount.

As great interest attaches to the commerce of the year just closed, we have obtained from Ottawa the following comparative statement, which shows the total exports and imports of each Province, with the duties collected thereon, during the first eleven months of 1873–4 and 1874–5 respectively:—

Comparative Statement, shewing the value of the Goods exported from, and entered for consumption in, the Dominion of Canada, also the duty collected thereon, during the eleven months ending the 31st May, 1874 and 1875 respectively.

Provinces.	11 months, 1873-4.				11 months, 1874-5.			
	Exported.	Entered for consumption.			Exported.	Entered for consumption.		
	Value.	Value.	Duty.		Value.	Value.	Duty.	
	$	$	$	cts.	$	$	$	cts.
Ontario	21,145.894	44.594,208	4,039,992	89	16,684,696	39,570,500	4,470,050	07
Quebec	36,816,664	47,179,696	6,008,764	68	32,867,764	46,315,241	6,282,787	81
Nova Scotia	6,978,137	9,829,645	1,279,002	23	6,390,585	9,869,299	1,378,281	06
New Brunswick	5,611,311	9,177,565	1,262,194	42	5,714,939	9,139,941	1,271,288	85
Manitoba..	788,702	1,424,071	54,907	50	579,027	1,224,071	94,294	62
P. E. Island	510,745	1,591,997	186,595	76	1,186,097	1,728,525	277,451	81
Columbia......	1,660,929	1,377,853	212,132	75	2,191,919	1,725,921	280,438	67
Total	73,512,382	115,175,035	13,043,590	23	65,615,027	109,573,498	14,054,592	89

The returns for June, the last month of the fiscal year, had not all been received at the time of writing. But by adding to the returns of the eleven months of 1874–5, as given above, the value of the imports and exports for June, 1874, less five per cent. for the average decline in the year's transactions, a very close approximation to our total commerce during 1874–5 will be reached.

According to this method, our imports during the twelve months just closed, were of the value of $121,191,176, and our exports, $80,662,596, the total volume of trade being $201,853,772. The variation from these figures, when finally computed, must necessarily be very trifling. They may be accepted, therefore, as the actual results of the commerce of 1874–5, and they show, as compared with the previous year, a decline of $14,902,325 in our total transactions, of which $8,689,332 were exports, and $6,212,993 imports.

It is to the decrease in our imports, however, we desire more especially to invite attention, as it tends to support two of the principal positions assumed in this article; first, that there has been over-importation, and secondly, that contraction—not by any means so extensive as is desirable—but still contraction more or less marked, has been going on for a considerable length of time. A decline of $100,000 in 1873–4, and a little over $6,000,000 last year, may not appear much as compared with our entire importations, but when it is recollected that previously there had been an average increase of $15,000,000 per annum, the change will be seen to be sufficiently marked to affect the finances and business of the country.

There has also been a shortening of sail in other quarters. The production of lumber and timber had in 1872–3 become enormous. It needs only be said that our exports rose from $18,262,170 in 1867–8, to $28,586,816 in 1872–3—the latter nearly as much as the entire products of our farms—to prove the immense production in this branch of industry. The leading lumbermen of Ottawa and elsewhere, with great wisdom, met together last season, formed an Association, and decided to decrease their production. This policy is now being carried out, and its effect must ultimately be to lessen the lock-up of capital, and improve the market both in demand and prices.

The Banks of the Dominion, with a few exceptions, have pursued a cautious policy, and since the temporary dearth of money shortly after the New Year, when some alarm was felt for a few weeks, have been steadily contracting.

During January, February, and March, they reduced their liabilities to the depositors and note-holders, to the very large amount of $12,400,000. The official statement of deposits and circulation on the 31st days of December and March respectively, was as follows :

	31ST DECEMBER.	31ST MARCH.
Deposits	$79,300,000	$70,800,000
Circulation	25,400,000	21,500,000
Total,	$104,700,000	$92,300,000

The Banks met this immense drain upon their resources with comparative ease, a fact which affords undoubted evidence of stability and good management, but we need scarcely add that it could not be accomplished without more or less pressure being brought to bear upon their customers. The list of discounts affords evidence of this. Their loans of this description fell from $142,375,795 on the 28th February, to the sum of $133,715,965* on the 31st May, and under the influence of the recent notice from the Auditor-General, that a considerable portion of the deposits of the Dominion Government would shortly be required, the Banks continue to strengthen their position as fast as it is practicable to do so.

It should also be mentioned that this prudent policy on the part of the Banks is not of yesterday. Their managers evidently foresaw that financial difficulties of more or less severity were inevitable, and have for months been quietly preparing for them. Their action in reducing discounts and calling in their loans, has no doubt contributed largely to, and in many cases is the more immediate cause of, the pressure for money so generally felt. But the pinch must soon have come under any circumstances, every week's delay only added to the danger, and although it might have been more pleasant to stave off the evil day, to face it promptly and manfully was the safest road back to a healthier and sounder business position.

It might be shown that in some branches of manufactures, which are suffering mainly from overstocking our limited market, similar prudence has been manifested in meeting the difficulties of the situation. But sufficient has been advanced, we submit, to prove that however severe these trials may be, they have not surprised the people of Canada in the midst of a fool's paradise, and found them entirely unprepared for the emergency.

The remarks which we proposed to offer upon the remedial measures which should be adopted, have, to a considerable extent, been forestalled.

The most obvious suggestion is—contraction; more particularly on the part of our importers, whose immense purchases of foreign goods we trust we have proven to lie at the root of most of the troubles which exist. This policy, as we have seen—and it is the silver lining to the cloud—has already been partially adopted, but the contraction has so far been limited, and it is sincerely to be hoped that it is not merely rumour that the representatives of our wholesale houses in Europe have been ordered to purchase very lightly this season. If this fall and next spring, the Dominion were again to be flooded with goods, to lie unsold in the importers' ware-rooms, or to be crowded off upon the already over-stocked retail trade, present difficulties would be immensely aggravated instead of relieved.

Contraction is not, however, the only reform which is needed. Not a few abuses of a grave character have sprung up in the general business of the country which urgently require to be eradicated.

The credit system is still in full swing, and inexperienced men, with little cash and often less brains, seem to experience little trouble in getting goods of almost any description with which to start business. In fact, during the past few years, mercantile agents have not confined themselves to soliciting the orders of successful traders, but not unfrequently have forced goods upon men too weak to resist their importunities, and too poor to meet their obligations. This system, as practised by some houses, has grown into a huge abuse, prolific of loss and vexation to both buyer and seller.

We venture to say there are in business

---

* This does not include discounts of the Jacques Cartier Bank, whose returns have not been given since its suspension.

to-day throughout Ontario, at least one-third more of the class known as "store-keepers," than are required by the legitimate wants of the community. Besides the regular trader, who understands his business, many have rushed into this line who have neither the capital, training, nor capacity necessary to success. These very persons, although their defects may be notorious, are daily besieged by drummers to purchase more goods, the alluring baits of bottom prices and unlimited credit often being held out to silence any scruples which may stand in the way of giving an order. The results can be seen everywhere: embarrassment, insolvency, ruin.

Too strong condemnation can hardly be uttered of the system of "compromises," which is becoming alarmingly common, and very disastrous and demoralising to the solvent traders of the country. We will not say that under no circumstances, however exceptional, creditors are not justified in accepting a percentage as payment in full; but we do maintain that the frequency and ease with which compromises have been obtained of late, and the readiness of many houses to open fresh accounts with their victimisers, on the one hand places a premium on dishonesty and incapacity, and on the other not unfrequently ruins the honest and capable trader, who is unable to compete with a rival who gets his goods at half-price. The ultimate effects of this system must be very serious, if its growth is not arrested; and there are sufficient grounds for the assertion that the dangers which menace the business of Canada to-day would be less than they are, but for the bitter fruits of this growing evil.

The stoppage, or, at least, the better regulation of the "bonus system," which is piling up a huge burden of municipal indebtedness, is another necessity to a return to a better condition of affairs. Not that there can be any substantial objection to municipalities being public-spirited, and aiding in necessary and profitable public improvements. Such a spirit, indeed, is commendable. But it cannot be disguised that of late the liberality of many municipalities has quite outstripped prudence, and that enormous debts have been incurred to aid doubtful railways, to allure manufactories from neighbouring towns, or to secure other objects of questionable utility. The results, in not a few cases, it is to be feared, will be disappointment and burdensome taxation.

The municipal indebtedness of Ontario, not to speak of Dominion burdens, has grown to large proportions, and is steadily on the increase. It is high time, therefore, that property-holders took warning, and refused their sanction to all "bonuses," except for works of absolute necessity and acknowledged utility.

There has been quite a mania recently for Joint-Stock Companies. New Banks, new Fire and Life Insurance Companies, new Building and Loan Societies, new Guarantee and various other kinds of Companies, jostle each other in all our chief commercial centres; whilst scores of new enterprises are ready to be floated, but cannot find the means. How so many contestants for popular favour can possibly earn profits, let alone achieve success, is a question which ought earnestly to be considered by the shareholders, who, in most cases, pay from ten to fifty per cent. upon their subscribed stock, but would find, in case of failure, they were responsible for the whole amount. The multiplicity of these companies, now in operation or projected, is not the least dangerous symptom of the times, and capitalists will consult the country's interests, as well as their own, by carefully scrutinizing every new company which presents itself, and refusing to take stock except where such an institution is absolutely required, and is to be controlled by experienced and responsible managers.

Further remedial measures might be suggested. There should be less speculation in stocks, more particularly under the pernicious system of buying on a "margin," which has been imported from New York, like too many other risky practices. Speculation in real estate, symptoms of which have appeared, as already pointed out, should also be carefully avoided; but we need not enlarge further in this direction. We had no idea of furnishing a *panacea*, but merely undertook to offer a few plain, common-sense suggestions, which, it is hoped, after the bitter experience of the past few months, many of our business men may not only read but put into practice.

On reviewing the whole situation, commercial and financial, we have been led to the following conclusions:—

1st. That the Dominion having enjoyed five or six years of development and prosperity, unexampled in the previous history of British North America, is at present experiencing the temporary rebound which naturally follows such a period.

2nd. That, on account of these circumstances, aggravated by over-importation and more or less inflation and over-trading, the business of Canada has for several months been suffering a severe strain, which a failure of this season's harvest would have intensified into a crisis of considerable severity.

3rd. That the fabric of business, although generally stable and sound, contains not a little rotten timber, which the hard times will unsparingly consign to the limbo of insolvency during the next twelve months.

4th. That the most critical point was passed during the month of June, and good crops being now assured, the country is at this moment *passing through* the only crisis there is likely to be, if our importers and commercial classes generally act promptly and decisively in the direction already pointed out.

5th. That contraction began to set in at least twelve months ago, and that business is already making its way back to a sounder and safer position.

The commercial and financial position of a country like Canada is affected by so many contingencies, and changes so rapidly in critical times, that we offer these conclusions, and indeed the entire article, to the public, with strong feelings of diffidence. We have only consented to do so in the hope that the ideas advanced, however crude and inaptly expressed, may throw a little light upon the actual present condition of business throughout the country, and furnish some reliable evidence that the existing circumstances are not such as should cause alarm in Canada, or uneasiness abroad.

The character of the future, however, depends largely upon our own actions. When present clouds are dispelled, if the lessons of the past are forgotten, and reckless importing, investing, and speculating speedily regain the ascendancy, the gravest consequences may be more than realized. But if contraction and prudence prevail—and both are being exercised at present — one or two good harvests will not only enable the Dominion to right itself both financially and commercially, but will prepare it for the succeeding wave of development and prosperity.

SONNET.

IN dreams my tongue doth whisper but thy name ;
My waking thoughts no other centre find.
The midnight vigils thee alone still claim ;
And noontide vision without thee is blind.
My body wearied, and oppressed my mind,
With labour needful, and from studies long ;
Priest and physician, thou canst soft up-bind
Mine aching frame and spirit with thy song.
In walk through wood each leaf doth speak of thee.
By purling stream the echo is still the same.
O ! list, thou know'st I ne'er can happy be
Till thou consent with lip to quench the flame
Thine eye created, when its melting ray
First fired my heart, and turned its night to day.

INGERSOLL. MERMOTH

LEGENDS OF THE DELUGE.

BY THOMAS HODGINS, M.A., Q.C., TORONTO,

> "Legends,
> That like voices from afar off,
> Call to us to pause and listen,
> Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
> Scarcely can the ear distinguish
> Whether they are sung or spoken."
> —*Longfellow's "Hiawatha."*

THE argument in favour of the Unity of the Human Race has had its advocates amongst enthologists and philologists; but it is singular that few, if any, have tested it by investigations into the systems of mythology which have existed from the earliest times to the present. And yet, in those systems, there are traditions which bear internal traces of unity of origin; and notably those which encircle the story of the Deluge.

Of the interesting question, in what part of the globe the human species was first introduced, various opinions have been advanced, and very opposite theories have been propounded. Sir Humphrey Davy* surmised that the locality must have been somewhere in or near the Tropics, in a climate suited to the tender childhood of the race. Sir William Jones† fixed upon Persia or Iran. Adelung‡ has concluded in favour of a contiguous locality—the regions of the Indus, the borders of Cashmere and Thibet; and his opinion is supported by Mr. A. J. Johnes§ who states that "in these regions are found, in juxtaposition, nations which exhibit the very opposite physiological characteristics of the Mongul and Western Asiatic races; and that there, the Monosyllabic and Polysyllabic languages, branch off as from a common centre." And in this connection the question whether the Deluge was limited to the places where human and animal life then existed, or whether it covered the whole surface of the now known globe, may be left for the criticism of other investigators—notably Bishop Colenso, who asserts* "that a universal Deluge, such as the Bible manifestly speaks of, could not possibly have taken place in the way described in the Book of Genesis."

Geological science has an argument in favour of the universality of the Flood in the discoveries of vast quantities of marine productions upon the tops of mountains as well as under the surface of the earth at places far distant from the bounds of the known oceans; and by the finding of vast remains of the elephant and rhinoceros in Siberia—far from the usual warm homes of these animals. And so the Legends of the Deluge have likewise their argument found in lands far distant from the birth-lands of the human race, and in mythologies the most diverse, all illustrating a singular fact, that there is no nation—ancient or modern, savage or civilized—without a story of the destruction of human life by a deluge of waters.

If the importance of any nation, or of any sect of religion, was to be estimated by its supposed antiquity, all must bow down before the claims of China. They pretend to trace back their authentic records to a period far beyond the European era of creation; and if they are not found so minute in the earlier portions of their history, they give us the excuse that it is because one of their princes destroyed every historical document he could seize upon. Owing to their great exclusiveness there has been a difficulty in tracing out the Chinese traditions of the creation and of the deluge. They set out that before the creation chaos existed in the shape of a vast egg, in which were contained the principles of all things. From this egg, placed in the deep gloom of primeval night, proceeded first the *heavens*, which were formed of the *shell*: secondly the *air*, which proceeded from the *white*; thirdly the *earth*, which was formed from the *yolk*; lastly from the earth man was created. This was the first state of heaven, and which is described as a happy age in which heaven and earth employed their virtues jointly to embellish nature. "Man was united inwardly to the supreme reason, and outwardly he practised all the works of justice."

---

* Consolations in Travel.

† Discourse on the Origin and Families of Nations.

‡ Mithridates, Vol. 1.

§ Philological Proofs of the Unity of the Human Race.

* Colenso on the Pentateuch, p. 6. In the same place he refers to Lyell's Elementary Geology which states that volcanic hills of immense extent exist in Auvergne and Languedoc, which must have been formed before the Deluge, and which are covered with pumice stones, &c., which have never been disturbed.

But from this universal goodness man fell, and the second phase, or the second heaven, is thus described in the Chinese book *Li-Ki*: "And now the pillars of heaven were broken, the earth shook to its very foundation; the heavens sank lower towards the north; the sun, moon, and the stars changed their motions; the earth fell to pieces and the *waters enclosed within its bosom burst forth with violence and overflowed it.* Man having rebelled against heaven, the system of the universe was totally disordered, and the grand harmony of nature was destroyed. All these evils arose from man's despising the supreme power of the universe. He fixed his looks on terrestrial objects and loved them to excess, until gradually he became transformed into the objects which he loved, and celestial reason entirely abandoned him."

Turning to the Hindoos, with their cruel and hideous divinities, we are told by those learned in the subject, that there is no part of the Indian Mythology which has not some hidden meaning, either philosophical, astronomical, or historical. The legend of the Deluge appears in what is called the Third Incarnation, or *Vahara-Satara*, from the Sanskrit—"a boat"—which has two stories. One, that for the wickedness of the inhabitants the earth was plunged into a great deep, and that *Vishnu*, wishing to rescue it, descended into the waters and bore it aloft on the horns of his tusks. The other is, that a certain devotee or demon obtained from *Brahma* the boon of universal empire and freedom from danger through noxious animals, which he enumerated one by one, but forgetting the wild boar. The demon having thus obtained universal empire, seized upon the earth, and carried it with him into the depths of the sea. *Vishnu*, willing to preserve the earth, took the form of a boar, and descending into the abyss had a contest with the demon, and eventually slew him and rescued the earth on the point of his tusk. During the time the earth was plunged beneath the waters, another of the deities, *Paravati*, transformed herself into a ship called *Argha*, of which a god, *Mahadeva*, became the mast; but when the earth was brought up from the waters, *Paravati* (or *Argha*) and *Mahadeva* flew away in the shape of doves. These two deities are also typical of the productive energies of nature, and symbols of them are sometimes identified with the first parents of the second world.

Sir William Jones* has furnished a translation of the Hindoo story of the Deluge, from the *Bhagavat*, in which *Heri*, the preserver of the universe, thus directs a pious king, *Satyavrata*: "In seven days from the present time the three worlds will be plunged in an ocean of death; but in the midst of the destroying waves a large vessel sent by me for thy use shall stand before thee; then thou shalt take all the medicinal herbs, all the variety of seeds, and accompanied by seven saints, and encircled by pairs of all brute animals, thou shalt enter the spacious vessel, and continue in it secure from the flood, on one immense ocean, without light, except the radiance of thy holy companions."

The myths of Egypt have a heaviness and massiveness, of which their deities and structures are striking examples. Their temples of Luxor and Carnac were constructed of such a stupendous size as to suggest the idea that their builders were giants, and so we look for no romance in their legends.

Of their mythology, however, we have but scant traces. The Egyptian priests kept their secrets with wonderful tenacity, and allowed very little to become common property. They spoke in parables to the multitude, and those parables were understood only by the initiated. We have not, therefore, that full story of the deluge from them which we are able to find amongst other nations. The Egptian account, which is found in Plato's *Timæus*, after discussing the destruction of the earth by fire, proceeds to discourse of its destruction by a mighty flood of waters, thus: "The gods, now wishing to purify and cleanse the earth by water, overwhelmed it by a deluge. On the flowing over of the waters certain herdsmen and shepherds were saved by the gods bringing them to the tops of the mountains, but those who dwelt in the towns and valleys of Egypt were swept into the sea by the rising of the waters."

---

* Asiatic Researches, vol. I.

Stories about the ark are curious. One is that in the dim mythological years, the eight principal gods of Egypt were represented as sailing over the sea in a curious ship. Another is that *Typhon*—a personification of the sea, and brother of *Osiris*—envied and hated his brother, and desired to dethrone him. At last, during the absence of *Osiris*, he organized a conspiracy, and under the guise of a feast, on the return of the king, he caused a beautiful box to be brought in, which had been made exactly to fit the size of *Osiris*, and declared he would give the box to whomsoever would get into it. The others tried, but none fitted into it. At length *Osiris*, being urged, tried, and immediately *Typhon* shut down the lid, and caused the box to be flung into the Nile, from whence it floated into the sea, and ultimately reached the shores of Phœnicia, and there *Osiris* was released. Another account says the box was an ark of crescent shape, and that at the ancient obsequies of *Osiris* the Egyptians in cutting wood prepared an ark in the shape of a crescent. This vessel, or ark, became known as the *Argo*, or sacred ship, of the Egyptians.

The Babylonian legend is that in the reign of *Xisuthrus*, tenth king of Babylon, there was a great flood. *El* (or *Saturn*), the chief god, appeared to the king in a dream, and warned him that mankind would be destroyed by a flood on the fifteenth of the month *Däsios*. He ordered him to write down all human knowledge, and to bury it in the city or the town called *Sipparis*,* then to build a ship, and enter it with his companions, relations and nearest friends; to take food, and fowls, and animals with him, and if he was asked where he was going, to say, "to the gods to entreat peace for men." He built a ship five stadia long and two broad, and entered it as commanded, and then the flood came. After the flood abated, *Xisuthrus* sent out birds from the vessel, which, not finding any food or place to rest their feet, returned to him. After a while, he sent them forth a second time, and they now returned with their feet tinged with mud. He made trial a third time with these birds, but they returned no more. He then made an opening in the vessel, and upon looking out found it was stranded on the side of a mountain, upon this he quitted the vessel with his wife, his daughter, and the pilot. *Xisuthrus* then erected an altar, and offered sacrifices to the gods.*

Greek mythology has made us familiar with the story of the ship *Argo*, and of *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*. And yet while we look upon the legend of the Argonautic expedition as one peculiarly Greek, we are forced by remarkable coincidences to look for its origin in the myths and legends of Indian mythology. The Greek mind, though showing traces of masculine vigour and political energy, by a wonderful contradiction, placed its faith in untested fables and in the creations of unrestrained imagination. Roaming in quest of wonders and traditions, it could easily be captivated with the story of the Hindoo *Argha* or the Egyptian *Argo;* but having obtained possession of the story, the Greek dressed the tale in the ornaments of romance, and, forgetting that the ship *Argo* was the first ship, they make out that the king of Colchis possessed a navy when Jason landed on his coast. "Circumstances like these made the Greek mythology of comparatively little value in an enquiry like the present; for whereas other nations, the Egyptians, the Indians, and the barbarians, preserved their traditions as they were handed down to them, the lively and poetical Greeks never ceased adorning and illustrating theirs."†

Faber, in noticing the singular manner in which the history of the Deluge is pourtrayed on the southern hemisphere of the globe, while criticising the authenticity of the Argonautic expedition, says:‡—"The greater part of this division is occupied by various aquatic animals, and water is represented as streaming upon it in almost every direction.

---

* "Sepharvaim lay on the Euphrates, where it separates into two arms, and is probably the city of the Sun, or Sippara."—Munter's *Babylonier*, p. 27.

* Dunlap's "Spirit History of Man," p. 139.

† "Universal Mythology," p. 438.

‡ Horæ Mosaicæ, vol. i., p. 131.

In the midst of the waves appears the ship *Argo*; near it is a dove, which seems to be flying towards it, and at a small distance from it is a raven, perched on the back of a sea serpent. Farther on, as if he had just left the ship, is the fabulous centaur, who, with his lance, pierces an animal, and bears it as a victim towards a smoking altar. The *Argo* thus depicted is claimed by the Greeks as the vessel of Jason, which bore him to Colchis, in quest of the golden fleece; the centaur is also claimed by them, and the whole is said to relate to a pretended expedition of a petty Thessalian chieftain. It is not difficult to show that such a claim was purely the result of national vanity, united with a love of poetical romance."

And so it would appear. The knowledge of the *Argo* was by no means peculiar to the Greeks. We find that famous ship well known from Egypt to Hindostan, and familiar to the earlier mythologies of India and Egypt; and when we find the dove in some of the legends, and the centaur sacrificing an animal near the ark in another, we have little difficulty in placing the legends close beside the Scripture narrative of the deluge, the ark, the dove, and Noah's sacrifice on Mount Ararat.

In the story of Deucalion, we have the resemblance to Noah. The Greek legend found in every Greek history, may be shortly stated thus:—Of all the ages into which the history of man was divided, the Brazen Age was the most degenerate and the most pugnacious. Necessarily engaged in fierce conflicts, mankind at last brought upon the world the wrath of heaven, and *Zeus*, indignant at their awful wickedness, sent upon man an universal deluge. *Deucalion* escaped by constructing an ark, according to the warnings of *Prometheus*, his father. After floating about for nine days upon the water, he landed on the summit of Mount Parnassus, and there prayed that *Zeus* would restore mankind. Accordingly, he and his wife, *Pyrrha*, were directed to cast stones over their heads—those thrown by *Deucalion* became men, and those cast by his wife became women, and so the world was re-peopled.†

From these soft and sunny legends of the south, let us next trace out in the northern scalds and wild stories of the Scandinavians, the curious traditions that have nestled in their cold regions. These legends are curiously full of stories about giants and fairies, and such like, and have, doubtless, furnished the originals of many nursery tales. One of these tells us that once upon a time there was a world in the north, from which flowed poisonous cold streams which turned into ice, and layer after layer of ice became piled up in *Ginnunga Gap*, or the abyss of abysses; that opposite to this world, there was another in the south, from whence issued heat and sparks, so that the south part of *Ginnunga Gap* was as light as the purest air. The heat of the south met the ice of the north, and melted the ice, and produced a human form, *Ymir*, the progenitor of the Frost Giants. He was not a god, but was evil, together with all his race. Next we are told of a character named *Bör*, whose sons became gods, and who slew the evil giant, *Ymir;* but there ran so much blood from his wounds that all the Frost Giants were drowned in it, except the giant *Bergelmir*, who escaped, with his wife, on a chest or boat, and so the race was preserved. *Ymir's* body was carried into the middle of *Ginnunga Gap*, or the abyss, and cut in pieces. As his flesh mouldered away, it formed the earth; his blood formed the sea; his bones became mountains; his teeth, stones and pebbles; his hair, the vegetable creation; his skull, the arch of heaven; and his brains were tossed into the air, where they became clouds.*

In the early Druidical legends of Britain, in which the Bardic traditions are found, the legend of the deluge is thus stated:—

"The profligacy of mankind had provoked the Great Supreme to send a pestilential wind upon the earth—a fierce poison descended, and every blast was death. Then the patriarch, distinguished for his integrity, was shut up, together with his select company, in the inclosure with the strong door. Presently a tempest of fire arose; it split the earth asunder to the great deep. The lake *Llion* then burst its bounds. The waves of the sea lifted themselves on high round the borders of Britain. The rain poured down from heaven, and the waters covered the earth, but that water was intended to purify the polluted world, to render it fit for the renewal of life, and to wash away the contagion and evil of its former inhabitants into the chasms of the abyss. The flood which swept away the patriarch's contemporaries raised his vessel on high, bore it safely upon the summit of the waters, and proved to him, and to his associates, to be the water of life and renovation."*

---

† Encyclopædia Metropolitana—Hist. of Greece, p. 86.

* Northern Mythology, vol. I.

And now, leaving this remarkable likeness of "the old, old story," we may bid adieu to the old world, and, like Columbus, may strike out across the ocean to discover, in the new lands of this continent, as he found visible land, and trees, and rivers, like what he had seen in the old world, similar legends to those we have just left, and apparently all bearing the impress of the same original.

Among the earlier writers on American subjects we find many who, although of acute minds and habits of investigation, were nevertheless bigoted and biassed in the peculiar faith they sought to introduce amongst the natives of the newly discovered continent. However, as they heard the traditions of Mexico and the other portions of America in their purest state, we may, after a little sifting, find out the actual legends which were current amongst the natives; and amongst those legends we find one unmistakably allied to the original story of the Deluge. Humboldt's *Researches* contain legends of what are called the four ages of Mexican cosmogony. All these ages closed with some fearful destruction of the world. But the fourth age terminated with a great flood of water, since which no further destruction has come upon the earth. Former ages had changed mankind into corn, or birds, or apes; but this fourth age is said to have changed men into fishes. At each destruction one man and one woman were preserved, and thus a man and a woman became the objects of divine protection. The name of the man was *Tezpi* and of his wife *Xochiquetzal* (or *Zokiquetzal*). The story is that they saved themselves in a boat made from the trunk of a huge tree. Fortunately for this story we have not to rely upon legendary traditions alone, but are referred to a piece of Mexican picture-writing which it is said, relates the history of the preservation of this pair, and in which they are represented with their family, recumbent in the boat and sailing towards a mountain peak which rises from the waves, called Mount *Colhuacan*—the Ararat of the Mexicans. Turning again to the tradition we are told that when this great flood of waters overwhelmed the earth, *Tezpi* embarked in this great boat, with his wife and children and a great store of provisions, and with them a variety of animals and every sort of grain. In this vessel the privileged family sailed over the great deep. All other animals were drowned, and all other men were changed into fishes. At length one of the deities ordered the waters to withdraw, and the boat came near Mount *Colhuacan*, and *Tezpi* sent out a vulture to ascertain how the earth was. The vulture finding the shores lined with the carcasses of dead animals, did not return. Then after sending forth other messengers, *Tezpi* sent out a humming bird, which, after a while, returned with some leaves. Thereupon *Tezpi* and his family left their boat and took up their residence on the Mount.

Another of the American races, the Peruvians, believed—by an old legend of their ancestors—that it once rained so violently as to deluge all the lower parts of their country. In consequence of this an universal destruction of the human race took place; but a few persons, *seven in number*, escaped into a cave in the top of a mountain. Into this elevated fastness they had during the storms of rain and rising waters, conveyed a stock of provisions and living animals, lest when the waters subsided the whole race of men and animals should become extinct. As soon as the rain ceased they sent out two dogs, who after a while returned to them covered with mud and slime,—so they waited. After an interval they sent out two other dogs, who coming back dry, they concluded the earth was habitable; and upon this they left the cave and settled in different parts, and so became the progenitors of the present race of men. The number seven may be accounted for by the fact that in many legends Noah's wife is omitted—she being looked upon as either the goddess of the ship or the universal mother.

The Brazilian legend states that the world and its inhabitants were once destroyed by water—save one man and his sister—who escaped, some say, on a raft, and others, by climbing trees, and that from these two the Brazilians are descended. At certain periodical solemn assemblies, the people in general chorus, chant a sort of requiem to the souls of their ancestors; and it is said that in the course of the song they do not fail to notice the catastrophe of the Deluge, in which the whole world perished, save a few of their ancestors.

---

* Davies' Mythology of the British Druids.

The curious may wonder how any legends of the Deluge could be found amongst the Coral Islands of the Pacific. These islands, broken off as it were from the rest of the world, and comparatively new to the earth's history and research, have stories of this great event wonderfully identical with the Mosaic account. The first visitors to these islands tell us that in Otaheite the natives have a short and simple legend, that the gods once broke up the whole world, plunged it under the waters, and that their islands were but the fragments of the vast original continent of earth which could not be submerged.

But in Owyhee there is a clearer and more distinct legend. They say that *Etoa*, their god—who had created the great world—subsequently destroyed it by a deluge of waters; that all the earth became covered with water save the peak of *Mouna Roa*, (their great mountain) on which one man and one woman saved themselves from destruction, and that from these had sprung the race inhabiting the Islands.

One more illustration,—kept purposely for the last, because it comes from those who traversed the lands we now occupy and cultivate. The Indians of North America, in the multitudinous traditions and adventures with which their mythology abounds, have a story of the "Flood of Waters,"[*] shadowed over by the peculiar characteristics of Indian romance. The legend has been collected by Schoolcraft,[**] and from it we learn that their great hero was *Manabozo* or *Hiawatha*, who went through most wonderful performances and acted at times as giant, manitou, demon, or as the fertile imagination of the Indian pictured him. In one of his adventures he proceeds to a lake and attacks the prince of some monstrous serpents; and, after a desperate conflict, kills his antagonist and runs away. The serpents, seeing their prince dying, give chase to *Manabozo* or *Hiawatha*;—he, with wonderful strength and speed, treads a mile at a step. But his pursuers are also spirits, and he finds them gaining on him. Darting to the highest mountain he climbs the highest tree; on its summit he turns round and sees, dreadful to behold, the whole lower country overflowed with the blood of the serpent-prince, or the water of their lake. The water gains rapidly on the high lands and rises steadily and surely, until it covers the mountain and rises over the tree. Soon the lower part of his body is submerged. Addressing the tree, he says:—"Grandfather, stretch yourself." The tree does so; but the water still rises. He repeats his request, and is again obeyed. He asks the third time, and the tree again stretches upward, but replies:—"It is the last time; I cannot get higher." The waters continue to rise until they come up to his chin, when they stay. Hope revives within his heart, and then the waters begin to abate. He looks around the wide expanse of waters and espies a loon. "Dive down, my brother," he says to him, "and fetch up some earth, that I may make a new earth." The loon obeys, but by-and-bye rises to the surface a lifeless form. He then sees a muskrat. "Dive" he says "for earth, and if you succeed you may hereafter live on land or water as you please." He dives down, but after a while floats up senseless. He then takes the body, and breathes in its nostrils, and the muskrat revives. "Try again." And again the muskrat descended. Again he comes up senseless; but, clutched in one of his paws, there was a little earth; and with this and the dead body of the loon, *Manabozo* or *Hiawatha* created a new earth, as large as the former had been, and he then placed on it animals, fowls, and plants.

It is not in human skill to tell the same story twice, or oftener, without some variations; and this peculiarity is markedly a characteristic of the traditions of the Deluge. Apart from all considerations of Revelation or History, these legends of the Deluge exhibit a resemblance of outline, a variety in unity, which take their characteristics from the climate, locality, or race; and which are local or extended, according to the density or isolation of the people, or grade of intelligence of the nation. Whether the nation has acknowledged one God or a plurality of

---

[*] According to a myth of the Indians, a new earth was made by a second creator, *Messou*. New men were created, or animals were turned into men. Dunlap, in his *Spirit History of Man* (p. 137), says that "a dog prophesied the Flood amongst the Cherokees, and a fish amongst the Hindoos."

[**] Indian Antiquities and Tribes.

Gods, this story of the great Flood of Waters crops out amongst the curious mythologies which man has weaved into his Worship and his Revelation. As the Mummy of ancient Egypt tells of human life 3,000 years ago, and stands before us now as a "Statue of flesh—Immortal of the dead—Imperishable type of Evanescence,"—so, these legends of the Deluge, though wrapped and swathed by the fancy, or the imagination, or the romantic dreams of the nations and races of the earth, stand out before us as evidence of the imperishable fact that "the Flood came and took them all away."

DOUBT NOT.

REPEL dark doubt,
Dismiss dread care,
Ah ! wherefore should we fear,
When God is love,
And merciful,
And ever near ?

The humblest life
That breathes on earth,
Lives through His law divine ;
Let us not dream
His power can fail,
His wise design.

No atom's lost,
But ever change
Has worked throughout all time ;
No end then seems,
Our brightest dreams
And most sublime,

Can not discern
The source of all,
Nor grasp His mighty plan ;
Each blade of grass
Receives His care,
Fear not, O man !

No rankling doubt—
The spirit life
Will ever bloom in higher forms ;
So we may live
With present faith,
Above life's storms.

And hopeful hearts
More trusting grow,
Though "what shall be" is dim ;
They look above,
And see His love,
No doubt of Him.

MONTREAL. GOWAN LEA.

THE CLERGYMAN'S CONFESSION.*

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

FIRST PART.

I.

MY brother, the clergyman, looked over my shoulder before I was aware of him, and discovered that the volume which completely absorbed my attention was a collection of famous Trials, published in a new edition and in a popular form.

He laid his finger on the Trial which I happened to be reading at the moment. I looked up at him; his face startled me. He had turned pale. His eyes were fixed on the open page of the book with an expression which puzzled and alarmed me.

"My dear fellow," I said, "what in the world is the matter with you?"

He answered in an odd absent manner, still keeping his finger on the open page.

"I had almost forgotten," he said. "And this reminds me."

"Reminds you of what?" I asked. "You don't mean to say you know anything about the Trial?"

"I know this," he said. "The prisoner was guilty."

"Guilty?" I repeated. "Why, the man was acquitted by the jury, with the full approval of the judge. What can you possibly mean?"

"There are circumstances connected with that Trial," my brother answered, "which were never communicated to the judge or the jury—which were never so much as hinted or whispered in court. *I* know them—of my own knowledge, by my own personal experience. They are very sad, very strange, very terrible. I have mentioned them to no mortal creature. I have done my best to forget them. You—quite innocently—have brought them back to my mind. They oppress, they distress me. I wish I had found you reading any book in your library, except *that* book!"

My curiosity was now strongly excited. I spoke out plainly.

"Might it not relieve your mind," I suggested, "if you admitted some one into your confidence? You might surely tell your brother what you are unwilling to mention to persons less nearly related to you. We have followed different professions, and have lived in different countries, since we were boys at school. But you know you can trust me."

He considered a little with himself.

"Yes," he said, "I know I can trust you." He waited a moment; and then he surprised me by a strange question.

"Do you believe," he asked, "that the spirits of the dead can return to earth, and show themselves to the living?"

I answered cautiously—adopting as my own the words of a great English writer, touching the subject of ghosts.

"You ask me a question," I said, "which, after five thousand years, is yet undecided. On that account alone, it is a question not to be trifled with."

My reply seemed to satisfy him.

"You suggested just now," he resumed, "that it might relieve my mind if I took you into my confidence. You may be right—and, as my nearest living relative, you are certainly the fittest person whom I can trust. Promise me that you will keep what I tell you a secret as long as I live. After my death I care little what happens. Let the story of my strange experience be added to the published experience of those other men who have seen what I have seen, and who believe what I believe. The world will not be the worse, and may be the better, for knowing one day what I am now about to confide to your ear alone."

He began his narrative, as nearly as I can remember, in these words.

---

* The Right of Translation (and all other Rights) Reserved by the Author.

II.

On a fine summer evening, many years since, I left my chambers in the Temple, to meet a fellow-student, who had proposed to me a night's amusement in the public gardens at Cremorne.

You had then gone out to India; and I had just taken my degree at Oxford. I had sadly disappointed my father by choosing the Law as my profession, in preference to the Church. At that time, to own the truth, I had no serious intention of following any special vocation. I simply wanted an excuse for enjoying the pleasures of a London life. The study of the Law supplied me with that excuse. And I chose the Law as my profession accordingly.

On reaching the place at which we had arranged to meet, I found that my friend had not kept his appointment. After waiting vainly for ten minutes, my patience gave way, and I went into the Gardens by myself.

I took two or three turns round the platform devoted to the dancers, without discovering my fellow-student, and without seeing any other person with whom I happened to be acquainted at that time.

For some reason which I cannot now remember, I was not in my usual good spirits that evening. The noisy music jarred on my nerves, the sight of the gaping crowd round the platform irritated me, the blandishments of the painted ladies of the profession of pleasure saddened and disgusted me. I opened my cigar-case, and turned aside into one of the quiet by-walks of the Gardens.

A man who is habitually careful in choosing his cigar has this advantage over a man who is habitually careless. He can always count on smoking the best cigar in his case down to the last. I was still absorbed in choosing *my* cigar, when I heard these words behind me—spoken in a foreign accent and in a woman's voice:

" Leave me, directly, sir! I wish to have nothing to say to you."

I turned round and discovered a little lady, very simply and tastefully dressed, who looked both angry and alarmed as she rapidly passed me on her way to the more frequented part of the Gardens. A man (evidently the worse for the wine he had drunk in the course of the evening) was following her, and was pressing his tipsy attentions on her with the coarsest insolence of speech and manner. She was young and pretty, and she cast one entreating look at me as she went by, which it was not in manhood—perhaps I ought say, in young-manhood—to resist.

I instantly stepped forward to protect her, careless whether I involved myself in a discreditable quarrel with a blackguard or not. As a matter of course, the fellow resented my interference, and my temper gave way. Fortunately for me, just as I lifted my hand to knock him down, a policeman appeared, who had noticed that he was drunk, and who settled the dispute officially by turning him out of the Gardens.

I led her away from the crowd that had collected. She was evidently frightened—I felt her hand trembling on my arm—but she had one great merit: she made no fuss about it.

" If I can sit down for a few minutes," she said in her pretty foreign accent, " I shall soon be myself again, and I shall not trespass any farther on your kindness. I thank you very much, sir, for taking care of me."

We sat down on a bench in a retired part of the Gardens, near a little fountain. A row of lighted lamps ran round the outer rim of the basin. I could see her plainly,

I have spoken of her as " a little lady." I could not have described her more correctly in three words.

Her figure was slight and small; she was a well-made miniature of a woman from head to foot. Her hair and her eyes were both dark. The hair curled naturally; the expression of the eyes was quiet and rather sad; the complexion, as I then saw it, very pale; the little mouth perfectly charming. I was especially attracted, I remember, by the carriage of her head; it was strikingly graceful and spirited; it distinguished her, little as she was and quiet as she was, among the thousands of other women in the Gardens, as a creature apart. Even the one marked defect in her—a slight " cast " in the left eye—seemed to add, in some strange way, to the quaint attractiveness of her face. I have already spoken of the tasteful simplicity of her dress. I ought now to add that it was not made of any costly material, and that she wore no jewels or ornaments of any sort. My little lady was not rich; even a man's eye could see that.

She was perfectly unembarrassed and unaffected. We fell as easily into talk as if we had been friends instead of strangers.

I asked her how it was that she had no companion to take care of her. "You are too young and too pretty," I said in my blunt English way, "to trust yourself alone in such a place as this."

She took no notice of the compliment. She calmly put it away from her as if it had not reached her ears.

"I have no friend to take care of me," she said simply. "I was sad and sorry this evening, all by myself, and I thought I would go to the Gardens and hear the music, just to amuse me. It is not much to pay at the gate; only a shilling."

"No friend to take care of you?" I repeated. "Surely there must be one happy man who might have been here with you to-night?"

"What man do you mean?" she asked.

"The man," I answered thoughtlessly, "whom we call, in England, a sweetheart."

I would have given worlds to have recalled those foolish words the moment they passed my lips. I felt that I had taken a vulgar liberty with her. Her face saddened; her eyes dropped to the ground. I begged her pardon.

"There is no need to beg my pardon," she said. "If you wish to know, sir—yes. I had once a sweetheart, as you call it in England. He has gone away and left me. No more of him, if you please. I am rested now. I will thank you again, and go home."

She rose to leave me.

I was determined not to part with her in that way. I begged to be allowed to see her safely back to her own door. She hesitated. I took a man's unfair advantage of her. I appealed to her fears. I said, "Suppose the blackguard who annoyed you should be waiting outside the gates?" That decided her. She took my arm. We went away together by the bank of the Thames, in the balmy summer night.

A walk of half an hour brought us to the house in which she lodged—a shabby little house in a by-street, inhabited evidently by very poor people.

She held out her hand at the door, and wished me good-night. I was too much interested in her to consent to leave my little French lady without the hope of seeing her again. I asked permission to call on her the next day. We were standing under the light of the street-lamp. She studied my face with a grave and steady attention before she made any reply.

"Yes," she said at last. "I think I do know a gentleman when I see him. You may come, sir, if you please, and call upon me to-morrow."

So we parted. So I entered—doubting nothing, foreboding nothing—on a scene in my life, which I now look back on with unfeigned repentance and regret.

III.

I am speaking at this later time in the position of a clergyman and in the character of a man of mature age. Remember that; and you will understand why I pass as rapidly as possible over the events of the next year of my life—why I say as little as I can of the errors and the delusions of my youth.

I called on her the next day. I repeated my visits during the days and weeks that followed, until the shabby little house in the by-street had become a second and (I say it with shame and self-reproach) a dearer home to me.

All of herself and her story which she thought fit to confide to me under these circumstances may be repeated to you in few words.

The name by which letters were addressed to her was "Mademoiselle Jéromette." Among the ignorant people of the house and the small tradesmen of the neighbourhood—who found her name not easy of pronunciation by the average English tongue—she was known by the friendly nickname of "The French Miss." When I knew her she was resigned to her lonely life among strangers. Some years had elapsed since she had lost her parents, and had left France. Possessing a small, very small, income of her own, she added to it by colouring miniatures for the photographers. She had relatives still living in France; but she had long since ceased to correspond with them. "Ask me nothing more about my family," she used to say. "I am as good as dead in my own country and among my own people."

This was all—literally all—that she told me of herself. I have never discovered more of her sad story from that day to this.

She never mentioned her family name—never even told me what part of France she came from, or how long she had lived in England. That she was, by birth and breeding, a lady, I could entertain no doubt; her manners, her accomplishments, her ways of thinking and speaking, all proved it. Looking below the surface, her character showed itself in aspects not common among young women in these days. In her quiet way she was an incurable fatalist, and a firm believer in the ghostly reality of apparitions from the dead. Then again, in the matter of money, she had strange views of her own. Whenever my purse was in my hand, she held me resolutely at a distance from first to last. She refused to move into better apartments; the shabby little house was clean inside, and the poor people who lived in it were kind to her—and that was enough. The most expensive present that she ever permitted me to offer her was a little enamelled ring, the plainest and cheapest thing of the kind in the jeweller's shop. In all her relations with me she was sincerity itself. On all occasions, and under all circumstances, she spoke her mind (as the phrase is) with the same uncompromising plainness.

"I like you," she said to me; "I respect you; I shall always be faithful to you while you are faithful to me. But my love has gone from me. There is another man who has taken it away with him, I know not where."

Who was the other man?

She refused to tell me. She kept his rank and his name strict secrets from me. I never discovered how he had met with her, or why he had left her, or whether the guilt was his of making her an exile from her country and her friends. She despised herself for still loving him; but the passion was too strong for her—she owned it and lamented it with the frankness which was so preëminently a part of her character. More than this, she plainly told me, in the early days of our acquaintance, that she believed he would return to her. It might be to-morrow, or it might be years hence. Even if he failed to repent of his own cruel conduct, the man would still miss her, as something lost out of his life; and, sooner or later, he would come back.

"And will you receive him if he does come back?" I asked.

"I shall receive him," she replied, "against my own better judgment—in spite of my own firm persuasion that the day of his return to me will bring with it the darkest days of my life."

I tried to remonstrate with her.

"You have a will of your own," I said. "Exert it, if he attempts to return to you."

"I have no will of my own," she answered quietly, "where *he* is concerned. It is my misfortune to love him." Her eyes rested for a moment on mine, with the utter self-abandonment of despair. "We have said enough about this," she added abruptly. "Let us say no more."

From that time we never spoke again of the unknown man. During the year that followed our first meeting, she heard nothing of him directly or indirectly. He might be living, or he might be dead. There came no word of him, or from him. I was fond enough of her to be satisfied with this—he never disturbed us.

IV.

The year passed—and the end came. Not the end as you may have anticipated it, or as I might have foreboded it.

You remember the time when your letters from home informed you of the fatal termination of our mother's illness? It is the time of which I am now speaking. A few hours only before she breathed her last, she called me to her bedside, and desired that we might be left together alone. Reminding me that her death was near, she spoke of my prospects in life; she noticed my want of interest in the studies which were then supposed to be engaging my attention, and she ended by entreating me to reconsider my refusal to enter the Church.

"Your father's heart is set upon it," she said. "Do what I ask of you, my dear, and you will help to comfort him when I am gone."

Her strength failed her: she could say no more. Could I refuse the last request she would ever make to me? I knelt at the bedside, and took her wasted hands in mine, and solemnly promised her the respect which a son owes to his mother's last wishes.

Having bound myself by this sacred engagement, I had no choice but to accept the sacrifice which it imperatively exacted from me. The time had come when I must tear myself free from all unworthy associations.

No matter what the effort cost me, I must separate myself at once and for ever from the unhappy woman who was not, who never could be, my wife.

At the close of a dull, foggy day I set forth with a heavy heart to say the words which were to part us for ever.

Her lodging was not far from the banks of the Thames. As I drew near the place the darkness was gathering, and the broad surface of the river was hidden from me in a chill white mist. I stood for a while, with my eyes fixed on the vaporous shroud that brooded over the flowing water—I stood, and asked myself in despair the one dreary question, "What am I to say to her?"

The mist chilled me to the bones. I turned from the river-bank, and made my way to her lodgings hard by. "It must be done!" I said to myself, as I took out my key and opened the house-door.

She was not at her work, as usual, when I entered her little sitting-room. She was standing by the fire, with her head down, and with an open letter in her hand.

The instant she turned to meet me, I saw in her face that something was wrong. Her ordinary manner was the manner of an unusually placid and self-restrained person. Her temperament had little of the liveliness which we associate in England with the French nature. She was not ready with her laugh; and, in all my previous experience, I had never yet known her to cry. Now, for the first time, I saw the quiet face disturbed; I saw tears in the pretty brown eyes. She ran to meet me, and laid her head on my breast, and burst into a passionate fit of weeping that shook her from head to foot.

Could she by any human possibility have heard of the coming change in my life? Was she aware, before I had opened my lips, of the hard necessity which had brought me to the house?

It was simply impossible; the thing could not be.

I waited until her first burst of emotion had worn itself out. Then I asked—with an uneasy conscience, with a sinking heart—what had happened to distress her.

She drew herself away from me, sighing heavily, and gave me the open letter which I had seen in her hand.

"Read that," she said. "And remember I told you what might happen when we first met."

I read the letter.

It was signed in initials only; but the writer plainly revealed himself as the man who had deserted her. He had repented; he had returned to her. In proof of his penitence he was willing to do her the justice which he had hitherto refused—he was willing to marry her; on the condition that she would engage to keep the marriage a secret, so long as his parents lived. Submitting this proposal, he waited to know whether she would consent, on her side, to forgive and forget.

I gave her back the letter in silence. This unknown rival had done me the service of paving the way for our separation. In offering her the atonement of marriage, he had made it, on my part, a matter of duty to *her*, as well as to myself, to say the parting words. I felt this instantly. And yet, I hated him for helping me!

She took my hand, and led me to the sofa. We sat down, side by side. Her face was composed to a sad tranquillity. She was quiet; she was herself again.

"I have refused to see him," she said, "until I had first spoken to you. You have read his letter. What do you say?"

I could make but one answer. It was my duty to tell her what my own position was in the plainest terms. I did my duty—leaving her free to decide on the future for herself. Those sad words said, it was useless to prolong the wretchedness of our separation. I rose and took her hand for the last time.

I see her again now, at that final moment, as plainly as if it had happened yesterday. She had been suffering from an affection of the throat; and she had a white-silk handkerchief tied loosely round her neck. She wore a simple dress of purple merino, with a black-silk apron over it. Her face was deadly pale; her fingers felt icily cold as they closed round my hand.

"Promise me one thing," I said, "before I go. While I live, I am your friend—if I am nothing more. If you are ever in trouble, promise that you will let me know it."

She started, and drew back from me as if I had struck her with a sudden terror.

"Strange!" she said, speaking to herself. "He feels as I feel. *He* is afraid of what may happen to me, in my life to come."

I attempted to reassure her. I tried to tell her—what was indeed the truth—that I had only been thinking of the ordinary chances and changes of life when I spoke.

She paid no heed to me; she came back and put her hands on my shoulders, and thoughtfully and sadly looked up in my face.

"My mind is not your mind in this matter," she said. "I once owned to you that I had my forebodings, when we first spoke of this man's return. I may tell you now, more than I told you then. I believe I shall die young, and die miserably. If I I am right, have you interest enough still left in me to wish to hear of it."

She paused shuddering—and added these startling words:

"You *shall* hear of it."

The tone of steady conviction in which she spoke alarmed and distressed me. My face showed her how deeply and how painfully I was affected.

"There, there," she said, returning to her natural manner; "don't take what I say too seriously. A poor girl who has led a lonely life like mine thinks strangely and talks strangely—sometimes. Yes; I give you my promise. If I am ever in trouble, I will let you know it. God bless you—you have been very kind to me—good-bye!"

A tear dropped on my face as she kissed me. The door closed between us. The dark street received me.

It was raining heavily. I looked up at her window through the drifting shower. The curtains were parted: she was standing in the gap, dimly lit by the lamp on the table behind her, waiting for our last look at each other. Slowly lifting her hand, she waved her farewell at the window, with the unsought native grace which had charmed me on the night when we first met. The curtain fell again—she disappeared—nothing was before me, nothing was round me, but the darkness and the night.

V.

In two years from that time, I had redeemed the promise given to my mother on her death-bed. I had entered the Church.

My father's interest made my first step in my new profession an easy one. After serving my preliminary apprenticeship as a curate, I was appointed, before I was thirty years of age, to a living in the West of England.

My new benefice offered me every advantage that I could possibly desire—with the one exception of a sufficient income. Although my wants were few, and although I was still an unmarried man, I found it desirable, on many accounts, to add to my resources. Following the example of other young clergymen in my position, I determined to receive pupils who might stand in need of preparation for a career at the Universities. My relatives exerted themselves; and my good fortune still befriended me. I obtained two pupils to start with. A third would complete the number which I was at present prepared to receive. In course of time, this pupil made his appearance, under circumstances sufficiently remarkable to merit being mentioned in detail.

It was the summer vacation; and my two pupils had gone home. Thanks to a neighbouring clergyman, who kindly undertook to perform my duties for me, I too obtained a fortnight's holiday, which I spent at my father's house in London.

During my sojourn in the metropolis, I was offered an opportunity of preaching in a church, made famous by the eloquence of one of the popular pulpit-orators of our time. In accepting the proposal, I felt naturally anxious to do my best, before the unusually large and unusually intelligent congregation which would be assembled to hear me.

At the period of which I am now speaking all England had been startled by the discovery of a terrible crime, perpetrated under circumstances of extreme provocation. I chose this crime as the main subject of my sermon. Admitting that the best among us were frail mortal creatures, subject to evil promptings and provocations like the worst among us, my object was to show how a Christian man may find his certain refuge from temptation in the safeguards of his religion. I dwelt minutely on the hardship of the Christian's first struggle to resist the evil influence—on the help which his Christianity inexhaustibly held out to him in the worst relapses of the weaker and viler part of his nature—on the steady and certain gain which was the ultimate reward of his faith and his firmness—and on the blessed sense of peace and happiness which accompanied the final triumph. Preaching to this effect, with the fervent conviction which I really felt, I may say for myself, at least, that

I did no discredit to the choice which had placed me in the pulpit, I held the attention of my congregation, from the first word to the last.

While I was resting in the vestry on the conclusion of the service, a note was brought to me written in pencil. A member of my congregation—a gentleman—wished to see me, on a matter of considerable importance to himself. He would call on me at any place, and at any hour, which I might choose to appoint. If I wished to be satisfied of his respectability, he would beg leave to refer me to his father, with whose name I might possibly be acquainted.

The name given in the reference was undoubtedly familiar to me, as the name of a man of some celebrity and influence in the world of London. I sent back my card, appointing an hour for the visit of my correspondent on the afternoon of the next day.

The End of the First Part.

PRAYER AND MODERN THOUGHT.

BY WILLIAM D. LE SUEUR, OTTAWA.

MR. F. W. NEWMAN, in his celebrated book, "Phases of Faith," has described how, having been brought up in the straitest of evangelical creeds, but imbued at the same time with an earnest love of truth, he was led, after arriving at years of manhood, to examine first of all certain articles of his belief in the light of Scripture, and then certain portions of Scripture in the light of reason and conscience; and how, as the result of this process (which he found it impossible arbitrarily to arrest) he was forced to abandon the whole dogmatic system in which he had been trained, and fall back upon the one cardinal and fundamental doctrine of the existence of a Supreme Being, infinite in goodness and in wisdom. It was De Bonald, if I remember rightly, who described a deist as a man who had not had quite time enough to become an atheist. This saying, instinct with true neo-Catholic bitterness and intolerance, with the spirit which, instead of welcoming partial good, seems intent only on driving it to utter evil, has been totally disproved in many cases, and is signally so in the case of Mr. Newman, who, for some forty years, has clung to his elementary creed with an earnest tenacity, the result not of wilfulness or obstinacy, but of profound conviction. Here indeed he has found a resting-place, a lot in which he is well content to abide to the end of his days.

The process described in the "Phases of Faith" is one with which many minds in the present day are familiar. Quite analogous to it is the progressive change in the views of many thoughtful persons on the subject of prayer. Let any one begin to reflect on the nature of prayer, on the strict purport of the language in which it is commonly expressed, and not only on the signification of the language, but on what it involves or implies; let him then take note of all the facts that seem to throw light upon the efficacy or inefficacy of prayer; and the chances are great that, one after another, the petitions he has been accustomed to offer will begin to appear either inappropriate or unmeaning; and the whole exercise of prayer, considered as the offering of supplications intended to influence the Divine mind, will become an impossibility.

Far better, then, some will say, to pray and not to think. Such advice may be accepted by a certain class of minds; but not by those who have begun to look upon their unsolicited thoughts as truths claiming recognition, or at least as possible truths which it must be morally dangerous to repulse or contemn. These must entertain and examine the doubt of which they are conscious, as to whether it is a rational or proper thing to pray to God for temporal gifts, or for the suspension, in our behalf or in that of our friends, of the ordinary laws of nature, or to ask His intervention in the concerns of others, or to supplicate Him to "bless His own work," as though He were under some temptation to mar it. These doubts arise, not from any debasement of our idea of God, but rather from a purification of that idea; and it is a satisfaction to find that they are being fairly faced by a number of candid and reverent thinkers, and are being discussed in a spirit that cannot but lead to beneficial results. After all, can we think of anything better, in this imperfect state, than a desire to know and abide by the truth. Are not all forms of doctrine whatsoever mere unimportant outposts of the soul, so to speak, compared with the determination to be true to ourselves and to one another? Let us keep *that* secure, and we have a citadel whence we can at any time sally forth and recover any positions we may have lost through surprise or unskilfulness. But let us surrender that one Palladium of our moral being, and what, or where, are we? Mere shadows of men and women battling with superstitions in a land where the very light is as darkness. Surely if it is base to sacrifice, even for the sake of life itself, the virtues or principles that make life beautiful and noble (*propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*) it is no less a violation of reason and duty to sacrifice to any opinion whatsoever that which alone can make opinions operative for good, that which alone can save them from sinking into mere prejudices and superstitions—our inward sense of fidelity to truth.

In a matter of this kind no one can really have anything new to urge. The facts that bear upon the question whether prayer, as commonly understood, is a rational exercise or not, must be gathered from everyone's most intimate experience or most familiar observation. It is hard, however, sometimes to get at the true teaching of even the most familiar facts, so powerfully are our minds influenced by bias in this direction or in that. One view of the question was presented in the May number of this Magazine, by a writer for whom I have the highest respect, and whose *nom de plume* of "FIDELIS" never fails to command attention for the articles to which it is prefixed. The article to which I now refer is based upon a recent Burney Prize Essay, and is devoted to proving that "Prayer for Daily Bread" ("Daily Bread" being taken to stand for temporal blessings generally) is not only in strict accordance with the teaching of Scripture, but fully justifiable on grounds of reason. The present writer has not had the advantage of reading the work to which "FIDELIS" refers; but, assuming its arguments to have been correctly and adequately reproduced, it is his purpose to show wherein they appear to be defective. No doubt, in the pages of "FIDELIS" much illustrative matter has been omitted; but what has been given must have been deemed sufficiently conclusive, and there can therefore be no unfairness in dealing with the argument as we find it.

If we consider prayer as a simple effort to hold communion, in such words as may most naturally suggest themselves, or as may give best expression to the burden of the heart, with a Being unseen but felt, it is difficult to conceive what valid objection can be urged against the act, on scientific or on any other grounds. Of what avail is it to tell a man that there is no proof that God exists, if every hour of his life he feels himself overshadowed, as it were, by the Divine Presence, or by *a* Presence, which, as he has no better word to express its vastness, and the paramount authority it claims over his whole inner and outer life, he ventures to call Divine? It was no dogmatist certainly who wrote the lines:

> "The awful shadow of some unseen Power
> Floats though unseen among us."

To Shelley the "unseen Power" seemed to reveal or interpret itself as the *Spirit of Beauty*; but others who have felt the shadow call it by a more venerated name; and who is to say that the communion which these are instinctively impelled to hold with this ruling Presence, is irrational or vain? That the worship of the poet himself was paid to something greater than Beauty, we may be assured from his own impassioned language:

> "I vowed that I would dedicate my powers,
> To thee and thine: have I not kept the vow?
> With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
> I call the phantoms of a thousand years,
> Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers,
> Of studious zeal or love's delight,
> Outwatched with me the envious night.
> They know that never joy illumed my brow
> Unlinked with hope that thou woulds't free
> This world from its dark slavery,
> That thou, O awful LOVELINESS.
> Woulds't give whate'er these words cannot express."*

---

* "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty."

To commune with any object of thought, it is only necessary to place that object distinctly before the mind, and dwell upon it in what seem to be, or are felt to be, its chief characteristics. Immediately, and by as natural a process as any that the science of chemistry reveals, a certain movement of thought and feeling is established. The object of our thought becomes to us a distinct source of influence; and if it be some high ideal, or if it be that absolute perfection which men worship as God, the effect must be to elevate and purify the mind, and strengthen the moral powers. But if with such communings be mingled distinct petitions, as from one person to another, what is the effect? Upon this point I should be sorry to pronounce with any unseemly confidence; different persons may have different experiences to relate; but it seems to me that, in proportion as petition becomes an important part of any act of communion, must the tone of the exercise be lowered. When Shelley, in the verse following the one above quoted, exclaims:

> "Thus let thy power, which, like the truth
> Of nature, on my passive youth
> Descended, to my onward life supply
> Its calm——"

it is a breaking forth not into *petition*, but into *aspiration*, a very different thing. Aspiration is a spontaneous movement of the soul in a certain direction; and thus directly tends to accomplish that which is its object. Petition is a deliberate act performed with a view to obtaining something that is desired, or perhaps only thought to be desired; and has no natural tendency to work its own fulfilment. This distinction is one of very great importance; for petition or prayer often gets a credit for efficacy, which belongs only to aspiration. We speak of prayers being answered, when in fact they had answered themselves. A man who earnestly desires moral or spiritual good, may clothe his longings in any language that occurs to him; he may use the form of petition, or he may break forth into some half-despairing exclamation, like that of St. Paul: "O, wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" The important thing is, that the man is in earnest; and, being in earnest, how can he fail to grasp that upon which his desires are set? Can a man long for purity and not be pure, or hunger and thirst for righteousness, and not be filled? The desire, in a case like this, is simply a sign of moral growth; and it is framing hypotheses *præter necessitatem* to suppose that another will has been concerned in the result. "Fidelis," no doubt, would readily grant that no one ever yet obtained spiritual blessings by prayer, who did not earnestly desire those blessings. But postulate the desire for any particular grace or virtue, and you also postulate its accomplishment, in the direct measure of its strength and permanence.

The traditions of Christianity, however, encourage people to pray for the satisfaction of *all* their needs—for daily food, for happy circumstances, for restoration to health, for the averting of danger, for rain or sunshine, as each may seem to be necessary, for special Divine action on the minds of others, for the preservation of dear or valuable lives, for national prosperity, for almost everything in fact except superabundant wealth or luxury. Not tradition only, but, according to "FIDELIS," the strict requirements of Christian orthodoxy stamp as futile and false all objections to prayer for physical effects drawn from a consideration of the order of the universe. Those who believe in the Bible as a Divine revelation should, it is maintained, have all their doubts, if they have ever harboured any, set at rest by the single passage in St. James which declares that Elijah, "a man subject to like passions as we are," had, by prayer, prevented any rain falling on the land for three years and a half, and again, by prayer, had brought down copious showers. Some Christians might object that they do not feel called upon to attempt a feat of that kind, or any interruption of the natural sequence of meteoric changes, any more than to try and raise the dead, after the manner of Elisha and Paul; but, if so, the answer is ready that they are *commanded* to pray for "daily bread," and that if showers are necessary in order that they may have their "daily bread," they should pray for showers. Into any discussion that may arise upon this question, within the limits of orthodoxy, it is not my purpose to enter: the sole concern of the present paper being with the arguments adduced to show that no valid objections to prayer in its widest sense can be urged upon general grounds.

The following passage from the article now in question may suffice to exhibit the general position of the writer:

"If we believe in a Divine Prescience at all, we must believe that every development of the remotest future has been foreseen and provided for—whether it be the action of a physical force or the craving of a human soul. Why, then, is it not quite reasonable to suppose that the two spheres of His spiritual and physical government have been adjusted to each other, just as, to compare small things with great, a skilful mechanician can adjust to each other the different 'actions' of the same machine? . . . Why should there be any difficulty in supposing that every prayer has been foreseen, and its answer provided for, whether that answer lie in the material or the spiritual world—whether it be the fulfilment of the expressed desire of the heart, or whether it come in a way which Infinite Wisdom may see to be better for the suppliant?"

This view, it should be remarked, is offered as a means of escape from the fatalism involved in the opinion that physical occurrences are governed exclusively by physical antecedents, and that it is consequently futile and irrational to hope that the natural course of events can be in any way affected by prayer. We do not, however, require to examine it very closely in order to find that the doctrine recommended to us is itself nothing more nor less than fatalism enlarged so as to include all the operations of the human spirit as well as the phenomena of nature. Here are two orders rigidly adapted to one another. Nothing that is done in one really *affects* what takes place in the other; but it is arranged that *occasionally* what people pray for shall happen. Now as we all know that our desires in relation to physical occurrences are often fulfilled, whether we pray or do not pray, it seems a most truistic conclusion to land us in, as the result of a very ingenious theory of the Divine government, that sometimes our prayers for specific temporal blessings will be answered, and sometimes they will not. The language used in one portion of the passage above quoted seems, however, to signify and promise more than it really does. When we read of "every development of the remotest future" being "foreseen and provided for—whether it be the action of a physical force, or the craving of a human soul," we are apt to imagine that, according to the writer's theory, some *satisfaction* has been provided for every human craving. This, however, is a serious mistake: what is meant is that God, foreseeing the craving, came to an unalterable determination with regard to it, and adapted the train of physical events to that determination. In other words He decided from all eternity whether to grant the desire or not; and the event only can reveal what His decision was. Now apply this to real life. A distracted mother is bending over the cot of a child whose life is in danger. She has a friend, on one side, whose faith is entirely in the efficacy of natural remedies, and who consequently believes that the issue will depend upon the more or less skilful use of these, and upon the child's natural strength of constitution. She has another friend, who announces the theory above stated—that God foresaw her trouble, her prayers, her sore anguish of heart, and came to a conclusion which time will reveal; that possibly He so ordered things that the child will recover, and that possibly he ordered them otherwise, let the doctors do what they may. Which of these two views, I ask, would fall upon the mother's ear and heart as the more hopelessly fatalistic? I may be mistaken, but I think the latter. So long as we think that a thing depends in anywise on our own exertions, we struggle with more or less of hope and energy. But bring in the supernatural element of predestination, and take away the hope of being able by our entreaties to alter the Divine determination *now*, and might you not as well enthrone Fate at once?

Our ancestors, in simpler ages, felt none of these difficulties about prayer; because they believed *tout-de-bon*, as the French say, that the will of the Deity *could* be bent by human entreaties, especially if accompanied by sacrifices. They had not attained to our stricter notions of absolute wisdom, eternal foreknowledge, and necessary sequence; and their religion moved all the more freely and naturally, in consequence. The God of the Jews, on more than one occasion, "repented Him," as we are told, of some evil He had intended to do; not to mention that, in the days of Noah, "it repented the Lord that He had made man on the earth, and it grieved Him at his heart,"* so that he was moved to destroy the whole human race save one family, and the whole brute creation save those that followed Noah into the ark. The modern world interprets these things in its own way. It does not like the idea of a Deity who resolves to do a thing, and then thinks better of it ; or who having taken the important step of calling the human race into existence, finds out that it was a great mistake. But the modern world forgets, or seems to forget, that it was precisely this primitive anthropomorphism that called forth prayer, in the sense of petition, and made it so natural and important a religious exercise. A man may plead hopefully with a God who "repents Him," and it is not too much to say, that all who do plead earnestly for specific blessings, not of a spiritual kind, think of God—whether they admit it to themselves or not—not as unchangeable, but as subject to change ; in other words they revert momentarily to the anthropomorphism of primitive times. To make such a one realize the theory of "Fidelis," that God's purpose in the matter was taken in the very beginning of things, and is now unalterable, would, it is greatly to be feared, give a serious check to his devotions.

---

* Gen. vi. 6.

Admitting for argument's sake that this theory does enable us to conceive how efficacy may attach to prayer for physical effects, the question still remains: has it, as a matter of fact, any efficacy? In all ordinary speculations we are on our guard against the fallacy *post hoc ergo propter hoc ;* and unless we conclude that what is a fallacy in other regions is a sound principle when applied to prayer and its apparent consequences, we must hesitate before we allow that, in any particular case, the happening of some prayed-for event is an answer to prayer. If we would be honest with ourselves, we must ask the question : what grounds are there for believing that, if this thing had not been prayed for, it would not have happened ? For example, in the neighbourhood in which I am writing, prayer was lately offered in some churches (not in all) for rain ; and rain came at a very timely moment. It is natural enough, perhaps, that those who prayed for rain should consider their prayers answered : but what evidence is there that, if they had not prayed, the rain would not have come all the same ? Absolutely none. Before we can reasonably be called upon to believe in the efficacy of prayer for physical effects, we must be shewn a large number of instances, in which, according as prayer is offered or not offered, certain results have followed or not followed. Nothing less than this will suffice to meet the case ; and unless those who believe in the physical efficacy of prayer are prepared to prove its efficacy by some such process of logical induction, they cannot expect that their views will long command the adhesion of thinking men.

What are the most familiar facts bearing upon the question ? Every ocean steamer that arrives safely at port, lands, side by side, passengers who had been most earnestly committed to Divine Providence, and others for whom no special interest had been made, either by themselves or by any one else. Every steamer that sinks beneath the waves carries down with it a precisely similar mingling of human souls. In the first case, safety is vouchsafed to the prayed-for and unprayed-for alike ; in the latter, the two classes are hurried to a common doom. In cases, however, where some are saved and some are lost, who has ever pretended to say that the efficacy of prayer has been illustrated by the result ? Have the saved been those who were sped on their way with the greatest number of prayers, or have they been an average representation of the ship's company ? When any active principle is at work, shaping results in great questions of life and death, it cannot long remain concealed ; and if, in the order of nature as Divinely prearranged, escape from death were, in any large number of cases, "adjusted" to prayers for such escape, it would long since have been universally recognised that, in all general catastrophes, and indeed at all times, the praying or the prayed-for man was safer than his neighbour. But if the dismal records of railway and marine disasters, of deaths from flood, and storm, and pestilence, and earthquake, afford no trace of any such principle, what is the use of talking of adjustments of the order of nature to the fulfilment of prayer; or how can any event be claimed as the fulfilment of prayer, when precisely similar events happen in the absence of prayer ! With quite as much reason might the calamities that sometimes overtake those who are fervently prayed for, be represented as the consequences of prayer, as any immunity they may enjoy from such calamities. When things go best with them outwardly, they do not flourish any more than the wicked, whose prosperity in life and comfort in death, were a marvel as long ago as the days of the Psalmist.

I should not forget that the possibility is contemplated of a prayer not being answered according to its terms: but "in some way which Infinite Wisdom may see to be better for the suppliant." The prayer may be for some temporal gift; but the answer may come in the shape of spiritual blessing. On this I would remark, first, that it seems an abuse of language to speak of spiritual blessings constituting an *answer* to prayers for specific temporal good; and, second, that it ill serves the object "FIDELIS" has in view (viz., the strengthening of the general belief in the efficacy of prayer for physical effects), to fall back upon the position which no one cares to attack, that prayer may be productive of spiritual good. The question moreover arises: does spiritual benefit flow from any prayer that has not been directed to its attainment? Let any one pray for some temporal advantage without any aspiration towards spiritual good—will he be spiritually blessed? On the other hand, let there be, in connection with a prayer for temporal good, an earnest desire, let us say, to be brought into harmony with God's will; and to which shall we attribute any resulting spiritual blessing—to the specific petition or to the spiritual aspiration that accompanied it? Which is the more likely to bring peace and strength to the mind—to have besieged God with supplications for this or that object of natural desire, or to have trusted ourselves entirely in his hands, while using all proper means for the realization of our wishes? I should be quite content to accept the answer of "FIDELIS" to these questions. In the spiritual as in the material world, effects only flow from adequate causes. Men do not reap where they have not sown; and where their hearts have been set only on temporal good, they do not gather spiritual harvests.

While "FIDELIS" and the author of the Burney Prize Essay believe in the "physical efficacy of prayer," they are strongly of opinion that we should only pray for such things as, for aught we know, *may* happen whether we pray or not. "We have no right," it seems, "to expect miraculous interference," and, therefore, when we foresee any result with certainty we are not to pray that it may be averted. "No one, perhaps, save a fanatic or a fool, would be so presumptuous as to pray for the reversal, in his particular case, of those conditions of our mortal life, on the uniform action of which all human calculations depend, and a want of confidence in which would paralyse all human energy." But, surely, is not every physical law to which we are subject a "condition of our mortal life?" And when people pray for the sick, what else do they want than this: *that the case may not be left to the action of the ordinary laws of nature.* If they had confidence that the ordinary laws of nature or "conditions of our mortal life" would bring about the result they desire, would they pray at all for Divine intervention? Why does a mother not offer up special prayers when her child has an ordinary cold, and yet pray most earnestly when scarlet-fever has declared itself? Why, except that in the one case she has every reason to trust that in the ordinary course of things her child will be better in a day or two; while in the other she has only too much reason to dread the action of natural law, and would gladly have its course controlled by supernatural power? Was it in accordance with the "conditions of our mortal life" that rain was withheld from the whole land of Samaria for three years and six months? It seems to me that here we must recognise as distinct a reversal of those conditions, as when Elisha prayed over the dead body of the Shunamite's son, and restored him to life; yet "FIDELIS" makes it a Christian duty to imitate Elijah, while reprobating as folly and fanaticism any attempt to work the works of Elijah's successor. There is certainly no warrant in Scripture for the distinction thus drawn between what may and what may not be prayed for. Christ promised his disciples that "even greater works" than he did should be done by them; and, among the signs that should "follow them that believe," he mentioned these: "In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; and they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."[*] The early Christian Church took such declarations seriously, and gave a welcome to all kinds of miraculous stories. The Rev. R. Bosworth Smith, in his recent lectures on "Mohammed and Mohammedanism," observes† that St. Augustine claims to have "ascertained, on certain evidence, that some small fragments of the disinterred relics of St. Stephen had, in his own diocese, within two years, performed no less than seventy miracles, and three of them raisings from the dead."

---

[*] Mark xvi. 17, 18.

No warrant of Scripture whatever is appealed to by "FIDELIS" for the distinction in question. It is defended simply on the ground that any interference with the recognised laws of nature would defeat human calculations and paralyze human energy. But have we not good reason to believe that our whole life is under the government of laws, and that chance is but another name for the operation of laws too complex or too obscure as yet to serve as the basis of assured prediction. Prayer for the recovery of the sick is approved of; but how could it have any general efficacy without the science of medicine being completely overturned? It is suggested that God could "dart into the mind" of a physician the suggestion to use a certain remedy, and that thus the cure would appear to be a natural one. There is something a little grotesque in the idea of the Divine Being, while answering a prayer, taking such pains, as it were, to cover up all trace of His special action; but that objection we may waive, as there are weightier and less questionable ones to urge. Either the remedy suggested would be one adapted to all similar cases, or it would be one to which miraculous efficacy had been given for the special occasion. In the one case, a new rule of medical treatment would be established (for the physician would certainly try the successful remedy on the next opportunity): in the other, medical science would simply be confused; for the same remedy, when tried again, would utterly fail, if indeed it did not poison the patient. In the one case, the Deity would really take the whole development of medical science into his own hands; for suggestion would have to follow suggestion as often as new interventions were designed: in the latter, there would be no such thing as medical science at all. Moreover, a doctor's success would then depend, not upon his own skill, patience, attention, or learning, but upon the spiritual character of his patients and their friends.

There is yet another aspect of the case still less satisfactory. If God, to carry out His purpose in relation to the issue of an illness, can make a physician think of something he would not otherwise have thought of; so, of course, when His purpose is that the disease shall terminate fatally, He can make the physician *forget* something that would have saved the patient's life, or, perhaps, make him commit some positive error. There is precisely the same reason for believing that he does the one as for believing that he does the other. But what, on this supposition, becomes of medical responsibility? Your trusted adviser may have administered you a poison, but who can tell by what influence his brain may have been clouded for the moment, or what strange "suggestion" may have been darted into his mind? He cannot be decisively blamed, so long as there is the possibility that he acted under supernatural control.

We may ask in the next place, would not a vivid faith that the result of an illness might be affected by prayer have the effect of superseding, in a measure at least, human efforts to conquer it? Are not the nations whose faith in prayer and in the miraculous generally is strongest, precisely the ones that show least self-reliance and energy? I have myself known at least one person whose strong faith in Divine Providence, and in the efficacy of prayer, led him to speak in the most disparaging terms of the science of medicine; and the newspapers have frequently brought to our notice the strange doings of the "Peculiar People" who, believing that St. James meant what he said when he prescribed a mode of treatment for the sick, and gave assurance of its efficacy, insist upon following his directions to the letter.*

"Some physical changes," writes the Burney Essayist, "we do not ask for, because we see that to do so would be manifestly unreasonable; others we do ask for, because we cannot see this. Yet we doubt not that, if we could see further, we should perceive that many petitions which we now place in the second class should be assigned to the first; we therefore pray with reference to this section of the doubtful class, 'Thy will be done.'" This is narrowing things down to a very fine point, and leaves but little comfort for those who may wish to believe that prayer has a real physical efficacy. Just in proportion to the increase of our scientific knowledge, will the range of prayer be contracted. How long, then, we cannot help asking, will the example of Elijah praying for rain be a suitable one to hold up for imitation? Meteorology is making progress every year; storms and tidal waves can now be predicted a considerable time before they occur, and ordinary changes of weather can be known with tolerable certainty a day or two in advance. It is almost impossible not to believe that some law of periodicity will be discovered before long, or possibly some definite connection between atmospheric and solar changes, which shall place the science of meteorology on a wholly new basis, with vastly increased powers of prediction. Prayers for rain or sunshine will then (on the Essayist's principles) become unreasonable, Elijah and everything else to the contrary notwithstanding. It almost seems to me that the death-blow is given to prayer for physical effects, when an earnest advocate thus tries to prepare people in advance for successive revelations of its "unreasonableness."

---

† Page 159.

* See St. James v., 14, 15.

It sometimes happens that two persons vehemently desire and earnestly pray for a thing which only one of them can get; as, for example, some particular situation or employment, or success in some competition. This clashing of their interests creates, however, we are told, "no difficulty; for each prays that what, upon the whole, is best may be that which his prayers shall effect." Here again language, I venture to say, is used in a most unnatural way. Nobody approaches God with a *request* that he will do what is best. Such a request would be simply irrational; and, if made with reflection upon its purport, would imply a very low view of the character of the Divine Being. A person, may, in prayer, profess his willingness to accept, without repining, a denial of his wishes; or his own private wish may sink out of sight altogether in the strong desire that possesses his soul to submit to the Will of God; but in either case, there is no petitioning God to do what is best, as though He needed the stimulus or the restraint of human entreaties to keep his purposes fixed upon that point. Again, "each prays that what is best upon the whole may be that which *his prayers shall effect.*" To understand this fully, let us suppose that a certain situation is vacant, and that A and B both pray earnestly that their individual efforts to secure it may be successful. A fails, let us say, and B is the fortunate man. Is it conceivable that the prayers of A, offered up in his own behalf, have had anything to do in securing the place for B? Unless we can suppose this, there is absolutely no meaning in the sentence quoted. "Thy will be done!" it may here be remarked, is not a prayer at all; it is a simple expression of resignation and faith.

The attempt made in the essay before us to illustrate the efficacy of prayer in the physical region is but ill-adapted to satisfy doubting minds. Almost the only facts presented are taken from the records of philanthropic and religious enterprises, the success of which, in certain cases, is attributed to the influence of prayer. No one, however, in these cases, can pretend to say with certainty how much was due to prayer, and how much to a wise adaptation of means to ends. The Oneida community is a praying community, and in many respects a most successful one; but most persons would attribute its success less to the prayers of its members than to the sagacious administration of its extremely able head. Before we can take upon ourselves to say that the success of anybody or anything is the result of prayer, we should at least try to be certain that it cannot be accounted for on natural grounds. But would God really be doing what is best were He to help institutions or persons that do not in a rational way help themselves? If it be said that the result of prayer is to cause people to conduct their affairs rationally, two consequences follow: First, a certain amount of business imbecility must be supposed before we can credit the prayers with efficacy; and, secondly, when the prayers have been efficacious, the result is only what numbers of persons attain upon whose labours no special blessings have ever been invoked.*

---

* Mr. Beecher, we now know from his own lips, has been "the subject of more prayer than any living man on the face of the globe." Yet the very speech in which he announces the fact is one of the vulgarest and most egotistical he ever uttered. It is a pity the best-prayed-for man in the world should make such exhibitions of himself.

The manner in which "FIDELIS" has discussed the subject of famines and pestilence was suggested, I cannot help thinking, more by the exigencies of a theory than by the facts of history. The Bible is referred to as showing that these are punishments of "determined ingratitude and disobedience," to be removed only "on a national repentance and confession of sin." That such visitations and their disappearance should seem to depend on wholly natural causes is only what should be expected on the theory of "adjustment," If we turn to the Bible, however, we shall find that a three years' famine was sent upon the land of Israel on account of David's failure to hang seven of Saul's sons, and that David did not even know the cause of the infliction until he had "enquired of the Lord." Moreover, these seven men were hanged, not on account of any fault of their own, but on account of their father's cruelty to the Gibeonites.* Here there was neither national sin nor national repentance to account either for the famine or for its removal. A very similar case was that of the pestilence sent upon the land in punishment of the offence of which David had been guilty in numbering the people.† But looking at such facts as we know historically, what relation do we find existing between great calamities and the moral condition of the peoples amongst whom they happen? Were Herculaneum and Pompeii worse than Rome? Was Lisbon in 1753 worse than Paris? Had the calamities which overtook these cities any marked effect upon other places of similar moral condition? We know that the distruction of Lisbon did more than any other event that ever happened in modern Europe, not to confirm the belief in Providence, but to spread abroad a despairing feeling that all was left to chance. How Voltaire "improved the occasion" everyone knows. Then think of the middle-age pestilences, of the great plague of London, of the devastation wrought by small-pox amongst the Indians of this Continent. Think of the Indian, Persian, and Irish famines; of the millions, no worse than other well-fed millions, who have raised to Heaven their frantic, but wholly unavailing, cries for "daily bread." Surely if there is any truth in the above theory such terrible punishments could only have been inflicted for some almost unparalleled national wickedness. But who ventures to hint at such a thing? Who, indeed, in sight of such wide-spread havoc of human life, does not rather echo the words of David when, for his personal fault, seventy thousand of his people were slain: "But these sheep—what have they done?"*

The only region which "FIDELIS" and the Prize Essayist seem to think wholly appropriate to prayer is "the region of uncertainty," where we cannot foresee the event, and, when it happens, cannot tell whether our prayers had anything to do with shaping it or not In that region we may safely pray, because if we choose to think our prayer answered, nobody can disprove our opinion. There are, however, some very broad arguments which make strongly against a belief in the efficacy of prayer even in the "region of uncertainty." For example, when rain comes after having been prayed for, is it confined to those who have prayed for it, or does it descend impartially on the evil and the good, on the believer and the rationalist? If all these things are matters of adjustment, it is singular, to say the least, that the same blessings should be adjusted to belief and to unbelief—that rain which comes in answer to prayer should descend in all its fertilising power upon those to whom the offering up of prayer for rain is a simple superstition, and those whose moral condition is such as to make it impossible that they should pray acceptably for anything.

There is something, to my mind, strangely unspiritual in the explanation "FIDELIS" has offered of the fact that while the prayers offered up for the recovery of the Prince of Wales were "answered," those offered up for his father, Prince Albert, were unavailing. The theory is that, "owing to the suddenness with which Prince Albert's malady took a fatal turn, and to the then imperfect means of communication, prayer for his recovery was far from being so general" as in the case of the illness of the Prince of Wales. So the efficacy of prayer, in matters of national concern, depends on the rapidity with which prayer can be set in motion, and the extent of the area over which the impulse can be transmitted. What a meagre idea this gives us of the efficacy of prayer in past ages, when as yet the steam engine and the telegraph were unknown; and, upon the other hand, what prodigious possibilities it promises in the future, when telegraph stations shall dot the whole surface of the habitable globe! The Atlantic Cable, it is evident, might have saved the life of the Prince Consort; but that triumph of science was reserved for the benefit of his son. This theory, to be sure, is not advanced dogmatically; but still it is one which the writer who puts it forward is *willing to accept* as a not unnatural or unedifying explanation of the dealings of God with men.

---

* See 2 Sam. xxi. 1-9. † 2 Sam. xxiv.

* 2 Sam. xxiv. 17. If the theory in question had any place in "modern thought," it would certainly have found expression in the comments of the press on the recent terrible disasters in South America and the South of France. But where are we to look for any hint that the stricken populations were worse than others; or for a suggestion that national repentance and confession of sin are the appropriate means of escaping similar disasters in future. I cannot but doubt whether even "FIDELIS" would care to apply the above theory to contemporary instances.

Enough of criticism: a word or two now, in conclusion, as to the practical result which might be expected to flow from an admission of the truth (if truth it be) that God does not intervene in human affairs, but that man on this planet is left to find his gain or loss in the unimpeded operation of established physical laws. To some it will appear impossible that a belief of any kind in God should survive so radical a change of view. Let us speak out our innermost thought on this subject. Grant that there is a God, and that, to speak the language of men, He had a wise purpose in view in calling our race into existence: can we not conceive that His purpose might be in full course of fulfilment even though all distinct recognition of Himself might have temporarily vanished from men's minds? If at the period of this obscuration, men were following the best light then to be had; or if the obscuration were the result of new light to which their eyes had not yet become accustomed, can we not conceive of God looking down upon them with at least as great favour as upon previous generations, who, while boasting of their knowledge of Him, had most unworthy conceptions of His nature,* and satisfied themselves with most inadequate proofs of His existence? If we would judge aright of these things we must allow our minds a much wider sweep than we have hitherto been accustomed to do. We must compare the development of the human soul with that with which it is alone comparable, the development of "this solid earth whereon we tread." How many times has life been destroyed and renewed on the face of our globe? What rich vegetations, what huge forms of animal life, have sprung up under the forcing influences of tropic heat and unstinted moisture; and then, again, what desolation was spread abroad as the glaciers began to crawl from their mountain beds, and ghostly icebergs gleamed upon every sea, and grated on every shore! Shall anything survive such wide-spread ruin? Why, the very richest germs of life have scarcely as yet taken their earliest development. The Creator's plan is not confused; His purposes are not baffled; everything survives which He intended to survive, and "the best is yet to be." Apply this to the human spirit. What are we, what were our fathers before us, that we should think our thoughts or their thoughts about divine things, or about anything, of such infinite importance? The northern blast may even now be preparing that shall chill to death every thought and imagination not fitted to endure in the brighter days to come. We may think that all is about to perish; but no, the Creator of the soul presides over its destinies, and He can guide it through drearier and more wreck-strewn seas than ever mirrored the dull face of heaven in the dim ages of the past.

There is no need, however, to assent to the opinion of those who hold that, with the belief in prayer for physical results, the belief in God Himself would perish.† Has the modern world seen a man more profoundly convinced of the existence of God, or more ardent in the proclamation of what he held to be divine truth, than the Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, of Brighton? Yet he believed and taught that the spiritual region was the only proper region of prayer. Then, is it or is it not a fact that the more spiritually-minded men become, the more intimate their communion with the Supreme Object of their adoration, the less disposition they feel to wander in their prayers beyond the spiritual region? I find an illustrative passage in a letter written by M. Singlin, the celebrated spiritual director of Port Royal, on the occasion of the death of Jacqueline Pascal; it is well worth quoting here:

---

* "It were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him; for the one is unbelief, the other is contumely; and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity. Plutarch saith well to that purpose: 'I had rather a great deal men should say there was no such man as Plutarch, than that they should say that there was one Plutarch that would eat his children as soon as they were born,' as the poets speak of Saturn." Bacon's Essays: "Of Superstition." Yet even Saturn was not accused of torturing his children to all eternity.

† "There is no necessary connection," says a recent writer in "Macmillan's Magazine," "between theology and supernaturalism. It is quite possible to believe in a God, even a personal God, of whom Nature is the complete and only manifestation."

"For some days past, I have been struck by a thought; it is as to our impertinence in desiring anything or in fearing anything, in wishing that this should happen or that not happen, that these persons should live or that those should not live, as if Sovereign Wisdom and Justice did not see everything, or as if we had an illumination or any special views of which God stood in need, in order to dispose and govern everything for the best. This thought often causes me to stop short upon occasions when I am inclined to wish that God would either do or refrain from doing a certain thing. All we have to do is to pray that His holy will may be done in all things: and to seek Him in order that we may know His will, submitting ourselves to all events, and only concerning ourselves with what devolves upon us to do, lest we should mix with it something of our own, and place our own providence above that of God." *

But there is a more modern voice that speaks, as I think, with unrivalled power to the hearts of those in the present generation who find themselves compelled to cast aside old forms of thought, but who earnestly desire to preserve all central truths. It is that of the poet Clough, who with all his unbeliefs, was a believer of the noblest kind. Clough had faced every problem; and, just as the doctrines he had received by tradition fell away one by one from his mind, did his faith in the Divine and the Eternal become clearer, purer, and stronger; till at length he felt that his own perception of the Divine existence was a matter of little moment, so long as his life was guided from above. Let us listen to some of his communings with that Spirit which was never very far from his thoughts:

"O Thou, that in our bosom's shrine
Dost dwell, unknown because divine!
I thought to speak, I thought to say,
'The light is here,' 'behold the way.'
'The voice was thus,' and 'thus the word.'
And 'thus I saw' and 'that I heard;'
But from the lips that half essayed
The imperfect utterance fell unmade.

"O Thou, in that mysterious shrine
Enthroned, as I must say, divine!
I will not frame one thought of what
Thou mayest either be or not.
I will not prate of 'thus' and 'so,'
And be profane with 'yes' and 'no;'
Enough that in our soul and heart
Thou, whatsoever Thou may'st be, art.

"Do only Thou in that dim shrine,
Unknown or known, remain, divine!
There, or if not, at least in eyes
That scan the fact that round them lies,
The hand to sway, the judgment guide,
In sight and sense Thyself divide!
Be Thou but there—in soul and heart,
I will not ask to feel Thou art."

As I read these lines, I seem to catch the echo of some words spoken very long ago: "I have not found so great faith; no, not in Israel."

---

* See Preface to Victor Cousin's "Jacqueline Pascal."

THE NEW CANADA:

ITS RESOURCES AND PRODUCTIONS.

BY CHARLES MAIR, PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MANITOBA.

THE extent, soil, and climate of the Fertile Belt having been touched upon in my previous paper, its principal resources and products will now be briefly described. Chief amongst the former is tertiary lignite, a mineral which, in view of the scarcity of wood, is of immense importance to a prairie country. Its first outcrop is supposed to be on the Souris River, which joins the Assiniboine about eighty miles west of Portage la Prairie. An exposed bed upon that stream was at one time on fire, and smouldered away for several years. Captain Palliser observed it at la Roche Percée, on the eastern slope of the Coteau Missouri, seven miles north of the Boundary Line. He describes the lignites as of several different varieties, some having the appearance of compact cannel coal, some like bituminous coal, while some of it can hardly be distinguished from charcoal. The lignite group underlies the superficial deposits of the prairies of the north and south Saskatchewan, and bituminous shales exist on the former branch, and on the Athabasca, resting on limestone, which take fire and burn spontaneously. Coal, says Col. Lefroy, exists in seams about ten miles above Fort Dunvegan, on one of the small tributaries of Peace River. The lignite has also been observed by Doctor Hector on Smoking River, another tributary of Peace Rever, and has been traced by him on the Athabasca, McLeod, and Pembina Rivers, all to the north of Edmonton. Two miles below Edmonton, a heavy bed is exposed, and, nearer the fort, there are two seams of considerable width. On the opposite side of the river, several seams are exposed, the principal of which is six feet in thickness, with others thinner and less pure. Beds of lignite similar to those which occur on the Athabasca, are observed at various points on Red Deer River, from Fort Athabasca up to the Rocky Mountains. On the latter stream, above the Hand Hills, the coal forms beds of twenty feet in thickness; and, at one point, is on fire. "For miles around, the air is loaded with a sulphurous and limy smell, and the Indians say that, for as long as they can remember, the fire at this place has never been extinguished, summer or winter."

These are some of the main exposures which have been observed by explorers; and from them it may with certainty be inferred that much of the Fertile Belt is of a coal-bearing character, and that future examinations will reveal the existence of coal in unlimited quantities, and in localities convenient for distribution and general use. Iron ore has lately been discovered far to the west of Lake Winnipeg, and ferruginous sand has been found in various parts of the prairie plateau. East of the lakes the ore is said to be abundant, and the time is probably not very distant when the coal of the Souris will be brought by rail or water to smelt the ore of Winnipeg.

As a question of immediate resource, the wooded areas of the North-west are next in importance. Bourgeau inconsiderately calls the circumarctic zone of timber, which sweeps to the North-west from Lake Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains, a "worthless" forest of spruce, scrub-pine, birch, willows, and poplar. Eastward from Pointe du Chêne, a vast wooded country extends almost without break, the timber increasing in size and value towards the height of land. North of a line drawn from Oak Point, on Lake Manitoba, to the mouth of Red River, the country is fairly timbered, and this district, and the areas west of that lake, will supply a large quantity of lumber for immediate use. Many of the rivers are lined with woods to a considerable depth. The Assiniboine, for example, is heavily timbered at many points with large oak, elm, poplar, bass-wood, and spruce, and the country between it and the Boundary Line westward, for many miles from Portage la Prairie, is pretty much a wooded country throughout. The various *coteaux* or mountains, so called, of the country, as Pembina Mountain, Ridoix Mountain, &c., and which, it will be remembered, are nothing more than ancient terraces, nourish in many places a gigantic growth of bass-wood and balsam-poplar, which make very fair lumber in the North-west. Beautiful groves, or "islands," of poplar dot the prairies in many places, and these, if protected from fire, will in time supply the settler with fuel, and—such is the speedy growth—in a few years more, with timber of fair size and good quality. There can be no doubt that, but for periodic fires, the prairies would be abundantly wooded, and in a country where the growth is so rapid, planting and protection will soon make the settler independent, so far at least as fuel and rails are concerned.

West of the first steppe, the vast interior is marked by two well-defined natural divisions. It would be difficult indeed in the Touchwood Hill country to get a quarter section of land entirely bare of timber, but this is exceptional. A line drawn from above the Fishing Lakes, on the Qu'Appelle, and produced to Battle River, following that stream, at a distance of about thirty miles to its elbow, and thence to Bow Fort on Bow River, will roughly divide the forest lands from the great plains. North of this line, the timber, pasturage, and soil are generally good, south of it there is little or no wood, the pasturage is inferior, and much of the soil is sterile. A wide extent of these plains is of much the same desolate character as the great American desert to the south of them. They are a projection of that frightful barren, rounding into our territory like a huge hump, yet they are by no means entirely worthless. The utterly ruinous denudation seems to end close to the Boundary Line, whence the desert graduates into the arenaceous clays of the cretaceous system, and assumes, as it sweeps northward, a loamy surface, and a richer vegetable clothing. Terrible, indeed, is the present aspect of those vast and forlorn areas. Fringed by the ever-vanishing horizon, the traveller pursues his way in melancholy awe, a mere pin-point on this hideous map of heaven and earth. A fire there is the last horror which nature can bestow, and leaves behind it a scene of desolation only equalled by the fallen archangel's "windy sea of land," or that awful Desert of Lopp, described by Marco Polo, filled with illusions and enchantment.

Extensive discoveries of gold will probably be made in the North-west, along the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and in the valleys of the Athabasca and Peace Rivers. It exists in the gravel underlying the clay of the prairies, in the neighbourhood of Edmonton, and is got there by the miners in the sandbars of the north Saskatchewan. The yield is considerable, but the season is too short to give a profitable return, the water rising in summer from the mountain freshets, and submerging the bars. Old miners talk hopefully of future discoveries, which, if valuable, will settle the question of peopling the farther areas of the Fertile Belt very speedily indeed. Clay for brickmaking exists almost everywhere, and this cheap substitute for stone has already come into general use in Winnipeg. There is but little stone in the first steppe available for building purposes, the beds generally lying at a great distance below the surface. Salt is widely distributed throughout the North-west. The greal Salt Belt trends diagonally across the continent, from Onondaga to the Mackenzie River, where it crops out in such quantities, that thousands of tons of it could be shovelled into barges at the water's edge. Very good salt is made at present by the natives, at Lake Manitoba, with the most ordinary appliances for collection and evaporation of the brine.

Traces of coal oil and bituminous springs are found in the north of unknown depth, and great prospective value. The Indians of Mackenzie River mix the bitumen with grease, and use it for gumming their canoes. Slate is found in the valley of Kicking Horse River. Deposits of pipe-clay are common near Edmonton House, where also, in the middle of the six-foot coal seam, is found a layer of magnesian steatite, which works up into a lather like soap, and is used by the women at the fort for washing blankets. Yellow ochre is deposited over a distance of forty miles on the north Saskatchewan, and carbonate of lime exists at different places, especially at Long Lake, below Portage la Prairie, and at Westburne on White Mud River, where it is used by the half-breeds to smear their houses with, and is brilliantly white and adhesive. These are a few of the known resources of great value in the future, and, no doubt, more extended exploration will bring to light many others, as yet unknown, and concealed in the great store-house of the North-west.

The Flora of the country includes nearly all the productions of the temperate zone. The wild plum of the prairies is a delicious fruit, as are also the various berries, particularly the sasketoom, or *poire*, a purple fruit about as big as an English cherry. Strawberries and raspberries are amazingly abundant; also gooseberries, red, black, and choke-cherries, blue-berries, grapes, &c., all of which are quite equal to the wild fruits of Ontario. Gardeners are just beginning to cultivate the apple, with every prospect of success. After years of failure its success is assured in Minnesota, and as that State has a much severer climate than Manitoba, the apple may be safely counted upon as a future product of the Fertile Belt. The wild hop, very pungent and of large size, grows abundantly in the woods. Vegetables of all kinds attain complete maturity everywhere. The North-West potato is of the best quality, large and dry, entirely free from rot or blight of any kind, and yields a return so profuse as to be almost incredible. All the cereals yield abundantly, and as wheat is the most tender and important of them, it is unnecessary to enlarge upon the others. This great cereal ranges throughout the entire Fertile Belt, from Rainy River to the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and from the parallel of 49° north latitude to the 60th degree northward from Edmonton. There is no subject perhaps on which more popular misapprehension exists than in the culture of wheat, and nothing but the logic of facts seems sufficient to remove the impression that a high latitude necessarily precludes its cultivation. In 1832, a committee of the American Congress reported, with all seriousness, that the Illinois Territory, through defective climate, remoteness, and high latitude, was incapable of producing wheat. At the time this sagacious opinion was given, wheat had been raised for years in the Red River Settlement, six hundred miles northwest of Illinois. Since then the wheat lines have made two removes of five hundred miles each, and the quality of the grain has improved with each remove. It is now raised successfully at Prince Albert Mission, between the Forks of the Saskatchewan and Fort Carleton, and at Lake St. Ann's, close to a tributary of the Athabasca River, in longitude 113° west. There are, of course, particular exposures where its maturation is uncertain, especially in the neighbourhood of Edmonton, where the nights are liable to invasive frosts sufficiently severe to kill the plant. But it is now established as an indisputable fact, that wheat can be grown successfully from east to west of the Fertile Belt, and northward far down the Mackenzie River and its tributaries. In the lower parishes of Red River the yield throws all Canadian experience into the shade. The same land has been sown with wheat for fifty years, and, without being manured, has returned, when unmolested by grasshoppers and floods, as much as sixty bushels to the acre. Westward the return is from thirty to forty bushels per acre, the soil being lighter, but cleaner and more easily worked than the stiff clays of Red River, and much less affected by drought. These statements may seem exaggerations to the reader, but they are literal truths, and beyond contradiction. When we consider then the ease with which farming operations may be carried on in the North-West; its adaptedness to machinery, the absence of stumps or stones rendering the whole breadth of surface available; and the prodigal yield; we can clearly appreciate the necessity of immediate enterprise in developing the country both by rail and water. The immediate construction of the Pacific Railway is warranted by every consideration of sound policy and public interest. Thirty years hence it will employ three lines of railway to carry the wheat of the North-West to tide-water, and all the canalling privileges which can be devised as well. For the last few years a market has been found for the surplus production of the country sufficiently remunerative amongst the Indians, from immigrants themselves, and from internal consumption. But now that immigration is likely to pour in in vastly increased volume, it will soon be necessary to provide a cheap as well as a speedy transit for grain, and to this end a water-route is as necessary as a railway. The difference in cost of transport by water and by rail is in the ratio of one to three, and this difference is so immense, when taken in connection with the remote centres of production, as to make the opening of a water-route imperatively necessary. It is fortunate that we have two routes to the sea, mainly by water, and that it is not impossible to connect the Saskatchewan with Lake Superior. The development of this route would establish the greatest system of internal water communication on the continent, and the time is coming when barges will load at the foot of the Rocky Mountains and discharge cargo at Montreal; or, at all events, when there shall be but one or two transhipments between those points.

The other route referred to will, in due time, be made use of as an outlet for grain, and its importance in the future is incalculable as a summer base of supply, and an impregnable military highway between Great Britain and the Dominion. As public attention has scarcely yet been called to our supremely important military and commercial position in the north, it is worth while to dwell at some length upon it. The reader is, of course, aware that the parallel of 50° north latitude crosses the Lizard, the most southern point of England. The whole of Great Britain, therefore, lies north of a parallel which almost passes through the centre of Manitoba, nearly three hundred miles north of the City of Montreal. The line of the Canada Pacific Railway, as laid down on recent maps, cuts this parallel near the 86th degree of west longitude, and the distance from this bisecting point to James's Bay is about 200 miles. To connect them a branch line of that length would have to be built; but if Albany River is navigable below Martin's Falls, as seems likely, a line of half that length would do. Here, then, we have a mixed water and railway route from the Rocky Mountains to Moose Factory on James's Bay, and, that point reached, despite of uninformed opinion to the contrary, it is as nearly certain as anything well can be that the chief difficulties of the route have been overcome. Notwithstanding the most patent facts in the history of Polar navigation, a groundless impression obtains that the navigation of Hudson's Straits and Bay is attended with extreme difficulty and peril. A feat which, for the purposes of discovery, war, or trade, has been successfully performed by numbers of vessels every summer for over two hundred years, may well cease to be accounted extremely perilous.

The crazy little craft which bore the fortunes of the early explorers were the instruments of lofty and heroic spirits, whose daring rose above the suggestions of common fears and common prudence. But the spirit of trade is as heroic as the spirit of discovery, and better things were done with better ships. The great struggle for supremacy of race in America had its episodes of alternate success and disaster at Hudson's Bay, as well as at Quebec. The little venture, under the guidance of Gillam and De Groselliers, in 1668, does not count for much in history; it was remote, hyperborean, ice-bound. But it, and the subsequent desperate struggles on that unknown and savage coast, though historically neglected, were, in reality, among the important factors in a long series of events which culminated on the Plains of Abraham. Since the conquest, the Straits and Bay of Hudson have been navigated uninterruptedly during the season by the ships of the Hudson's Bay Company, with the loss, in that long period, of only some three or four vessels. It is presumable that what has been done by this company can be done by any other company, or by anybody who has the means to equip a ship. Until thirty years ago the mails, and all the supplies for Red River Settlement and the inland trade, were brought by way of York Factory; and though the route is almost disused at present, on account of the difficulty of inland transport and the rapid extension of the American railway system, the time is coming when the exports and imports by way of Hudson's Bay will rival, for a short season, those of the St. Lawrence.

The open season on Hudson's Straits is variable, and probably does not much exceed three months. There are three sailing vessels at present on the route, the *Ocean Nymph*, *Prince Rupert*, and *Lady Head*. These vessels leave London in June, touching at Stromness, in the Orkneys, and make the trip in about six weeks, against a constant head-wind. The return trip, aided by a fair breeze, is made in some twenty days. The vessels are of about 500 tons register, but carry 800 tons, and are strongly built. Severe storms are rarely encountered on the voyage, the chief difficulty being the passage of the Straits. The Straits are narrow, and both coasts are mountainous and visible from the vessel. The coasts are lined with icebergs which are all aground, and bear a startling resemblance to lofty embattled towers and great cities. No icebergs are afloat in the Straits, but vast sheets of floating ice are often set together by the tide, breaking up when it turns, and leaving a free passage for the ships. Two of the company's vessels go to York, and the third to Moose Factory, bringing supplies for the Indian trade, and taking return cargoes of furs. But what three vessels can do a thousand can do; and just as large fleets visit Quebec in spring and fall for timber, so large fleets will yet visit James's Bay for wheat. The adoption of steam will reduce the passage to less than the time of a Montreal and Liverpool packet, and the directness of this route will place a large portion of the North-West, as regards English trade, in as favourable a position as Ontario.

The Americans are, of course, alive to the fact that the shortest buoyant lines to the sea are in our territory; and, in order to compete with the expected development of them, have several schemes on hand, none of which is of a character to divert the trade of the North-Western States from its natural highways. One of these is to connect a navigable branch of the Ohio with James's River, by canalling over the Alleghanies; and they believe that the outlet on the Chesapeake is sufficiently far east to prevent the heating of grain. Another scheme is to connect the Wisconsin River with Green Bay on Lake Michigan, by way of Fox River, and complete the communication with the North-West by connecting the upper waters of the Minnesota with Red River. They have even sent out a party of explorers to report upon the feasibility of connecting the source of the Mississippi with the Otter Tail, which is the name Red River receives above its junction with the *Bois des Sioux*. But these routes, if ever developed, must be subsidiary to our own, which are the cheapest and shortest of them all.

I have now sketched, perhaps with more rapidity than exactness, the leading features of a territory which, according to our management of it, will either make of us a great and powerful nation, or extinguish our political existence altogether.

Do we faint at the portals of a realm so vast; or does the contemplation and possession of so much material grandeur lift our minds to the plane of more strenuous efforts and higher duties than have enriched our history in the past? Shall it be our gracious privilege to pioneer its wondrous slopes, to erect mighty provinces, and honeycomb them with enterprise, and invite the yeomanry of Europe to come and share with us our fertile soil, and our political estate? Or shall it be the privilege of an obdurate and jealous nationality to seal it with a mucilage of iron until the swift extension of American settlement, and the intrusive fingers of American ambition, grasp it from our keeping for ever? The synchronism of priest-power and free political and material development has not, to say the least of it, been hitherto strongly marked in the history of Lower Canada; yet no Canadian of tolerant spirit dreams of interfering with the Lower Canadian's rights and privileges, his language or his laws, as limited and established by the Treaty of Quebec. Why should he, indeed, with the annals of '76 and 1812 in his hands, attesting his fidelity to the Empire amidst the most varied trials and temptations? The Canadian student rises from their perusal with feelings of thankfulness and profound respect; and, whatever may have been the inner motive, he never can forget the priceless services rendered by the people of Lower Canada during the war of independence, or the blood which, in 1812, was freely shed by them in the interests of the Empire, and for the honour and freedom of our common country. The most tempting inducements to rebel were rejected with scorn. The blandishments, arguments, and threats of a Benjamin Franklin were used and lost upon this people. And shall we now, or ever, attempt to interfere with their peculiar franchises in their own prescribed domain, or tamper with political and social conditions which are suitable to the genius and character of the people? Surely not. But, whilst faithful to our pledges, it must be remembered as well, that, with many social and domestic virtues, the French husbandman is averse to grappling with the stern conditions of success in a new country. It is not he who will subdue the "silent spaces of the West," but the Celt or Teuton who speaks our language, and the "many-tongued" people of Northern Europe. How, then, if we wish ever to become a homogeneous people, can we extend the parliamentary use of a language which is limited of right only to a certain Province? Either this privilege must be confined to that Province, or we must be prepared to sanction its extension to a host of incoming tongues, and not only duplicate but quintuple public business in every new Province. It has been said that the Lower Canadian's faith demands the political preservation of his language; but Roman Catholicism stands in no danger of attack, for the simple reason that modern progress has ceased to fear it. It may be used as a bugaboo to frighten women and children by a few sectarian bigots; but beneath the fulminates of the Vatican, and underlying the open controversies and conflict of religious opinion, is a great Roman Catholic and Protestant laity slowly but surely learning the wisdom of mutual forbearance and a tolerant spirit.

More trouble is to be apprehended from the suspicion and distrust of a minor nationality operating freely within a larger one, and the squeeze which constructive legislation is likely to receive in consequence. In order to build up a great nation minor nationalities are no doubt called upon to make heavy sacrifices. Many time-honoured sentiments and prejudices have to be cast under foot, and, in order to effect that identification of national movement whose result is power, the factors must resign their individuality, and consent to be held in solution. This, of course, implies anything but unlimited subordination, or tyrannous control. There are political as well as chemical resolvents, and the *status quo ante* will, perhaps, always be assumed by a spirited minor nationality in time of need.

In the development of the North-west this sacrifice is required of the Lower Canadian people, and nothing but an utter lack of political perspective can blind them, or any other nationality in the Dominion, to the imperious necessity of the hour. Many features of recent American diplomacy and legislation point to an eager desire to encroach upon our rights, and to cramp and confine our trade. The purchase of Alaska, as an act of national policy, can only be explained in one way, and the journals of the Western States are almost a unit in insolent opinion as to the future of our North-west Territories. The wheat range drained by the Mississippi, less rich than that of the Northern Anticlinal, is becoming exhausted. Every tenth year, it is said, lops off a wheat-exporting State. The fertile areas are almost entirely taken up, and the immigration of the future, to be retained at all, must be largely projected into the American desert. It is not astonishing, then, that Americans should look with longing eyes upon the inexhaustible areas of the Fertile Belt, or that, understanding as we do the political lights by which they read, they should consider every means justifiable in order to accomplish our political extinction. Nor do they lack a certain following in the Dominion itself, confined almost entirely to Quebec, and due in a great measure to the mediæval inertia and trammelled enterprise of that Province. It is not surprising that Americans should advocate annexation. Bad as their system of government is, they love their country, and by every means in their power encourage the growth of a national sentiment which, notwithstanding its glaring faults, is an honour to the Yankee. But it is surprising that there should be even a few Canadians in Canada—for Canadians, of whom there are thousands, in the United States, are almost to a man opposed to it there—who with the repulsive characteristics of American political and social life constantly before them, advocate the incorporation of this young and vigorous Dominion with the moribund and unhealthy fabric of the huge Republic. The earnest and high-minded advocates of Independence in Canada stop far short of this, and have the fair form of national dignity for the goal of their reasoning. This is a question which stands in abeyance, and has yet to be argued on the grounds of our preparation for it; and which, discussed in the light of modern ideas and human progress, will probably be subordinated to the vastly nobler conception of the homologation of the whole Empire, the first great and permanent step towards a universal brotherhood of nations. But with regard to the other question, there can be no difference of opinion amongst men of clear mind. Man lives not by bread alone, and all the material advancement in the world would not atone to Canada for what she would lose by annexation. It is impossible to deny, and, in a certain sense, not to admire the amazing extension of the American Republic, and the wonderful enterprise of its people. But, on the other hand, too many Americans, puffed up by the vast material resources of their country, err by attributing to a political system, eminently defective, results which are due in a large measure to the bounty of nature. The mighty resources of America would nurse the apathetic and brutalized civilization of the Turk into greatness; and had the carnal Chinese been the primary occupants of the land, they would long ago have converted it into a universal garden. There is extension which carries with it spiritual degradation and decay, and enterprise which strews the path of national progress with moral ruin. With all his indomitable perseverance and material success, the Anglo-American is, at this moment, a living exemplification of the danger of wild assumptions and wild interpretations in politics and morals. The Puritanical *cultus* of New England, starting from the fair premiss of religious freedom, developed into a withering and exacting spiritual tyranny, which overshadowed liberty of thought, and wrought its own destruction by a natural revolt. The stately tree yet stands, but it is a "rampike," and out of its blasted trunk have sprung the monstrous fungi and secondary growths, which sometimes amuse, and sometimes horrify the Christian world. Allied to it were the political dogmas of the revolutionary *Doctrinaires*, which, starting from the tantalizing postulate that all men are created free and equal, have developed into the cardinal principles, that all men are equal who have equal means, and that freedom is a legal technicality wherein the hardened criminal partakes by purchase. When unbridled religious emotionalism is wedded to wild political theories of human perfectibility, and both are secretly laughed at by their hierophants, it is not surprising that the results should be immorality and corruption.

There is nothing particularly censurable in a high pursuit of wealth, if the methods employed are honourable. But it is the widespread consideration of it in the United States as an end to be reached by any means, which is objectionable and unpromising. Much of this evil tendency is due to the sordid maxims of that curiously over-estimated infidel and affector of republican simplicity, Benjamin Franklin, who pointed the material instincts of his countrymen downwards, instead of upwards, and gave reverential status to the yellow deity, for whom Washington Irving coined the apt title of "Almighty Dollar." The high value set upon dollars has had a disastrous effect upon legislation. Familiarity with office has begot its appropriate and proverbial contempt. Shrievalties and magistracies, stripped of all honour and dignity, are elective, and are quite as likely, and even more so, to be held by the lowest and most untrustworthy, as by men of sound education or upright moral character. Children are indoctrinated with the ideas of their elders before they are fairly emancipated from bib and tucker, renounce allegiance to and respect for their parents at an early age, and are goaded into an impudent and boundless self-assertion, which is called "smartness." The very diet of the people is an outrage upon common sense, and an evidence of that dangerous tendency towards physical indulgence which long ago moulded the New England physique into its distinct and well-known type. The pure taste for simple flavours is almost unknown. Pastry and pickles are devoured in quantity, at the expense of health and digestion, and the palate is flattered by outlandish dishes, which are the product of the foolish ingenuity of American women, responding to the morbid cravings of American stomachs.

These are the more noticeable vices and defects of their social and political system, with which most of us have long been familiar. But underlying them is a fouler ulcer than humanity would willingly believe, and a prevalent and extending vice, which is rapidly converting the human economy of the Republic into a vast *hortus siccus* of pruriency and disease. This is indeed a question which is hourly assuming a more and more complex and alarming aspect. Robust and perfectly healthy national life is fast dying out, and republican simplicity is a thing of the past, or exists only in the introverted philosophy of the literary journals, where functional disease and morbidity of mind disappear in the terms *Fragilité* and *Spiritualité.* An universal desire for a life of luxury and self-indulgence has infected the otherwise amiable and really clever women of America, crushing down before it the sense of duty and responsibility, invading the arena of man's less laborious pursuits, shunning the rougher toil of life, and—oh, sad and unholy truth! withering even the noble instinct of maternity. I should have no desire to pursue this unfortunate question at the present time, were there not a special reason for it. But as the insidious poison is being poured into our country by the agency of the circular and the newspaper, the time has come when someone must speak out; and, if I do so now, it is with the consciousness that the reader has the good of Canada at heart, and is too sensible to take offence at what is meant for the future well-being of our own happy, and, as yet, comparatively innocent country.

Who that takes up an American daily paper but must be shocked at the vile and indecent advertisements which occupy so prominent a place in its columns. Are not these advertisements indicative of extensive abuse, and would they be continued, and more and more widely extended, if they did not "pay?" No! These loathsome appeals are begot of a practice now widespread in the American Republic; a practice which is undermining the health of American women everywhere, destroying their moral sense and delicacy, and swelling the annals of criminal miscarriage to monstrous and incredible bulk. It has long been observed that native American women have singularly small families, and the fact has been popularly accounted for by the delicacy and tenderness of their constitution. But the facts are the other way. The jaded and haggard physique of so many American women is oftener due to the fact that they have small families, or, as is frequently the case, no families at all. The idea seems to be that if two young people of moderate means like each other, there is no reason why they should not be husband and wife. But, then, they must live in the same luxury and self-indulgence as their neighbours; and, to do so, they must be childless, and childless they are accordingly. Fortune may favour them; but the ice has been broken, and what was before a crime for economy's sake, is continued as a crime for the sake of indolence, and freedom from trouble and domestic care. Much wonder and indignation is expressed in Canada at the laxity of the American State Laws concerning divorce; but a little consideration of the facts casts a flood of light upon this question, and the *reductio ad absurdum* of absolute childlessness makes it, after all, a question of very little importance whether people are divorced or not.

But what are the consequences of this baleful and terribly unwomanly crime? What but impaired vitality, a listless married youth of freedom from married cares, and a middle-age—for old age is fast vanishing out of the question—of hopeless physical suffering, self-contempt, and despair. And what is its political effect? It is that the reins of government are slowly but surely slipping from the hands of the Anglo-American. He who traces his lineage to the foremost and freest nation upon earth is already sandwiched between alien antipathetic and reproductive races, one of which, perhaps, in the distant future, will write in blood the word "supremacy."

Talk of annexation to such a state of things as this! There is not one fibre of our moral or intellectual nature which does not revolt at the coarse and unworthy suggestion. Is there any true Canadian who can think of these things without disgust and loathing? Is there a Canadian girl who can think of them without horror and shame? No! Thank God, our young men are not afraid of the battle of life, our maids are innocent and pure. Their dreams are holy, touched with the hope of a true Canadian offspring, and the consciousness that the world can bestow no higher honour than to be the virtuous and devoted mother of a Canadian child.

This new Dominion should be the wedding of pure tastes, simple life, respect for age and authority, and the true principles of free government on this Continent. It stands, like a youth upon the threshold of his life, clear-eyed, clear-headed, muscular, and strong. Its course is westward. It has traditions and a history of which it may well be proud; but it has a history to make, a national sentiment to embody, and a national idea to carry out. There was a time when there was no fixed principle or national feeling in Canada; when men were Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, or Frenchmen, and when to be a Canadian was almost to hang the head. But that time has passed away. Young Canada has come to the front, and we are now a nation, with a nation's duties to perform, privileges to maintain, and honour to protect. That national sentiment which has yet to defend the "meteor flag" from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is opening amongst us like a flower. All true men will carefully water the plant; all wise men will assiduously nourish its growth. Its vegetation has, indeed, been slow. Individual nationalities have militated against it. Local jealousies and heartburnings here, and mediæval politics there, have trammelled its growth and screened it from the light. But its power and cohesiveness are being felt at last, and already is it binding the scattered communities of British America together in the bonds of a common cause, a common language, and a common destiny. Influences from without are doing much to establish it more firmly. The bad example of our neighbours has not been lost upon us. They have restricted our trade, and thereby taught us self-reliance. They have fostered and fed our enemies, and given them their soil as a base of operations against us, and this has revealed our readiness and spirit.

But chiefly from within must we look for its fair and true development. The sentiment, to be entirely autochthonous, must grasp with its roots, and be nourished by, the inner and domestic life of the people. It must be embodied in our school-books, be illustrated by the chisel and the pencil, and enter into the more thoughtful spirit of the press. One of its infallible signs is the growth of a national literature. This, to be characteristic, must taste of the wood, and be the genuine product of the national imagination and invention. No nation can be truly great which lacks these faculties, inasmuch as they lie at the root of such human efforts as rise above the satisfaction of animal desires, and are the true source and ministers of all the higher orders of our pleasures. The contemporary condition of a nation's literature is, of course, the touchstone and gauge of them ; but they operate in all directions, cover the entire field of national progress, and more or less inform every branch of human speculation. The genuine and most important result of their operation is the creation of a national idea, or sentiment, which has for its internal condition *unity*, and for its external aspect *force ;* a sentiment which, to be sound and effective, should move in two directions, and act, at once, magnetically and dynamically upon the masses. So tenacious of life is a concrete idea of this kind, where it has once obtained a thorough hold upon a people's mind, that nations have eked out a show of power and resistance upon its mere ground-swell, and long after the original forces themselves had become utterly abased and corrupt. Wise nations instinctively utilize this force, and invariably put it out at interest, so to speak ; and wherever this usury is in existence, we may be sure that a nation's life is vigorous and active. On the other hand, where, from causes operating beneath the surface of society, the denationalizing process has fairly set in, we may expect to find a nation living upon its capital, and existing mainly through the respect and sufferance of others. It may be remarked that this sentiment is generally in advance of everything saving its contemporary literature. It may be asserted, on the other hand, that a wise statesmanship can produce or create it, and clever politicians no doubt sometimes flatter themselves that they are a little in advance of it. The fact is that politics almost invariably lag behind the national idea, and those parts of it which obtain the legislative sanction are merely its refluent waves, which are presently taken hold of and petrified into laws. Where the national sentiment is vigorous, even sterile and obstructive legislation becomes comparatively harmless.

This, then, is the light which we must cause to shine before men and before nations ; the abstract of our national life and ideas ; the concrete feeling and inspiration of the country, which Canadians must project into the fertile immensity of the west. It is not they only, but they first, who should carry to the Saskatchewan and the Athabasca our language and our laws, establish our Provinces, and lay the groundwork of that national feeling without which we can never become eminent as a nation.

And what a noble heritage is before them ! An atmosphere of crystal, a climate suited above all others to develop the broad shoulder, the tense muscle, and the clear brain, and which will build up the most herculean and robust nation upon earth. Mighty rivers whose turbid streams drain half a continent, and bury themselves in the Northern Ocean. Measures of coal and iron, the sources of England's material greatness, and which will make any nation great which can use them aright, almost locked together. Above all, the hope of the despairing poor of the world, a boundless ocean of land, diversified by rolling hills, by lakes and woods, or swelling into illimitable plain. The haunt of the Indian, the bison, and the antelope, waiting with majestic patience for the flocks and the fields, the schools, the churches, the Christian faith and love of freedom of the coming men.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE annual meeting of the Press Association reminds us that a laudable effort was once made to infuse something of an *esprit de corps* amongst journalists. The aims of the Association were good, and if it had exerted any appreciable influence on the Canadian press, every right-minded man would have rejoiced at its success. But it has not succeeded; for the virus of party has proved too potent to be withstood by so feeble an antidote. At its annual meetings, members inveighed against discourtesy, and exhorted their brethren to eschew personal abuse, and conserve the amenities of the profession—but all in vain. Having paid their respects to decency by these hortatory exercises, the same men returned home to befoul themselves anew with the mire of scurrility. It cannot be said that they were consciously inconsistent, still less hypocritical; the exigencies of party forced them into the old ruts, and they resumed the journey, jogging on as before, and bespattering all within their reach. Thus it happened that an Association, established with the best of motives, has contributed its quota of flag-stones to that pavement which is compacted of good intentions.

It is unnecessary to expatiate upon the vast influence of the press in this and every other free country. Journalists are not in the habit of underrating the importance of their mission, and more than enough has been uttered upon that head. But there is an inference to be drawn from it which editors are prone to forget or ignore—that the extent of its power should be the exact measure of its responsibility. In practice, however, the wider the influence of any party journal, the more reckless and disingenuous its tactics. Time was when the urban newspapers made themselves merry with the Billingsgate of rival editors in the country. They can do so no longer; for the weekly and daily papers have changed places in this regard. It is to the credit of the country press that it has steadily risen in ability and courtesy, whilst its leaders have as palpably deteriorated. At the present moment, when personal slander and abuse run riot, nearly all the pleas for journalistic decency are to be found in the weekly press outside the cities.

Nowhere are the baneful effects of party spirit so marked as in the gradual degradation of the press. Years ago, when men had principles to contend for, personal abuse, if it appeared occasionally, was kept in the background; it forms now the staple of political controversy. The eighteenth century in England divides itself into two distinct periods, which may serve to illustrate the distinction. During the first half of it, politics consisted chiefly of intrigue, first of bedchamber women and concealed Jacobitism, then of disappointed political ambitions. It is true that the principles of the Revolution were in jeopardy, as the rebellions of 1715 and 1745 sufficiently demonstrated, but as an ostensible spring of political action, Jacobitism kept in the background. The active agencies were personal invective and satire. In 1694, the Licensing Act expired by efflux of time, never to be renewed. It may be urged in extenuation of the excesses of the press in Anne's time, that political writers had not yet learned their true position and responsibility. They had been cast suddenly upon their own resources, and it could hardly be expected that they would use their freedom wisely or well. To what use they did put it, we know from the pamphlets of the time, and from such papers as the *Examiner*. Prior, and Swift, and Bolingbroke, were not over delicate in their political strictures, it is true; but they had genius and a grim satirical humour at command, which partially atoned for the unworthy means they employed. The instrument they wielded was the rapier, not the shillelagh, as with us. Passing on a few years, we have the unscrupulous warfare of the "patriots" on Walpole—as salient an instance of pure faction as English history affords. Those were the days when Carteret and Pulteney, whose aims were purely selfish, issued the *Craftsman*, and when caricature first began to be a power in the state. Even the elder Pitt, who was a patriot indeed, failed to escape the general defilement. Amongst the factionists he occupied a prominent place, When the time came he did not scruple to support the infamous bill of Indemnity to witnesses against Walpole, which was, in fact, a statutory bid for perjury. Worst of all, as if to show how lightly principles sat on the noblest of statesmen, he had no sooner entered the Royal closet than he espoused the German schemes of George II., although he had not long before denounced them with all the force of his scathing eloquence. Such is the result of parties having no distinctive principle to divide them.

With the accession of George III., and the temporary ascendency of Bute, issues of portentous moment were presented to the nation. The young monarch, glorying in the name of Briton, had read Bolingbroke's "Patriot King," and was determined not merely to reign, but to govern. The disastrous conflict with America did not, perhaps, originate in any plan of his; for the taxation scheme appears to have been the device of George Grenville alone. At any rate, the war was unquestionably popular with the great mass of the English people. Simultaneously with the inception of American taxation, however, appeared a deliberate scheme for subverting liberty at home. General warrants, *ex officio* informations, an oppressive libel law, and a gross violation of the rights of constituencies, aroused the writers of the day. They had principles to fight for, however, not shadows. Wilkes was but a wooden idol, insincere, self-seeking, and vain; but he was the victim of a system which could easily have been turned against better men. The personalities of the press, notably in Junius, were unjustifiable in the light of modern opinion, but they partook of the prevailing fashion, and had at least such palliation as strong conviction could afford them. The invective was merciless, sparing none of the sanctities of private life; yet it was subsidiary to a higher and a worthier aim. During the century after the Revolution, the English constitution was in solution, crystallizing slowly into the definite form of parliamentary supremacy. The Crown and the great patrician oligarchies struggled for the ascendency; in the end, the popular triumph was definitively assured. It was no light matter, in those days, to be involved in the strife; and, though we may regret the traces of fierce passion which lie embedded in the records of the time, allowance must be made for the terrible earnestness of the combatants.

Returning to our own time and country, the question to be asked is, how has it happened that the leading party press of the country has taken us back beyond the period of conscientious political warfare to the era of personal ambitions and personal vindictiveness? The answer is not far to seek in the light of the eighteenth century. It is because parties are no longer based upon principles and politics, but have degenerated into a vulgar scramble for office. In periods of political ferment, personal abuse will form part of the controversy, but only a subordinate one; where there is nothing to contend for, it at once assumes the chief place. When there is no relevant argument to be had, the *argumentum ad hominem* absorbs all our political logic. When men are in earnest about principles they may indulge in personal attack as by-play, but they usually prefer to forego it altogether. Richard of England and Saladin could afford to be courteous to each other; it is only coal-heavers, quarrelling about nothing over their cups, who resort to fisticuffs.

In 1867 political parties in Canada, properly so-called, ceased to exist. They are now as completely extinct as Cavalier and Roundhead. Those who still call themselves Reformers and Conservatives can give no plausible reason for doing so. A Reform party which takes a Conservative into the Ontario Cabinet, and another into the Privy Council at Ottawa, discloses its conviction of this truth by its acts. The nett result of preserving the absurd distinctions of party in name is a steady declension in the dignity and respectability of the newspaper press. The leading organs have ceased to argue; they only abuse—the inevitable result of a state of things where principles have disappeared from the arena. Junius denounced as cant the maxim, "measures not men." He may have been right; but there is something worse than cant in vogue with us: men without regard to measures is the motto here—adulation or abuse of the former, carelessness in criticism with regard to the latter. So far as the ministerial policy is concerned, it is supported or condemned in the press according as that press is on the one side or the other. Mr. Herbert Spencer remarks: "that the verdicts which will be given by different party-journals upon each ministerial act may be predicted, and that the opposite opinions uttered by speakers and applauded by meetings concerning the same measure, may be foreseen if the political bias is known, are facts from which anyone may infer that the party politician must have his feelings greatly moderated before he can interpret, with even proximate truth, the events of the past, and draw correct inferences respecting the future."—(Study of Sociology, p. 265.) It ought surely to be obvious that a press which feels itself bound to support or oppose every measure of an administration, is *ipso facto* unfit to be a popular guide. The effect of any particular bill upon the general welfare is left out of consideration. It may promise well or ill, but that is left entirely out of consideration. Thought and forecast are out of the question, the only problem which engages the party editor is—this is a Government measure, what plausible reasons can we devise for supporting or opposing it? If this were all, there would be quite enough to complain of. No set of men in power are wholly wise and good, or entirely bad and fatuous. Their measures, no matter how thoughtfully and conscientiously framed, cannot always be defensible or assailable in their entirety. Yet the sound and intelligent criticism they should receive from the press is almost always wanting. The Cabinet is a cabal, infallible to one party and totally depraved in the eyes of the other. It is not flattering to the self-conceit which prides itself on the deliberative character of our representative institutions that party has put all honest deliberation out of the question. The people desire questions of moment to them in the present and in the future to be discussed with some regard to the national interests, but the party press treats them uniformly either to denunciation or apologetic. A fair examination of political questions solely on their merits is seldom or never attempted.

What then takes its place? Miserable personality in every form the spirit of malignity can devise. If a measure be good in itself, the policy is to attribute it to corrupt motives; if it be proposed to devote the public money to the best of public purposes, it is open to opponents to charge its promoters with sinister designs on the public purse; if the necessities of a growing population seem to demand the enlargement of the judiciary or the improvement of any branch of the civil service, the cry of nepotism or political favouritism comes into play; and if money is to be raised in the European market there are men who would not hesitate to damage the credit of their country to serve the petty interests of their party. We are not speaking now of either faction in particular, and the view is as well retrospective as immediate and present. Party spirit, as it finds expression in the party press, is the object in view. Grit or Tory, it has one feature in common—the corruption of political morality by unworthy methods of political warfare. Like the Harpies in Virgil, the organs taint all they touch—*contactu omnia fœdant immundo*—and it matters little whether it be the Grit Ocypete or the Tory Celæno who under takes the loathsome work.

It is when their forces are united against a non-party opponent that the tactics of both are seen at their strongest. When their craft is in danger they both manage to pull together. They may affect to despise the revolt of public opinion against the prevailing strategy, but they know that it exists in the bosom of both their camps. The contest between the people and the parties must come to a settlement sooner or later, and it needs no prescience to foretell on which side the victory will rest. For the present it suits the organs to assail one man or a small body of men who have thrown themselves into the breach, with a virulence unexampled in journalism. Casting aside every honourable and gentlemanly instinct and trampling upon the common courtesies of their profession, they have ventured to impute motives, misrepresent utterances, and defame reputations. The silly affectation of humour where humour is not, which marks the style of the arch-offender, is too grim to come of anything but uneasiness and chagrin. Even party editors do not waste powder upon what is really despicable, and it is hardly supposable that their savage attacks upon

Mr. Goldwin Smith and the National party could have wound them up to fever-heat if they were not fully convinced that the danger is serious and imminent. The sound popular heart is sick of party recrimination, sick of slanders, sick of unreasoning eulogy or condemnation ; what it wants is a fair, a rational, and an independent press.

Lord Dufferin in England is the same ardent friend of Canada we have found him to be from the first. Here he stands in no need of panegyric. Everyone recognises the wisely impartial character of his administration, the charm of his manner, and the eagerness with which he has sought to identify himself with Canadian interests and Canadian aspirations. The most inveterate of Tories would be disposed to condone many offences of the Gladstone administration in consideration of the happy instinct which selected for us the most popular Governor-General we have had for thirty years. He has been the first, within contemporary memory, to keep Canada before his eyes, even during vacation. At the dinner given in his honour at the Canada Club, His Excellency's speech could not have been more distinctly Canadian if he had been born and reared amongst us. His identification with Canadian progress and Canadian feeling was almost passionate in its utterance. The first assurance Lord Dufferin had to give, was one about which there can be no mistake :—" If there is one especial message which a person in my situation is bound to transmit from them to you, it is this,—that they desire to maintain intact and unimpaired their connection with this country, that they cherish an ineradicable conviction of the preëminent value of the political system under which they live, and that they are determined to preserve—pure and uncontaminated—all the traditional instincts of England's prosperous polity." There would have been no need to state this obvious fact so explicitly had not political rancour busied itself in flinging reckless charges of disloyalty and treason at the heads of awkward opponents. Nor would the American press have suffered itself to be beguiled into the belief that there is a thick vein of anti-British sentiment permeating the Dominion, if our politicians had only learned to speak fairly and honestly of one another.

The leading government organ gives its own interpretation of His Excellency's speech, in an editorial eminently characteristic in style and method. We are told that Lord Dufferin recognises the necessity, under our system of government, of having the conduct of Ministers " carefully watched by a well-organized, well-disciplined, and, if I may so call it, a professional opposition." The quoted words are His Excellency's, but those which precede them are a gloss of the *Globe's*, garbling and perverting the text. The reader will scarcely be surprised to learn that nothing occurs in the sentence about " necessity," or about " our system of government," except from a personal point of view. Lord Dufferin merely spoke of an Opposition as a means of facilitating the discharge of his own duties ; on the general question of party we shall find him holding entirely with us. These are the words for which the *Globe* substituted its gloss :—" Still, I must confess, as the constitutional head of the State, and dependent, consequently, for my guidance upon the advice of Parliamentary chiefs, I should feel extremely uneasy, unless I knew their conduct," &c. The initial word of this sentence indicates that it is a qualification of something that has been previously affirmed ; but of that presently. What strikes us here is the superb impudence of the organ. That a journal which is intolerant of the simplest criticism of party measures or the slightest divergence of opinion, even within the fold, should prate of the necessity of a powerful Opposition, is surely the acme of assurance. The readers of the *Globe* have not yet forgotten its rabid attack on Mr. Mills, or the attack it evidently desired to make, but dared not, upon Mr. Blake. The native cowardice, which never forsakes it, preferred the indirect method of approach, and signalized itself by dastardly assaults upon Mr. Goldwin Smith and Dr. Canniff—men who were in no public position, and had been guilty of no crime save that of discussing public affairs from an independent stand-point. A strong Opposition, quotha ! Who was it, we may ask, who strained every nerve to wipe all effective opposition out of existence, at the last general election ? Who was it that would have moved heaven and earth, not to speak of another place, in order to defeat Sir John A. Macdonald, the man who, above all others, is best qualified by his ability and experience to be a useful coadjutor in legislation? What journal is it that has denounced the present opposition as hopelessly bankrupt in character, factious in conduct, and worthless in criticism? The readers of the *Globe* may answer these questions for themselves. One thing is certain, that whatever may have been the faults of the last administration (and they have certainly found no apology in these columns), the conduct of Sir Jno. Macdonald in opposition has been unexceptionable. With quite as large a following as the Reform leaders had in by-gone days, he has disdained to repeat their obstructive tactics. Accepting the inevitable necessities of the situation, he has preferred to be an unofficial *collaborateur*, rather than a reckless opponent. The judicious course of the Opposition leaders has no doubt confirmed Lord Dufferin in his approval of the convenience, from a vice-regal point of view, of an effective Opposition. We believe he has been misled by the forbearance of Sir John Macdonald and his knowledge of English habitudes. He has not yet experienced—and we hope his patience may never be put to the test—the energies of party without principle. There are those among us who have not forgotten the administrations of Lord Elgin and Sir Edmund Head.

The organ informs its friends that His Excellency's utterances are "perfectly free from the cant of non-partyism." Cant is an awkward word to be found in the *Globe's* vocabulary. It has traded so largely in it as a marketable commodity, and has done so in such a peculiar way, that one might fancy the mere thought of it would have caused a spasm in the throat. The public has been treated in turn to its Orange cant and its Roman Catholic cant, as political alliances seemed to suggest. Of all Canadian journals, it has dealt most largely in hypocritical pretence, delusive battle-cries. Pharisaical assumption, and *ad captandum* appeals to ignorance and prejudice. Even the sentence which begins with a protest against "cant" ends by exemplifying it, for its concluding words are these: (His Excellency) "has seen the worst as well as the best results of 'party' here." In other words, the "worst" have flowed from that Opposition which the *Globe* values so much that it is strange it does not propose a salary for Sir John Macdonald and Dr. Tupper; the "best" are from the "party of purity." This we take to be "cant," pure and simple. So far as the non-party feeling of the country has found expression, it is singularly exempt from the imputation of "cant" in any form. Its basis is fact, not catch-words or illusory maxims, and no word has been uttered in its interest, so far as we know, which the most crooked ingenuity could translate into the language of "cant."

The phantom which disturbs our contemporary's enjoyment, even when he revels in the cheery speech of Lord Dufferin, assumes an importance in His Excellency's eyes. He, at any rate, believes that, with the exception of a fancied difficulty in his own way in comprehending the exact significance of Parliamentary movement, there is no need of party. The prominent place he gives to the non-party movement in his address is the best evidence of its substantial hold upon the Canadian people. "In fact," he says, "it is made a matter of complaint by many persons that the considerations which regulate and determine the allegiance of the people to their several political leaders have become effete and meaningless traditions, unrepresentative of any living or vital policy which distinguishes the administrative programme of the one party from that of the other." This is the "cant of non-partyism," as defended by Earl Dufferin in the pleas he afterwards takes the trouble to urge on its behalf. The *Globe* could not well suppress the able speech of His Excellency, but it took care to provide a deceptive commentary, and yet we think it would puzzle the most ardent admirer of that journal to reconcile its perversions of that lucid address with the address itself, which, with a few verbal modifications, might be used as a manifesto of "Canada First." The Governor-General does not think it high treason to speak of Canada as a nation. The words "national" and "nationality" occur more than once in the course of this address, and with one pertinent extract we may leave the subject for the present: "No characteristic of the *national* feeling is more strongly marked than their exuberant confidence in their ability to shape their own destinies to their appointed issues, their jealous pride in the legislative autonomy with which they have been endowed, and their patriotic and personal devotion to the land within whose ample bosom they have been nurtured, and which they justly regard as more largely dowered with all that can endear a country to its sons than any other in the world." That is the national creed tersely and lucidly expressed; we need not say it is not the creed of the *Globe* and trading politicians generally.

The anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne seems to have passed off with almost uniform tranquillity. Canada and Ireland passed through the trial unscathed, and even the New York Orangemen enjoyed their pic-nic without molestation. Almost the only exception was a very cowardly and unprovoked attack upon a few Orangemen and their friends at Lawrence, Mass. There was no possible pretext for this assault. That a crowd of angry Roman Catholics should assault a handful of unoffending men and women returning, without band or party insignia, from a pic-nic, was utterly beyond excuse—it was simply villainous. At the same time, the question remains, How has it come about that twelfth of July celebrations are the only form of *quasi*-festivity which uniformly excites bad blood, and not unfrequently ends in riot and murder? Is there any countervailing utility traceable in the history and aims of the Society which takes this anniversary under its especial patronage, to set off against the imminent danger which menaces the public peace at least once every year? If any such advantage can be fairly shown to be derivable from fantastic dress and offensive party music, it might be as well if those who plead the cause of the Society would make it known, at least to Protestants who have not been favoured with the peculiar light of Ulster tradition.

The conclusion to which many of us have arrived, after some reflection upon the facts of its history, and its somewhat erratic course in this country, is that the Orange Society is not merely valueless in itself, but absolutely harmful as a nucleus for strifes and bitternesses which are foreign both to Canadian feeling and inclination. It may be readily admitted that there are many good and earnest men who are, from hereditary or traditional habit, within the Orange ranks; indeed, unless some such leaven existed, the entire organization would long since have gone to pieces. But that even these *francs-tireurs* of the Church militant should fancy themselves to be the main body of the army, and boldly proclaim that the cause of Protestantism would be lost irretrievably from the moment they ceased to fire their pop-guns or hold their own in street scrimmages with irate Roman Catholics, is surely a marvel of infatuation. It has been well remarked that there are two descriptions of Orangemen within the fold of the Society—the ideal Orangeman of the Constitution and the Obligation, who is, in great part, a creature of the imagination; and the practical Orangeman, who constitutes the active spirit of the party, ready for any violence, from depopulating a Province or plotting against an Empire, to well-nigh killing a poor Italian organ-grinder for playing so harmless a national tune as "St. Patrick's Day." Of course we are speaking here, not of the majority of the Society, but of those who, in fact, shape its destinies and bring disgrace upon its name. The evils these violent partisans of Orangeism have entailed upon it, and upon the countries where it unfortunately flourishes, are melancholy but incontrovertible historical facts. The institution, as it now exists, supplanted the "Peep o' Day Boys," and its first lodge was instituted at Loughall in 1795. It proposed no less a task to itself than the forcible ejection of the Roman Catholic population from Ulster, beginning with Armagh. Lord Gosford, then governor of that county, reported as follows:—"It is no secret that a persecution, accompanied with all the circumstances of ferocious cruelty which have in all ages distinguished that dreadful calamity, is now raging in this country. Neither age nor acknowledged innocence as to the late disturbances is sufficient to excite mercy, much less afford protection. The only crime which the wretched objects of this merciless persecution is charged with is a crime of easy proof: it is simply a profession of the Roman Catholic faith. A lawless banditti have constituted themselves judges of this species of delinquency, and the sentence they pronounce is equally concise and terrible; it is nothing less than a confiscation of all property and immediate banishment." After declining to put himself or his readers to the pain that a detailed account of the attendant horrors would inflict, his lordship continues: "Where have we read—or in what history of human cruelty have we read—of more than half the inhabitants of a populous country deprived at one blow of the means as well as the fruits of their industry, and driven, in the midst of an inclement winter, to seek shelter for themselves and their helpless families where chance may guide them? This is no exaggerated picture of the horrid scenes now acting in this country; yet surely it is sufficient to awaken sentiments of indignation and compassion in the coldest heart. These horrors are now acting, and acting with impunity."—*Molesworth's Hist. of England.* Ed. 1874. Vol. I., p. 376. It is evident that the words, "the face of a Papist daren't be seen," which still forms the refrain of an offensive party song, had at one time a fearful significance, hardly yet forgotten by the grand-children of the sufferers.

It is right to say that in those early days men of intelligence and some measure of tolerance had not yet taken the management of the lawless Society into their hands. That they did so ultimately resulted in a mitigation of the atrocities of the ignorant and unreasoning mass; but that was not an unmixed blessing. Had the Association remained under the control of the ruthless men who set it on foot, its career would have been short-lived, and much of the embarrassment caused by so potent an element of strife would have been spared to English governments, Whig and Tory. As it is, Orangeism has been made the means of embittering the quarrels of race and religion in the hands of men who gained political capital by setting Ireland by the ears. The toleration they profess has always found a sad practical commentary in the pertinacity which has clung to every hoary abuse and resisted every honourable effort at reform and conciliation. The plea that the Roman Catholic population will never be satisfied with any concessions that England may make from a sense of justice would not, even were it true, be the slightest excuse for resisting the plainest dictates of national duty. When everything that can and ought to be done has been effected, the conscience of England will approve of the work, whether it be successful or not. They are the true foes of Ireland's future who withstand *à l'outrance* the simplest measure of justice, and whose reading of the golden rule is distinctly anti-Christian—"Whatsoever ye think it probable men would do unto you, in certain vague and scarcely imaginable contingencies, do ye also unto them."

No one will accuse us of Ultramontane leanings, but we cannot repress the reflections which are pressed upon us by the extravagances of this antagonistic phase of religious tyranny and intolerance. It seems singular to an ordinary Protestant, that Orangemen should be deluded by the factitious notion, in which they have been nurtured, that their institution is the chief defence of the reformed religion, instead of being, as it is in fact, a standing stumbling-block in its way. Stranger still, that the effigy of William III, a man singularly in advance of his age in tolerance, and even in his latitudinarian views on religion—should be limned upon the banners of a Society which, from first to last, has been the determined foe of political equality and religious freedom. If proof were wanting of the crass prejudices which prevent the average Orangeman from understanding how to mete out an even measure of justice to his opponents, it is not far to seek. We have only to contrast the insane rage which seizes him when innocuous Irish airs are played in his hearing, with the ostentatious pertinacity with which he deafens the public ear with unmelodious party tunes, wedded as they are to words ridiculing all that a Roman Catholic holds sacred, and reviving, in the most offensive form, the bitterest memories of the past. Orangeism is an anachronism, utterly unfitted for the time or country in which we live. Its most effective period was that in which its garments were most copiously stained with blood. Any one who can imagine for a moment that parading in fantastic garb, or that the noisy performance of offensive airs, can be of service to Protestantism, must strangely mistake the spirit of the age in which we live. The nineteenth century has religious controversies to settle, momentous enough in all conscience; but they must be settled in a rational, tolerant and courteous spirit. It is not by the blare of trumpets, the squeaking of fifes, or the thrashing of sheepskin, that these weighty problems are to be solved. *Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis tempus eget.* How far the spokesmen of this society are from mastering the difficulties which beset men on every side, may be gathered from the blatant utterances in which they indulge at their annual assemblages. Want of sobriety in thought and of moderation in speech, are fitly conjoined with imperfect knowledge of history and total incapacity to appreciate the spirit of the age. It seems scarcely necessary to point out that both in Ireland and in Canada they have not even remained constant to their religious professions. From 1798 until now, the temptations to make the Society a political engine have been too strong for them, and both by temporary alliances and permanent antipathies, it has often been warped out of the traditional groove.

In two Provinces of the Dominion, at least, Quebec and Manitoba, any display of politico-religious partisanship would evidently end in bloodshed. Elsewhere the minority grinds its teeth in secret, and submits to an unavoidable necessity. We are far from crediting Roman Catholics with that studied forbearance to take offence, which arises from indifference or contempt; they ordinarily refrain from resisting, because resistance is hopeless. But it may not be out of place to submit to intelligent and honourable Orangemen, whether these annual parades are not dearly paid for in the concealed or forcibly repressed rancour and bitterness they inevitably arouse? If the principles of the Reformation possess the value we assign to them, it is surely not by empty show and declamation that they can be maintained and disseminated. The rights of free thought and private judgment have not yet received complete acceptance even from Protestants—their recognition is yet in the future—but of all policies that *quasi*-religionists could adopt, the most unwise and un-Protestant is that of retrogression. The English Revolution was a notable step in the national progress; but we have mounted higher in our conceptions of civil and religious liberty since 1688. To revert to the crude and imperfect notions of that period, would be to advance crab fashion, by going backwards. Protestantism will cease to be a vital force in the world when it ceases to be the guide and light of the age, and the cry of "religious liberty" will soon be meaningless in the nineteenth century, if it contracts itself within the narrow signification it acquired in the seventeenth. Every lover of his country loves its history also, and delights to live by sympathy in the struggles of the past; but he is not blind to their imperfect character, or the faltering steps with which our forefathers toiled toward the dawn. The battles of the Boyne and Aughrim were such steps as Bosworth, and Naseby, and Culloden were in the sister-island; but the true patriot would no more fancy it incumbent upon him to celebrate the former than the latter, especially when the celebration assumes an offensive and irritating guise. Above all things, it is lamentable to see the youth of Canada schooled in wilfulness and disregard of all control, and we fear we must add, as the result of the experiment in Toronto, in deliberate initiation in the slippery paths of organized lawlessness and rowdyism.

The hope may be cherished that, with the progress of the Dominion, these baneful influences will lose their power. To despair of the growing enlightenment of popular opinion would be a serious blunder, to make the lightest of it; and we believe that with increased intelligence the evil will work its own cure. We have appealed to the well-informed members of the Orange Society, because we cannot believe that they are so infatuated with the party fetish as to be inaccessible to reason. In coercive measures we have no faith; we believe neither in Party Processions Acts, nor in the short-sighted policy which has more than once rejected Bills for the incorporation of the Orange Society. We have never been convinced of the justice of repressive legislation, for it has always failed. The sound common sense of the people in this free country, where religious dissension should be an exotic, will some day or other lead the Orange Association to disband itself *proprio motu*, as its Grand Master, the Duke of Cumberland disbanded it authoritatively in years gone by.

The question has been raised in the newspapers—"How long may a member of the Cabinet hold office without securing a seat in Parliament?" The first point that will strike the student of constitutional law and usage is this: that no number of precedents can justify any particular departure from an acknowledged rule. No mere summing up of weeks or months in any English or Canadian case, can be held to justify an equal or shorter period in any other case, unless the circumstances are such as of themselves to warrant it. In other words, each precedent, so-called, must stand on its own foundation, and cannot be justified by reference to others, which probably rest upon entirely diverse grounds. It will be seen in the sequel that we have no sympathy with the pother which party has raised about the length of time Mr. Crooks has been out of Parliament; but we have no idea of submitting, without protest, to the fallacious argumentation indulged in by the Treasurer's friends. Constitutional usage is clear upon the point:—Ministers of the Crown must find seats in the Legislature "within a reasonable time" after the calamity of a defeat. What that "reasonable time" may be in any particular case, is not to be decided by reference to the length of time other men may have held Government offices without a seat in Parliament, but solely by the circumstances of the case under discussion. It does not at all follow that because Mr. J. C. Morrison occupied the Solicitor-Generalship for over two years without a seat, Mr. Crooks, one of five Cabinet ministers, would therefore be justified in adopting the precedent even for six months.

A correspondent of the *Globe*, who styles himself "Parliamentum," takes a different and, as we think, an erroneous view of the subject. The first thing to be noted in these letters is the strange assumption that, because Lords Russell and Derby laid the principal stress upon the necessity that those who hold "high offices of State should be members of the Houses of Parliament, that they may be here to defend or explain their conduct," they maintained also the very different proposition, that their election or non-election till the eve of the Session, was a matter of indifference. By what process in dialectics this conclusion is arrived at, we are at a loss to divine. Suppose that a Minister of the Crown, after enjoying office without Parliamentary responsibility, for nine months, as he might do in Ontario, should then take it into his head to resign his office just before the Session, how could he be there "to defend or explain his conduct?" The *dicta* quoted by "Parliamentum" are applicable to the recess as well as to the Session. If a member of the Government holds a seat in Parliament, the people know that they can call him to account when the House meets; but if he remains out, without making any attempt to secure one, how are they to assure themselves of his responsibility to any one? Neither of the noble lords quoted utters a word in defence of a Cabinet Minister spending his "reasonable time" in doing nothing to secure a seat; and it savours of fallacy to make them defend what they simply ignore, on the strength of a positive assertion in the form of an attack.

Let us turn now to the cases cited, premising briefly that no valid parallel can be drawn between the English Government, or even the Dominion Government, and our Provincial Cabinet. To begin with, an administration in England, instead of being five in number, forms a numerous body, especially in the Commons; this of itself is decisive against the relevancy of the quoted cases. In the next place, the absence of the chief of any department is not so great an inconvenience as with us, because there is always a Parliamentary subordinate in the shape of an Under-Secretary to "defend or explain" any transaction that may be called in question. Finally, such inconvenience as there is takes the shape of additional labour cast upon the Premier, who is usually without a portfolio, rather than a breach of constitutional duty to the public. "Parliamentum" quotes five Conservative and three Whig cases in which the constitutional rule was strained. The former sound rather strangely when quoted as precedents by a Reform apologist, but we shall glance at them presently. Meanwhile, there are the three Whig instances. Sir John Campbell's is no precedent at all, for he was not a member of the Cabinet, and was only four months without a seat. Lord Palmerston, in the second Melbourne Government, was out of the House too short a time to be reckoned, so that that case also must go by the board. The third precedent we hardly know how to characterize. The writer says:—"During Lord Palmerston's second administration, in 1861, he had no Cabinet Minister especially representing Ireland, except the Chief Secretary;" and he then proceeds to tell us what became of the Irish Attorney and Solicitor-General. "Parliamentum" ought to be aware, if he is not, that the Chief Secretary is not necessarily a member of the Cabinet. Whether he shall be so or not is a mere matter of domestic arrangement, depending altogether on the rank or importance of the man, and not of the office. With this morsel of political information we may waive that point, since Mr. Cardwell was a Cabinet Minister. But when the correspondent goes on to speak of there being no other Cabinet Ministers for Ireland, he surely cannot suppose that the law officers ever occupy that position. If so, he must be further indebted to us for the information that the English, Scotch, and Irish law-officers are never included in the Cabinet. Thus the third Whig precedent meets the untoward fate of the others.

Now for the Conservative precedents as urged by a Reformer. The first is "during the Canning Administration"—a misleading expression, for Canning only took office on the twelfth of May, 1827, and died on the eighth of August, a period of less than four months. Besides, the Postmaster-Generalship is not always a Cabinet office. Dr. Lyon Playfair, in Mr. Gladstone's last administration, was not in the Cabinet, and we may add was not "a Peer." The President of the Board of Trade is usually a Minister, but his office has always been more or less a sinecure, and there were exceptional circumstances in the defeat of Vesey Fitzgerald by Dan. O'Connell, in Clare. The times were exceedingly critical; party ties were torn asunder; and some allowance must necessarily be made under the circumstances. The same remark applies to the case of Mr. Gladstone, who held the office of Colonial Secretary for six months without a seat in Parliament. Sir Robert Peel had announced his Free Trade policy, and Lord Stanley (the late Earl of Derby) immediately surrendered the seals of the Colonial Office. The Premier had lost the bulk of his party, and although the Whigs sustained his trade measures, he could not invite them to take seats in the Government. He was, therefore, compelled to cling to the friends that were left him, or imperil the success of a scheme he believed to be a national necessity. The last two cases will illustrate our meaning when we contended, a little ago, that every departure from constitutional usage must be defended on its own merits. The Master-General of the Ordnance, and the Lord Advocate of Scotland, are bastard precedents, for neither of them occupies more than a subordinate position, although the first, we believe, was included in Sir R. Peel's Cabinet on that occasion.

Turning to the Canadian precedents, we encounter the honoured name of Robert Baldwin. He was certainly the last man to disregard the rights of the people, nor did he do so on the occasion referred to. It is quite true that he was defeated in Hastings in September, 1842, and did not find a seat till he was returned for Rimouski in January, 1843,—only four months after all. "Parliamentum" forgets to tell us, however, that another election occurred in the interim. Mr. Murney defeated the Attorney-General at an election so unusually violent that the troops were called out. The latter contested the election, and could not be reproached, therefore, because he did not seek a new constituency when his object was to recover the old one. The sitting member was unseated, but again succeeded in defeating Mr. Baldwin, whose return for Rimouski followed within a very "reasonable time." Mr. Vankoughnet again was not a member of either house when his appointment was gazetted. It was intended that he should be a candidate for the Elective Legislative Council, and as the elections did not take place till October, it was scarcely possible that he could be returned earlier. Mr. Morrison's case is one, considering the uproar raised about it by the Grit party, that we are surprised "Parliamentum" should have tackled. It and those following it are surely Tory precedents which a "true Reformer" ought to spurn. There are two others which, under the circumstances, it is strange he did not quote: M. Viger, the Lower Canada leader under the Metcalfe *régime*, held office for eighteen months without a seat—a case in point, not irrelevant like Mr. Baldwin's; the other is that of Mr. Cayley, who, like Mr. Crooks, was a Finance Minister. Perhaps delicacy in referring to sanctions drawn from the Family Compact may have restrained him.

So far as Mr. Crooks is concerned, we demur to the course of his opponents on special grounds, other than those of fallacious precedent. The difference between constitutional government in England, or even at Ottawa, and that sort of magnified municipal system which obtains in the Provinces, has been already referred to; but it has a wider bearing when we come to deal with ministerial responsibility. There is a possibility of straining constitutional usage too far in the conduct of such governments as that of Ontario. The introduction of party distinctions was the first blunder. With functions so limited as those possessed by our Ontario Assembly, with little else to do than devise, in a harmonious manner, how the money at our command may be made to go the farthest and effect the most, men have preferred to ape the forms of supreme Parliamentary bodies, and to substitute for party principles party and personal vituperation. In the same spirit they are strong in insisting upon constitutional punctilio where, at best, it has only a doubtful application. We are not speaking here in the interest of one party rather than the other. On the contrary, we believe that one source of the Provincial muddle in which we seem likely to be involved, is directly traceable to the party now in power. If the plan of government adopted by Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, in 1867, had been consistently followed, in preference to the rigid party system which succeeded it, the result would have been different. As it is, each party follows the bent of its humour, carping and slandering at its own sweet will. If Mr. Crooks had a national or imperial policy to expound or defend, we could understand the clamour now raised against him; but it is far otherwise. His duties are wholly of an administrative, and chiefly of a routine, character, not much superior to those of a County Treasurer. English and Dominion precedents fail us entirely in the case of an officer whose functions are not those of a Chancellor of the Exchequer or Minister of Finance. We can see no reason why any one should insist upon a usage which is too elaborate and exacting for a simple form of government like that of Ontario. The presence of the Treasurer in Parliament during the Session, with some means of compelling him to meet his responsibilities, should he desire to shirk them, is all that seems necessary, unless we desire to see the Province capsized by deckload or machinery. For these reasons we have no sympathy with the outcry against the Treasurer—not for the reasons pressed upon the readers of the *Globe* by "Parliamentum."

The Opposition has lost its most telling card by the retirement of the Provincial Secretary; Mr. McKellar has, like every new hand, been chargeable with administrative blunders; but what has made him vulnerable to attack may be attributed to qualities we are accustomed to rank amongst the virtues. His chief faults, as a public man, have undoubtedly been too great openness of character and too constant a flow of animal spirits. The man who wears his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at, is sure, in public life, to find them pecking there before long. In private life, openness and cheerfulness of manner are invariably acceptable; but in political life, as politics go now-a-days, reticence and moroseness are the rule, frankness and cordiality the unfortunate exceptions. Official reserve, as it is called, passes in parliamentary circles for official wisdom, and no man can hope to pass unscathed the ordeal of adverse criticism who has not learned that language is given to conceal, rather than express, our thoughts. Mr. McKellar has, perhaps, erred on the other side, and this, with the provoking joviality of his temper, has brought it about that, since he took office, he has been the best-abused man of his party. Admitting that his judgment has not always been sound as a Minister, we are not aware that he has ever been chargeable with avarice or self-seeking. Eighteen years of Parliamentary life have brought him to the verge of sixty. During all that time, if it be a merit to serve one's party faithfully, the ex-Secretary has never swerved from his allegiance, and thus has well earned such recognition of his services as his party has the power to bestow. Younger men have taken care of their remaining years while yet in the prime of life; Mr. McKellar has kept the harness on his back till he has arrived at an age when the most bitter of opponents will not grudge the repose he has earned, for the most part, in the cold and unpromising shades of opposition.

At a recent meeting of the Toronto City Council, it was resolved, on motion of Mr. Ald. Withrow, that an application should be made to the Legislature for an amendment of the Municipal Act, so as to provide that, at any future vote on a by-law granting a bonus, a majority of all the ratepayers entitled to vote shall be necessary to its passage. With the object of the motion it is impossible not to sympathize; indeed we should like it much better, if it were extended to cover every exercise of the elective franchise, parliamentary and municipal. So far as bonuses are concerned, there is an obvious necessity for some such provision immediately. The City of Toronto has voted, from time to time, many hundreds of thousands of dollars in aid of railways—the interest has to be provided on the debentures yearly, as well as a sinking fund to liquidate the principal in twenty-one years or so—and yet it has been found impossible to drag even a respectable number of qualified ratepayers to the polls. The opposition to these by-laws is seldom well organized and effective, unless rival interests clash, or an unwonted fit of parsimony seizes the people. All that the company which is to profit by the bonus has to do, is to secure the attendance of a small proportion of the constituency, large enough to defeat any probable minority opposed to the vote. The large majority of those entitled to a voice in the matter remain at home, perfectly indifferent, although it strikes at a vital part—the pocket. Now, what we should like to ask the Corporation is, how they propose to tempt these people to the polls? It is hardly supposable that the object of the application is to place a veto upon any future bonus; but that will almost inevitably be its practical effect, unless it be supplemented by some device to induce voters to do their duty. Let the Corporation insert a clause to render this compulsory, and they could easily bring about a better state of things.

We have never been able to understand what good object the chief organ proposes to itself, when it doctors the election returns so as to favour its party. The trick is sure to be found out in the end, and can therefore be of no practical benefit after all. The result of the Quebec elections, for example, after making all reasonable deductions, shows somewhere in the neighbourhood of twelve as the Conservative majority. What surprises us is, that it is not larger, considering the exertions of the hierarchy, on the Government side. At episcopal headquarters, in the City of Montreal, there were three terrible Opposition defeats, which must have tended to disquiet considerably the repose of M. Jetté and his colleagues. Both parties endeavour to secure the influence of the Church, without caring to inquire whether it be legitimately exercised or not. The difference between them is this—that whilst the Conservatives, for the most part, believe in the power they invoke, the Liberals do not. For our own part, we have not hesitated to pronounce clerical intervention, as now exercised, a wanton meddling with the freedom of elections, and, in every way, fatal to the progress and good government of the country. That the clergy of all denominations, might exercise, if they would, a very important and salutary power over the electorate, we believe; and that the Roman Catholic episcopate are fully alive to the fact is much to their credit. Moreover, interference at elections in the interests of party is not entirely confined to them. The cases are, no doubt, isolated ones in which Protestant ministers have used the pulpit for political propagandism; still, especially in the rural districts, they are more numerous than is generally supposed. The influence of the Roman Catholic clergy, however, is *sui generis*—ubiquitous, continual, unceasingly vigilant, and it cannot be compared with any number of desultory efforts on the Protestant side. How the English Government, disposed as it is to a broad system of conciliation, and the Irish bench view this interference was unmistakably shewn in the famous Galway election case. We cannot agree with the *Mail*, when it says: "If they, the Roman Catholic body, choose to submit to a greater degree of leadership from their hierarchy than Protestants, we do not see that any one has a right to object." So far as regards those whose religion sits lightly upon them, this is true; but the sincere and devout Catholic has no choice in the matter. He is the victim of "undue influence and intimidation" combined, far more potent than those exercised by landlords and employers of labour. The latter may cause temporary inconvenience and suffering, but the clergy carry their promises and threats into a world beyond the grave. The *Mail* seems to suppose that the ballot is a protection to the Roman Catholic voter, and to some extent this is no doubt true, as the late elections have proved. But it is by no means an adequate protection; since whether the vote shall remain unknown or not, depends upon the discretion of the *curé*. If he chooses to ply the ecclesiastical machinery at his command, no legal provision can render the secrecy of the ballot inviolable. It is one of the fatalities of ecclesiastical interference that, from want of familiarity with politics, it is sure to make itself felt in the wrong place. Nothing could establish more clearly its impropriety than the attacks made by Mgr. Bourget on the course taken in Parliament on the New Brunswick School Act and the Amnesty question, and the flattery heaped upon a handful of irreconcilables led by Messrs. Masson and Mousseau. On the first question, he proposed to violate the Act of 1867 by meddling with the local autonomy of a Province; on the other, he did not hesitate to interfere, in imperious terms, with the exercise of the Royal prerogative of mercy. We observe that the first step of the De Boucherville government, as soon as the elections were over, was to pave the way for a return to office of Messrs. Ouimet and Chapleau, the heroes, with M. Dansereau, of the Tanneries scandal. The first-named may, perhaps, prefer the more secure and permanent post of Educational Superintendent, but the Cabinet is open to them both, if they desire to enter it—a sad commentary on the high moral tone of the Government when it took office.

A short time since some hope was held out that the tedious Guibord case was likely to be satisfactorily adjusted at last. This expectation has unfortunately been disappointed, and the matter appears to have collapsed with the refusal of the *Fabrique* to obey the judgment of the Judicial Committee. M. Doutre, who was of counsel for the appellants in London, informed the *curé* of the result, intimated the desire of his clients that the interment of Guibord should take place as quietly as possible, and, of course, without the ordinary religious rites. In reply, the Rev. Mr. Rousselot distinctly refused to obey the law. "At the present time," he says, "I acknowledge, no more than in 1869, the right of the Civil Courts to intervene in questions which belong *wholly* to ecclesiastical authority; and notwithstanding my profound respect for our Gracious Sovereign, and my perfect submission to her authority in anything of a civil order, I am, and shall be, obliged to refuse burial to J. Guibord, in consecrated ground, so long as my bishop forbids it." The assumption that the question involved here is "wholly" ecclesiastical, or even largely so, is absolutely untenable. The question is distinctly one pertaining to "the civil order," and, as such was adjudicated upon by the highest court in the Empire. Guibord was the owner of a lot in the Cemetery, a tithe-payer in a Province where the tithes are recoverable by legal process, under an Imperial statute. He had civil rights, therefore, as a Roman Catholic, which the law courts were bound to recognise and enforce. Under the French *régime*, neither the bishop nor the *curé* would have ventured to defy the Government, as they are well aware they may do with impunity now-a-days. Louis XIV. and Colbert were not in the habit of standing any nonsense from the hierarchy, and thus the secret instructions to Governors and Intendants abound in admonitions to keep them in their proper places. Certainly they would never have permitted the bishops to violate both civil and ecclesiastical law, as they are doing in the case before us. Two hundred years ago, the *Parlement* of Paris would have committed Père Rousselot to the Bastile without scruple, and kept him there while he proved contumacious. We neither advocate nor desire any coercive measures of the kind; but merely note the fact that the exceptional indulgence afforded to the priesthood of Quebec is poorly requited by an insolent defiance of both authority and common sense. It is sometimes urged that the privileges at present enjoyed by the Catholic Church are guaranteed by treaty—nothing can be more wide of the fact. The enjoyment of their "language, their institutions, and their laws" has no stronger basis to rest upon than the Imperial Act of 1774. Neither capitulations nor treaty secured even State recognition of the episcopate, or anything beyond bare toleration and the recognition of proprietary rights. The right to enforce the payment of *dîmes* or tithes was also conceded by the same statute. We should be sorry to see the liberties of the Church in any measure curtailed, but common gratitude, if nothing else, might have suggested that the clergy, in return for the liberal policy of the English Government, should scrupulously and cheerfully fulfil their part of the compact.

The judgment of the Judicial Committee stands upon clear and irrefragable grounds. Without pronouncing any opinion on the puzzling question of "the precise *status* of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada," they claim that they must decide as they would do even in the case of a private and voluntary society, where a member of it complains that he is deprived of his rights. They are not prepared to admit that the *mandat* of the Bishop, based "on grounds revealed or unrevealed, satisfactory to himself," can avail to dispense with the application of general ecclesiastical law, so as to enable him to prohibit the burial of a parishioner. Moreover, the pretence that the Bishop can excommunicate an entire Association *en bloc*, so as to operate against each member separately and individually, is utterly unwarranted by any law, civil or ecclesiastical. The Guibord case was seized upon as a peg on which to hang extreme Ultramontane doctrine, but has no support from the law of the Church.

M. Doutre points out that, so far from regarding the matter at issue as a matter of conscience, the clergy have, since the commencement of this case, buried half-a-dozen members of the Institute in consecrated ground. The Freemasons are denounced by the Church, and declared liable to excommunication, though not individually and *ipso facto* excommunicated. The learned counsel mentions one fact which ought to tell with crushing effect in the present argument. In the church itself, of Pointe Claire, a parishioner was buried who belonged to both proscribed societies; for he was not merely a member of *l'Institut Canadien*, but a Freemason likewise. The *curé* was well aware of both facts; and if he had been called to account, he could have defended himself unanswerably, by pleading that the man had not been individually and by name extruded from the fold of the Church.

A statement is made by M. Doutre, which serves to show the clerical insubordination, not merely to the Sovereign, but to the Pope, which prevails at Montreal. "You may read the condemnation of your conduct, by the laws of the Catholic Church of all ages, by the Councils, by the theologians of all countries. And as a fly does not walk lame in this good Canada, without bringing opinions from Rome, I invite you to publish those you have obtained there on the Guibord affair. Rumour is a great liar if you have not been condemned there, rank and file. Your rebellion in this case would be not only against the Queen of England, but also against the opinions of Roman theologians. However, we are accustomed to see the religious authorities of Montreal laughing at decisions rendered at Rome, after having solicited them, so that no one can wonder at any kind of rebellion on your part." We should rejoice to find that the Pontiff has dared to do justice to the rectitude of English law, and the binding authority in all cases of the ecclesiastical canons of his own Church. Meanwhile, we agree with the learned counsel, that the desire of the *curé* to enact the *rôle* of martyr will not be gratified, and that the vanity which prompts him to court attachment and imprisonment, should be treated with deserved contempt.

No more promising feature can be noted in this time of earnest religious controversy than the tolerant calmness which possesses the disputants. It is not so long since orthodox and sceptic alike seemed to be laid hold of by the demons of rage and unreason, whenever they came in conflict. To the former, doubt was a sure mark of immorality; to the latter, orthodoxy was a synonym for hypocrisy. Calm discussion or judicial examination of moot points on the most momentous subjects, was never thought of. The change which has taken place within the memory of living men is as welcome as in some aspects it is surprising. The *odium theologicum* still rages, but it is, for the most part, within the Church, not as between Christianity and its critics or opponents. The bitterest assaults come from scientific men, like Professor Clifford and a few other extremists, and the most unscrupulous and worthless of defences from those who know the least. We have only to contrast with the early English deists, Voltaire and Paine, the writings of F. W. Newman, Strauss, Hanson, Greg, and the author of *Supernatural Religion*, to note the difference on one side, and to compare the apologetic writings of both periods on the other, in order to recognize the essential difference in tone and treatment. Taking up the *Sunday Magazine* for July, we find, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Blaikie, a notice of *Supernatural Religion*. He does not, of course, approve of that work; but he can speak of it without abusing its author, and even concedes something to him. It is "a large and well-written book," and its arguments are "minute and elaborate." The editor then speaks of Dr. Lightfoot, who, like himself, would have been denounced as a rationalist not many years ago in England, and would almost certainly be so denounced in free Canada even now. Dr. Blaikie first makes a very important admission—"It cannot be denied that the subject (*i. e.* of the credibility of the Gospels) is not free from difficulty." He then proceeds to note that there are many persons who imagine that the New Testament was revealed as a whole. "The faith of such persons," he says, "is apt to receive a shock when they come to know the history of the Canon, and when once they find that the Canon of the New Testament was not fixed finally till the fourth century, they are apt to swing to the opposite extreme and fancy that the New Testament has little more authority than an ordinary book." Finally, he prefers the manly and honest course of facing doubt and ascertaining what it has to say for itself, instead of ignoring the "difficulty" and nibbling at the edges of it. The reason why there is so much cryptic scepticism amongst us is to be found in the systematic repression of all open statement of unpalatable views. These have full course amongst our young men, for they work their way in secret; and those who ought to meet them in the light of day, do not choose to do so. Human intellects cannot be always kept in leading-strings; the time is sure to come when the treatment which is natural enough where you have to deal with children, inquisitive on forbidden subjects, will no longer serve. The consequence is, as Dr. Blaikie justly observes, that as old illusions are dispelled, our young men "swing round" into hopeless and confirmed infidelity. We have no fears for the future of the Christian religion; but we believe that one of the chief dangers which menace it in Canada arises out of that evasive dread of criticism, often so morbid as to betray secret distrust in the power of truth. Objections, to be met, must be stated, and that by those who believe in them; the "shock" which comes to faith is the immediate consequence of a zeal without knowledge. The article on "Prayer," for example, in the present number, represents substantially the views of the Rev. Mr. Knight, of Dundee. Why should Canadian Christians fear to hear statements which were listened to with attention in General Assemblies, and scattered broadcast through the *Contemporary Review*? The same columns are open for reply, and that is all that can reasonably be asked; for where would be the utility of excluding an earnest and reverent, though it may be an erroneous, statement of the natural order of the universe, when almost every intelligent man or woman is fully aware that the view is maintained and expounded in England? It is not confidence, but the lack of it which is the parent of this unreasoning terror, and what we clearly want in Canada is a broader tolerance of opinion, with less timidity; greater faith in Christian doctrine, and less of owlish blinking at current forms of doubt.

Before the middle of the month the English Parliament will have been prorogued. The session has been in many respects a singular one. Mr. Disraeli's government, with a majority of seventy at its back, has acted as timorously as if it held office on sufferance. Most of its measures will pass, so far as their titles are concerned; and that seems to be all the Premier cares for. Sir Stafford Northcote's scheme for the reduction of the National Debt, and Mr. Cross's Masters and Workmen Bill, are the only measures which have passed through the ordeal triumphantly. The Pollution of Rivers Bill, the Friendly Societies Bill, the Tenant Right Bill, the Food and Drugs Bill, were not worth much at the first, and they have been completely emasculated during their progress. The Merchant Shipping Bill would have been among the "innocents," if Mr. Plimsoll had not uttered some remarkably strong language. On the other hand, the Liberal party remains as demoralized as ever. Its leader, the Marquis of Hartington, spends most of his time in filling the part of *claqueur* to Mr. Disraeli. When Mr. Trevelyan moved the second reading of his bill to establish household suffrage in the counties, or, in other words, to assimilate the county and borough franchise, the Marquis approved of the principle, but refused to support the Bill. When the House divided, he and Mr. Goschen left the House; Messrs. Gladstone, Bright, Forster, and Childers voted for the Bill, and Mr. Lowe against it. It is clear that the Liberal party is not likely to emerge from the wilderness for many a long day.

The proposals of the Government touching the intended visit of the Prince of Wales to India can hardly be called extravagant or unreasonable. Those who know India best feel assured that, if judiciously managed, this six months' excursion may be productive of immense good. Prof. Fawcett, who is one of these, supported the Government scheme, his only objection being to charging any part of the bill to the Indian exchequer. The Marquis of Hartington thought the sum of £60,000 too small. Mr. Wyndham, who agreed with him, stated that Lord Elgin's tour cost

£50,000, and even the Liberal *Spectator* is of opinion that £100,000 should have been asked. Of course, Mr. P. A. Taylor and the noisy knot of republicans who grow rabid whenever the Royal Family is mentioned, cried out against any vote. They might have saved themselves the trouble, for loyalty is the *mode* in England just now.

Public affairs in France have not been proceeding quite so smoothly as they promised. M. Gambetta's speech at Versailles, in which he strove to "educate his party" into alliance with the *bourgeoisie* and the peasantry, was a very clever and honourable effort. He was followed, sometime after, by the minister, M. Buffet, who also made a conciliatory speech, which might have been delivered by M. Thiers, on the necessity of rendering the Assembly a thoroughly popular body. So far well; but this *entente cordiale* was far too good to last. The first bombshell was the University Bill, which destroyed the hope entertained by the Liberals of establishing secular education. The Right Centre, the Right, and the Bonapartists unitedly supported the clergy and the bill. Then came the revelations, made by the Committee on the Nièvre election, of the intrigues of Imperialism, and M. Rouher's audacious defence. M. Gambetta very inconsiderately accused M. Buffet of aiding Imperialism by keeping Bonapartist prefects in office, and from that moment, the allies have been working at cross-purposes. The Left wants an immediate dissolution; the Right Centre are quite willing, if the Left consent to abandon the *scrutin de liste*, which they will not do. The immediate consequence is that a long vacation has postponed the general elections for some months.

M. de Laveleye has said that the dangers of the European situation "arise from the difficulties in which Germany finds herself—difficulties that are the nearly inevitable result of the last war, and the treaty that ended it." It is quite certain that the Empire is ill at ease. There was more truth than most people were disposed to allow in Count Von Moltke's complaint last year, that Germany was without allies on whom she she could depend. In fact, she has been passing through a series of scares ever since the termination of the war. Her ecclesiastical legislation is a failure, and trade and manufactures are in a state of stagnation. Then came the suspicious fraternization of Francis Joseph and Victor Emmanuel. Following it was the remonstrance against French armaments, and the peremptory and somewhat ostentatious demand of the Czar that peace should be preserved. The alliance of the three Emperors is, in fact, an exceedingly shaky one. Their meeting at Ems did not take place. Instead of that, Alexander went to visit his Austrian brother, without passing through Berlin, as he had always done before. The reason why Germany is now looking so anxiously at Russia. is because she fears that instead of keeping Austria back from assisting France in any new war, she might herself form a member of an anti-German coalition. Altogether, the ambitions of European powers and their swollen armaments have rendered the renewal of war a mere question of time.

BOOK REVIEWS.

QUEEN MARY: a Drama. By Alfred Tennyson. Canadian Copyright Edition. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

The announcement that Mr. Tennyson was about to give to the world a new poetical production, and that in the form of a drama based upon one of the most exciting periods of English history, naturally caused no little stir in literary circles. The interest aroused by the announcement was intensified when it became known that "Queen Mary" was the title of the drama, and that its subject embraced the chief incidents, religious, civil, and political, of the period from Mary Tudor's accession to her death in 1558. Now that the book has appeared, and that every literary critic, at least, has read it, it may be safe to hazard the opinion that the production does not justify the high eulogiums passed upon it by the *Times:* that nothing like it has appeared since the creations of Shakespeare's genius.

Coming with such heralds of praise and promise, it would be hard, even with a new "Iliad," or a "Paradise Lost," to satisfy expectation thus aroused. The remark that "a moderate success commands respect, but a failure of complete success is often fatal," is fittingly illustrated in this case. This, however, is Mr. Tennyson's misfortune, not his fault; and an incident that qualifies the absolute felicity of his honours and success. But whatever divergence of opinion there may be as to the merits of the new work, Mr. Tennyson may claim credit for the result achieved, considering that his labour has been in a field entirely new to him, and one in which an experiment, though rash, was quite pardonable. It would be curious to know what prompted Mr. Tennyson to venture into the dramatic field. His muse is essentially lyrical and narrative, and he has confined his compositions to these alone for nigh a lifetime. Whether he has caught the contagion of ecclesiastical strife from Mr. Gladstone's recent efforts, or has been firing his brain with the inspiration of an Irving or a Salvini, we know not. But, though he has not hitherto piped to the glare of the foot-lights, his muse has not altogether been indifferent to the traditions of the stage. The ode to Macready, which he wrote on the retirement of that actor from professional life, shows his interest in the drama.

> "Thine is it that our drama did not die,
> Nor flicker down to aimless pantomime."

But whatever may have suggested to Mr. Tennyson the dramatization of this sad piece of English history—and we may not be far astray in hinting that, like a true Englishman, Mr. Tennyson views with alarm the recent aggressions of Rome upon the domain of English thought and English affairs, and may wish to recall the malign influences of its policy upon a former era in the nation's history—there is this benefit likely to result from the Poet's new effort: that it will give a much-needed impetus to the literature of dramatic art, and probably greatly contribute to the restoration to the stage of the glories and higher influences of the historic drama, of which the modern theatre has known so little. In saying this, however, we do not commit ourselves to the opinion that "Queen Mary" is such a revival of the Shakespearian drama as may win for it success upon the stage. Doubtless, whatever it may lack as a creation adapted for dramatization, should it be placed upon the stage, it will have the benefit of every auxiliary, in actors, pageantry, scenery, dress, &c., with which to vitalize its characters, and vivify its dramatic situations. But Mr. Tennyson's effort is too serious and too earnest in the direction of a high dramatic composition, and his name and influence is too great, for his work to fail of effect upon the writers of the day in inciting them to turn their attention to the literature of the drama, and to endeavour to use it for the high lessons and purposes which the dramatist can so powerfully influence with. To our mind, this is the feature for congratulation in the Poet's new venture, more than the merit of the work as a drama. A valuable and prized addition to our English literature it undoubtedly is; but it is not more than a careful, accurate, and elaborate historical study. It lacks both in spirit and movement the characteristics of the drama. Its characters are vividly brought out, and its situations are often picturesque and telling. But the personages are wanting in the play of creative effect, and the incidents lack the stir of inventive resource. Moreover, though the story of Mary's life is essentially dramatic, and the incidents of her reign are tragic in the extreme, the author does not seem to us to have extracted from either that which goes to the making of a great drama. This evidently is the result of following too faithfully the events of history and the records of the time, as well as, in some degree, from want of sympathy, which the writer could not impart, with the leading characters and their actions. Still, much has been made of the materials; and though the personages and incidents appear in the narrative in the neutral tints of history, yet the period is made to reappear with a freshness and distinctness which, while it satisfies the scholar, gives a true charm to every lover of the drama. Again and again, as we read, are we reminded of the Laureate's rare poetical fancy and fine literary instinct, and the dialogues contain many passages of striking thought and noble utterance. But the work is overcast by the great gloom of its central figure—the gloom of bigotry, passion, jealousy, disappointment, and despair which ever environs the miserable Queen; and much though the Poet has striven to brighten the picture, and awaken sympathy for the weakness of the woman who, royal mistress though she was, could not command her love to be requited, the poetic measure of his lines roughens and hardens to the close, when the curtain falls on what is felt to be a tragic and unlovely life.

As the work is so accessible in the neat and inexpensive Canadian edition which has been published, and as most of our readers are, doubtless, now familiar with its narrative from the many selections which have appeared in press, we do not think it necessary to extend our notice by extracts from the work. We may simply refer to the other *dramatis personæ* introduced to us, who are among the notable historical characters that figure during Mary Tudor's reign. They are those who take part in the incidents, religious, civil, and political, of the period, and are, for the most part, both in speech and bearing, the portraits familiar to us in Mr. Froude's history. Of these the most pleasing is the Princess Elizabeth, whose portrait is drawn with masterly skill, and engages our interest as the fortunes of its original oscillate " 'Twixt Axe and Crown,"—to use the title-phrase of Mr. Tom Taylor's adaptation.

> " A Tudor
> Schooled by the shadow of death, a Boleyn too
> Glancing across the Tudor."

But aside from the interest in the safety of her person, which is in constant jeopardy from the jealousy of her half-sister, Elizabeth wins upon the reader by her modest, maidenly bearing, her frankness of manner, and by a playfulness of disposition which readily adapts itself to the restraints which the Queen is ever placing upon her person, and which endears her to the people, who, could the hated Mary be got rid of, would fain become her subjects. The civil strife of the period furnishes material for some powerful passages, which are wrought up with excellent effect ; and in this connection Sir Thomas Wyatt, Sir Thomas Stafford, the Earl of Devon, Sir William Cecil and others historical personages appear upon the stage. The other incidents introduced are those which attach themselves to the religious persecutions of the time, and which brought Archbishop Cranmer to the stake, and give play to the papal intrigues of Cardinal Pole, Bishop Gardiner, and the emissaries of the Spanish Court. The second and third scenes in the fourth act devoted to Cranmer, and which detail his martyrdom, are hardly so satisfactory as they might have been, though the Poet here again follows closely the historical accounts. The scenes, however, give occasion for the introduction of a couple of local gossips whose provincial dialect, and keen interest in the national and religious policy of the time, here as in occasional street scenes, are cleverly portrayed. This sapient reflection in the mouth of one of these gossips, Tib, is a specimen at hand :—

> " A-burnin' and a-burnin', and a-makin' o' volk
> " madder and madder ; but tek thou my word vor't
> " Joan,—and I bean't wrong not twice i' ten year—
> " the burnin' o' the owld archbishop 'ill burn the
> " Pwoap out o' this 'ere land for iver and iver."

Philip we have not spoken of ; but he fills such a hateful niche in the historical gallery of the time, and the Poet introduces him but to act his pitiful *rôle*, that we pass him by ; though many of the grandest passages in the drama are those which give expression to Mary's passionate love for him, and her longing desire for an issue of their marriage, which afterwards culminates in her madness and death. We have to speak of but one other character in the drama, whose death, as it has been said, was sufficient to honour and to dishonour an age. The beautiful Lady Jane Grey appears for a little among the shadows of the poem, and moves to her tragic fate.

> " Seventeen—a rose of grace !
> Girl never breathed to rival such a rose !
> Rose never blew that equalled such a bud."

A few songs of genuine Tennysonian harmony, pitched in the keys that most fittingly suit the singer's mood, are interspersed through the drama, and serve to lighten the narratives of their gloom and plaint. Their presence, we cannot help thinking, recalls work better done, and more within the limitations of the Poet's genius, than this drama of Queen Mary.

THE CHARACTER AND LOGICAL METHOD OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By J. E. Cairnes, LL.D., New York : Harper & Bros. ; Toronto : Adam, Stevenson & Co.

A melancholy interest attaches to this book as being the latest utterance of its distinguished and lamented author, the news of whose death, at the comparatively early age of fifty-one, reached us by cable the other day. It is said that the present work, as well as the author's " Leading Principles of Political Economy, Newly Expounded," which appeared a year or two back, were produced with the greatest difficulty, and under sufferings of the most prostrating kind, caused by the lingering disease which has now done its fatal work. Unable himself to write, his devoted wife acted as his amanuensis in the preparation of both works. We learn from Mr. Cliffe Leslie, in the last *Academy*, that " Prof. Cairnes has been laid to rest with extraordinary honour. No other author's death in our time, save Mr. Mill's, has called forth so strong an expression of feeling" as that of his greatest disciple.

The previous edition of these lectures appeared more than seventeen years ago, and has long been out of print. The present, though extensive changes have been made in the form and treatment, yet, as regards the substance of the opinions advanced, does not differ from its predecessor. An additional lecture, however, on " Definition," has been added.

As now presented the work is in every way worthy of the master mind which produced it. It is in fact the only one in the language in which the true character and method of Political Ecomomy are adequately dealt with. As such it should be carefully studied by everyone who wishes to understand the important, but much misrepresented and much abused science of which it treats. Prof. Cairnes shews it to be an egregious mistake to suppose that Political Economy is an inductive science, like Chemistry or Physics. In those sciences, in order to reach a general law, a large number of observations and experiments have to be made, on which to found an induction. The position of Political Economy is both better and worse. It is worse because the economical investigator is excluded from experiment. It is better inasmuch as its general principles are furnished to his hand. "*The Economist starts with a knowledge of ultimate causes.* He is already, at the outset of his enterprise, in the position which the physicist only attains after ages of laborious research. If any one doubt this, he has only to consider what the ultimate principles governing economic phenomena are. They consist of such facts as the following: certain mental feelings and certain animal propensities in human beings; the physical conditions under which production takes place; political institutions; the state of industrial art: in other words, the premises of Political Economy are the conclusions and proximate phenomena of other branches of knowledge" (pp. 87-8). The function of Political Economy, as stated by Prof. Cairnes, is to expound "the laws according to which [the phenomena of wealth] co-exist with or succeed each other; that is to say, it expounds the laws of the phenomena of wealth" (p. 35). Its method is to arrive at these laws by arguing downwards from general principles, such as the foregoing. In short, its method is essentially deductive. This was the view taken by the late Mr. Buckle, who sought to account for the success of Adam Smith, and other Scotchmen, in the cultivation of Political Economy, by asserting that the Scotch intellect is eminently deductive. Prof. Cairnes states that no economical truth meriting the name of scientific was ever discovered inductively, and that it may be safely asserted that none ever will be (p. 79); but, on the contrary, that all economical discoveries, such for instance as those of Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Malthus, were results of the opposite method. In every instance of such discoveries, the appeal is not to a set of facts, ascertained by experiment or observation, but to some mental or physical principle (p. 117). The modern German school of economists practically repudiates these ideas. The historical method (which, of course, is nothing more than induction from observation, there being no scope for experiment) is the favourite one with them. But if there is any truth in Prof. Cairnes's exposition, they are in the wrong track, and will find themselves engaged in a barren labour, so far, at least, as concerns the discovery of economic truths.

Doubtless, in social enquiries, as distinguished from merely economical ones, the historical method is the most potent that can be used; and is, in fact, being turned to the best account by Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his "Principles of Sociology," now in course of publication. But Prof. Cairnes shows that the two subjects are as distinct as the science of Mechanics is from Civil Engineering. "Political Economy," he says, "stands apart from all particular systems of social or industrial existence. It has nothing to do with *laissez faire*, any more than with communism; with freedom of contract any more than with paternal government, or with systems of *status*. It stands apart from all particular systems, and is, moreover, absolutely neutral as between them all. Not of course, that the knowledge which it gives may not be employed to recommend some and to discredit others. This is inevitable, and is the only proper and legitimate use of economic knowledge. But this notwithstanding, the science is neutral, as between social schemes, in this important sense. It pronounces no judgment on the worthiness or desirableness of the ends aimed at in such systems. It tells us what their effects will be as regards a specific class of facts, thus contributing *data* toward the formation of a sound opinion respecting them. But here its function ends. The *data* thus furnished may, indeed, go far to determine our judgment, but they do not necessarily, and should not in practice always, do so. For there are few practical problems which do not present other aspects than the purely economical—political, moral, educational, artistic aspects—and these may involve consequences so weighty as to turn the scale against purely economic solutions. On the relative importance of such conflicting considerations, Political Economy offers no opinion, pronounces no judgment—thus, as I said, standing neutral between competing social schemes; neutral, as the science of Mechanics stands neutral between competing plans of railway construction, in which expense, for instance, as well as mechanical efficiency, is to be considered; neutral, as Chemistry stands neutral between competing plans of sanitary improvement; as Physiology stands neutral between opposing systems of medicine. It supplies the means, or, more correctly, a portion of the means for estimating all; it refuses to identify itself with any" (pp. 36-38). Had these considerations been present to the minds of some of our social philosophers, they would have been saved from wasting a good deal of feeble wit and misplaced invective at the expense of what they are pleased to call "the dismal science;" a phrase quite as applicable to gravitation, which, as Mr. Mill remarks, will infallibly break the neck of any philanthropist, however benevolent, who neglects to fulfil its requirements.

The last two lectures are devoted to illustrating the method of Political Economy, as actually practised in making the two capital discoveries known as the Malthusian Doctrine of Population, and Ricardo's Theory of Rent. About a year ago, during Mr. Goldwin Smith's candidature for election to the Council of Public Instruction, some of our enlightened organs of public opinion attempted (unsuccessfully, we are happy to say) to get up a cry against that gentleman on the score of Malthusianism. The men who thus sought to pander to popular prejudice by presuming upon popular ignorance, will hardly be pleased to learn that the greatest economist of the age since Mr. Mill's death, thoroughly accepted the doctrines of Malthus. Still, though it may not give them pleasure, they can hardly fail to profit by a careful perusal of Prof. Cairnes's seventh lecture; and, accordingly, we recommend it strongly to their notice, hoping that they will read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest what they will there find.

We have only to add that, throughout these lectures, the literary characteristics of Prof. Cairnes—his exquisite lucidity of style, and his masterly skill as a dialectician—are as prominent as in any of his other works.

BLUEBELL: A Canadian Society Novel. By Mrs. G. C. Huddleston. Toronto: Belford Bros.

The publication of a native reprint of this so-called "Canadian Society Novel" is as little justifiable as are the author's libels upon the society of the country she professes to describe. A few months ago, on its appearance in England, the novel was the subject of a scathing review in a critical journal well known for its caustic yet wholesome criticism; and now, as if to pander to the desire, too often indulged, of enjoying improprieties exposed by the Reviewer under the thin pretext of condemning them also, the novel has been reproduced in a Canadian dress. That there are those in Canada who read such works just because their unwholesomeness has been indicated by some faithful censor of the press, is not helpful to him who would vindicate our society from those who malign it. But we feel sure that all those who look upon the purity of our domestic life, and the fair fame of our countrywomen, as objects to be conserved and held sacred from the dishonour of being lightly spoken of, will join with us in deprecating the picture of society represented in "Bluebell," as typical of Canadian households; and in resenting so gross an offence against good taste, good feeling, and hospitality, as the authoress has in the work before us been guilty of.

From what we have said, a review of the book will not be expected from us; nor are its offences, its flippancies, and its vulgarities so concealed that it is necessary for us to point them out, and so justify our remarks. We may just say that the book is of the most ordinary and commonplace type of a military-society novel, with its scenes mainly laid in a garrison town (Toronto) in Canada, at some period before the withdrawal of the British forces from the country; and giving glimpses of such society as its writer has been familiar with, or, more properly, found herself confined to. There is also an attempt made to weave into the narrative descriptions of out-of-door amusements during a Canadian winter, and of such incidents and dialogues as the writer chooses to degrade her book with, and which are too often outside the limits of even such morality and propriety as ordinarily govern garrison life.

The principal male character of the novel is of the type which Canadian society, at least, is thankful to have got rid of—a fribble of the parade ground and mess-room—whose virtue was as easy as his honour was stained, and whose instincts were as low as his designs were often base. The heroine, with other female characters introduced in the novel, are feeble creations. Their chief characteristics are duplicity, and such lack of modesty and lady-like manners as make them the peers of those of the other sex, and naturally fit them to be the mates, or victims, of such specimens of gentlemanhood as the authoress brings before her readers. But the book is so eminently offensive that we forbear to notice it further. We should have to go back to the period of Smollett to find its match. The style is slip-shod and objectionable; and the tone vulgar and mischievous. But it is as a study of so-called Canadian society that we most object to it. We should blush for our countrywomen were the novel accepted as evidence of their manners or their bearing. Its pretensions and its vices, however, have already met with their deserts in the literary circles of England; and we doubt not that whatever circulation it may have in Canada will but serve to confirm the verdict of the mother country. If Mrs. Huddleston takes up her pen again she will do well to make amends for the gross injustice she has done to Canadian girlhood; and we advise her, in her future writings, if she pursues authorcraft further, to amend her English; abandon her slang; and never again to undertake to describe national character after the model of her own vulgar mind, or that of any of her own set.

We were recently laid under heavy obligations to the literary industry of a New Englander, Mr. Francis Parkman, for a prose epic on a stirring period of early Canadian history, replete with historic incident and romantic episode. As if the publication of that monograph, from our rich Canadian quarries, were not enough to shame us for our dwarfed national spirit, we have now a further literary service to acknowledge from the same quarter, and one which we should chide ourselves for leaving to be done by an alien pen. We refer to a "Handbook to the Maritime Provinces," just issued by the Messrs. Osgood, of Boston, modelled after the famous continental guide-books of Karl Baedecker, and containing a perfect store-house of historical and topographical information, as valuable to the student and antiquarian as it is to the settler and tourist, for whom the work has been more specially designed. There are many features, historic and picturesque, in the region covered by the book, which should arouse the pride of every Canadian, as it may awaken the sympathies and admiration of the chance sojourner or tourist. The brilliant records of English and French conquests; the romantic story of Acadian settlement: the heroic exploit of pioneer missionary; the legend and tradition of Indian life—all serve to quicken the interest of the reader; while the eye has a feast, in noble coast-scenery, in picturesque valley or plain, and in quaint old town, that must please the most critical taste, and satisfy the most exacting requirements in scenic attraction. A glance at the literary authorities consulted in the compilation of the work, from Champlain, La Hontan, Charlevoix, and Lescarbot, down to Parkman, Le Moine, Haliburton, Howells, and Thoreau—will show how rich is the work in historic and literary treatment; while, in the drier details of routes of travel, hotel accommodation, places of interest, &c., &c., the book is no less a mine of almost exhaustless practical comment.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MR. GLADSTONE'S paper in the *Contemporary Review*, which asks, but can hardly be said to answer, the question, "Is the Church of England worth preserving?" has one merit his publishers will appreciate: it has raised the current number to the dignity of a fifth edition. It is urged that the ex-Premier is preparing the way for a change of front on the State Church question; but this is by no means clear. His argument may, of course, be put in this way—the Church is only worth preserving if the contending parties in it consent to live in peace, one with another; but they will not; therefore the church should be disestablished. In any other writer, we should be likely to accept this as the logical conclusion of the whole matter; but Mr. Gladstone is so fond of mystification that his drift is not readily discernible. His opinions may be in a state of flux and transition, but we cannot feel sure of it. He is so prone to look at the goal askance, or strabismically so to speak, that peering into his eyes will give us no certain indication of the course he is about to take. His paper appeared on the day the Public Worship Act came in force, and its sole object may have been to admonish the Episcopal bench and the Church of the inconvenience and possible danger they may cause, by encouraging litigation under its provisions. It has been urged that Mr. Gladstone is here undoing the work he accomplished by his pamphlets on "Vaticanism," since in the latter he asserted the supremacy of the State, whilst in this paper, he questions the capacity of Parliament or the Courts to deal with ecclesiastic matters. The difference, however, is rather apparent than real; because in the pamphlets he was protesting against doctrines he held to be subversive of civil allegiance; in the article, he is dealing with matters of church order, and objects to the competence of the tribunal set up to determine them. What astonishes us is the waste of ingenuity displayed by Mr. Gladstone in his attempt to devise possible meanings certain Ritualistic practices may bear, without having recourse to dogmatic significance. He selects the eastward posture and the sacramental vestments as crucial instances, attaching to them explanations which neither Ritualist nor Evangelical will accept. If they are matters of such slight importance, why does Mr. Stanton of St. Alban's, in London, cling to them as essentials, so pertinaciously?

Cassandra re-assumes the prophetic mantle this month, in a paper entitled "The Echo of the Antipodes." Having received what he considers confirmatory evidence of his gloomy forecast, Mr. Greg publishes a letter from Sydney, and enlarges upon it. We are informed that they have lodger as well as household suffrage in New South Wales, and the result is a government controlled by trades-unions. "It would be in vain" says the correspondent, "for any one however talented, influential, or wealthy, to seek to obtain a seat in the Assembly, until he has bowed down before the Juggernaut of the sovereign people, and avowed his sympathy with 'the working man;' and yet, properly so called, the working man does not exist in New South Wales," and so forth.

Mr. Geddes, Professor of Greek in the University of Aberdeen, contributes "A New Theory of the Homeric Question," which deserves careful perusal. He believes that the Odyssey was the work of one author, although he gives some strange reasons for it, such as the recurrence of the word μοι in the first line. He further thinks this the superior poem, which it doubtless is in artistic form but not in any other respect. With regard to the Iliad, he considers it divisible into two parts, the Achillean or Thessalian, and the Odyssean or Ionian. The latter portion, which he regards as the work of Homer, the author of the Odyssey, consists of ten books, viz.: Those from the second to the seventh inclusive, the ninth and tenth, and the twenty-third and twenty-fourth. The other books, except some Odyssean episodes, he regards as Achillean. The theory is worked out with considerable ability, and is decidedly to be preferred to the rhapsodist or Pisistratid notions. "The Beginning of the Co-operative Trouble," by G. J. Holyoake, the founder of English secularism, is in fact a short sketch of the life and aims of Robert Owen, well written, and of course thoroughly sympathetic. Prof. Max Müller has written of Sun-myths, and the paper on "Wind-myths," by Mr. Keary, is an examination of a cognate subject, based upon the Eddas chiefly. It forms a slight but interesting contribution to compative mythology.

Mr. Pope Hennessy, who dropped out of Parliamentary life some years ago, makes a strenuous effort to persuade people, that "The Tories and the Catholics" ought to be the closest of allies. His historical facts are for the most part fairly stated, but they are posed occasionally in a peculiar manner. Much is made of the opposition of the Liberals, including Fox, Barré, and Thomas Townshend to Lord North's Canadian Bill of 1774—the statute which virtually established the Roman Catholic religion as a State Church in Lower Canada. The paper is worth reading, but it is not satisfactory by any means. Mr. Matthew Arnold has reached No. 6 of his "Review of Objections to 'Literature and Dogma.'" His immediate subject is the Fourth Gospel. He utterly repudiates the theory of Baur and the Tubingen school, which supposes this Gospel to be the work and for the most part the invention of a learned Greek, tainted with Gnosticism, and written at the end of the second century. The so-called "art of our Greek Gnostic," says Mr. Arnold, "is after all, not art of the highest character, because it does not manage to conceal itself. It allows the Tubingen critics to find it, and by finding it out to pull the whole of the Fourth Gospel to pieces, and to ruin utterly its historical character." He then proceeds to argue that the fancied divergence in fact and doctrine from the synoptics has no real foundation. His own view of the Gospel is very high, although his theory of its composition is hardly orthodox. He believes, as a cardinal principle, that Jesus was always "above his reporters," and that they never perfectly comprehended his teaching. At the same time, he thinks the discourses in St. John are suitable *logia* of the Saviour received directly from St. John, and pieced into the narrative, not always with discrimination and understanding, by a Greek of considerable literary pretensions. The Duke of Argyll's paper on "Animal instinct, in its relation to the Mind of Man," is not a deep paper, yet, in many respects an interesting one. The opening pages give some curious instances of the working of instinct in which imitation could have had no part.

The name of M. Emile de Laveleye, is too well known to English readers to require any introduction. In the current *Fortnightly*, he appears as the author of an elaborate paper on "The European Situation." The key-note to the whole is to be found in a few words: "The vanquished think of recovering what they have lost. The victors cause jealousies. They know this; they fear it; and naturally they wish to anticipate possible alliances or to make themselves strong enough to be able to see them without apprehension. Hence follow strong temptations, and even apparent necessities, to resort to arms as a means of arriving at a more secure position." M. de Laveleye does not believe that Germany is dazzled by any dream of universal conquest, but he gives many reasons why she will be likely to anticipate attack. To some extent, we think he exaggerates the importance of Ultramontanism. He regards it as the moving cause of the Franco-German war, although, as has been well-remarked, Ultramontanism did not start a Hohenzollern as candidate for the Spanish throne; it did not drive Napoleon to a war undertaken to gain the confidence of the army, and to get rid of governmental complications. Sometimes he appears to think that the Falk Laws were not merely defensible, but inevitable, at others he thinks them impolitic. "I am then disposed to think," he says, "that the Prussian Government, in attempting by means of repressive laws to master the hostility of the priests, made a blunder, for I do not see how it is to come victorious out of the struggle." The conquest of Alsace, according to the writer, "is an inexpiable cause of war between Germany and France. It is a duel to the death;" and elsewhere—"France does not at this moment wish for war. . . . It is contrary to the truth to accuse her of seeking to trouble Europe. But it is useless to deny that the day when she shall believe herself strong enough to recover Alsace, she will try." Turning to the probable attitude of the several powers in that contingency, he regards it as inevitable that Russia and Austria, with the Particularists of South Germany, would join hands with France, and that Italy would probable be neutral. M. de Laveleye ridicules the reproaches cast upon England because of her abstention from continental broils. Singularly enough, however, he imagines that England would unite with Germany, because she hates Ultramontanism, forgetting, as an English journal remarks, that she would never stir a finger to aid a power too strong already, that she could secure the independence of Italy, Belgium, and Holland much more effectually by being the soul of a coalition and an ally of France. Mr. George Darwin piles up a lot of statistics, not very conclusive in the matter, on "Marriages between First Cousins." He rather favours these marriages, and although he admits that they facilitate the transmission of certain diseases, he believes the evil has been much exaggerated. Mr. Thomas Hare, in his "Note," gives a very concise and modest defence of Representative Government and the scheme of Minority Representation which bears his name, against the supercilious criticisms of the Positivists.

The most attractive paper in the number is that on "The Military Position of England," by Col. Chesney, (the author of "The Battle of Dorking") or whoever else it was that gave a negative reply to the question, "Could we have helped France or Belgium?" He contends that England must do one of two things: either give up all idea of continental influence, and then she may rely on her navy, volunteers, and a small army; or if she desires to interfere with effect on a proper occasion, she must re-model her army so as to be able to mobilise immediately 100,000 men. The scheme is drawn out in detail with a masterly hand.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE only performances in Toronto during the past month which call for any comment were those of the Fifth Avenue Theatre Company, from New York, at the Grand Opera House; and those of Mr. Charles Fechter, and his troupe, at the Royal Opera House.

"The Big Bonanza" is unquestionably by far the best American play ever performed in Toronto. It belongs to the class of "society" plays, and is evidently very closely modelled upon the productions of the late Mr. T. W. Robertson, the author of "Caste," "School," and other dramas. In the American play the plot is of the slightest possible description, though quite sufficient to unite the various scenes into a compact whole. The interest is mainly derived, however, from telling situations, some really excellent character drawing, and a dialogue which is bright, sparkling, and witty throughout. As regards acting, for completeness in every character, even down to the most unimportant, it was quite the best thing we ever remember seeing in Toronto. Where all were so good, it is somewhat inviduous to mention any in particular; but we may single out as deserving of especial commendation, *Eugenia* (Miss Sarah Jewett); *Virgie* (Miss May Nunez); *Prof. Cadwallader* (Mr. Lamb); and *Bob Ruggles* (Mr. James). Miss Jewett is a young English actress, and one of remarkable promise. In the two love scenes with Bob Ruggles her exquisitely natural acting was charming in the extreme. Miss Nunez is, we understand, a novice upon the stage, a fact which accounts for a certain rawness and want of finish; notwithstanding this, however, her presentation of the lackadaisical and romantic *Virgie* was exceedingly lifelike. Mr. Lamb and Mr. James were also wonderfully good; the latter, in the scene where he has to do his love-making in a pair of agonizingly tight boots, being perfectly killing. Among the other characters the most noteworthy was *Alphonsus de Hass*, an English exquisite of the inevitable Dundreary type, capitally performed by Mr. Rockwell.

The only other play given by the company was "Monsieur Alphonse," an adaptation by Mr. Augustin Daly, the author of "The Big Bonanza," from the French of Alexander Dumas *fils*. Like nearly every French drama written during the present generation, the plot turns upon a question of conjugal fidelity. The treatment, however, is quite unobjectionable and the moral thoroughly wholesome. It was acted throughout, but particularly in the last two of the three acts, with a perfect naturalness that was quite startling in its lifelike realism. The *Captain Montaglin* of Mr. Louis James was a really masterly performance, earnest, dignified, and manly; and revealed powers of quite a different order from those displayed in the "Big Bonanza." As his wife, *Raymonde*, Miss Jewett was somewhat weak, and wanting in effective by-play, in the first act. In the other two, however, she was admirable. In the second act, there is a scene of extraordinary power between husband and wife; and both Mr. James and Miss Jewett rose to the height of the situation, as was testified by the numerous tearful faces among the audience, men as well as women. The minor characters were filled in the same satisfactory manner as those in the "Big Bonanza." The most noteworthy were Mr. Ringgold, in the unpleasant part of *M. Octave;* Miss Nunez, as *Madame Guichard;* and Bijou Heron, as the child *Adrienne*.

Mr. Fechter, though not the greatest actor living, is certainly a remarkably fine one. We apprehend that Salvini, Rossi, Irving, Barry Sullivan, and probably also Edwin Booth, are his superiors. Nor do we believe that he could give as grand a performance of *Othello* or *Richelieu*, as Mr. T. C. King. During his brief stay here, Mr. Fechter appeared in *Hamlet*, *Ruy Blas*, *Obenreizer* in "No Thoroughfare," and in *Claude Melnotte*. His most celebrated character is, of course, *Hamlet*. Respecting it, a remark may be made similar to that of some of the London critics in regard to Salvini's, viz., that it is not Shakespeare's, but Fechter's. Mr. Fechter, notwithstanding his twelve years' residence among Anglo-Saxons is still unmistakably French, and his Hamlet is as French as himself. It has too much movement; too great exuberance of gesture—play of the hands and arms, shrugging of the shoulders, &c. The French accent, though very noticeable, is but a trifling drawback. Much more objectionable is the placing of emphasis on the wrong word, and a trick of running sentences into one another without a break, where an Englishman would make a distinct pause; both faults being of frequent occurrence. Another noticeable defect is a lack of princely dignity; in place of which we have a poor substitute in attitudinising, of which there is a superfluity, especially in the scene with his mother. Notwithstanding these numerous drawbacks, however, the performance is a wonderfully fine one. In many of the scenes the actor's earnestness and intensity carry everything before them. There was the impressiveness too of novelty, in bringing out "points," in much of the business of the play, and also in many of the readings. His finest scenes were the soliloquy, "O! what a rogue and peasant slave am I;" the scene with Ophelia; and the one with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, where the recorders are brought in. In each of these he was really magnificent. The scene with the ghost, the play scene, and the one with his mother, though they all possessed some fine points, were on the whole somewhat weak. Taken altogether, the performance was undoubtedly a remarkable one, quite worthy of the great reputation of the actor.

Mr. Fechter's *Claude Melnotte*, however, is artistically more satisfactory than his Hamlet. It is less uneven; and the actor's nationality is an advantage, instead of a drawback; a remark which applies also to *Obenreizer*, a very unpleasant character, evidently modelled after Count Fosco.

LITERARY NOTES.

We have received from Messrs. Willing & Williamson a copy of a new Railway and Postal Map of Ontario, compiled from the special maps of the Post Office Department, and other official sources. It is constructed upon a scale of ten miles to the inch, and is unquestionably one of the most satisfactory and serviceable maps we have yet seen. It is coloured by counties, and shows every town and village, and every railway and telegraph station, in the Province, indicating the distances between towns *via* the mail routes. Its mechanical execution is so good, being clear, legible, and with no over-display of colour, that it must be invaluable for either wall or pocket reference.

We are indebted to M. Campeau for a copy of his "Illustrated Guide to the House of Commons." It comprises the portraits in photography of the members of the Cabinet, and the members and officers of the House of Commons of Canada, with a list of the constituencies, and a chart indicating the position of the members' seats in the House. The work forms a sort of "Physiognomical Hansard," and will be useful as a companion to Mr. Morgan's little work, and to the Official Debates' Journal. It would, however, be an improvement were the photographs printed from uniform negatives, instead of from prints, which lose in distinctness and interest by being copied. But we should prefer to see a work of this kind produced in a less clumsy form than that of mounted photographs. Were the art of wood-cut engraving more in use amongst us, it would be better adapted for such a work.

However stagnant the general publishing trade may be, there is no dearth of fiction. Novels continue to appear from the press with their accustomed unceasing flow. Among those most recently to hand are "Walter's Word," by James Payn, and "What will the World say?" by Charles Gibbon, from the press of Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co.; "Bluebell," by Mrs. G. C. Huddlestone, noticed elsewhere in these pages, and "The Wreck of the Chancellor," by Jules Verne, from Messrs. Belford Bros. Toronto. From Messrs. Harper, we have received Mr. Anthony Trollope's new work, "The Way we live Now;" "Miss Angel," by Miss Thackeray; "Eglantine," by the author of "St. Olaves;" and "Iseulte," by the author of "The Hotel du Petit St. Jean." In addition to this bill of fare, all the English magazines are publishing new stories in serial form, by the best known writers. If novel reading keeps pace with novel writing, there must be little else read.

Mr. Gladstone has issued his three ecclesiastical essays in one volume, under the title of "Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion." Continuing to discard statesmanship for Polemics, Mr. Gladstone has also issued an English translation of M. Laveleye's pamphlet on "Protestantism and Catholicism in their bearing upon the Liberty and Prosperity of Nations," accompanying it with an introductory letter by himself.

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 8.] SEPTEMBER, 1875. [NO. 3.

THE ICE PHENOMENA AND THE TIDES OF THE BAY OF FUNDY,

Considered in connection with the construction of the Baie Verte Canal.

BY HENRY Y. HIND, M.A., WINDSOR, N.S.

1. THE BAIE VERTE CANAL.

THE BAIE VERTE CANAL is a contemplated work designed to connect the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, at Baie Verte, with those of the Bay of Fundy, at Cumberland Basin. It will cross an isthmus between these Atlantic Ocean waters, fifteen miles and one quarter in breadth at the narrowest part: the lowest summit on the isthmus being of a soft marshy nature, and elevated only five feet above the level of a tidal wave which occurred in the Bay of Fundy, on the 5th Oct., 1869; and 9 feet above a tide observed on the 25th Oct., 1870.[*] The tidal waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Bay of Fundy approach within 6¾ miles under ordinary conditions, and at certain periods the water in Cumberland Basin is eighteen and a half feet above that in Baie Verte, but during ebb tides the water in Baie Verte is nineteen and a half feet higher than that in Cumberland Basin.[†]

The boundary line between the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick is twice intersected by the route adopted for the proposed navigable channel of communication.

The reports on the Baie Verte Canal by the Chief Engineer of Public Works (Mr. Page), and by the Assistant Chief Engineer, (Mr. G. F. Baillairgé), embrace valuable and interesting information respecting the physical geography of part of the Bay of Fundy, and particularly of the isthmus separating its waters from those of Baie Verte in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; but these reports are in the main devoted to the engineering details and novelties inseparable from the undertaking, which, the Chief Engineer states, is attended with unusual difficulties.

The opening of a communication between the waters of the Bay of Fundy and Baie Verte has been discussed periodically since the year 1822,[*] but in none of the reports to which I have had access have certain geological and physical phenomena been referred to, which cannot be ignored in the discussion of a work involving such difficulties, and attended with such enormous outlay, as the proposed Baie Verte Canal.

---

[*] Report of the Chief Engineer of Public Works.

[†] Ibid.

[*] *Vide* "Synopsis of Reports on the Baie Verte Canal, published by the Department of Public Works.—1. Rob. C. Minnitte, P. L. S., 1822; 2. Francis Hall, C. E., 1825; 3. Thomas Telford, C. E., 1826: 4. H.O. Crawley, Capt., R. E., 1843; 5. John Page, Ch. En., P. W., 1869: 6. G. F. Baillairgé, Assistant C. E., P. W., 1872: 7. Canal

Questions connected with the physical geography of the country traversed, and more particularly its hydrography and geology, obtrude themselves constantly in an examination of the details of this great project. It is as much a geological and hydrographical as an engineering problem. It really involves at the very outset of the enquiry the problems incident to the action, influence, and history of the tides in the Bay of Fundy; the formation of the isthmus across which the canal is to be built; and, perhaps greater than all, it involves the most careful examination into the probable future behaviour of the tides with respect to the impediments, in the shape of piers, which are proposed to be thrown in the way of their resistless and never ceasing energies. Many of the details included in this notice of the Baie Verte Canal have been written for a work, now in an advanced state of preparation, entitled "The Dominion of Canada," the publication of the first part of which is delayed for the purpose of introducing the results of recent highly important surveys within the limits and near the borders of the Dominion. But as the official notice inviting contractors to tender for preliminary works on the canal has already been issued by the Department of Public Works, I have thought that a brief sketch of the geological and hydrographical features of the question, chiefly drawn from the manuscript work before referred to, might embody suggestions worthy of consideration, or direct enquiry towards certain phenomena peculiar to the Bay of Fundy and similarly situated water areas, or tend to avert possible contingencies arising from tidal ice and uncontrollable currents which might impede the progress of the stupendous work now about to be begun.

2. THE "EYGRE" OF THE BAY OF FUNDY.

I was an eye-witness of the effects produced in some parts of the Bay of Fundy by the so-called "Saxby Storm," in October, 1869, and I still retain a vivid recollection of the grandeur and power of the advancing sea over the wide-spreading dyked lands on the borders of the Bay, and of the impotency of the dykes as they now exist, to restrain the bounds of the great tidal wave—the "eygre" of our forefathers —when it exceeds its normal maximum range.

The "Saxby Storm" rose but four feet above the highest water observed during Mr. Baillairgé's survey, and I suppose about the same elevation above the dykes of Cumberland Basin; but if we are to credit the accounts of the storm on the 3rd of November, 1759, to which reference will be made subsequently, the tidal wave rose *ten* feet higher than the tops of the dykes near Fort Cumberland on the Baie Verte isthmus.

To those who are not "dwellers by the sea," and have not had opportunities for forming a mental picture of a great tidal wave surging upon a dyked coast and breaking down the barriers, the beautiful description by Jean Ingelow, of the High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire, in 1571, may give an impress,

"For lo! along the river's bed,
A mighty Eygre* reared its crest,
  And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
  Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the Eygre's breast
  Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast, the Eygre drave,
  The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow, seething wave,
  Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it break against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea."

Commissioners, 1871; 8. Messrs. Keefer and Gzowski, 1872; 9. Messrs. Keefer and Gzowski, 1873; 10. G. F. Baillairgé, 1873; 11. G. F. Baillairgé, 1873; 12. J. Page, Ch. En., P. W., 1873.

* "Eygre"—bore—tidal wave, in strait, estuary, or river. There is no "bore" in the *channel* of Cumberland Basin, owing to its great depth, but there is a bore or "eygre" on the sandy flats, and in several estuaries and rivers, particularly the Peticoudiac.

References are made to the tidal wave of November, 1759, in various public documents of the period, but the most precise notice is quoted in Bearnish Murdoch's History of Nova Scotia, from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1760, page 45.

"The storm brake down the dykes on the Bay of Fundy everywhere, and the marsh lands now deserted, were overflown and deteriorated. At Fort Frederick, on St. John River, a considerable part of the Fort was washed away, and at Fort Cumberland, 700 cords of firewood was swept off by the tide in a body from the woodyard, although situated at least ten feet higher than the tops of the dykes."*

For the sake of brevity I shall quote the conclusions of reliable authorities on certain points, leaving to the reader, if he is so disposed, the study of the arguments advanced by the author to whom reference is made.

3. SOME OF THE PHYSICAL FEATURES OF THE ISTHMUS.

In an elaborate report "On the Reclamation of Tide-lands, and its Relation to Navigation," by Henry Mitchell, Chief in Physical Hydrography, United States Coast Survey (1869), the following proposition is established. "The nearly horizontal surfaces of the marshes are at the *plane of mean high water!* Mr. Baillairgé states, in his report on the Baie Verte Canal, that the surface of the marshes and bogs on the isthmus for more than seven miles inland is from one to three feet *lower* than the average range of mean spring tides; and it appears from the tables showing the range of the tides, that the surfaces of the marshes and bogs around Cumberland Basin are:

From one to three feet below the plane of average high water;
" five to seven feet below the maximum range of high water;
" six to nine feet below the highest water observed during the survey;
" ten to thirteen feet below the Saxby tidal wave.

Mr. Mitchell adopted as his plane of mean high water the mean of highest springs and the lowest neaps. Taking the same standard from Mr. Baillairgé's observations, we have—

Average maximum springs	44.08.
Average minimum neaps	35.71.
Mean	39.89.
Average mean range of high water, by daily observation	39.77.
Difference	00.12.

The difference being only twelve hundredths of a foot, the two means may be considered identical.

It has been observed by Dr. Dawson* that the inner or low marshes, especially those near the upland and consequently most remote from the sea-board, are lower than those which form as it were the beach; and this is borne out by the observations of Mr. Baillairgé. But there is a point of interest in the altitude of the surface and bottom of the lakes at the head of the tidal rivers in the isthmus, such as the Missaquash and the La Planche, which deserves attention.

At the head of the La Planche the surface of Round Lake, in July, was found to be 94.06, or 44.06 feet above ordinary low water spring-tide, or at the same elevation as the average maximum range of high water, being 4.31 feet above the theoretical plane of the marshes. Long Lake was found, at the same date, to be 2.39 above the same plane. The average bottom of this lake is 1.77 feet below the plane of the marshes. The level of the lakes at the head of the Missaquash River is about 1½ feet above Round Lake. All of these lakes lie near the centre or middle of the isthmus.

Mr. Stark, who was instructed by Mr. Keefer to conduct a survey for the Canal, states generally that "from the summit towards the Bay of Fundy, and at the head of the Amherst Marshes, the country is inundated and dotted in all directions with small lakes, the water in which stands at a nearly uniform elevation of 92.00 above the datum line" (42 above low water spring-tides, or 2.23 feet above average mean range of high water), "or 22 feet above the Canal bottom and even with the surface of the marshes. In the great storm known as the Saxby tide, the water of the Bay of Fundy rose to an elevation of 100.00 feet above datum, and consequently flooded both these lakes and marshes to a depth of eight feet." On the summit to which reference is made in the preceeding paragraph Mr. Stark found a level plain, consisting, "to a depth of from ten to twenty feet, of moss, lying upon the bed of a lake which its formation had buried." Mr. Stark found the highest elevation of this moss at the summit 118 feet above datum, "and taking from this the depth of the moss already described, or 20 feet, will leave the elevation of the solid ground only 28 feet above the canal bottom or 10 feet above the marsh level." One hundred and eighteen feet above datum, less 20 feet of moss, is 98 feet above datum, or two feet less than the height attained by the Saxby tidal. Is is clear, therefore, that if this moss were drained and burned, according to Mr. Keefer's suggestion (*vide* Report), another "Saxby Storm" would have an uninterrupted sweep across the Isthmus, and temporarily establish water communication. A storm like that which occurred in 1759 would make quick work of the marshes and floating bogs, and probably reduce the isthmus to a permanent strait at high water, with continually increasing depths in the channel. In fact, according to Mr. Stark's Report, there appears to have been nothing but a bank of spongy "moss," a quarter of a mile in width, a mile-and-a-half in length, and of a depth varying from 10 to 20 feet, "*which prevented the Saxby tidal wave from converting Nova Scotia into an Island during the night of October, 1869, and the storm of November, 1759.*"

---

* Murdoch's History of Nova Scotia, Vol. II., p. 376.

* Acadian Geology.

Now, if these marshes or masses of spongy moss be drained by the Canal, consolidated and compressed, what is to prevent another Saxby storm from sending a tidal wave by the side of the Canal from the Bay of Fundy to Baie Verte?

Nor is the mossy plain, referred to in Mr. Stark's Report as having 20 feet of moss in its deepest part, the only low summit between the Bays. Mr. Baillairgé found in the contemplated line of Canal the summit to be but five feet over the Saxby tide, and "the surface of this ridge is of a soft marshy nature, under which there is, for the most part, clay resting on red sandstone" (Mr. Page). The report does not state the depth of the soft, marshy material reposing on the clay, but as the summit is only five feet above the Saxby tidal wave, the clay may not exceed the altitude of the solid summit on Mr. Keefer's line, and notwithstanding the careful character of the borings conducted on the summit of the watershed, may there not be a still lower depression than those discovered?*

Mr. Alex. Monro, P.L.S., conducted borings in the mossy plain at the summit above described, and found the thickness of the moss to vary from 9 to 13 feet, but below this bed of moss there was an accumulation of fallen timber. "The crust of the plain for a depth of about 5 feet is composed of roots and live moss; below this depth the material appears to consist of rotten moss and decayed vegetable matter, resting upon the fallen timber of a buried forest, probably accumulated centuries ago, the whole resting on clay and red sandstone rock." The "buried forest" is probably drift wood. The evidence of rooted stumps would be required to entitle it to the name of "buried forest."

4. THE SUBMERGED FORESTS.

The submerged forests at the head of the Cumberland Basin, have been described by Dr. Dawson, with his usual clearness and detail, in his well known work, "Acadian Geology." The valuable information there given and illustrated, is supplemented in the Departmental reports of the survey of the Baie Verte Canal, by plans and sections, showing the position of the submerged forests and their present depths, which leave nothing to be desired respecting their origin; it being incontestably shown that they represent two belts of former upland forests, now submerged to the depth of about 21 and 32 feet below the plane of the marshes.†

Now the first question with which we have to grapple is this: Do these submerged forests indicate a subsidence, as Dr. Dawson suggests, to the extent of about 40 feet, or are they the results of *denudation*, through the influence of the tides, and represent a landslide?

Two years ago I had an opportunity of watching the progress of several patches of grass-covered turfy soil, resting on a sandy substratum, and recently detached from the main land, slowly sliding over the smooth surface of tidal mud, near the mouth of Bass River, Five Islands, in the Bay of Fundy. To the best of my recollection, the largest surface may have been about one hundred and fifty feet in length, and about twenty-five in breath. When last seen it was about ten or twelve feet below the surface of the formerly spruce-covered level track from which it had been disengaged *en masse.* Near to it lay smaller patches of the same turfy soil, but lower down the gently sloping beach. The description given by Mr. Baillairgé of the turfy soil resting on sand which prevails under the marshes and bogs of the Baie Verte isthmus, has forcibly suggested to me the probability that these formations may be contemporaneous, and adds another proof to the opinion I have long entertained, that the submerged forests and peat bogs found beneath the sea, belonging to this period, are land slides, and represent a phenomenon which is of very wide spread occurrence on the whole Atlantic coast, from the Bay of Fundy to Florida, belonging to an important geological change going on under our eyes.

---

* Notes respecting underground forests. Appended to Baie Verte Canal Reports.

† "It only remains to believe that a subsidence has taken place over a considerable area, and to a depth of about 40 feet."—*Acadian Geology, page* 31.

It is due to Mr. P. S. Hamilton, formerly Commissioner of Mines in Nova Scotia, to state that many years since he advocated the view that the submerged forests of Cumberland Basin represented land slides.*

The sheet of cross section accompanying Mr. Baillairgé's report, shows in all details the requisite conditions for a land slide, in which the moving mass might preserve its integrity throughout. There is the gentle slope seawards of the rock, ascertained by borings, the substratum of clay, or perhaps tidal mud, reposing upon the rock, the peaty soil in which the submerged trees are still rooted, like the peaty substratum underlying the bogs and marshes ; and then we have the ever varying change in absolute weight of the sliding mass, by being saturated and drained twice a day by tidal water, to destroy stable equilibrium, and induce gentle motion down the inclined plane. Again, the range of the landward boundary of the submerged stumps and fallen trees is very nearly the same as the present range of the borders of marshes or coast line at the mouth of the Cumberland Creek, a remarkable and suggestive parallelism.

Any one familiar with the rich dyked lands of the Bay of Fundy will recall to mind numerous "Islands" in the level expanse of the marsh lands, which still maintain a wooded surface and present nearly vertical cliffs of drift clays and gravel, with the usual talus, showing the presence at one time of wooded upland over what are now wide areas of the richest marsh. But on some portions of the Maccan and Hebert rivers, we can now see the low upland clothed with forest growth, swept during high tides to the very base of the cliff. As Mr. Hamilton suggests, in the paper before referred to, these may be undermined, and in favourable positions portions of them may slide bodily down. The jar produced by an earthquake, of which we have had upwards of thirty recorded instances since the country was settled, would be quite sufficient to begin the movement of the matted mass of roots over a large and unbroken surface, especially if inclined on a sandy substratum towards the invading tidal waters.

But there is another cause for the initial movement which operates to a great extent in this climate in denuding sloping banks, namely, the effect of the thaw in spring. The soil on the north side of slopes is often frozen to the depth of three or more feet. During early spring the ground thaws to the depth of two feet, a heavy rain occurs and loosens the thawed mass, which slides over the still frozen substratum.

There exists, moreover, a grave geological objection to the theory which supposes these stumps to represent a forest submerged by a subsidence of the area to an extent of about forty feet, which appears to me to be fatal. Let us restore this submerged forest to its original position by an imaginary re-elevation of the land, what then becomes of Cumberland Basin? It must rise with the forest, and if so, Cumberland Basin would become a narrow river channel, without we assume that the Minudie Marshes, styled the Elysian Fields, cover an old channel by which the waters of the Hebert and Maccan found their way to the sea, and even this supposition would necessarily so circumscribe the area of subsidence, that it must have partaken of the nature of a downthrow fault, of which there is no evidence, and it must have occurred at such a remote period as to permit of the excavation of a part of the Maccan and Hebert valleys, and the substitution of the wide-spreading dyked marshes, which now enrich them. The period of time involved for this work of erosion and substitution would have been sufficient for the total destruction of all traces of the submerged forest.

---

* "On submerged forests in Cumberland Basin," by P. S. Hamilton. Transactions of the Nova Scotian Institute of Natural Science. Vol. II. Part II. p. 94.

I need scarcely state that while being disposed to attribute the submerged forests of Cumberland Basin to a land slide, similar to the slides now actually taking place, I recognise a general and wide-spread subsidence and elevation of the whole of Eastern North America, and have in my preliminary report on the Geology of New Brunswick, given numerous illustrations and measurements; but I am disposed to think that these movements of the crust belong to an order of geological changes which are progressing on a vast scale, and carrying down from remote epochs to the present hour, but with geological slowness, the folding of the crust as during the Appalachian period. If all the known points of present elevation and depression in Eastern America be correctly plotted on a map, and joined by continuous lines, I think they will be found to indicate a series of anticlinal and synclinal folds, parallel to those which have already determined the superficial outline of the country. But I do not think that we can class the submerged forests of Cumberland Basin as among the evidences of this wide-spread movement. I think they are extremely local, recent, and may occur at any moment in some parts of the tidal rivers, estuaries, bays, and basins of the Bay of Fundy, and that we have evidence going on before our eyes of a similar submergence by means of slides.

The depression of the marshes from one to three feet below the plane of mean high-water is just as much an evidence of the tides rising locally higher than formerly, considering the changes which have taken place during the last hundred and fifty years in limiting the expanse over which they formerly spread their waters, as it is of a terrestrial local subsidence, partly due to consolidation, although the depression below the mean level of high water is a little greater than shown by the observations recording the tidal range, for these were not taken during the night time.

5. LOCAL INCREASE IN THE HEIGHT OF THE TIDES.

There is really no objection to the view that the tides may be locally rising higher than formerly in Cumberland Basin. The mean height of the tides in secluded bays is constantly changing with the increase or decrease of the sectional area opening into the bay, allowing a greater or less body of water to pass in with corresponding variable momentum.

Mr. Mitchell* compared the marshes on the two shores of the narrow isthmus between Cape Cod and Buzzard's Bays, and found that the marshes on either side differed but about one-tenth of a foot from the local elevation of mean high-water; but the marshes on the Cape Cod Bay side are two and a half feet higher than those on the Buzzard's Bay side, and this is the difference in the mean height of high-water in either Bay. These bays being within six miles of one another, facing an open sea, afford an admirable illustration, not only of the truth of the proposition that the plane of the marshes is that of mean high-water, but also of the variable altitude of the tides in bays close together, and similarly situated with regard to the ocean.

It also shows that a change in the coast line, or the deepening of the channel into a bay, may increase or diminish the elevation of the tides, and this appears to have been the case in Cumberland Basin. An increase in the mean height in the tides in this secluded area would be readily produced by the erosion and deepening of the channel between Boss Point and Peck's Point, where the strait is about a mile and a half broad, with a depth of upwards of seventy feet; but if this local increase in the height of the tides in Cumberland Basin has taken place by the greater influx of tidal water through the strait named, it must have occurred since the dyking of the marshes, and we may, therefore, anticipate its *continued increase* as the wear of the strait progresses. The limiting of the area over which the tidal water coming through the deep strait at Boss Point spreads itself must also cause an elevation in the height of the tide, and this limiting process has been going on since the settlement of the country, by the dyking of the marsh lands.

---

* N. S. Coast Survey.

Near the mouth of the Shubenacadie River the evil effects of silting, as far as the navigation is concerned, have exhibited themselves in a remarkable manner, in strict agreement with the law enunciated. Not more than thirty years ago, according to Mr. Hamilton,* vessels of from fifty to one hundred and fifty tons were accustomed, almost daily, to sail up Cobequid Bay, to receive and discharge cargo at a place where it is now bridged, a short distance below the town of Truro. At the present day no attempts are made to take any sort of craft above the class of an open boat further up the bay than Yuill's Island, which is about six miles below the bridge.

The area of dyked marshes in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick is about 120,000 acres, and to the extent of the area thus represented have the limiting effects of human agency as yet succeeded in confining the tidal waters. As the great flaring mouth through which they enter remains the same, some increase in height of the tides has taken place, and it will probably be only locally felt. The difference between the plane of high water and the level of the marshes observed by Mr. Baillairgé is due, in part, to natural subsidence, and consolidation of the marsh mud, and in part to the increase in the height of the tides in Cumberland Basin, on account of the limiting process pursued by dyking the marshes and excluding the tidal waters from areas formerly covered by them during high springs.

6. THE ICE PHENOMENA OF THE BAY OF FUNDY.

The appearance of an estuary in the Bay Fundy at any time in midwinter presents some singular and striking phenomena, which may contribute to our knowledge of the manner in which different agents have assisted in excavating this extraordinary bay, and are now engaged in extending its domains in some directions and reducing it in others.

Within an hour or so of flood tide the estuary is seen to be full of masses of floating ice, mud-stained and some times, but not often, loaded with earth, stones, or pieces of marsh. The tide, flowing at a rate of four or five miles an hour, rushes past with its broad ice-ladened current until the flood. A rest or "stand" then occurs of variable duration. During this brief period all is repose and quiet, but as soon as the ebb begins, the innumerable blocks of ice commence to move, and in half an hour they are as swiftly gliding noiselessly towards the sea as an hour before they swiftly and noiselessly glided from it. It produces in the mind of one who sees these ice streams for the first time, moving up the wide river faster than he can conveniently walk, a feeling of astonishment akin to awe, which is heightened rather than diminished if he should return to the same point of view half an hour later, and find the ice stream rushing as impetuously as before in exactly the opposite direction.

During the ebb tide many of the larger blocks ground on the sand bars, so that when the tide is out the extensive flats are covered with ice-blocks innumerable. If the period between the ebb and the return of the flood is very cold, the stranded ice-blocks freeze to the sand-bars or mud-flats and are covered by the returning tide, but only until the warm tidal water succeeds in thawing the frozen sand or mud around the base of the ice-block, and it is enabled, by means of its less specific gravity, to break away with a frozen layer of mud or sand attached to it. It reaches the surface of the water with a bound, and is instantly swept away by the incoming tide. The spectacle thus presented by an extensive sand-bar after a few hours of freezing weather, is most extraordinary; the whole surface of the flood or ebb becomes suddenly alive with blocks of ice, springing up from below, each carrying away its burden of sand or mud frozen to its base. Later in the season, towards the middle of March, this singular phenomenon can be seen to the best advantage, and it is curious to watch a block of, say, ten feet square by five or six in thickness, being gradually covered by the tide until it becomes lost to view for an hour or more, during which time the water may have risen three or four feet above it. "When least expected" up the submerged mass springs ; it has broken loose from the frozen bottom, it seems to stagger and pause for a few moments at the surface, and then joins the rest of the icy stream on their monotonous journey, until it is again stranded on some other flat or bar during the ebbing tide. But this is only a small part of the history of these ice-blocks, for during neap tides it often happens that a block is stranded in such shallow water that the flood has not power to raise it from the substratum to which it is frozen. The block grows there with every tide ; fresh films of ice and tidal mud form all round it four times during every twenty-four hours. It receives accessions from falling snows, and by the time the spring tides begin, it has greatly increased in size and is more firmly frozen or weighted to the sand-bar. Even the spring tides may not have the power to free it from its icy bonds if the weather has been extremely cold ; the consequence is that it goes on increasing in size, and actually becomes a miniature berg, containing some thousands of cubic feet of ice and mud, and still retaining a buoyancy which will enable it after a thaw during high spring tides to break away with a load of debris, and carry it either out to sea or up the estuary, and if it should chance to be stranded again, it will probably leave a portion of its burden, provided it has not melted off during its voyage with the tide. But there can be no doubt that some of the attached sand, mud, or shingle is melted off during the journey of the block or miniature berg, and drops into the bed of the river or estuary. In reality, these ice-cakes, when in motion, are perpetually strewing the bottom with transported material and bringing a portion from one place to another, during about five hours of the flood, and carrying part of it back again, during five hours of ebb, to the limits of the backward and forward tidal range of each particular ice-cake. But when they accumulate in an eddy, they become powerful carriers and depositors of detritus, and if artifical obstructions be introduced so as to form an eddy in the usual course of the ice-stream, the accumulation must necessarily be very rapid.

---

* Transactions of the Nova Scotian Institute, 1866–67.

The extent of the range of the ice-blocks and the difference in the transporting power of the ebb and flood, compel us to examine more closely into the phenomena of the Bay of Fundy tides.

Before, however, proceeding to glance at some of the leading features of the tides, it may be well to point out another peculiarity in the growing blocks of stranded ice during cold winters. In the Avon and its estuary, blocks sometimes increase in size and weight by constant accession of mud and ice and snow to such an extent that they remain undisturbed by the highest spring tides,and attain dimensions which are fairly represented by a mass twenty feet long, twenty feet broad, and sixteen feet high, thus containing upwards of 6,000 cubic feet of alternate films of ice and tidal mud. This season the blocks have frequently exceeded these dimensions. As spring approaches, the tidal waters melt the base far more rapidly than the sun's rays have power to dissolve the upper portion. The mass gradually assumes the form of an inverted pyramid and finally tumbles over on its side and breaks into pieces. At the time I am now writing, (26th January, 1875), the sandy flats of the Avon are covered with innumerable blocks of mud-ice, daily increasing in dimensions and weight, owing to the prolonged cold weather of the past month. The flood tide brings from the lower part of the estuary a mass of ice-cakes which completely covers the broad upper part of the estuary ; stranded blocks, frozen to the mud and sand banks, burst up after the tide has risen a few feet over them, and the force of the concussion lifts the cake, swiftly drifting over it ; and this is taking place over an area as far as the eye can reach, up and down the estuary, and covering many square miles of surface. The newly fallen snow has sprinkled the surface of the floating blocks with a spotless canopy of white, which contrasts strangely with their mud-stained sides. The whole scene, indeed, is one well fitted to convey an idea of the power which has been instrumental in excavating many of the broad estuaries which form the outlet of rivers flowing into the upper portion of the Bay of Fundy, for this army of mud, sand, and shingle carriers is ceaselessly at work, day and night, for four months in the year, in every estuary and on every broad sand-bank and mud flat in the Bay.

The impression produced on the mind by this spectacle is not a pleasant one. In calm weather, or during the prevalence of winds in one quarter, the scene, so often repeated, becomes painfully monotonous, as frequently one can recognise among the passing host a well known ice block in the mid stream, and safe from sand-bars, with some distinguishing mark upon it. Day after day it swiftly drifts with the flood tide "up stream," and in an hour or so with equal eagerness drifts seawards with the ebb, but owing to the eternal flow of the Bay of Fundy tides, hereafter described, reappearing the next day slightly increased in size, with the same eager rush, and so on for days and sometimes weeks together. Nor is the weary impression softened by the reflection that the greater portion of the passing host have been engaged in travelling over precisely the same route in dull uniformity throughout the winter's nights, and will continue to do so, until a change in the direction of the wind drives them out to sea, but only to take up another "line of march" in another direction.

It will be observed from the foregoing description, that the action of ice in the tidal rivers of the Bay of Fundy is of a totally different character from the *modus operandi* of ice in such rivers as the St. Lawrence, beyond the reach of the tide. There, all the transporting effects are directed down stream, as is so graphically described by Sir William Logan. in his paper on "the Winter Phenomena of the St. Lawrence." Ice in the Bay of Fundy rivers and estuaries, and even on its coasts, has a tenfold greater excavating and transporting power than in rivers where no tide exists, in continually repeating the operation, and making the same block of ice carry material to and fro, for months together, and up stream as well as down. Hence the reason why the estuaries of insignificant streams are of such gigantic dimensions on the upper part of the Bay of Fundy shores, and perhaps we may find an explanation of the origin of many great valleys now occupied by small rivers, in which tidal currents prevailed during a colder epoch, and during a period of submergence. It may serve also to explain the origin of drift containing fragments originating from strata far down the streams where such deposits occur, and which are not found *in situ* up stream.

It is curious to watch the action of ice accumulating on the wharves and between wharves in such harbours as Windsor, and others on the coast, where the tide rises thirty feet or more.

The ice grows with great rapidity on the sides exposed to the tide. During prolonged seasons of very cold weather, it acquires a great thickness, sometimes of ten to twenty feet. Between the wharves the ice will meet, and actually fill up the intervening basin or slip, forming a solid mass twenty feet thick. When spring comes with its genial warmth, and sets every ice-bound harbour free, the mass on the outside of the wharf or pier suddenly rises with a high spring tide, becomes detached, and floats away. Not so, however, the mass between two wharves forming a slip; it remains firm for weeks after the fringe has separated from the outside; it is not only held on both sides, but also at the bottom, for the sweep of the tide can undermine it but slowly. I have asked the opinion of persons well acquainted with this serious obstruction to navigation during the early spring, and have been told that the ice sometimes remains a month longer between wharves than outside of either. The "slip" formed by the piers at the Bay of Fundy entrance to the Baie Verte Canal, will be 250 feet broad and 1100 feet long. Is it not worth while to consider how long the mass of tidal ice which would be formed in it (perhaps having an average of thirty feet in thickness, 250 feet in breadth, and 1000 feet in length,) would require to thaw to the extent necessary to permit of its removal. How long would it remain after navigation was open? The tide undermines the exterior ice on the outside walls of the slip, and it is constantly lifted a little at the flood, until it becomes too feebly attached to resist the strain, and breaking, goes off *en masse*. It resembles a glacier "calving."

Sometimes land slides occur in the estuaries, and during their past history vast numbers must have taken place on a large scale. The tides soon assort the materials, carrying off mud and sand, and leaving a cordon of boulders or masses of rock. Ice cakes during winter get jammed between these masses of rock, and growing with each tide they gradually increase and accumulate to such an extent that, when a high spring tide occurs, the whole mass starts, and if near the flood floats up stream for a mile or more; the repetition of this may carry them further up stream, or away towards the sea with the ebb; but it is clear that, as with small fragments, we have the means of transporting masses of rock against the stream, and far beyond their position when *in situ*, and in a contrary direction to that of the supposed prevailing drift.

An "Ice Jam."

As already stated, the upper part of estuaries in the Bay of Fundy becomes choked with ice blocked during and at the close of the flood tide. The estuary of the Avon at Windsor is so choked with every flood tide that for miles nothing but a rough and stationary ice field is seen for half an hour before high water, during the stand, and for half an hour after the beginning of the ebb. During this interval, let us suppose, as is not unfrequently the case in this changeable climate, that it rains. It may appear strange to say that the innumerable blocks freeze together, independently of *regelation*,* for the temperature of the ice just beneath the surface is below the freezing point, except after a prolonged thaw, and the rain trickles through the interstices between the blocks, and binds them together in one solid sheet. I have been credibly informed that even in the upper portion of the Avon, where the estuary is three thousand feet broad in the channel, but several miles broad including the low dyked lands, instances have occurred when the ebb tide is incompetent to carry the sheet of ice with it; it then sinks with the retiring waters, and rests on the bottom of the tide way. But as the central part has to sink from thirty to forty feet according to the condition of the tides, whether springs or neaps, it is broken into large floes by the subsidence. The flood carries it away in the usual manner, but where there are variations in the breadth of the channel a jam may take place in a narrow part, and the ice becomes piled. The blocks coming down with the ebb accumulate at the jam, and as the tide recedes lower and lower, the whole tideway becomes filled up, and the mass freezes together, forming a solid ice jam of immense weight and extent.

I have not seen this phenomenon; but I am convinced that in certain seasons and at particular places it sometimes takes place. During the present unusually severe winter, the great ice sheet formed by the freezing together of the ice-blocks has remained fixed for many days, in some of the estuaries leading into Cornwallis Basin; and a portion of the estuary of the Avon, containing an area of about twenty square miles, has been completely blocked up from shore to shore, the ice extending in one rugged sheet from below the village of Hantsport, as far as the eye could reach, up to the town of Windsor. It rises and falls with the tide, and it is easy to see how a barrier may be formed to the rising tide if it has not the power to force its way beneath the mass: it must spread over the marshes or flats, and begin the formation of a new river channel, at the ebb. It is not difficult to imagine the occasional occurrence of this phenomenon during the long history of an estuary, and it will afford an easy explanation of the changing of river channels, and the erosion of wide valleys now occupied by insignificant streams. During the subsidence and elevation of continents, an immense area must have been subjected to these tidal ice-phenomena during past ages, and it is apparent that both in erosion and transportation, tidal ice has exercised a vast power in moulding the valleys subject to its influence.

Commingling of Débris and Drift by Ice Blocks.

In the Basin of Minas there are three great estuaries, one at the mouth of the Avon, another at the mouth of the Cornwallis River and a third at the mouth of the Shubenacadie, at the head of Cobequid Bay.

At the first named, spring tides rise 48 feet; at Cornwallis River, a little less; and at the mouth of the Shubenacadie, they may attain 65 to 70 feet. The tide rushes through the channel leading into the Basin of Minas at a speed of from seven to eight knots an hour on the south side.* At its narrowest part this channel is about four miles broad, but from 30 to 57 fathoms deep. The tides divide after entering Minas Basin into two parts, one flowing into Cobequid Bay, the other into Windsor Bay. The Windsor Bay tide again divides, one current flowing up the Avon estuary, the other up the Cornwallis River estuary. At ebb tide, blocks of ice, loaded with sand, gravel, and shingle, are carried down the Avon into Windsor Bay, and if the wind serves during the stand, they may drift either into the range of the Cornwallis or Shubenacadie flood tide; and, as the case may be, are carried into one of those estuaries. The reverse of this interchange of range takes place, and Shubenacadie River ice blocks may drift into the Avon or Cornwallis Rivers. Consequently debris from Triassic Trap and Lower Carboniferous rocks become commingled, and materials from different rock systems may thus find their way to positions the reverse of the supposed direction of ice drift; and this explanation may apply to far wider areas under different conditions of sea level, climate, and coastal configuration. In order to arrive at an approximate estimate of the quantity of tidal mud daily transported up and down the estuaries, I selected portions of two average blocks of ice, one having been frozen to the bottom and subsequently liberated, the other, tidal ice, which did not show any signs of having grounded. Both were seamed with light chocolate coloured lines of fine mud, and more resembled dirty rock-salt in appearance than ice.

---

* *Vide* Tyndall on "Regelation."

* Sailing Directions.

Block No. 1, or the block which had grounded, contained a proportion of 7 ounces of tidal mud in one cubic foot.

Block No. 2, contained about 3 ounces of tidal mud in the cubic foot.

The average of the two being five ounces of mud to the cubic foot of ice.

Assuming the ice-blocks, when aggregated at the flood tide in an estuary, to cover the surface approximately measured late in January of this year, in the Avon, as follows:

Breadth............ ...	3,000 feet, or about ½ a mile,
Length................	50,000 feet, or about 10 miles,
Thickness, average.	4 feet,

the total quantity of tidal mud carried by this ice-field amounted to 93,750 tons. A strong south wind would blow the mass with the ebb tide into Windsor Bay, and into the tidal current leading into Cornwallis River estuary, where much of it would be deposited.

7. THE SWING OF THE TIDES OF THE BAY OF FUNDY.

Standing on the bold mural cliffs facing Chignecto Channel, leading to Cumberland Basin, where Sir William Logan made his celebrated section of the carboniferous rocks of Nova Scotia, the observer may look upon the broad expanse at his feet, any time during January, February, and March, and in some years to the middle of April, and watch the ice floes drifting with the tide. If there be a prominent mark, such as sometimes occurs late in April—namely, a too venturous schooner caught in the ice, he may gaze upon the mark drifting with the flood and ebb, forwards and backwards for weeks together, in a huge swing up and down an inclined plane, and within a range varying from twenty to thirty miles.

Selecting the estuary and the time where the highest tides occur (head of Cobequid Bay spring tides), we may stand face to face with a tide which rises in six hours thirty-five feet above the mean level of the sea, and, in six hours more, falls nearly thirty-four feet *below* the mean level of the sea.* Going lower down the bay to Noel, and adopting the low estimate of the Admiralty charts, we may in six hours witness the tide rise twenty-five feet above, and sink in the following six hours twenty-four feet below, the mean level of the sea. In Cumberland Basin, where one terminus of the Baie Verte Canal is proposed to be situated, the mean range of high water, that of the plane of the marshes, carries it nineteen feet above the mean level of the sea, and its swing sinks it eighteen feet below.

Theoretically, the rise above the mean level of the sea and the fall below it should be the same; the difference observed in Mr. Baillairgé's tables are, however, slight, and would no doubt be less if the mean level of the sea, to which they are referred, were accurately ascertained by observations continued for a longer period. It is also to be noticed that the tidal record extends only to day tides, no observations having been taken to ascertain the altitude of night tides. As there is a difference between the day and night tides, the night tides being the highest in the Bay of Fundy, an addition of a constant yet to be ascertained will have to be made to all the figures showing the range of the tides.

We may now see without difficulty how it is that ice, vessels, and indeed any floating object, moving with the tide from four to eight miles an hour, may drift backwards and forwards for a space of twenty or thirty miles, or until the ebb meets the incoming flood, and this for weeks and months together, not only in estuaries and the tidal portions of rivers, but on the open bays themselves. This drifting is a swing too and fro, with brief intervals of rest at the "stand" or each turn of the tide, and it is continued up and down an inclined plane four times every day, throughout the winter, throughout the year, in a word, throughout time. A floating block of ice or a vessel descends with the ebb, passes the mean level of the sea, and continues to descend to low water, where, after a brief interval of rest, it meets the incoming flood, which carries it up the inclined plane to the place whence it had set out on its monotonous journey. Down the inclined for six hours, and up the inclined plane for six hours, and so on without ceasing.

---

* *Vide* Mr. P. S. Hamilton's paper, before referred to (On the Tides in the Bay of Fundy). Transactions of the Nova Scotian Institute.

8. RELATIVE EROSIVE AND TRANSPORTING POWER OF THE FLOOD AND EBB.

It now remains to consider the effect of the tides upon the different kinds of material conveyed from place to place by the ice blocks during their winter work. It is clear that the shingle, stones, and fragments of rocks or boulders will generally remain where they are dropped for one season at least. The fine mud and sand will be distributed by the tides according to the transporting power of the flood and ebb : and these great tidal currents differ very materially in their action in the Bay of Fundy ; they operate, it must be observed, essentially as currents, and not as breakers on an open sea-coast. Of two currents possessing equal volume, and flowing in similar channels, that which has the greatest velocity will necessarily possess the greatest scouring influence.

Mr. Baillairgé's observations included the hourly rate of rise of the tide, and the rate of fall, in feet, by which we are enabled to form an opinion of the rapidity of the current during flood and ebb tides.

In all cases the duration of the fall or ebb exceeded the duration of the rise or flood of the tide.

From Mr. Baillairgé's tables it appears that the mean duration of rise was five hours and thirty-two minutes, the mean duration of fall six hours and thirty-five minutes, showing a difference of one hour and three minutes.

In other words the ebb tide was one hour and three minutes longer in falling than the flood tide in rising through the same vertical distance. From this apparent difference in the velocity of the flood and ebb tides we should infer that the transporting and erosive power of the flood was greater than that of the ebb tide. But it will be shown hereafter that the ebb carries by far the largest amount of water arising from the drainage of numerous rivers, and consequently requires longer time to pass any fixed point.

But there is a phenomenon of singular interest developed by Mr. Baillairgé's valuable observations, which shows itself not only in the different velocities of the currents during the ebb and flood, but especially in the distributions of these velocities through the different hours and half hours of the flood and ebb.

In his table, it is shown that while during the rise of the tide, the flux, during springs, is extremely irregular, during ebbs, it is *comparatively* an even and tranquil flow. On the 25th of October, 1870, the flood rose 47 feet 8 inches in six hours, but no less than 30 feet 11 inches rushed in during the first three hours, and during the second and third hours of the flood the waters rose 22 feet 10 inches. We may form some conception of the titanic forces exercised by a flood tide rushing in with such "Eygre" like violence as to rise that height in such a short space of time. According to the limited number of observations made at the period of change or new moon in Cumberland Basin, the following were the elevations attained during the second and third hours of the flood in August, September, and October, 1870.

Date. 1870.	Rise of Tide during second and third hours of Flood in feet.
August 31st.	20 feet 9 inches
September 27th.	22 " 8 "
" 30th.	19 " 11 "
October 25th.	22 " 10 "
" 28th.	20 " 6 "

If observations had been made during the night, when the tides are higher in the Bay of Fundy than during the day-time, and continued so as to embrace the vernal equinox, there can be no doubt that the records would show a greater rise during the second and third hours of the flood, and consequently fiercer and more uncontrollable currents, than those indicated by the rush of waters in the table given. It is a rush down an inclined plane, urged by a tidal wave. The ebb obeying the law of gravity descends, so to speak, just as much below the level of the sea as the flood is forced above it by the tidal wave.

Standing on the dykes of Cumberland Basin, the observer, at the close of the ebb, may be said to look upon the bottom of the ocean laid bare twenty-four feet below the mean level of the sea, by the backward swing of the ebb momentum, carrying it as much below the mean level of the sea as the moon and sun's attractions, assisted by the configuration of the land, elevated the waters of the flood-tide above it.

What eroding and transporting power tidal-ice must have had in all countries and climates, where configuration of the land thus elevated the tides, and winter cold caused the formation of tidal-ice !

It is not improbable that many of the fiords which distinguish the coast line of countries lying north of the 40th parallel have been moulded or enlarged by tidal-ice, independently of glacial action ; and vast surfaces must have been exposed to the action, as already stated, during periods of gradual submergence and emergence in the Northern and Southern temperate zones It is to the terrific rush of the flood-tide over its bed that the excessively turbid character of the tidal waters in the upper part of the Bay of Fundy is due. The "Eygre" grinds the shingle into minute particles, sorts the debris into mud and sand ; much of the mud is carried suspended, even to the top of the flood, and the sand is distributed in the form of bars which are remodelled by the ebb.

As a general principle Mr. Mitchell* states that "a greater proportion of the scour of channels is executed by the ebb than by the flood, because the former is *concentrative*, while the latter is *dispersive*." He illustrates his argument by showing that the tide-wave travels more rapidly in deep than in shallow water ; so that in the middle of the bay the water is more elevated on the rise and less elevated on the fall than along the shore ; the rise is therefore attended by a current pressing shoreward, while the fall induces a running in toward a central axis. The consequence is, that although the inflowing and outflowing volumes may be equal, in a supposed case, the ebb, *concentrated*, is more rapid, and therefore plays the greater part in excavating a central channel-way to the sea.

The proposition is no doubt sustained in all cases where the ebb and flood have nearly the same duration, and particularly when the ebb is of shorter duration than the flood, as is not unfrequently the case on the open Atlantic Coast. The flood current, pressing shorewards during the rise, is of vast importance in connection with the action of ice, for it presses shorewards in making the great bend in Cumberland Basin, and in many other land-locked water areas. The scouring of the flood and ebb tides there may take place in the following manner :—

The flood-tide, entering the basin with great rapidity, carries along with it mud and sand, and the wear of the coast and bottom, which it throws off shorewards, and distributes the heavier particles on the sloping beach on either side. During the stand the mud and sand are deposited. The ebb, assisted by the waters of all the rivers flowing into the area under review, carries back a portion of the fine mud and sand towards the centre of the channel, where the current is strongest, and then conveys a part back to the deeper portions of Cobequid Bay. The resultant of these antagonistic operations is seen in the accumulation of mud on the marshes and of sand on the bars ; but the *amount* of mud and sand thus deposited is, in the aggregate, less than that which is conveyed by the ebb-tide towards Cobequid Bay, otherwise the basin would long ere this have been silted up. The ebb has to convey the drainage of a large extent of country, the accumulated waters of the Maccan, the Hebert, the Napan, and many other streams of less dimensions ; hence, though the duration of the ebb is longer than that of the flood, we may not infer that its current is less potent, for it has a much larger body of water to discharge. Mr. Page states that the current of the outgoing tide *is stronger* than when it is rising ; and it is by observing the direction and shape of the bars and flats that we are enabled to arrive at the conclusion that the ebb exercises the greatest scouring effect in the basin. The direction of a current is shown by the shape of a bar, either in mid-stream, or with one extremity joined to the land. The bars in Cumberland Basin point seawards ;—that is, their broad base is landwards, their narrow extremity seawards. The great expanse of sand, forming Minudie Quicksands, turns its north-western point seawards ; hence, it appears that the resultant of the two currents, flood and ebb, is in favour of the ebb.

In the shape of the coast where the marshes have been deposited, we recognise the grand effect of the flood-tide The shore line there formed is a smooth and sustained outline, along which the flood-tide throws the ice, and compels it to hug the shore in its transit round the Basin. Any obstruction, natural or artificial, would have to bear the brunt of the ceaseless attacks of innumerable cakes of ice loaded with mud ; and in the gravel deposit, described by Mr. Baillairgé, we may recognise the influence of the transporting power of ice. A literal cordon is thus formed, which protects the banks, just as a cordon is produced by the breaking waves of the sea when a headland is worn down. If we knew the mineral character of the boulders, shingle, and gravel lying near the mouth of the Missaquash, the La Planche, and Cumberland Creek, we could tell whether they originated by the wear of a former headland, such as Cumberland Ridge, or St. Lawrence Ridge, or whether they are constantly brought by ice, from headlands lying seawards with the flood-tide, and thrown off towards the margin of the marshes, where they now act as a protecting shield. It is probable, under all circumstances, that if these boulders were removed the banks would be undermined. Hence the nature of this littoral cordon becomes a subject of interesting enquiry with regard to an anchorage ground at the mouth of the Baie Verte Canal. In many of the Bay of Fundy harbours, vessels loading or discharging rest on soft mud when the tide is out. But if boulders are liable to be deposited in the mud, this would be a very dangerous expedient.

---

* United States Coast Survey, 1869.

9. THE EFFECT OF OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE FORM OF PIERS IN THE TIDE-WAY.

The present relative position of the marshes, bars, channel, and coast line is the resultant of ages of action on the part of the flood and ebb tides, and it becomes an interesting subject of enquiry to determine the extent of the readjustment which would probably be produced by changing the direction of the fierce currents which sweep through Cumberland Basin, by the construction of piers at the entrance of the proposed Baie Verte Canal.

Selecting the best locality for the terminus of the canal, where all are bad, Mr. Baillairgé suggests a pier, 1,500 feet long, at Au Lac Point. According to Mr. Page, the slope of the bottom of the Basin at this point is as follows :—

In the first 500 feet the slope from the surface of the marsh is.	18.77	feet.
In the next 300 feet	5.00	"
In the next 400 feet...	12.00	"
Total slope in 1,200 feet.......... ..	35.77	"

The construction of a pier 1,500 feet long on this slope, will be about equivalent to a pier 1,000 feet long and 17.88 feet deep in the tide-way. The sectional area of the whole tide-way, or channel, from Au Lac Point to the dykes of the Minudie marshes on the opposite side of Cumberland Basin is, according to the Admiralty chart, about as follows, but actual measurement may considerably modify these estimates :

Breadth of channel........	2.80	miles.
Distance of middle of channel from Au Lac Point	0.606	"
Distance of middle of channel from Minudie marsh...... ...	1,194.00	feet.
Depth of water in channel at low water...............	12.00	"
Depth at high water	54.00	"
Approximate sectional area of channel at high water...	27,701	sq. yards.
Approximate sectional area of pier	1,800	"

The obstruction to the tide-way would be equivalent to reducing its present available sectional area across the basin. Its effect would be felt chiefly in the diversion of the currents and their increased velocity. The same quantity of water must come up to the pier, but the tide-way being diminished, a portion of the flood, which hugs the Au Lac shore, would go up the Tintamarre river, and probably overflow the dykes and flood the present marshes throughout Cumberland Basin. The current past the end of the pier would be vastly increased, and if we regard the rising flood as a river, with the pier as a wing dam, the effect upon the elevation and velocity of the water would be in most respects similar. The quantity of water passing up the Maccan and Hebert rivers would be lessened, and some effect produced upon the sand bars, and also upon the navigation of these rivers.

Mr. Page describes the existing currents at Au Lac Point, from which we may infer the extent of the eddies which would be produced by a pier 1500 feet long, and form a conception of the nature of the deposits which would gather by means of the transporting power of the ice-blocks in winter, as already described.

The effect of the eddies referred to in Mr. Page's description appears to be shown on the Admiralty chart by a circular sand-bar lying due south of the Tintamarre river. It would be interesting to know whether the substratum of this bar, or even part of the bar itself, does not consist of gravels and shingle deposited by ice during winter, and covered with sand during summer.

There can be little doubt that an eddy of considerable magnitude would be produced during flood tide, on the east side of the pier farthest from the flood, and at ebb tide on the west side farthest from the ebb. Here, bars, or rather accumulations of sand, would be produced by the debris melted off the bottom of the ice-blocks. But these incessant carriers bring gravel and shingle besides mud, which, when dropped in the eddy, would be sorted, but not carried away, as they would lie under the protecting shelter of the piers. But they would gradually invade the entrance to the canal, and the accumulation would take place uninterruptedly during three or four *winter* months, when no dredging operations could be carried on, with a rapidity only to be appreciated by those who have watched the effect produced by the mud-ice of the Bay of Fundy.

It has been shown that the construction of a pier 1500 feet long at Au Lac Point, where the tide-way is 2.8 miles broad, would exercise a very material influence upon the bars and marshes, and upon the velocity and direction of the currents; and it may with propriety be asked, what effect would a pier 2500 feet long, as suggested by Mr. Keefer,* produce in a tide-way, where the sectional area is only one-half of that opposite the mouth of the Au Lac?

It would certainly deluge the Cumberland marshes, sweep away the Minudie marshes, and probably soon convert the pier into an island, by removing the mud soil in its rear. What would be the effect of a wing dam 2500 feet long, constructed in the deepest part of a swift flowing river 7000 feet, or even double that distance, in breadth?

10. CONCLUSION.

The ice-drifts and the tidal currents of the Bay of Fundy present, I venture to suggest, an insuperable objection to the construction and maintenance of piers, similar to those proposed at the mouth of the Baie Verte Canal in Cumberland Basin. The construction would involve the raising of the dykes by several feet all round the basin, and a corresponding increase to their strength. The winter frosts would fill the slip formed by the piers with a solid and uniform mass of tidal mud-ice, which would protract the opening of navigation for some weeks. The eddies produced, would rapidly promote the formation of bars or deposits on the outside of each pier, which would gradually invade and ultimately block the entrance to a greater or less degree, and dredging operations would be very difficult. The remedy for these objections is apparently simple, if the expense be not too great, and if the purposes of navigation can be served. The mouth of the canal must be flush with the shore line, and constructed at a point where solid rock forms the shore. This, I believe, exists some short distance south of the mouth of Tintamarre river. The mouth of the canal must be closed during the winter, to prevent the *growth* of tidal and mud-ice within it, or it will be filled with a solid mass of ice during the winter, like the open slips at different parts on the upper part of the Bay of Fundy.

These are the deductions to which a study of the ice-phenomena of the Bay of Fundy necessarily leads, and which cannot be overlooked in preparing for the construction of such an important national work as the Baie Verte Canal.

---

* *Vide* Mr. Page's analysis of Mr. Keefer's Report, page 11, Baie Verte Canal Reports.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

POOR rose-bud—dead as he—
Hast thou no message—dost thou bring no word
From him to me?

Out of his dead hand thou
Wert taken, I have placed thee in my vase;
Why dost thou bow

Thy head to make me weep?
As if his soul wearied and found no heaven,
And could not sleep—

As I sleep, after pain,
Rocking my griefs to rest a little while;
And wake again

To see thee lift thy head—
No withered rose-bud, but a glorious rose
Scented and red!

And he, who lay awhile
So sternly fixed in death, begins to wear
The corpse's smile.

As to me, from the dead,
Thou wert his greeting,—"I, even as the rose,
Am perfected."

ALICE HORTON.

LOST AND WON:

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

By the author of "For King and Country."

CHAPTER XX.

"SOMETHING HAPPENS."

"So foolish,—but death's quiet teaching
Is making me slowly wise;
My heart, too poor for my keeping,
Thou, God, wilt not despise!
My soul, too weak for earth's battle,
Thou wilt gird up anew,
And the angels shall see me doing
The work I was meant to do."

THE winter gradually wore away, as all winters do. Helped, he could hardly have told how much, by the earnest faith and wise, kindly counsels of Ralph Myles, Alan's mind gradually adjusted itself to the altered conditions of his life, gradually threw itself more and more into the interests of his daily duties, into the thoughts suggested by the books which Mr. Dunbar still willingly lent him, and which he began once more to enjoy; bringing to the higher poets in particular, a vision purified by love and sorrow, which could see and comprehend beauties which had formerly been to him almost a sealed book. Though he did not know it, he began to be more truly happy, more truly master of himself than in the days of feverish alternations of hope and fear when Lottie, with a feline grace, had tortured him with her smiles and caprices. So, in faithful discharge of his duties to the Arnolds, in steady self-improvement, learning "to labour and to wait," the winter he had dreaded passed away, and a fairer season began. The spring came very suddenly that year. In March set in a sudden thaw which carried everything before it The roads were ankle deep in slush; little rivulets ran down the streets and roads, which in some cases were so flooded as to present rather formidable fords, the turbid yellow water rushing along them with great rapidity. At Carrington the Arqua made a "shove," *i.e.* the rapid stream, suddenly set free from its icy fetters, shoved the ice that still impeded its course into a high range of glittering masses along the river bank, sometimes extending for some distance beyond it. The mills and mill-dams were in serious jeopardy, requiring the most watchful care to prevent their being broken up or greatly damaged; and one small mill building, less securely placed than the others, was carried away bodily to some distance down the stream. Mr. Arnold's mills, though they did not meet this fate, sustained considerable damage, enough to entail a pretty heavy loss, which, people said, the firm could ill afford to bear just then. Alan worked hard, getting weak places strengthened and doubtful ones watched, and it was in no small degree owing to his watchfulness and foresight that much greater damage was averted.

Then, as suddenly as the thaw, came a few days of sharp frost; enough at least very much to decrease the flooding from the river, while it encased all the trees and shrubs in a glittering crystal panoply, and made the streets, which had been covered with running water, for a short time sheets of glare ice, Winter's last encroachment before he resigned his hold completely. Alan walked home that afternoon feeling a load off his mind. All danger from the flood was over now for the season, for the water was subsiding gradually, and the anxiety and responsibility he had felt—for George Arnold was not of much use in an emergency—might be thrown aside.

Ralph Myles came in an hour or two after him. He was just then in Carrington for a short time, previous to going up to Heron Bay, intending to remain in that neighbourhood for a time. His face was very grave as he came up to Alan.

"Do you know a man named Hollingsby?" he said.

"I should think so!" was Alan's rather emphatic answer.

"He wants to see you very much,' rejoined Ralph.

"Me!" exclaimed Alan; "I should have thought I was about the last man he'd want to see! I can't say I have any desire to see him!"

"He has met with an accident," pursued Ralph gravely, without noticing Alan's last remark. "Coming into town to-day with a load, his horses took fright and ran away over the slippery streets. The load was upset, falling on the man, who fell with it, and he has had his leg broken in two places, besides some internal injuries. The doctor doesn't think he can live very long."

"Poor fellow!" Alan could not help exclaiming. It seemed impossible to keep up an old enmity when things had come to this issue. "How did you come to know about it?" he added.

"I was near when the accident occurred," he replied, "and helped to bring him in. Then I stayed with him to see if I could be of any use, and the poor fellow seemed to take a kind of fancy to me, and liked me to stay near him till they sent for his wife; so I read and talked with him, and he told me he had a great deal on his mind, in particular one thing that concerned you, and he wants to see you and tell you about it before he dies."

Alan was startled. "It must," he thought at once, "be something about the affair of the farm."

"Well, I've no reason to like the fellow, certainly," he said; "for I believe he was the means of ruining my father, first and last, and helping to turn us out of the old home. But I'd be glad to hear what he has to say, and I don't want to bear him a grudge now. There's the bell for tea, and you look as if you wanted it, old fellow! You've tired yourself out, as usual! But I'll go to see Hollingsby the moment we can get off. I suppose you'll come, too?"

Ralph assented; and as soon as it was possible, the two young men were on their way to the "British Lion," where, in a bare, dull upper chamber, poor Hollingsby lay groaning with pain.

Alan could not retain any anger when he saw the wreck of the once strong man, extended now, helpless as a child, on a bed from which he would probably never rise. He bent over him and spoke a few kind words.

"Oh, it's you, is it! Well I'm 'most ashamed to see you," murmured Hollingsby, faintly. "I've got a lot to tell you, if I only had the strength!" and he motioned for the glass that stood, filled with brandy, on a table near.

"Don't hurry yourself," Alan said. "I'll stay as long as you like, and you can tell me as you feel able."

For besides his wish to humour a dying man Alan had a presentiment that this, which Hollingsby wished to tell him, might turn out to be something important. And it did. Slowly and by degrees, as he had intervals of sufficient strength, Hollingsby told his broken and disjointed story, which would hardly have been intelligible had not Alan been able to supply, from his familiarity with the circumstances, much that was lacking in the actual narration. The story was a painful one, of selfish trickery and dishonest combinations, and then of a quarrel and a breach of faith among the conspirators themselves. The fact that Leggatt held a mortgage on Mr. Campbell's land, through a considerable portion of which it had been early discovered by Sharpley that the intended railway must pass, had suggested to the two kindred spirits the idea of securing possession of it for a comparative trifle, without, however, allowing their own names to appear in the transaction, which would thus have been rendered both discreditable and illegal. Hollingsby, who had been accustomed to accompany Mr. Campbell in his visits to Mr. Leggatt's office, and whose character they had pretty quickly seen through, occurred to them, or rather to Sharpley first, as a likely tool to serve their purpose. They tampered with him on his visits to Carrington, and found him quite willing to be tampered with; and when the train was laid, and they were ready to pounce down upon Mr. Campbell at a fortnight's notice, Sharpley had visited Hollingsby to finally arrange matters, on the night on which Alan had overheard a portion of their conversation. Hollingsby was to buy the land at as low a figure as possible, ostensibly on his own account, while, at the same time, Sharpley made him sign a document stating that he bought and held it merely for them, they supplying the money for the purchase. The profits to be gained by disposing of the portion along which the railway was to run, were to be shared, of course, between Leggatt and Sharpley; while, as a reward for his acting in the matter, Hollingsby was to be their tenant for the farm at a merely nominal rent for a number of years.

The plan had been carried out, and, as we have seen, had succeeded admirably, and for the first year Hollingsby had been left in peaceable possession of the farm, according to the agreement between them. But now, he said, breaking faith with him and departing from the arrangement, they demanded from him an excessively high rent on pain of ejection, saying that owing to the unexpected delay which had taken place in the carrying out of the railway and in the payment for land purchased for its use, they could not afford any longer to lie out of the interest on their money, and that if he would not pay them the rent they wished, they could easily find a tenant who would. "If I only had had the sense to make them give me a writing!" groaned poor Hollingsby. "I might have misdoubted that if they acted that way by one, they might by another, but I was so pleased with the stroke of good luck, and Sharpley, he spoke so fair, you'd never ha' thought there'd be any trouble about it." Hollingsby had been trying to hold them to their promise, but in vain. His pleading was of no avail, and threats of exposure were ineffectual, "because," said Hollingsby, "he had me there, had Sharpley. He knowed a little matter of mine, a while ago, that wasn't altogether on the square, and he said if I exposed him, he'd expose me, and it would be worse for me than for him!"

Alan, as may be supposed, listened to Hollingsby's story with intense interest, and with his indignation and hatred against Sharpley, which had been half sleeping of late, stirred up into more vigorous life than ever. Wrongly as Hollingsby had acted, Alan could not help feeling a sort of sympathy with him, now that his enemy had wronged *him*, too, in turn. Then again it occurred to him that his discovery might be utilized.

Accordingly, when the poor man had said all that seemed to have been burdening his mind, and Alan saw that his presence seemed to be of no further use to him, he went, late as it was, to seek Mr. Dunbar, leaving Ralph Myles to keep patient, loving watch beside the poor sufferer, and to try to shed some of the light he bore through the thick spiritual darkness that surrounded the wily, scheming tavern-keeper,—the tempter of other men,—now that he was confronted with the awful messenger who was to "change his countenance and send him away."

Alan found Mr. Dunbar surrounded by books and papers, deep in an article he was writing for a Scottish periodical* to which he occasionally contributed, for he had kept up the literary connexions he had formed in Edinburgh in his student days. Few of his Carrington acquaintances, however, were aware of the existence of these literary productions, which were much appreciated by the readers of the periodical in question for their clear strong sense and forcible language; but then they lay quite out of the line of reading of the average Carringtonian.

But for this Mr. Dunbar cared nothing. He wrote for the pure pleasure which thinking and writing gave him—a pleasure to which a little petty local fame would have added nothing, and he was perhaps a little too indifferent to the sympathy of those for whom he had but little respect—a circumstance which may account for his not being better liked in Carrington. But however deeply interested he might be in the subject that occupied him, he was always able, partly from professional habit, and partly from natural kindliness, to throw his full attention at once into the business of another. So now, when Alan, breathless and eager, broke in upon him with his news, observing with an apology for disturbing him that he thought it might prove of some importance, Mr. Dunbar withdrew his thoughts, seemingly without any effort, from the profound political problems in which they had been absorbed, and was ready, at once, with full attention and sympathy, to listen to Alan's account of Hollingsby's confession.

"Of course it's of the greatest importance," he exclaimed, startled for a moment out of his usual composure, when Alan had given him a hasty outline of the story told by Hollingsby. "Why, if it can be established on sufficient evidence, a proceeding so illegal and fraudulent is quite enough to cancel the sale. The Court of Chancery would set it aside, most unquestionably; and that rascal would be exposed as he deserves! But I must go at once, and take this fellow's affidavit, while he's strong enough to make it. I'll go with you immediately."

---

* The *Canadian Monthly* was not at that time in existence.

The affidavit was taken and witnessed with all necessary formalities. It seemed to give Hollingsby some small ray of comfort to find that he was able now to do something towards undoing the wrong he had aided in accomplishing, and when Alan left him, he murmured in faint and broken tones, for he was exhausted by the speaking and the excitement he had undergone:

"Mind and tell your father not to think too badly of me. I was ashamed of myself when I found what I'd done, but I wanted to make a bit for the young ones, and tavern-keeping money seems to melt away, you don't know how!"

Poor Hollingsby lingered for a week and then passed away to his last account. Ralph Myles attended him faithfully, and hoped at least, with his large and loving charity, that he saw some signs of true repentance.

Mr. Dunbar and Alan held several consultations as to what course it would be best to take. There were two open, Philip said. One was, at once to enter upon a legal action, which would, he had no doubt, be successful in setting aside the sale, and would expose, also, the villany of the lawyer and the usurer. The other way would be to intimate the discovery to Sharpley, and arrive at a private compromise. Mr. Dunbar believed that Sharpley would be so anxious to hush up the matter, in order to save his own credit, that he would be glad to make a compromise on almost any terms.

"The private settlement would, I think, be the most advantageous," he said. "If the sale is set aside, you will be just where you were before, with Leggatt's debt, principal and interest, to pay, and the sale to arrange for over again, as I suppose you wouldn't want to keep the land now. Then I have no doubt Leggatt, having so much to do with the railway, has bargained for better terms in the sale of the land to them than you would be likely to get, and if you get a pretty good sum down from him and Sharpley by private compromise, to make up for what they made you lose by contriving to buy the place under value, I have no doubt you will find it a profitable arrangement. Sharpley would be willing to offer pretty good terms rather than risk the exposure; not that he would consider the affair so serious, but he likes to stand well with the people of his church connection. He finds it good for his business," said Mr. Dunbar, with a cynical half-smile, "and I know it would damage him a good deal in that respect to have his conduct in this matter exposed. But the fellow richly deserves it, and, if you just say so, I'd thoroughly enjoy bringing him out in his true colours!"

Alan craved a few days in which to make up his mind. He could not decide till his mind had had time to calm down into a soberer judgment. His pulses were all tingling with the desire to expose and disgrace, so far as it was possible, the man from whom he and his family had received so much wrong and injury, the man by means of whom his home had been broken up, who had robbed him of what he, at least at the time, believed to be his life's great treasure and centre, and so had made that life seem for a time scarcely worth living. He had seen very little of Sharpley while he had lived in Carrington. Each, by common consent, seemed to avoid the other, and when they met, veiled the smouldering hostility under a cold civility, and there were long periods when Alan had scarcely thought of him, and the old hatred seemed to sleep. But it was not dead—it lurked still in his heart, notwithstanding the new and holier impulses that had, of late, taken deep root there too, and must, more or less, tend to counteract it; and now that the deliberate and calculating wrong had been fully unveiled, the smouldering hate seemed to blaze up anew. He had seen, or fancied that he had seen, in Sharpley a certain half concealed exultation in having, by his shrewdness, won the day over his rival, and this, to Alan's proud, sensitive mind, had been almost intolerable. It would be a satisfaction, indeed, to turn the tables upon him, and show him that selfish trickery sometimes, even in this world, meets with its appropriate reward. Even if he could make better terms by the suggested compromise, it would be well worth while to forego the pecuniary advantage for the sake of the gratification of the vindictive feeling that possessed him. The thought of Lottie did not tend to soften, but rather to harden him, for even in the little he had seen of her with her husband, it did not need any very acute observation to detect the absence of any real affection on her part. She cared for her husband's success only so far as it concerned her own prosperity and ease, and there was nothing in such a tie as that to soften a just indignation.

But the current of our feeling is often most unexpectedly altered, and by the most unlooked-for events. Alan was sitting alone in his room one evening, considering the subject at present uppermost in his thoughts, which, however, he had not confided to Ralph Myles, conscious that his advice would be sure to run counter to his inclinations, when Mrs. O'Donohue's shock-headed little maid-of-all-work knocked at his door, holding out a letter and a book.

"Please, sir, here's a telegraph for you, and the boy's waitin'."

It was the first time Alan had ever received a telegram, and he felt proprtionately startled. Even those to whom they are much more familiar know the feeling of anxiety, more or less definite, with which we receive the well-known missives, and write, often with trembling fingers, our signature in the worn receipt books before we venture to open communications which may alter, perchance, the whole course of our lives. Before the vague fear with which Alan broke open the envelope had had time to shape itself he had read:

"——— Hospital, April 10, 1865.

"Your brother Daniel very ill. Come at once.

"Signed, ———,
"Surgeon, ——— Hospital."

It was some minutes before Alan could fairly take in the meaning of the words. Dan had not been much in his thoughts lately. They had all been feeling comparatively at ease about him of late, as the months had passed into years, and he seemed still to come scatheless out of the skirmishes and engagements about which he now and then wrote so enthusiastically. Their fears had been so often soothed by being assured of his safety, that their solicitude had been in a great measure lulled to sleep, and they had come to feel as if bright, fearless Dan bore a charmed life. Alan remembered, with a throb of remorseful pain, that he had allowed Dan's last letter to lie for more than a fortnight unanswered owing to his own mental excitement and pre-occupation. The last letter was dated in February, and had been written in anticipation of one of the slight skirmishes to which Dan was wont to look forward as school-boys do to an exciting game. No one had connected any special danger with it, and Alan had not thought of it twice. Had he met with some fatal wound there? Telegrams are mercilessly laconic! There was no use in poring over the few easily read words, to try to extract some further light from them—something to alleviate the intense load of anxiety that was oppressing him. It was clear that the only thing to be done was to obey the summons as speedily as possible; leave by the very earliest train—seven in the morning that would be—and wait till then with all the patience he could muster.

He hastened to see Mr. Dunbar and ask him to undertake the painful task of writing to Mapleford, to announce the receipt of the telegram and his own hurried departure. He felt as if he could not write himself, so completely did his powers seem prostrated by the heart-sickness and suspense. To his relief, Philip at once promised to do as he desired, and even offered to go out to Mapleford to try to cheer them up a little during the time of suspense which must intervene before they could hear more.

From Mr. Dunbar Alan hurried on to Ivystone, where he secured a few words with George Arnold, just as he was going to bed, and easily obtained the required leave of absence. George's easy good nature was always ready to grant such requests even in far less urgent cases, and was, indeed, not seldom presumed upon by his *employés*, often to Alan's vexation, when he saw important business delayed by such weak indulgence. But at the present crisis he was gratified by George's readily expressed sympathy and willingness to do all in his power to facilitate his journey. Indeed, he would hardly listen fully to Alan's list of matters that would require to be attended to in his absence, but said, in his light, off-hand manner,

"Oh, never mind bothering about all that, Campbell, just be off, and set your mind at ease. Things will go on well enough. Good night, and try to get some sleep to set you up for the journey."

Alan obeyed the first part of the injunctions willingly enough, but the second was rather beyond his power. After he had made his few preparations, he threw himself down on his bed and tried to go to sleep. But sleep, for hours, would not come, and when it did come, it was in such uneasy, troubled snatches, that it was a relief to open his eyes and find that the painful visions which had been oppressing him were but dreams.

Long before dawn Alan was up, and waiting impatiently till it should be time to go to the station. Ralph Myles was up, too, doing what he could, by wise, kind words, to soothe Alan's heavy anxiety, and lead him to take his burden where alone he could find help to sustain him. Mrs. O'Donohue had prepared a comfortable breakfast, early as it was, which, however, Alan was hardly able to touch, much to the regret of her warm Irish heart.

"Sure ye'll need it all before ye get far in them joltin' cars, that's enough to wear a body's flesh off their bones," she said. But Alan only thanked her and hurried off to the station, accompanied by Ralph, who went to give him the comfort of his cheering presence to the last, and a strong, reassuring parting clasp, the memory of which seemed to go with him, strengthening him on his way.

That long railway journey seemed to Alan more like a dream than anything else. It took him through a wide extent of country entirely new to him, at which, at another time, he would have looked with keen and vivid interest, noticing varieties of landscape, of people, and of life, with the fresh eye of one whose experiences of the world have hitherto been restricted within very narrow bounds. But now, with the heart-sickness of anxiety oppressing him, with the one desire uppermost in his mind of getting as speedily as possible to his journey's end, and the suspense as to what he should find awaiting him when he reached it, his eyes almost refused to take in what he saw, and his mind utterly refused to act upon it, consciously at least. Long afterwards, in looking back upon it, from the confused chaos of crowded trains—rapid motion — ticket-demanding conductors—names of stations shouted in almost unrecognisable accents, there came out, here and there, vivid pictures which showed that his powers of observation had not been so inactive after all, but had been working with that strange kind of independent action which the mind often exercises at such times of intense pre-occupation. He pursued his journey as directly as was possible, going on by night as by day, with only the interval of occasional hours of weary waiting at stations for trains to connect—perhaps the hardest part of the journey—when the minute-hand of the clock would seem almost as if it never moved, and the hours crept on with the most leaden-footed slowness. Now and then, when quite worn out, he would catch an hour or two's uneasy sleep in his seat, while the train sped along through the darkness on its unresting, undeviating course. Then ne would waken with a start from a painful dream, to hear the next station shouted out, see sleepy passengers rising from their seats and gathering their packages to go out into the darkness, through which the station lights glimmered. Then a short cessation of motion, and then again the steady shake and quiver of the train, on, on, through the night, till the grey spring dawn awoke the sleeping earth.

It was with an exhaustion of body, which mental excitement prevented him from feeling, that Alan at last emerged from the train at his destination, and, securing the first vehicle he could find, drove rapidly to the —— Hospital. He had stepped into a different climate here from the one he had left behind him in Canada. There, the spring could hardly be said to have begun; the air was still chilly with lingering frost, the branches still bare, their swelling buds only showing some faint signs of coming life. Here, all was balminess and warmth, soft caressing sunshine, trees already green with young leaves, sweet blossoms everywhere, the air redolent with the sweet odours and delicious softness of advanced spring. At another time he would have noticed the change with delight; noticed also the wide, handsome streets through which he drove so rapidly—here and there, also, the vistas of palace-like residences behind the avenues of fresh green foliage. But now, every faculty was absorbed in getting on, and he seemed only conscious of arriving, at last, after what seemed an interminable drive, at the Hospital.

There arrived, after sending in his card to the surgeon in charge, and waiting till some necessary formalities had been gone through, he found himself following his guide through long corridors, full of the military appointments of sentries and order-lies, swift-footed, grave-faced nurses passing and re-passing. At last his conductor opened the door of a long ward, filled to the farthest extremity with rows of little pallets, each with its pale occupant, along which Alan eagerly ran his eye, seeking the familiar, well-loved face he longed yet dreaded to see. The surgeon had replied to his eager enquiries that his brother was "much the same," thereby relieving his worst lurking fears, while at the same time the gravity of voice and manner seemed to strike a chill to Alan's heart, confirming his apprehension as to the result which might be anticipated.

As they slowly advanced between the rows of beds, where soft-voiced, soft-footed nurses were gliding about, tenderly ministering to the prostrate sufferers, Alan noticed a slight female figure, dressed in deep mourning, standing beside a bed at the furthest extremity of the ward, apparently saying some farewell words to a patient. Alan's eye was vaguely caught by her figure, though he could not see her face, and half-unconciously he wondered whether she, too, were a relative of some poor sufferer there, come on some such errand as his own. While he was still at some distance, she drew down her heavy crape veil, turned away, and passed quietly out of a door that opened from that end of the room into the corridor. Somehow, her air and gesture seemed to remind him strongly of some one he knew, and had his mind been less pre-occupied, he might have followed up the clue. As it was, all his thoughts were absorbed in seeking his brother's face. To his surprise, his guide conducted him to the very bed which the lady in black had just left. Alan looked in vain for the thick masses of wavy brown hair so familiar to him from childhood. The poor patient's hair had been cut as short as was possible, and a bandage surrounding his head, with the pale, sunken cheeks, and heavy, half-closed eyelids, completed a transformation so great that Alan could not believe his brother lay before him. He thought the surgeon must have made a mistake. Only for a moment, however. On hearing the surgeon's voice the lad languidly raised his heavy eyelids till his eyes rested on his brother's face. Then the light and animation that came into them were Dan's; there was no mistake about that!

"Alan! Alan!" the poor boy murmured, feebly stretching out to his brother the arms that had been so strong and full of energy; now languid and powerless. "Oh, Alan, is it you? I thought I was to go, and see none of you at all."

Alan broke down altogether. It was too much for him, after the long strain and tension of mind and body, to find Dan thus—so changed, so different even from anything his fears had pictured. He bent over the pale face, and, giving up all attempt at self-control, wept unrestrainedly, as he had not done since he was a child.

The surgeon gently recalled him to the need of controlling himself, lest he should do his brother harm. There were tears in the kind professional eyes, that had looked on so many a scene of suffering in these sad times, yet never lost their power of sympathy. His voice and manner soothed Alan somewhat, even while they roused him, and he kindly drew forward the chair the lady had left and made Alan sit down, still clasping one of Dan's thin hands in his; and then he hurried away to attend to pressing duties, leaving the brothers alone.

"Don't grieve so, Alan!" said Dan, speaking feebly, while Alan could not yet find voice for speech. "Don't; I'm so glad to see you once more; for a little while. I have so much to say."

There was a good deal to say, and it was said at intervals, with long pauses between, while Dan was collecting his exhausted strength, and Alan, still much overwhelmed, would now and then say a few broken words, or ask a necessary question. A change, greater than the outward and physical one, had passed over Dan during the weeks of suffering he had spent lying prostrate in that Indiana Hospital, to which he had been brought when exposure after a severe wound had induced a raging fever and malignant inflammation. Till within the last few days the doctor had hoped that Dan's youth and vigorous constitution would yet overcome the malady which had prostrated him, and so long as this was the case Dan would not have his friends at home made uneasy by being informed of his condition. It was only when, in answer to his own enquiries, the doctor intimated that he had now no hope of his recovery, that Dan begged him to send for his brother. But before that time arrived Dan had learned much—learned, in the stern school of suffering, and the gentler one of loving Christian teaching and consolation, the best lesson human hearts can learn. He told his brother, brokenly, of the lady who had come so kindly, day after day, to read to him, in her kind gentle voice, out of the little Testament she always carried; how, gradually, he had come to see all the evil and wickedness of his own past life,—how like he had been to the Prodigal she read about; yet how, though he could never be welcomed back to his earthly home, he had found the loving welcome of the Heavenly Father; which had come to comfort and give him peace. "You mustn't be vexed, Alan, dear," he said; "but I don't feel as if I really wanted now to get well! You see He knows how weak I am, and how I used to keep thinking I'd try and do better for mother's sake, and then go falling back into the old bad ways that I never told any of you about. You can't understand it, you see, Alan, for you always were such a good fellow, and never got into trouble. And perhaps He knows it would be too hard a fight for me to go on, and so he takes me out of it all; though it does seem mean, doesn't it, Alan, to have gone on, never minding about pleasing Him all the time I was well and strong, and now just to come to Him for help when I can't do any better? Only, I told her that, and she said I mustn't think that way, only believe He wants me now; that perhaps He sent this to bring me; and that I must just come to Him, all weak and helpless as I am, and He would take me up. There's a text, you know, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out' And I know He will not cast me out! There's a verse she repeated to me once; it's in rhyme, so I can remember it easily; it's just what I think—about her, you know:

She taught me all the mercy,
For she showed me all the sin;
Now, though my lamp is lighted late,
There's One will let me in!

I often keep saying that to myself, when something else keeps saying, 'You won't get in, you won't get in; you've been too wicked.' But I know He'll let me in, and He's the strongest."

It seemed very strange to Alan to hear wild, reckless, fun-loving Dan speaking in this fashion, while he himself, who used to be his counsellor and mentor, seemed to sit by and learn from him. But approaching death, which tears away disguises, sometimes communicates strange power and authority to weak lips, and occasions curious reversals of position. Alan could acquiesce in what Dan said,—glad, inexpressibly glad, that he *could* say it: but he could not help or teach him now. Dan had found a better Helper and Teacher, who was leading him, with loving, gentle clasp, along the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

The level, golden sunset rays stole in at the western window and played on the pale face of the sufferer, and then they faded, and the dusk stole on; and still Alan kept his position, motionless, save for occasionally reaching for the cup that stood near, out of which to moisten his brother's parching lips. He had had no refreshment after his journey—hardly any on the way; but he felt no need of it. And so the night gradually stole on, and Dan now and then sank into short, uneasy dozes, from which he would wake with a start, and begin again to talk more languidly and with longer pauses than before, giving, by fits and starts, loving, penitent messages to his father and mother, sometimes murmuring incoherently about the old times at Braeburn.

"I'll never see the old places any more," he said, at last, more connectedly. "You'll say good-bye to them all for me, Alan, when you go back! Oh, I'm so glad that it's me, Alan, that's to go, and not *you*! You're so much more use to them than ever I could be. You'll, all of you, be good to mother, I know; and tell Hughie to be a better boy to her than I have been. And I'll be looking for you all, you know! Tell mother I'll be waiting for her there—there—in the City, you know, where there is no more death, nor sorrow, nor—"

And in the effort to recall the old, familiar Scripture verse, one of many which his mother had taught him long ago, at Braeburn Farm, and which, forgotten awhile, had come back to him in his hour of sore need,—Dan's voice failed, and he sank into partial unconsciousness. His little remaining strength had indeed been sorely overtaxed by his excitement at meeting his brother, and his eager desire to say so many things that had been pent up till now. He lay back now, in a sort of stupor, from which his brother's anxious, loving words would sometimes rouse him for a moment, to give a half smile, or a faintly uttered word, or a feeble hand pressure in response. But by degrees even this failed; though the glazed eye was half open, there was no response, even when Alan bent close and whispered into his ear. Alan felt, though it was his first experience of the kind, that all communication between them was as much cut off as though the spirit had already taken its flight.

They were long, long hours, those silent hours of lonely watching—so lonely, even though the living form was so close. The breath still faintly came and went, though high up now in the heaving chest. And, sitting there, a new sense of the comparatively trivial nature of mere earthly successes seemed borne in upon Alan's heart,—a glimpse of life as it really is, so poor in itself, so rich in momentous issues, when its bearing upon the endless future is considered;—such as we do sometimes get when the shadowy gates of the Infinite are opened for some beloved existence to pass through, leaving us still behind. Seen in that strange, new light, the thoughts which had but lately been so agitating his mind seemed unspeakably petty. Seen in the white light of infinite purity which seemed to him to shine from the Invisible Presence that, he felt, shared his solemn watch by his brother's bed, the evil of his own nature looked darker than he had ever seen it before. His brother's words about his always having been "such a good fellow," had pierced his conscience as no reproaches could have done. He wished passionately that he could explain to Dan that it was not so, that even as to external evil he wished to take no higher place than his penitent brother; that he needed as much the forgiving love and help, in the consciousness of which his brother was rejoicing; and gradually that consciousness, so solemn, yet so sweet,—the most blessed, the most ineffable experience that a human heart can know, seemed to fill his own suffering heart. In the very presence of physical death, his heart seemed to rise to the higher region of spiritual life, to grasp the mystery of "the power of an endless life." And in the new atmosphere of Divine Love and sorrow for sin, that seemed to surround him now, the thoughts of hatred and revenge that he had so recently been cherishing seemed to him unspeakably abhorrent. The sense of his own offences against Infinite Love and Infinite Purity, seemed to make the offences of others against him sink into nothing. The injuries which Sharpley had done to him and his seemed, also, immeasurably small as compared with those that the former had done to himself;—the guilt of selfish fraud which, for a petty pecuniary gain, he had voluntarily assumed;—the lowering of the whole nature which must be the necessary result of the deliberate choice of an evil course. As Alan thought of what Lenore had first suggested to him—the time when one must find out what an awful "mistake" a life of self-seeking has been, of the time when those who had done him wrong must come to be as his brother was,—all earthly supports and possessions slipping from their grasp, themselves brought face to face with eternal realities for, perhaps, the first time,—a softening feeling of intense pity found its way into his heart, a pity which was the herald of a deeper feeling still; for in those solemn hours of silent and sorrowful waiting, all bitterness seemed taken out of Alan's heart, and the Divine white flower of forgiveness sprang up in its place.

It was just as the night was passing into grey dawn that Alan noticed the "change" come over his brother's face, which even the most inexperienced watcher beside the dying can hardly mistake. The breath came more and more slowly, with long pauses now between each respiration. A nurse noticed the change, and, coming gently up, stood by, watching too, with finger lightly laid on the almost motionless pulse of the hand that lay on the coverlet. A rather longer, slightly shuddering breath; then no following one. The nurse waited a minute or two, to be sure it was the last, then gently closed the half-shut eyes, and turned towards Alan with a gesture more expressive than words. He knew, without needing to be told, that something had happened—the extreme, ineffable "something" which must, in the natural course of things, happen to all, and than which, in this world of change, we know no external one so great or so momentous.

(To be continued.)

MIDSUMMER MUSINGS.

FAIR Nature breathes within my breast,
A joy fraught with sadness ;
So eerie she where loveliest,
Pensive in her gladness.

For sad and silent rest I here,
Beneath this summer sky ;
For melancholy sad appear
Her beauties to mine eye.

The murmuring breezes tune their lyre
To sweetest melody,
Sweet as love-lorn might desire,
And gentle as a sigh.

Yet fraught with meaning doth it seem,
As whispering Nature's mind ;
To me 'tis all a mystic theme—
What saith the wandering wind ?

Mayhap it is the harmony
Of vast Creation's laws,
Proclaiming Him by whom they be,
The wonderful First Cause.

Of wondrous things it speaks, perchance,
Its music I can feel—
But O ! that its significance
Some spirit would reveal !

TORONTO. GITANO.

RELICS OF LOYALTY, OR SCRAPS FROM THE CATACOMBS:

BEING REMAINS OF THE COFFIN FAMILY.

BY U. E. L.

TWO families of the name of Coffin, Loyalists *pur sang*, came from Massachusetts to British America at the time of the American Revolution, 1775–78. One of these families settled on the River St. John, New Brunswick. The others established themselves at Quebec. The Dominion claims both, and owes something to either.

The Coffins are an ancient race. In the olden world, they prevailed before the time of the Pharaohs. In the new, they came in with the Pilgrim Fathers. Twenty years after the landing from the *Mayflower*, in 1643, the first of the name put in an appearance from Brixton, near Plymouth, South Devon, England, at Newbury Port, in New Hampshire, moved on from thence, and settled for a time at Haverhill, where his name exists on the town books—Tristram Coffyn, spelt with a "y." In 1662 he bought one-tenth of the Island of Nantucket, moved there, and died in 1681, aged 71. His son, James, was Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, County of Nantucket, from 1708 to 1712. His grandson, Jodiah,* filled the same office from 1754 to 1774. Two of the same family, John and Jonathan, were assistant Judges about the same time.† From thence the family moved to Boston, but the descendants of old Tristram Coffyn multiplied exceedingly on the prolific shores of Nantucket, and it is no light credit to a race of hardy seamen and skilful mariners, that they should have inspired that popular creation of the genius of Fennimore Cooper, the character of "Long Tom Coffin;" or, passing from fiction to fact, have given to the Dominion of Canada, as Minister of the Crown, a worthy Receiver-General, in the person of the Hon. Thomas Coffin, M. P. for Shelburne, Nova Scotia, who, both in moral and physical structure, not inaptly reproduces one of the happiest embodiments of American romance.

In the fifth generation of lineal descent from Tristram Coffyn, William Coffin, born in 1690, married Ann, daughter of Eben Holmes; was a merchant, ship-owner, ship-master, farmer of excise and distiller, sailed a vessel, and traded between Boston and Charleston, S. C., in days when assorted vocations were as common as assorted wares. He died in 1774, aged 83, amid the first throes of the American Revolution, leaving four sons, Ebenezer, Nathaniel, John and William, all staunch Loyalists. The daughters, Mrs. De Blois, Mrs. Amory, and Mrs. Dexter, married all into some of the best families in Boston, and, woman-like, partly from love for their husbands, and partly from the love of some new thing, took the other side.‡

Of the sons, Ebenezer, the eldest, was father of Thomas Aston Coffin, for long private secretary to Sir Guy Carleton, by whose side he sat in the last boat which left Castle Garden on the evacuation of New York, 25th Nov., 1783. When Sir Guy Carleton became again Governor of Quebec, 1784, Coffin accompanied him, and by his influence was appointed Commissary-General to the British forces in Canada. With his friend and patron, then Lord Dorchester, he went to England, and died in London in 1810, very wealthy. He was grandfather to Mrs. Bolton, wife of Col. Bolton, R. A., who took an active part in the Red River Expedition of 1870, and earned thereby the distinction of C. M. & St. G. A younger brother of Thomas Aston, Eben, so called for the sake of pleasant shortness, carrying with him, possibly, the coloured chattels of the Boston family, went South, where he acquired property, and wallowing in a wealth of "Sea-Island" cotton, begot Thomas Aston Coffin, of Carolina, whose descendants, with an hereditary instinct, distinguished themselves by their chivalrous devotion to a failing cause in the late Confederate war.

---

* Farmer's Genealogical Register of first settlers of New England. Lancaster, Mass. 1829.

† See Washburn's Judicial History of Massachusetts.

‡ Memoir of the family of Amory. Boston, 1856, by T. C. Amory.

The second son, Nathaniel, brought up as a merchant, became King's cashier of the Customs at Boston, and acquired property. When the Royal troops evacuated Boston, in 1776, he withdrew to England, but returned to New York in 1781, and died on landing. He left two sons, afterwards General John Coffin, of New Brunswick, and Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart., of both of whom more hereafter,

The third son, John, married Isabella Childs, of Boston, 5th Dec., 1738, and took refuge in Quebec in July, 1775.

William, the fourth son, also came to Canada, and was Sheriff of Kingston, Ont., towards the end of the last century.

Of the four sons, Ebenezer, the eldest, died before the Revolution. The three younger, Nathaniel, John, and William, were *stiberon*, unyielding, incorrigible Loyalists, and as such were, with many others, proscribed by name, in an Act of the Massachusetts Legislature, passed Sept., 1788, and banished under penalty, in case of return, "of the pains of death without benefit of clergy."

The descendants of Nathaniel, to wit, General John Coffin and family, made for themselves a place and a name among the earliest settlers of New Brunswick. John, his uncle, with a wife and eleven children, came to Quebec. Both of these families sacrificed much in the cause of their king and country, accounting it as nothing, for the sacrifice carried with it enough of honour to be its own reward. Nor was the reward wanting even in the flesh. The greatest of nations cannot restore to its despoiled adherents houses and lands, the proud results of honest labour, or the scenes of early affection: but all that could be done was done. The nation was not ungrateful to those who had earned its gratitude, and who knew how to utilize it. Employment, competence, and honourable advancement in the public service were offered freely to all. The men of these families were not wanting to themselves or to their opportunities, and, as may be shown hereafter, have not failed, each in his allotted sphere of duty, to justify the modest motto of their family—

Extant recté factis præmia.

General John Coffin, of New Brunswick, was the eldest son of Nathaniel Coffin, above mentioned, a merchant of Boston, and was born in 1756; was sent to sea at an early age, most probably in a ship wherein his father had an interest, and became chief mate at the age of eighteen, navigated his ship to England in 1774, where the Government took her up for the conveyance of troops to America. He brought out part of a regiment under Sir William Howe, reached Boston on the 15th June, 1774, and landed the regiment under Bunker Hill the day of the engagement, the 17th. Young, enthusiastic, and full of fight, he contrived to play so conspicuous a part in the action as to lead to his presentation to General Gage, who made him an ensign on the field. Not long after, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant. In 1776 he was detailed to New York, where he raised a mounted rifle corps, called the Orange Rangers, of which he was made commandant, and from which he exchanged into the New York Volunteers in 1778. He took part in the battle of Long Island, in the year 1777; in those of Germantown and Ste. Lucie, in 1778; in Briar Creek, 1779; and Camden, 1780. Being ordered to the Southern States, he there raised a corps of partisan cavalry, composed chiefly of loyal planters, inspired by the cavalier spirit of the early settlers. Coffin and his corps took a telling part in the actions of Hampton, Hobkirk's Hill, and Eutaw Springs, all of which were fought in 1781. General Greene, one of the ablest of the lieutenants of General Washington, endeavoured to overwhelm the British Commander, Colonel Stuart, who had fallen back on a strong position at Eutaw Springs. Greene was supported by Colonel William Washington, a distinguished partisan leader, with a numerous cavalry. Coffin and his troopers were with Stuart. Washington Irving, in his "Life" of his great namesake, relates how the advance on Eutaw was averted by Major Coffin with 150 infantry and 50 cavalry; and, further on, how "Colonel Washington had rashly dashed forward with his dragoons, lost most of his officers and many of his men, had a horse shot under him, and would have been slain had not a British officer interposed, who took him prisoner."* This version of the story is the truth, though not the precise truth. The fact is, that the two leaders of the cavalry on both sides, the one pursuing, the other covering the retreat, came into personal collision. Both were powerful men, splendid horsemen, and good swordsmen, and neither inclined to cry "hold, enough." The scene of the conflict was the top of a dyke or narrow road, with water at each side. Washington's horse swerved or jibbed; in bringing him round the rider drew a pistol and fired, but missing his mark, shied the weapon at his antagonist, knocking him off his horse; but the effort and the delay had isolated him from his following, his horse was shot under him, and he was taken prisoner. We may be sure that Coffin would have interposed had there been any risk of his being slain. It is still more sure that these two brave men, who had known each other well in private life, with a grim joke at their mutual mishaps, rode back to camp to share the same meal and the same tent.

At the close of the conflict in Virginia, Coffin received from Lord Cornwallis the gift of a handsome sword, accompanied by a letter conferring on him the rank of Major by brevet. Not being included in the capitulation of Yorktown, he withdrew to Charleston, in South Carolina, attracted by the charms of Miss Annie Matthews, daughter of William Matthews, of St. John's Island, to whom he was shortly after married. Conspicuous and obnoxious, he was eagerly sought for as one of those malignants who should be smitten hip and thigh, and had many narrow escapes from capture. A story is told of him, which has been told of others who, in like strait, stood not upon the order of their hiding, but hid at once. On one occasion, being closely pressed, the fashion of the day was his salvation, the gallant soldier took refuge under the hoops of his brave mistress, which, seeing he that was six feet high and proportionally stalwart, must have been no slight feat of compression.

When Charleston was evacuated, Major Coffin made his way up to New York, crossed the Hudson, having eluded all attempts at his capture, and presented himself at head-quarters, to the great astonishment of his friends in the British Army. In 1782, 28 August, he was the subject of the following general order:

"Sir Guy Carleton, Commander-in-chief: Brevet-Major John Coffin of the New York Volunteers having repeatedly received the public thanks of the principal officers under whose command he has served, and on the 8th Sept. 1781, (Battle of Eutaw Springs), being only 25 years of age, having distinguished himself very particularly, is, for those services, appointed Major of the King's American Regiment, vacant by the death of Major Grant."

Previous to the evacuation of New York, and probably in view of it, Major Coffin and others, who were looked upon by the victorious Republicans as contumacious beyond hope, and who were, therefore, thrust out beyond the pale of redemption, were shipped off by the British Government to New Brunswick, a magnificent country, but then unreclaimed and unknown.

At seven-and-twenty he laid down his sword and took up his axe, accompanied by a wife, delicate and delicately nurtured, but full of spirit, three black men and one black woman, all brought from Charleston. He went to work energetically, housed and established himself in a beautiful situation on the river St. John, and in twenty years made for himself a valuable property, which he named Alwington Manor.

Although retired from active employ, he still remained in the service. In June 1794, H. R. Highness the Duke of Kent, then Governor of Nova Scotia, visited New Brunswick, accompanied by the Duke of Clarence. The Royal Brothers honoured Major and Mrs. Coffin with their company at Alwington Manor, and graciously permitted one of their youngest children, a boy born a few days previously, to be named after them, Henry Edward.

The fine person, soldierly bearing and gentle manner of the brave cavalier, no doubt stood him in good stead when opportunity offered, and combined with the zealous exertions of such friends as the Marquis of Hastings, the Lord Rawdon of the American War, and Lord Dorchester, the Sir Guy Carleton of the American War, under both of whom he had served, obtained for him the rank of Lieut-Colonel in 1804. In 1805 he went to England, where he was received with much distinction, and was presented to the King by the commander-in-chief. He returned to his adopted country, New Brunswick, in that year, where he occupied himself in improving a valuable property and continued in a career of active public usefulness. He became Member of the House of Assembly for King's County, a Member of Council, and Chief Magistrate for King's County for many years, Commissioner for the Indians, &c.

---

* Washington Irving's Life of George Washington, vol. 4, pp. 364-5. Also, Stuart's despatch to Earl Cornwallis, 9th Sept., 1781, given in Tarleton's Campaigns in 1780-81, p. 512, wherein Stuart publicly thanks Major Coffin. Also, "Lee's Memoirs of the War. pp. 285-7-9-90, vol. 2.

In 1811, the impending struggle with the United States aroused all the warlike instincts of the old partisan, he snuffed the battle afar off, and at once offered to raise a regiment for local service. Early in 1812 he had under his command 600 men, ready for the field, which enabled the Government to send the 104th regt. on to Canada, then hardly pressed by invasion. In 1812 the regiment known as the "New Brunswick Fencibles," mustered 600 strong, composed of young men, the friends and neighbours of their respected commander. At the peace of 1815, the Colonel was promoted to the rank of Major-General, the regiment was disbanded, and General Coffin returned to half-pay once more. By the slow progress of seniority he rose, at last, to the top of the Army List as the oldest general officer, and having, for many years, alternated in his residence between England and New Brunswick, died at last, at the house of his son, Admiral John Townsend Coffin, in King's County, on the 12 May, 1838, aged 82. The foregoing sketch has been epitomized from a more lengthy memoir compiled by his youngest son, Admiral Henry Edward Coffin, but the writer of this, who knew the General well in his later days, recalls with affectionate recollection the noble presence and generous character of the chivalrous old soldier, a relic of the days in which giants were, in stature and in heart true to his king and country, a humble Christian and an honest and brave man, who united to the heroism of a Paladin the endurance of the pioneer, and when he could no longer serve his Prince in the field, served him still better, by creating a new realm of civilization and progress in the heart of the primeval forest. His name will ever be held in honour in New Brunswick.

Eight of the children of General and Mrs. Coffin, all natives of New Brunswick, lived to make their way in the world, thanks to a grateful and helpful country.

The eldest son, General Guy Carleton Coffin, died in April 1856, at the age of 73, a General Officer of the Royal Artillery.

The second and third sons, are living still, both at an advanced age, and both admirals in the British Service.

John Townsend Coffin, the eldest of the two, entered the British Navy as a midshipman, in 1799. He was Master-mate on board of the *Harrier*, 18, when she captured the Dutch Frigate, *Pallas*, 36, near Java, 26 July, 1806, and for his gallant conduct obtained a Lieutenancy. He was appointed to the *Valorous*, 74, when on the 21 of Feb. 1812, she encountered the *Rivoli*, 74, with convoy fresh out of port. A desperate conflict ensued of four hours and a half duration, in which the British ship lost 126 killed and wounded, and the brave Frenchmen 400. The *Rivoli* and consorts surrendered, and were safely brought into port, under charge of Lieutenants Coffin and White, who received great praise for seamanship and bravery in *Gazette* 1812, p. 552. He was promoted to the rank of commander, 1st July, 1841; post captain, 26 Dec., 1822; rear admiral, 1841.

Admiral John Townsend Coffin is the present proprietor of the Magdalen Islands, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, which he holds under the will of his late uncle, Sir Isaac Coffin, to whom they were granted by Letters Patent under the great seal in 1798, and by whom they have been strictly entailed in the family. Admiral Coffin has been a thoughtful and beneficent proprietor of these islands, having visited them upon several occasions and done much to improve their material condition.

Henry Edward, named after the Dukes of Kent and Clarence, entered the British navy, 1st Dec., 1805, served on shore in Egypt, in 1807, on the home and North American stations, in the East Indies, on the coast of Africa, the Brazils, and in the West Indies, amid scenes where the British seaman is wont to battle with the tempest and against climate and disease, for want of having something better to do.

He became lieutenant, 1814; commander 1829; post captain, 1841; rear admiral, 1856.

The eldest daughter, Caroline, married the Hon. Charles Grant, of Canada, afterwards Baron de Longueuil, and died at Alwington, near Kingston, in 1868, aged 84.

A second daughter married General Sir Thomas Pearson, K.C.B., an officer very much distinguished in Canada during the war of 1812.

A third married Colonel Kirkwood of the British Army, and is still living in Bath, England.

A fourth married John Barnett, Esquire, also an officer in the British Army, and who subsequently occupied a high official position in the Island of Ceylon.

The fifth, Mary, married Charles R. Ogden, Esquire, Attorney-General, Lower Canada, and died in 1827.

Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart., was a brother of General John Coffin, of New Brunswick, and a younger son of Nathaniel Coffin, of Boston, before named. He was born in 1760, and, under the patronage of Rear-Admiral John Montague, entered the Royal Navy in 1773, remained constantly afloat, serving in different ships, until 1778, when he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant; was appointed second lieutenant of the *Adamant*, 1799, and in 1781 was on board of the *Royal Oak*, engaged in a very severe action with the French fleet, under M. de Ternay. In 1782, having been made master and commander, he took the command of the *Avenger*. Thence he volunteered into the *Barfleur*, 74, under Captain Alex. Hood, when the English fleet sailed from St. Kitts with the spirited design of attacking the fleet of Count de Grasse, in Basse Terre Roads, and he was enabled to share in this glorious achievement, 12 April, 1782. Very soon after he was appointed, by Admiral Rodney, post-captain of the *Shrewsbury*, 74. Early in 1783, a general peace having been proclaimed, the *Shrewsbury* was paid off. In 1786 he was appointed to the *Thisbe* frigate, and brought Lord Dorchester and his family to Quebec, taking refuge, when very late in the season, at Halifax, but in the spring of 1787, he returned to Canada on leave, and remained about a twelvemonth. At this time he applied, by petition, formally to Lord Dorchester for a grant of the Magdalen Islands in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence. It appears that, in the preceding autumn, the *Thisbe* had been becalmed off these Islands, and Captain Coffin, struck by their appearance, had asked Lord Dorchester to give them to him, if in his power. The request was renewed in the following year, but the Letters Patent were not expedited until 1798, during the governorship of Robert Prescott. In 1790, at the time of the Nootka Sound difficulty with Spain, Captain Coffin was appointed to the *Alligator* frigate, 28 guns, but the Dons gave in and made reparation, and the armament was discontinued; but while laying at the Nore, under sailing orders, and the wind blowing strong, a man fell overboard, Coffin plunged in after him, and saved his life; but in the effort suffered a personal injury which clung to him ever after. In the spring of 1791, the *Alligator* was ordered to Halifax and Quebec to receive Lord Dorchester and family, and, with them, returned to England. The ship was then laid up, and the captain and crew paid off. In 1793, at the outbreak of the great French War, Captain Coffin was appointed in command of the *Melampus*, 36 guns, and was actively employed in the Channel and among the Channel Islands, but, from over exertion, the injury received in saving the life of the sailor at the Nore became aggravated, and for four months he was crippled. But the vigour of his character had been noted, and his services appreciated. On his recovery, he was employed on shore—first at Leith, in what was called the regulation service. In 1795, he was sent to Corsica, as one of His Majesty's Commissioners of the Royal Navy. Thence, in the same capacity, he was transferred to Lisbon. Thence, in 1798, to Mahon, in the Island of Minorca. Thence, he was brought home and put in charge of the King's yard at Sheerness. In April, 1804 he was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the White Squadron, and was appointed second in command at Portsmouth. As a further reward for service of unusually long continuance and merit, Rear-Admiral Coffin was, on the 19th of May, 1804, advanced to the dignity of a Baronet of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.*

In 1811, he married Elizabeth, only daughter of William Greenly, Esq., of Titley Court, Herefordshire, and, assuming the lady's name, became Sir Isaac Coffin Greenly, but this union proved to be ill-assorted. The lady indulged in literary tastes of a religious tendency. She was said to be addicted to writing sermons at night, to the disturbance of the slumbers of her rollicking spouse, and so, after a space, they separated. She remained Lady Greenly, and he resumed the name of Coffin. The fault was certainly not with the lady, who was a clever and exemplary woman, but somewhat eccentric in her ways. In after life she was well known in Bath, England; remarkable for wearing, Welshwoman fashion, a man's round hat, a riding-habit cut short, and for wielding a gold-headed cane.

---

* See "Naval Chronicle," 1804, vol. 12.

Sir Isaac, having tried matrimony with poor success, and having nothing better to do, took to politics, affected Liberalism and consorted with the Whigs. He represented Ilchester in Parliament for some years, and was noted for the rough humour of his sayings, which savoured much of "tar and feathers." He was a personal friend of the Duke of Clarence, who, when he became William IV., continued to show him favour. When, in 1832, to accomplish the passing of the Reform Bill, it became necessary to swamp the House of Lords by the creation of a new batch of Peers, the name of Sir Isaac Coffin appeared upon the King's private list, but the King's Ministers opposed the creation, and it was dropped. It appears that, about this time, Sir Isaac had been guilty of a nautical freak which was regarded as unpatriotic. He was fond of visiting America, and of associating with his Boston relatives, and had fitted out a schooner as a floating nautical school, manned it with lads of his own name—who were as plentiful as codfish on the coast of Nantucket—and brought them, on show, round to Quebec, flying the American flag. The flag and the story took wind in the same direction, and spoiled his prospects, not without just reason.

He was a clever, pushing, energetic seaman, much given to rough humour, and the practical jokes in vogue in his day. He was equally ready with hand and tongue, having upon one occasion pugilistically fought his way through a cabal of disappointed Portuguese contractors at Lisbon, intent on his destruction with the knife. Of his ready wit many stories are told—one will suffice. Once, on his way to Titley Court, stopping to bait at Chepstow, he was informed by the innkeeper that an American, a prisoner, confined in the castle hard by, claimed to be his relative, and prayed for an interview. Sir Isaac, curiously, acceded, went to the prison, and was introduced to "a gentleman of colour." Both surprised and amused, he was informed by Sambo that he was an American, a namesake, and must therefore be a relation, as no one would be likely to take his name for the fun of the thing. "Stop, my man, stop," interjected the Admiral, "let me ask you a question. Pray, how old may you be?" "Well," replied the other, "I should guess about thirty-five." "Oh! then," rejoined his interlocutor, turning away, "there is clearly a mistake here, you can't be one of my Coffins—none of my people ever turn black before they are forty."

Sir Isaac Coffin, dying without direct issue, in 1838, at Cheltenham, England, the baronetage expired with him. He left the bulk of his fortune to his nephew, Admiral John Townsend Coffin, and by his will the Magdalen Islands are strictly entailed *substitués*, on members of his family, who must continue to bear his name, and the coat at arms given to him by the King in 1804.

It has been said that two families of this name left Massachusetts at the time of the American revolution, and that one of the two took refuge in Quebec.

John Coffin, the father and the leader of this second family, was born in Boston, Mass., 1730, and was brother of Nathaniel, the father of General John and Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin. In 1758 he married Isabella Childs. In the Boston Confiscation Act, Sept. 1788, he is styled distiller, and combined this business, no doubt, with that of merchant and shipowner. Loyal to the core, and knowing that he was a marked man, he resolved, early in 1775, to place his family in safety. Embarking, therefore, his household goods and his household gods, his wife, eleven children, and effects, on board of his own schooner, the *Neptune*, he brought them safely round to Quebec, where, on the 23rd August, 1775, he bought from "La Dame Veuve Lacroix," a piece of land at the "*près de ville*," well known during the siege which followed as the "Potash." He went to work, with characteristic energy, to establish a distillery, when his work was interrupted by that celebrated event. In the autumn, the American forces under Montgomery and Arnold invaded the Province—

Quebec was invested. Late in the year John Coffin joined the Quebec-enrolled British Militia; and the building he had designed for a distillery became a battery for the defence of the approach from Wolfe's Cove. This battery was armed with the guns of a privateer frozen in for the winter. Her commander, Barnsfare, and his seamen handled the pieces, and by his side John Coffin, the American Loyalist, shared the merit of the defence.

Before that battery, on the memorable morning of the 1st January, 1776, fell General Montgomery, and the chief officers of his staff, and with them the last hopes of the American cause in Canada.

In a paper prepared by his grandson, Lieut.-Col. Coffin, of Ottawa, read before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, 18th December, 1872, and printed under their auspices,* it is shown on the testimony of Sir Guy Carleton, then Governor of Canada, and of Colonel Maclean, then Commandant of Quebec, "that to the resolution and watchfulness of John Coffin, in keeping the guard at the *près de ville* under arms, awaiting the expected attack, the coolness with which he allowed the rebels to approach, the spirits which his example kept up among the men, and to the critical instant when he directed Captain Barnsfare's fire against Montgomery and his troops, is to be ascribed the repulse of the rebels from that important post, where, with their leader, they lost all heart."†

There can be no question but that the death of Montgomery saved Quebec, and with Quebec, British North America, to the British Crown, and that, of the brave men who did this deed of "derring do"‡ John Coffin was one of the foremost.

It is mortifying to relate, but the truth must be told, John Coffin was but ill requited. He had suffered great losses, and he had rendered services, and was deceived by promises. He was promised both money and land. He got neither. In those days "how to do nothing" constituted the science of Colonial Government. Between the Chateau de St. Louis and Downing Street lay the very limbo of circumlocution, paved the whole length with good intentions. Downing Street objected to grants of land and grants of places, unless bestowed on their own creatures. Canada, on the other hand, disliked monopolies which it could not exclusively appropriate. Hence arose a bickering of references and reports, consideration and reconsideration. Now, a man astride upon a reference is like a child upon a rocking-horse, always in sluggish motion but never onwards. In 1795 Lord Dorchester, who had returned to Quebec as Governor-General, appointed John Coffin Surveyor-General of Woods, but Downing Street disapproved of an appointment which impinged upon patronage, and the salary—the *pabulum vitæ*—came in driblets. Little wonder if the sturdy old Loyalist, worn by undeserved ill success, had, like the soldiers of Montgomery when they lost their leader, "lost all heart."

But stiff old John Coffin did not lose heart. He worked on cheerily. He possessed the advantage of an abiding faith in the honour of the Crown. He well understood the nature of the obstacles which stood between him and the light of royal justice. No doubt he denounced the administration with vigorous expletives. Had he lived in our days he would have been strong in opposition, and in due course, possibly, would have administered to his own relief, but as it was, he worked on without repining, brought up and maintained a large family—he had had 15 children born to him (eleven survived him)—in the enjoyment of a clear conscience and of comfort, if not of affluence, and died 28th Sept., 1808, aged 78, as the record of his burial has it: "one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the City of Quebec, and Inspector of Police for the said City."

Whatever may have been the shortcomings of the Government so far as related to John Coffin himself, his children had no cause to complain. Directly, or indirectly, all throve under the fostering protection of the Crown. The men obtained employment in the public service, and in due process of time, that share of promotion to which their talents and their opportunities fairly entitled them. The women, if unable to do service personally, married those who did.

The eldest daughter, Isabella, became the wife of Colonel McMurdo, H. M. — Regt.

---

* Handsomely commended in the London *Spectator*, Oct., 1873.

† Letter from Colonel Allan Maclean, dated Quebec, 28th July, 1776. Also from Sir Guy Carleton, dated Jeningsbury, 25th Dec., 1779.

‡ "Derring do." See "Ivanhoe," cap. 29.

Her sons served in India. A grandson was captain in the Royal Canadian Rifles when that fine regiment was disbanded at Kingston in 1870.

The second, Susannah, married the Hon. John Craigie, of Quebec, Provincial Treasurer, a brother of Lord Craigie, Lord of Session in Scotland. One son, Admiral Craigie, a very meritorious officer, died at Dawlish, in 1872. A daughter married Captain Martin, who led one of the storming parties at the capture of Fort Niagara in 1814, and another survives yet, the mother of the Hamiltons, of Quebec, one of the first of the mercantile houses of the Dominion.

Margaret, the third daughter, married her cousin, Roger HailesSheaffe, born in Boston, the son of a U. E. Loyalist, and who, through the kind interest of Earl Percy, had obtained a commission in the British Army. At the time of their marriage he was Major in Brock's Regiment, the 49th. The name of Brock is so far identified with all that was great and good in the war of 1812, as to be, in death, inseparable from the victory of Queenston Heights (13th October, 1812); but Brock's great feat of arms was the capture of Detroit, coupled with the surrender of General Hull and his army. Sheaffe won the Battle of Queenston Heights. Brock was slain at 7 o'clock in the morning, and for some hours the action was in suspense. At noon Colonel Sheaffe moved up from Niagara to the rescue, and at 3 p.m. attacked the American force in flank and rear, and hurled them from the rocks of Queenston into the Niagara River. For this great service he was made a baronet. At Brock's funeral, Sheaffe was chief mourner. Capt. Coffin, A. D. C., and Asst. Com.-General Coffin, were pall-bearers. Nothing could be more honourable to the Americans than their conduct on this occasion. They paid every mark of respect to the memory of Brock, and fired minute-guns during the ceremony.

Of the sons—the eldest, John, was an officer in the Commissariat, and died Deputy Commissary-General, at Quebec, March, 1837. The second son, William, obtained a commission in the 1st Bat. of the King's Royal Regiment of New York, or Sir John Johnston's Regiment. Subsequently, through the kind influence of His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, he obtained a commission in the regular army, and served half the world over. He retired from the service in 1816, a Captain in the 15th Regiment and Brevet-Major, and died in England in 1836. His only surviving son, William Foster Coffin, was Sheriff of the District of Montreal for some years, and is now Commissioner of Ordnance and Admiralty Lands, Department of the Interior, Canada. This gentleman married, in 1842, Margaret, second daughter of Isaac Winslow Clarke, of Montreal, who, in 1774, was the youngest member of the firm of Richard Clarke and Sons, of Boston, Massachusetts, to which was consigned the historical cargo of tea. Mr. Clarke, collecting debts at Plymouth, in 1774, was thwarted in his unpatriotic design by a mob. Pelted, hustled, hounded for his life, he fled to England. He had asked for bread, and received a stone. The British Government took him by the hand, appointed him to the Commissariat, and sent him to Montreal, where he rose to the rank of Deputy Commissary-General, and, after 50 years' of service, died in 1822, greatly respected as a citizen and by the services, and another instance of the constancy of England to those who are true to her.*

The third son, the Hon. Thomas Coffin, was a member of the Legislative Council of Lower Canada and Lieut.-Colonel of Militia. He married a Demoiselle de Tonancour, and lived and died at Three Rivers, Province of Quebec, 1841. A son of his was for many years Prothonotary for the District of Montreal.

The fourth son, Francis Holmes, entered the Royal Navy, and served during the long war with France, and died an Admiral in 1835. His eldest son, General Sir Isaac Coffin, K.C., Star of India, died at Blackheath, Oct. 1872.

The fifth son, Nathaniel, lived and died in Upper Canada. At the outbreak of the war of 1812 he joined the volunteer companies, and was aide-de-camp to Sir Roger Sheaffe at the Battle of Queenston Heights. After the surrender of Colonels Scott, Totten, and the other American survivors of the conflict, the leading officers were invited to dine by Sheaffe, and here the following incident occurred, as given in Mansfield's "Life of

---

* See Lorenzo Sabine (American Loyalist). Boston, 1847: p. 212.

General Wingfield Scott," p. 48, illustrated by an engraving: "Previous to the announcement of dinner, a message was delivered to Scott, that persons without wished to speak with the "tall American." Scott stood 6 feet 5 inches in his boots. He left the room, and found himself confronted, in a narrow passage, by two Indian chiefs, Captain Jacobs and Young Brant, who questioned him abruptly, and in broken English, as to shot marks in his clothes, each alleging that he had fired repeatedly, but without success, at his conspicuous person. One of them seized Scott by the arm as if to turn him round, and when he was flung off indignantly with the exclamation, "off rascal, you shot like a squaw," both drew their knives. At this moment Captain Coffin, A. D. C., entered the door behind the Indians, and seeing at a glance how things stood, called instantly to the guard, and seizing one of the aggressors by the arm, put a pistol to the head of the other. This prompt demonstration quashed the tumult, and probably saved Scott's life."* (See also Stone's "Life of Brant," vol. 2, pp. 514, 515). Coffin had obtained at an early age, a commission in the 71st Regt., and retired from it under circumstances which show the vigour and the rigour of British discipline. His regiment was quartered in Ireland, and on the occasion of an election riot had been confined to barracks; but an attractive ball being on the *tapis* for the same night, three of the subalterns, mere boys, "broke bounds," and entered the charmed circle. The *escapade* reached the Colonel. The culprits were summoned before him, charged with insubordination, and informed that they must either stand a court-martial or retire from the regiment. They accepted the latter alternative. Coffin returned to Canada, and to his last day deplored, among his friends, this juvenile indiscretion. But the Government, though stern, were not ungenerous, and to his last day he received his half-pay as an ensign in the 71st regiment. Colonel Coffin filled for many years the office of Adjutant General of Militia in Upper Canada, and it is no slight proof of the esteem in which he was held, and of the popularity he had earned, that in his later years the Legislature, not prone to such weakness, voted him a very liberal retiring pension, which he enjoyed to his death, 1835. He died at Toronto, very much beloved and regretted.

The sixth son, James, died at Quebec in 1835, an Assistant Commissary-General.

These men and women were all living instances of the loyal faith in which they were born, and of its honourable and just reward.

It is not pretended for one moment that the loyalty of these people was of better quality than the universal loyalty around them; but it was of the oldest date; it had stood the test of trial and of time, and those who had suffered much may be pardoned some degree of pride in the strength of their endurance. To an Englishman, the outspoken loyalty of Canada is a matter of surprise. To the English mind it looks like a work of supererogation; and with reason; for an Englishman *at home* would no more prate of his loyalty than he would of his honesty or his pluck, or of any other of those sterling qualities which are justly held to be the characteristics of Englishmen; but on this side of the Atlantic, in days antecedent to the American Rebellion of 1862, loyalty has been a mark for persecution, and a byword of reproach. The descendants of those who suffered, and gloried in their sufferings, bear no limp or lukewarm testimony to the faith that is in them, and to effects as honourable to the land of their allegiance as to themselves. If they have been true to the Empire, the Empire has been true to them, and they are proud of any opportunity to acknowledge their share of the obligation.

---

* A story somewhat similar is told of Washington after the Battle of Monongahela. See Spark's Life," 1st vol., p. 66. Boston, 1839.

THE FISHERS.

BY CHARLES SANGSTER, OTTAWA.

ALONG the shore, like huge fireflies
Revelling through the dark,
Many a fisher's light
Flashes and flames to-night
At the prow of the gliding bark ;
And the black smoke floats
From the pitch-pine knots
That light the swift spear to its mark.

Glancing and dancing like shooting-stars,
Glimmering, gleaming bright,
Far up and down the bay,
In beautiful disarray,
They glide all this autumn night ;
Like Auroral gleams
Flushing the streams
As far as the eye can sight.

You see them all from the pebbly beach.
I can see only one.
One in the stern sits there,
Guiding her bark with care ;
Browned by the summer sun :
And her eyes are bright
As the stars to-night—
Would mine be the look they'd shun ?

See, as the light falls full on her face,
Mark you her glance of fire !
Passions in youth that sleep
Slumber there far and deep,
Pricking her like a briar,
Yet bearing wild-flowers,
Sweet as the hours
I pass when I linger nigh her.

Here as I sit at our trysting-place,
I am all eyes to see;
Far up and down the stream,
Watching the lights, I dream
Only of her and me;
I can tell the dip
Of her paddle's tip—
The sweep of her arm so free.

Dancing and mingling, that whirl of lights,
You could not tell her now;
I, that do love her well,
By a rare test can tell
Which is her swarthy brow;
By her black, braided hair,
Trace her distinctly there,
Guiding her shallop's prow.

Long after cock-crow, thrice in the week,
Patiently here I lie,
Watching my maiden-star
Threading the night afar,
Distant, but ever nigh,
Were she a star above,
Such is my lofty love
Ev'n there I could hear her sigh.

And from her silent seat in the stern
She can perceive me where
Love's patient sentinel
Keepeth his watch so well
Over his planet fair;
Over his world so brave—
His world who's that world's slave—
For mine's the new Venus there.

PRAYER AND MODERN DOUBT.

BY FIDELIS.

IT must have been a cause of deep regret to many readers of the *Canadian Monthly*, that the author of such earnest and thoughtful papers as that, for instance, on "The Intellectual Life," should have felt constrained to advocate the views expressed in his article on "Prayer and Modern Thought." The earnest tone of his remarks would, however, inspire the hope that his present objections may be but temporary, and may disappear with fuller thought and fuller light. Let it be at once admitted that, to our limited comprehension, there *must* be theoretical difficulties connected with this as with *every* subject touching on the connexion of the material with the spiritual, man's free action, and the sovereignty of God. In meeting the objections expressed in the article referred to, we simply suggest those answers which have already satisfied many who have perplexed themselves in vain with the same insoluble problems, and have come to rest satisfied in the conclusion that what *reason cannot grasp* faith happily *can*, being in this sense, as in others, most truly "the evidence of things not seen." And in doing so, the plural pronoun "we" is used, because the present writer is conscious of expressing, not individual opinion alone, but the general *consensus* of many able and intelligent Christian writers of this and other times, among whom, notwithstanding slight superficial differences, a strong unanimity exists in regard to the important matters of Christian life and practice.

In saying this, however, we must disclaim any wish to argue merely for the sake of maintaining a position or a system. Such an aim must necessarily be lost in any sense of the awfulness of the spiritual problems that beset us. Rather would we say, let every *human* position and *human* system perish, if thereby we could come one step nearer beholding that divine and awful face of Truth, of which only the *honest* seeker can hope to obtain a glimpse. We most heartily agree with Mr. Le Sueur as to the importance of being *true* "to ourselves and to one another." If there is *one* thing more than another demanded by the Scriptures, it is *truth*. He who is revealed as the Hearer and Answerer of Prayer, is also described as a God who "requireth truth in the inward parts:" who must be worshipped "in spirit and in *truth*."

We admit also that, as human beings, we are all naturally under some mental bias, whether the result of education or inheritance, and therefore our diverse conceptions, candidly made known, may serve to correct and supplement each other. We may gain a sort of mental parallax, so to speak, by trying to look from the point of view of another; and by entering, candidly and sympathetically, into the honest difficulties of *really true and earnest souls*, Christians may not only help such materially, but may also clear and expand their own conceptions of that Truth which we hold to be infinitely fuller and higher and grander than our fullest and highest and grandest conception of it can possibly be.

A few words first about the "Phases of Faith," or rather of doubt, alluded to by Mr. Le Sueur, which are especially characteristic of the present age. For this, as for every phenomenon connected with our complex human nature, there is, doubtless, a variety of causes. Much, no doubt, is traceable to an always fruitful source of opposition to Christianity, the natural pride and self-reliance of the human heart, which both observation and Scripture tell us, rebel against the claims of a religion that boldly demands the hardest of all sacrifices, the sacrifice of self-will and self-dependence. Much, too, springs from the very spirit of evil, hatred of the light and love of darkness. Many of the present-day attacks on Christiany are so pervaded by unfairness, misrepresentation, bitterness, and malignant sneers at Christianity and Christians, that the most simple reader, with any degree of enlightened Christian consciousness, will at once "know them by their fruits," and recognize them as emanating from the source of hatred, in direct antagonism to the spirit of love, which is the core and essence of Christianity. Another reason for the prevalent scepticism of the day—among scientific men especially—is, that the enthusiastic study of natural science has a tendency to concentrate the mind on the *phenomenal*, leading men to forget that their knowledge does not penetrate to the real Causative Influence behind; the very manifestations of the creative mind and will acting in too many cases as a screen which shuts out altogether the recognition of that mind and will. And so we find men giving expression to such short-sighted absurdities as that, because *they* cannot dissociate thought from the molecular action of the brain, and because *they* see no proof of the existence of any vast brain in the universe, and no room for anything save atoms and ether, *therefore* the idea of any guiding providence, any mind but the mind of man, must be given up altogether!

This, however, is far from being the scepticism of such men as Newman* and Clough, in producing which other causes have come into play; though even in *these* there may exist a subtle infusion of the first element named. In how many hearts and lives have Wordworth's lines found an echo:

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy;
But he beholds the light, and thence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The youth who daily further from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended.
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

F. W. Robertson says: "God is approached more nearly in that which is indefinite than in that which is definite and distinct. He is felt in awe and wonder and worship rather than in clear conceptions. Moments of tender vague mystery often bring distinctly the feeling of His presence. When day breaks and distinctness comes, the Divine has evaporated from the soul like morning dew." And so we often see more *truly* in the tender half lights of morning and evening than in the glare of intellectual day, when the mind often relies more on its own imperfect processes than on the source of spiritual light. Let us hope that with such as have thus been bewildered, the lengthening shadows will bring a clearer vision, and that "at evening time it shall be light." Then, human *conceptions* of Christianity, like human conceptions of other truths, are naturally imperfect, and are influenced, to a considerable extent, by the general state of development, whether of the individual or of the age. Now the present *is*, in many respects, a time of transition and "shaking."

"The thoughts of *men* are widen'd with the process
of the suns."

New truths of various kinds are coming into fuller recognition, and our old conceptions of others become either modified or expanded. But while there has been expansion in other directions, there has been too great a disposition to treat conceptions of Christianity as fixed and rigid; to take traditionary human representations of the truth for the intrinsic and essential truth itself.

We are thankful for the rudest and most inadequate conception of Christianity that has ever given rest and peace to the most ignorant human soul; but we are thankful, too, that the essence of Christianity itself is something higher and deeper than the highest and deepest conception of the most enlightened.* Dogmatic teaching is simply the imperfect attempt of men to formulate truths which transcend the power of human thought and of human expression satisfactorily to formulate them. Till we recognise that it is the imperfect conceptions that are at fault—not the Truth itself, which has such an infinite depth and elasticity that our widest intellectual life can never find it too narrow; can never even gauge its depth and extent—there is unavoidably a time of chaotic confusion and conflict, a putting of old wine into new bottles, which must be detrimental to both. Men find *their own* conceptions of what Christianity teaches unsatisfactory; find that they conflict with other intellectual convictions which they cannot cast aside; and, mistaking their defective and often careless apprehension for the reality, they cast away the substance, because, in a false light, they see the distorted shadow. And of course, the narrower and more rigid the creed, the more violent is the reaction.

---

* Of course the history of the *one* Newman is no more a plea for scepticism than that of the other for Romanism.

* "We read and fancy we know the truth about God, when it is not that, but what men have said about it, and what we can apprehend of it, that we know.

"Mystery is not an external veil over so many objects, that is but a figure of speech; the reality of the figure—the veil is the *incapacity of the soul* in its child-state to comprehend God and its own surroundings."—Rev. P. Gray—*Printed Sermon.*

We think there is a better way; the way of seeking by a humble and prayerful study of Revelation, what *is* the real nature of its teaching. We would not ask any man to receive even *Truth* on mere authority, nor do we make Truth our *own* by a mere indolent reception of it, but by realizing it as a living power. Where difficulty is *honestly felt*, we think there is nothing to be feared, eventually, from a candid and earnest sifting of traditional beliefs, provided such a process of sifting is carried on in a humble and reverential spirit, conscious of the imperfection and limitations of human reason, and its constant liability to be biassed by inclination and passion, and looking earnestly for the wisdom that cometh from above, in whose pure light we may see light clearly. *Enquiry* has been called the first stage of belief, the very gate of faith; and this is probably the true sense of Tennyson's much abused couplet:

> "There lives more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds."

But, to be *honest*, enquiry must be willing to *receive*, not pre-determined to *reject!*

What *is* to be feared, however, in the meantime, is much suffering and paralysis of faith, caused by the perplexing effects of plausible difficulties and objections upon minds which see the objections without seeing the answers—answers, however, which have satisfied, with the fullest satisfaction, intellects as keen and hearts as true as any that now mystify themselves with the old, yet ever renewed problems. And what is to be feared still more is, that many who hate the religion of Christ, simply because it condemns the evil that is in them—evil which they have no wish to give up—are glad to catch at anything which decreases its authority and lowers its galling claims, and so raise once more the old defiant cry: "Let us break their bonds asunder, and cast their cords from us!" We think that if the consequences of this could be realized by those who are now, perhaps unconsciously, helping to promote it, they might hesitate a good deal before seeking further to break down the moral breakwater which Christianity opposes to the tide of human evil and corruption.

But though, like all times of transition and conflict, the present "conflict of opinion" must, while it lasts, be productive of much suffering and evil, we have a firm hope and trust that out of it will emerge a fuller, stronger, purer, more intelligent, and more living faith. If there is a "shaking" going on, it is that "things which cannot be shaken may remain." For we altogether decline to admit that a time has arrived, or is in the least likely to arrive, when "all distinct recognition" of God, or of His direction of *all* things shall have—even temporarily—"vanished from the minds of man." Why should we be asked to conceive anything so awful, unless forced to conceive it by its actual occurrence? And if men *should* be so blinded by "the god of this world," as to cease to recognize the Eternal Father, why should we be asked to conceive of Him as "looking down upon them with at least as great favour as upon previous generations, who at least availed themselves of the light He gave them, and sought nearness to Him and purification from Him? And why should it be quietly assumed, that "unworthy* conceptions of His nature," were entertained by those who have worshipped Him most truly throughout the ages—by such as Noah, Abraham, David, Isaiah, the Apostles, Bacon, Newton, Chalmers—all or almost all the good or saintly men who have ever lived, because while recognizing His awful Majesty, they also looked up to God and cried "Abba Father?" From some remarks that follow, it would appear that because there have been cataclysms in nature, *therefore* the writer of the article thinks our thoughts about divine things are of little importance. This certainly seems an instance of *non sequitur;* and we have the strongest evidence that our thoughts about divine things are of infinite importance *to us*, since upon them depend —not only our peace and happiness, but our finding our very life, here and hereafter. More important they could not very well be! Further, the writer would appear to be of opinion that Christianity is about to perish, and that something better is about to take its place. What the new light is, that is supposed to be dawning, is at best somewhat vague. To some of its prophets, it evidently means simply the deification of man. We have heard something like this before, and its fruits—as, for instance, about the close of the last century—have not been tempting. Until the so-called "gospel of humanity" can give us something better than Christianity, or indeed *anything* good that it has not borrowed from Christianity, we naturally prefer that which has been tried and not found wanting.

---

* One of the "unworthy conceptions" alluded to in a note, is simply one of those unworthy misconceptions of the God of the Bible, which might, we think, have been avoided by a fuller and fairer study of its general teaching. God is *not* represented in Scripture as "torturing His children," but as loving them and seeking their good. Apart from those judgments in sin without which we could conceive of no moral government at all, and from poetical and figurative expressions which no reasonable criticism would force into a literal interpretation—there is nothing to bear out such an assertion. It is *sin* that tortures, not God. Gethsemane and Calvary answer for *Him*. If *words* are wanted, besides expostulation, entreaties, pleadings without number, we have the authoritative statement that He "willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should turn from his wickedness *and live*."

No! We believe that the time is even now approaching for a fuller and completer realization of all that is essential in Christianity. We believe that there will be a return to much that has been by many too hastily thrown aside as antiquated and effete, simply because it was carelessly misconceived, and de-vitalized by unreality. Men shall "dig again the old walls that their fathers have digged," and "walk again in the old ways," when they find that it was the chaff of words without life—the incrustations of a too formal and rigid theology, that made the one too shallow, and the rubbish of empty forms and the weeds of tangled misconceptions that encumbered the other. We have already an earnest of what is coming in the greatly increased interest in spiritual things, which presents a striking contrast to the comparative indifference that prevailed only a few years ago. It is no longer necessary to speak of these most important of all matters apologetically, and in the most distant allusions. A shadowy, formal, half-hearted Christianity—the most fruitful source of misconception and error—must be more and more crowded out, for men will find that, if they would retain their Christianity, they must hold it with a firm and a realizing grasp—and be infinitely benefited thereby. Already this has happened to many. Not only is it believed that during the last five years, owing to the remarkable "revivals" that have occurred in various parts of the world, sometimes *with*, and sometimes *without special* human instrumentality—there have been more conversions to vital Christianity than during the previous ten: but, while some men have, to our inexpressible regret, been losing their faith in perplexity and bewilderment, numbers of Christians are living out a firmer, happier, more realizing faith than they ever knew before—enjoying a fuller victory over sin. and waging a more determined war with evil in every form. The present season of doubt and darkness to many, may be, in God's wise counsels, but the darkness before the breaking of a brighter dawn; but of this we may be sure, that the fuller light of the future will be but a development of all that is essential in Christianity;* just as Christianity itself was but a development of the faith of Patriarch and Prophet. So long as human nature remains what it is; so long as men suffer from the piercing sorrows of life, from the bondage of sin and the agony of an awakened conscience, so long must they find their only hope and satisfying rest in a faith that shows Divine Love descending into the suffering that we might be raised out of the sin and the suffering, with purified and pacified conscience, into a blessedness greater than heart can conceive.

These preliminary remarks have been called forth by the introduction and peroration of the article in question. We shall now proceed to consider the more special objections to prayer.

The first of these objections is, that the writer considers aspiration and prayer to be different things, and thinks that aspiration fulfils itself. Now, in the first place, we do not admit the validity of the distinction ; we think that true prayer *includes both* aspiration and petition. In the next place, while we believe that "they that hunger and thirst for righteousness shall be filled," yet we know from the experience of thousands, that a man may and often *does* long for purity, and yet feels that he is infinitely, hopelessly far from it, that by his own exertions and aspirations he can never attain it. Fastings, vigils, mortifications, penances, whether of monk or Brahmin, all bear testimony to the fact that the most earnest aspirations *cannot* raise a man to purity and righteousness ; *cannot* free him from the corruption of his nature ; that "the just shall *live by faith*." In the next place, when a desire for "moral or spiritual good" is expressed in "aspiration," that aspiration is surely addressed to an object, whether that object be called an "Unseen Power," or by any other name. Does then, this unseen power, which is presumably the source of all spiritual good. answer our aspirations in any way? If so, it has really answered *petition*. If not, we were in error in uttering an *aspiration* towards it. The good has come not from it, but must have been innate in us. Then, if growth in holiness is a result of aspiration or petition to the "Unseen Power," and there is no such power, then growth in holiness is based on a lie—which is of course absurd. But if there is such a power, and if there exists even a spiritual relation between us and Him, we must suppose His acting upon our spirits. But *man is a unity*. If our spirits are affected our whole beings are affected. And if we are affected, circumstances are affected, for we to a certain extent control circumstances. And the word "circumstances" is just another name for temporal things. Our spiritual and temporal life are often so completely interwoven that a distinction is fanciful. The spiritual is the higher, and therefore we should pray chiefly for the spiritual, praying *always*, "Thy will be done." But such resignation is by no means incompatible with prayer or effort, either in the spiritual or the temporal region.

---

* What St. Augustine wrote fifteen centuries ago, many writers of the present day do not seem to know or comprehend. "What is now called the Christian religion has existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the beginning of the human race, until Christ came in the flesh, from which time the true religion, which existed already, began to be called Christian."

In so far as the objections stated in the article in question refer to the relation of prayer to Natural Law, the present writer would refer the author to the Burney Prize Essay of Mr. Romanes, entitled "Christian Prayer and General Laws;" the *appendix* o which, *alone*, was the basis of the former article, which was not so much directed against the argument founded on the scientific conception of law, as against the inconsistencies of writers who deny the legitimacy of prayer in the physical, while conceding it in the spiritual. In this Essay, which is well worthy of an attentive perusal, Mr. Romanes —himself a thorough student of natural science—discusses the relations of prayer to natural laws much more exhaustively than would be possible in a Magazine article, and much more profoundly than an unscientific writer could do. He shows, as it seems very clearly and conclusively, that so great is our ignorance of the reciprocal relations of natural laws, of the very nature of second causes, and of their relation to the intelligent First Cause, that anything we do know affords no reasonable assumption against the belief that the all-controlling First Cause can and does answer the prayers of His creatures in and through what we call "Natural Law."*

It may be remarked, however, that there are two conceptions of the order of the Universe; one, which seems to have long been formed in many minds, being that God had "in the beginning" imparted to nature a certain order and sequence, and then left it, like a self-directing machine, to proceed in its course without His further care and intervention. The other, which is now maintained by writers who are at once able physiologists and psychologists, and which seems at once simpler, grander, and more in harmony with the Infinity and Omnipresence of God, is that all we can ever know of the actual material universe around us, is that natural forces (equivalent to *matter* so far as our knowledge goes) are simply manifestations to us of the mind and will of God. This conception makes all external nature a direct revelation, to some extent, of the Infinite First Cause,—the outer garment, so to speak, in which the Invisible Father clothes Himself to our senses. The "laws of nature" are simply His *chosen modes* of action, and the sublime descriptions of the Psalmist are no longer figurative, but almost literal truth: "Who covereth Himself with light as with a garment, who maketh the clouds His chariot, who walketh upon the wings of the wind." This conception, at least, removes the ideal barrier of a sort of iron framework of "natural law" intervening between us and God,—makes "nature" what it *is*, a mere figure of speech, and suggests, at least, the reasonableness of the belief that while God, for wise reasons, follows a certain uniformity of procedure, He may occasionally, for equally wise reasons, follow a different mode of procedure which we call miraculous.*

---

* Dr. Chalmers, who, in one of his Astronomical discourses—written more than fifty years ago—asserts the constancy of nature as strongly as any modern physicist could do, thus explains the relation of prayer to this established uniformity : "It is not by a visible movement within the region of human observation, but by an invisible movement in the transcendental region above it, that the prayer is met and responded to. The Supernal Power of the Universe, in immediate contact with the upper extremities of every progression, there put forth an overruling influence which tells and propagates downwards to the lower extremities ; and so, by an agency placed too remote either for the eye of sense, or for all the instruments of science to discover, may God, in answer, if He choose, to prayer, fix and determine every series of events—of which, nevertheless, all that man can see, is but the uniformity of the closing footsteps—a few of the last causes and effects following each other in their wonted order. It is thus that we reconcile all the experience which man has of nature's uniformity with the effect and significance of his prayers to the God of nature. It is thus that, at one and the same time, we live under the care of a presiding God, and among the regularities of a harmonious universe."

The author of "Prayer and Modern Thought" considers it only an "enlarged fatalism" to suppose that the two spheres of God's spiritual and physical government have been adjusted to each other, so as to provide for meeting our needs by what we may call the action of circumstances. Now the question is,—Is the universe order or anarchy? From the supposition that all things are the sport of "chance," uncontrolled and undirected, we think any thoughtful mind must recoil with horror; while, on the other hand, while believing in a Divine Intelligence foreseeing all events and controlling all issues, while constantly tracing the workings of a "Providence that shapes our ends" to far better results than we could ever have conceived, our sense of moral responsibility compels us to believe in our own free choice of action. We need not discuss "fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute;" problems which, if they did not perplex man in Eden, have done so ever since. But in regard to what are called the physical and spiritual spheres, we may well ask: Are not these two spheres really *one*; inasmuch as both are subject to *one* Being; or is that one sphere controlled by law without regard to that Being, while in the other sphere there is no law at all? Has that Being set the world in motion, while He stands apart to see it go, while, to make up for this exclusion of Himself from the physical, He has denied Himself foreknowledge or foreordination in the spiritual? Apart from this theory being inconceivable, it is unscientific. It is dualistic, also, implying two Gods,—one of nature and one of grace, the one having no control over the arrangements of the other. And we believe—what the objector does not seem to think we do—that every craving of a human soul *has* been provided for, if that soul will take God's appointed way, though not by any means always by supplying it with the *literal* object of its craving. We are asked to suppose the case of a mother, watching over a sick child, who is supposed to be consoled by two friends, one of whom believes that the issue of the disease depends upon the skilful use of remedies and the strength of the child's constitution; while the other believes it is under the control of an all-foreseeing and all-disposing God. Now, the idea of a necessary natural sequence of cause and effect, pushed far enough, according to the views of modern physicists, would show the one result just as much determined as the other. We are asked which of these views would seem to a mother the most "hopelessly fatalistic?" We think there are few mothers who would not say with David:—"Let me fall into the hand of God, for His mercies are great, and let me not fall into the hand of man." We are confident that to any mother's heart it would be infinitely more consoling to be told that the issue of the disease was under the control of a wise and loving Father, who, though He acts in and through natural laws, has proclaimed Himself the Hearer and Answerer of Prayer; to Whom, while using every means of relief that He has permitted to be known, she might also prefer her earnest prayer for the success of these means, sure that even if He does not even give her the life of her child, He will give her the felt support of His strengthening love, and enable her to believe that he has guided the event wisely. The difficulty is just the old difficulty, how to reconcile God's sovereignty and man's free-will. But the difficulty is not met by calling God's sovereignty law, nor by ignoring either fact. Both are facts, contrary, but not contradictory. We simply accept both.

---

*"A miracle is commonly defined to be a contravention of the laws of nature. More properly speaking, it is only a higher operation of those same laws, in a form hitherto unseen. What we call laws are simply the subordinate expressions of a Will. There are emergencies in which it may be necessary for the Will to assert itself, and become not the mediate, but the immediate antecedent to the consequent. No subordinate agent interposes; simply the First Cause comes in contact with the result. A miracle is the manifestation to man of the voluntariness of Power."—F. W. ROBERTSON.

The argument which runs through the objections seems to be, in effect, that, as the will of God must be perfectly wise and good, it is presumptuous to hope to affect that will by prayer. But this objection must fall to the ground if, as we believe, on good grounds, to be specified hereafter, *it is the will of God to establish a connexion between prayer and the bestowal of blessings.*

If it be His will to establish a connexion between the prayer and the gift, even though that connexion, owing to His greater wisdom and the purposes of His moral government, may be far from uniform, it would surely be presumptuous arrogance to ignore it. Those things which "God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." The causation may be different from any physical causation that we can conceive of. We know there are many kinds of causation, the nature of which is to us inconceivable, "many things in heaven and earth not dreamt of in our philosophy." At all events, if it be His will to make believing prayer a link in the chain of causation, it is

"Ours not to make reply,
Ours not to reason why,"

but thankfully and reverently to avail ourselves of what is at once a command and a privilege. "In *everything*, by prayer and supplication, let your requests be made known unto God." And in so doing we find "the peace that passeth all understanding," which, we humbly believe, cannot be reached otherwise.

Moreover, they who see the direct hand of God in all that surrounds them, thank Him for every blessing they receive. But if prayer is illegitimate, *so is gratitude*—a conclusion that few, we think, would be willing to arrive at, or think their moral nature raised thereby. There is a colloquial expression that "what is worth having is worth asking for;" and surely if the request were only the recognition of our child-like dependence, it would be right and proper. But we believe there is more *real* connexion than that.

The immutability of God is another objection against belief in prayer, which the objector seems to think a reversion to "the anthropomorphism of primitive times."* If by that he means, for instance, the time of Noah, he forgets that the teaching of the Scriptures is the same in the Apostles' times as those of Noah; and that that teaching is followed by the great mass of humanity, including the wisest, as we believe, in the "modern world." "There is nothing new under the sun." In "primitive times" there were people who denied the efficacy of prayer just as there are now. And Mr. Tyndall himself professes to be little more than the disciple of Democritus. This objection however, is, curiously enough, urged only against petition for "blessings *not* of a spiritual kind." But there is as great a difficulty involved in petition for spiritual as for physical blessings. In either case, the prayer implies the supposition that it will have an *effect*. It is the same old difficulty that no human mind can solve—how to reconcile God's eternal purpose with our freedom of action and will.

When an objector asks us to prove that a prayed for event would have taken place, whether it had been prayed for or not, he is asking what is in *the nature of things* impossible. The realm of the *contingent* is completely beyond our ken. No one can tell how the course of the world's history might have been changed, had one single link, either of physical or human action, been omitted. He seems to think that, because we cannot trace the efficacy of prayer in the uniform safety and prosperity of those who pray, or are prayed for, therefore we may presume it to have no efficacy at all. To this we reply that the very objects prayer is designed to serve—among others the exercise of faith—would be defeated if we could always trace the workings of God's hand in answer to prayer. Any mechanical theory of prayer—any proposal to establish a prayer-gauge, is an utter absurdity. If we believe at all in a providential government by an all-wise ruler, we must expect that many prayers *cannot* have a literal answer, especially as comparatively few ask wisdom "what to pray for as they ought." The objection is simply a new statement of an old problem: "How dieth the wise man?—as the fool." But to our limited vision many things *look* alike which are *not* alike. Our interpretation of God's dealings with individuals must often be wide indeed of the mark. Most readers will remember Parnell's "Hermit," who observed with so much astonishment and horror the inexplicable proceedings of the angel in disguise, until their reasons were revealed to him. The rain *does* "fall on the just and the unjust,"* and it would be a *bribe* to prayer if it did *not*, though we can at least conceive that the rain which blesses the fields of the wicked man may be an answer to the prayers of his Christian neighbour. But "one event happeneth to all." The "righteous" and the "perfect" are destroyed together. Nay, more, we often see the wicked prospering "like a green bay-tree," while the good man is overtaken by a long course of calamity. It is the old puzzle, which wrung the heart of suffering Job, and perplexed the Psalmist and the "Preacher." What then? Shall we conclude that good and evil are alike to a holy God; that the "righteous is forsaken;" that our Heavenly Father does not hear and answer the prayers of His children? No, surely! But that life here is incomplete and fragmentary; that we see but a small part of God's dealings with man, and of *that* only the outside; that He is dealing with His children in loving wisdom, and answering their prayers in ways far better than they could devise. Very often what seems to us unmitigated evil is but a blessing in disguise. "Whom the Gods love die young," is a saying not without its truth. What seems to us the prematurely cut off life in the ship lost at sea (to take one of the illustrations adduced), may be simply an entrance on an infinitely blessed immortality, without the greater degree of care and suffering which is usually inseparable from a longer life on earth.

---

* The Jews had just as correct ideas of God's immutability as the "modern world," but they were able to see two sides, which many in the modern world do not seem able to do. Where do you get such descriptions of the perfections of Jehovah as in the Bible? "God is not a man that he should repent," is as old as some of the other expressions in which the word "repent" is used as quoted; nor is there any inconsistency between them. The word translated "repent" in these passages has for its primary meaning *simply* that of *sorrow* or *compassion*—not change of purpose, which is quite a distinct word, usually applied to man's repentance. It is simply a strong expression of God's strong compassion for sinning, suffering man—clinging to sin which unrepented of *must* lead to endless misery; the same compassionate love which found its supreme expression in the cross of Christ.

But, though we cannot *see*, we have every reason to believe—(as great a certainty as we can have in our present state) and none to doubt—that the heart of the Divine Father responds to every true prayer by *such an answer as is seen by Infinite Wisdom to be fitted to the special needs of the individual suppliant.* And can we expect or conceive of any other kind of answer as possible? Has any one the least right to say that we do not receive an answer because a request is not literally fulfilled? Apply the same test to human relations. When we appeal to a friend for aid in our distress, and instead of the precise aid we asked for, he sends us help in some other form—it may be only in the assurance of his love and sympathy—do we think our appeal *unanswered?* If we *fully trust* our friend, we feel sure, even if his reasons are unexplained, that we have had the best answer he could give us in the circumstances. And can we say that a mother does not *answer* her child's pleading cry, even though she may withhold the dangerous plaything he is longing for, if she hastens to clasp him to her heart, and teach him to forget his disappointment by the love and sympathy he *can* understand, though he could not understand her reasons for withholding the special object of his desire? This is an analogy that we have a Divine warrant for using. "As one that his mother comforteth;" "Like as a father pitieth his children,"—are words most fully realized by those who have passed through the sorest distress. To insist that answers to prayer must always be literal fulfilments of requests, would be to "*invade* and not to *pray*." And there is no failure to

---

* "These words were spoken to exemplify the Divine beneficence and long suffering, without the least shadow of implication that they were intended to cover the entirely distinct question as to whether or not the children of God are a greater care to Him than the impious. Indeed, so far as this passage bears upon the subject at all, it clearly tends to the inference that they are so; for if the Lord is merciful even to the impious, much more will he give good gifts to His children who ask Him."—ROMANES.

"trust ourselves in God's hands," because we use all possible means for procuring the fulfilment of our legitimate desires, *of which means we believe prayer to be one.*

It is not quite an accurate statement of the case to say that we believe we should "pray only for such things as, for aught we know, *may* happen whether we pray or not." Out of the certain and the impossible we cannot possibly tell whether anything *may* happen or not; but we do not, therefore, remain inactive. The "region of uncertainty" *is*, undoubtedly, the region of human prayer as it is of human effort. Where we see a thing to be *impossible*, we *neither pray nor labour.* A passage in the present writer's original paper has been somewhat unfairly treated. It was said that no one would be "so presumptuous as to pray for the reversal of those conditions of our mortal life, *on the uniform action of which all human calculations depend*," and we are asked whether every physical law is not "a condition of our mortal life?" But, in the first place, we do not ask for a *reversal* of *any* "physical law," and in the next place, of course, what was meant was, that it would be selfish and wicked to pray, for instance, for our own convenience, that either seed-time or harvest might not come,[*] whereas, it is neither selfish nor wicked to pray for a timely shower or restoration to health, the granting of which, *so far as we know*, need injure no one. Neither the present writer, nor any one else, has "made it a Christian duty to imitate Elijah," in praying for what *was* a miraculous or an exceptional cessation of rain. The instance is given by St. James, *not* to show that we should imitate Elijah in the *object* of his prayer, but simply to show that "the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," in the physical as well as the spiritual sphere. We believe that God does not give the *special direction and impulse* to pray for anything of a *miraculous* nature except when, for wise reasons, He intends to answer it by a departure from His ordinary mode of procedure; and this is our answer to those who ask why we do not now pray for things we call miraculous. Our Lord Himself worked no needless miracles, and would not cast himself from a pinnacle of the Temple, when tempted to do so for an inadequate or unworthy end. Much more, for His followers to petition for the miraculous, without special direction, outward or inward, would be presumptuous in the extreme. We are told that, in praying for the removal of disease, we wish "that the case may not be left to the action of the ordinary laws of nature." To their *undirected*, *spontaneous* action, we certainly do *not* wish it left; otherwise we should not call in a physician or apply remedies, by which we desire to alter the course of these laws, and probably change the result. If *man* can thus direct and modify the course of these laws, are we to suppose that God cannot do so, either through these laws themselves, or by a direct act of power? Are we to forget that He can and does "bless human agency for the production of physical effects," or to assert that "God never can or never does use any other agency than that of man to act upon physical causation?" If so, we make at least a very groundless assertion. How often, in disease, does it happen that its course is determined by a seeming "accident," or a train of such. Are we to suppose that He who controls and directs *all* things has nothing to do with these, because free and responsible human agents may intervene? Sometimes the joy of the sudden presence of a beloved friend has recalled the ebbing tide of life, when all seemed hopeless. There is surely nothing unreasonable, nothing at variance with true science, in believing that He from whom life comes at first, might directly impart to that mysterious principle which we call *vitality*, sufficient force to enable it to throw off the disease. A well authenticated case is known to the present writer, in which the recovery of a little girl from an apparently hopeless malady was attributed by the attending physician to the calmness—resulting from spiritual peace—of the patient in prospect of death. It will not be said, we think, that *this* was not a direct gift from the source of spiritual good. Yet, in the opinion of a scientific observer, it altered the *result*. There have been other well authenticated cases also, in which recovery from an apparently hopeless disease has taken place without the intervention of any means save that of prayer. How are such cases received? Generally by some attempt to maintain that there must be some occult cause eluding observation. Anything rather than a recognition of the direct action of God! It was He who knew what was in man who said, "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe though one rose frcm the dead;" And we know they did not!

---

[*] The objection to this distinction "implies the argument that the possibility of prayer being answered does not depend at all on the reasonableness or unreasonableness of the petition, and that a prayer for something which involves the ruin of a world is quite as absurd as a petition for something which, for aught we know, or for anything that is probably true, may be done without any greater disturbance than is produced by any of our own actions in 'changing the existing order.' This argument is against common sense, and is obviously founded solely on the assumption that the reasonableness or unreasonableness of a petition has no bearing whatever on the possibility of its being granted, which possibility is absolutely negatived, wherever any physical change is concerned, however small this change may be."—Duke of Argyle, in *Contemporary Review.*

If the author of "Prayer and Modern Thought" had read a little more carefully the original article he would have seen that neither the present writer nor Mr. Romanes is responsible for the supposition that "a suggestion darted into the mind of a physician" may be the cause of preserving life,—but the Rev. Mr. Knight, who agrees with him completely in most of his remarks, while he entirely disagrees with him in others.* He would have seen, also, that that passage was quoted by Mr. Romanes from Mr. Knight simply to show that *this admission implies* that "any theory of fore-ordination we can rationally frame must suppose the influence of prayer to have been so pre-related to physical forces that its exercise by man is a means to the accomplishment of physical results." But certainly it is not easy to see what there is either "grotesque" or unreasonable in the supposition that such a suggestion should come from the source of all light. Anyone who believes in what we call *inspiration* in any sense, even the lowest, must believe in the infusion into the mind of ideas and thoughts which we do not think would have come there in the ordinary course of things.† When, as has often happened, a physician having tried all ordinary remedies in vain, has suggested to him, by mere accident it may be, some simple but unusual remedy, which proves successful, is it unreasonable to suppose that He, without whom a "sparrow falls not to the ground," has ordered that very suggestion? And it *does* happen, not seldom, that the remedy suggested may, owing to some, perhaps, occult peculiarity of the case, be successful in one instance, while it may have no effect at all in others apparently similar. Some Christian physicians have thought it neither unreasonable nor hopeless to make a practice of praying for guidance, and for a blessing on the medicines they administer, and have ascribed much of their success thereto. But no doctor possessing conscience or common sense would lay on Divine Providence the blame of his own culpable carelessness or forgetfulness. Yet on any supposition of an all-knowing, over-ruling Providence, can we say that even *these* are not foreseen and taken into account?

To object that the "direct trace of God's special action" is not seen in answering prayer for the removal of disease, is to complain that He acts there as He does in all things. The voice of all science as of all philosophy is: "Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself." A modern writer, truly says, "God's hidings are revelations, and His revelations are also hidings. Always there is far more concealed than can be made manifest." Nothing short of a direct revelation of Divinity to sense, a thing of which we may well question the possibility, would satisfy those who complain that God, in answer to prayer, acts through what we call "natural causes."

We are asked whether strong faith in prayers would not have a tendency to supersede the use of means. Certainly the fact our prayers, or "limit the Holy One of Israel." And while we pray always in a spirit of *submission*, we are *not* called upon to extinguish any natural innocent desire, apart from our acquiescence in the result. The instinct to express our needs in prayer is truer than the unnatural passiveness of ancient Stoic or modern Turk or quietist. Christianity does not call upon us to

---

* As there seems to be some misunderstanding as to how far the Rev. Mr. Knight's views agree with those of the article in question, the following, extracted from a note appended to his last article in the *Contemporary Review*, will show how far they differ:—"I say again, explicitly and distinctly, that I do not deny (1) the lawfulness of bringing our *desires* to God for all things whatsoever. On the contrary, I affirm and enforce the duty of doing so. Nor (2) do I deny the legitimacy of petition for physical things, *as the evolution of the divine* and benignant will. On the contrary, I affirm and enforce the duty of doing so. Nor (3) do I deny the legitimacy of petitioning God for the removal of disease, or of all that is interfering with the perfection of terrestrial life. On the contrary, I affirm and enforce the duty of doing so.

† "We breathe with regularity, and can calculate upon the strength necessary for common tasks. But the record of our best work, and of our happiest moments, is always one of success which we did not expect, and of enthusiasm which we could not prolong."—RUSKIN.

> "Wind ourselves too high
> For mortal man beneath the sky;"

but deals with us as we *are*—conscious of many longing desires that it is an infinite relief to bring to a Father "able and willing to help us." In some future state we may have every separate individual desire absorbed in the will of God. But this we are not required to do yet by Him who leads us as we can bear it. "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." If any one feels he has nothing to pray for, we can hardly expect him to pray—however desirable it may be that he should. But to those who feel that they *have* much to pray for, it is an unspeakable comfort to know that "in everything we may make our requests known unto God." And we have the warrant of the example of Him who was as truly man as He was truly God: "*If it be possible*, let this cup pass from me! *Nevertheless*, not as I will, *but as Thou wilt!*"

A LOVE SONG.

As an imprisoned lark set free
Soars up to Heaven with joyous strain
Till, lost to sight, his rapturous trill
Falls in a shower of music rain,
Then with one loud impassioned burst
His full heart breaks! his song is done,
And sinking down to earth again,
He sobs his life out 'neath the sun—

Even so I lying at thy feet,
Would sing my love in ardent strain,
Pouring my full heart out in song,
In hope one favouring smile to gain;
And if I died from joy's excess
Beneath the sun of love like thine,
I'd deem the power of Heaven to bless
Could give no bliss to equal mine.

OTTAWA.

F.

CANADIAN NATIONALITY AND ITS OPPONENTS.

BY WILLIAM NORRIS, INGERSOLL.

IT may be asserted, as almost indisputable, that all changes in established governments necessarily affect the material interests of a large class or classes of individuals. No system of government can be in existence for any length of time without creating such interested classes. The officials receiving salaries from a Government, those who have formed expectations from having supported it, and numbers who enjoy social and political prestige by being connected with its members, are all interested in its existence. Besides these classes, however, there is the more numerous one which actually enjoys the power. After a struggle of half a lifetime power is sweet. No one knows what the reformer has to pass through but the man who has occupied that position. At first. he experiences nothing worse than social ostracism; but as he is generally a man who has never-failing resources in himself, he does not mind this much. As he succeeds and obtains strength, this is followed by dislike, then come bitter hate and oppression, abuse and ridicule; his dearest feelings are lacerated, and he is attacked in every relation that he holds most sacred. It not unfrequently happens that his very means of living are attempted to be taken away. No wonder that power is sweet to the man who has passed through such an ordeal, and has arrived at the goal of his desires, and that he should fiercely resent any attempt to weaken his position. All the feelings of his nature are gratified; he sees those who despised him at his feet, and he can deal out the same ruthless contempt upon those from whom he received his bitterest pangs. This is to many a pleasure, but it is nothing to that derived from a gratified vanity. All the predictions which have been laughed at and ridiculed, have become living realities; and a full consciousness of personal power adds to the charm on which a man lives, who has conquered all difficulties and attained the object of his ambition. Where it happens, as it sometimes does, that one man enjoys all the pleasures and honours of power, while all the labours and responsibilities are borne by others, it enhances immensely the pleasures of the position. All the means within their power are used by such men in their own support; and the means of coercion, intimidation, and reward, which are in the power of even the smallest Government, are very great; and hence the advantages which every Government has over its opponents, who generally have nothing but a sentiment to offer against so many material interests. Hence, while over eight-tenths of the population of Canada are native born, the number of native Canadians, or men imbued with Canadian sentiments, in power, are very few.

There is another large class of the Canadian people which will always be opposed to Nationalists. These are the natives of England. The glory of their country is enhanced wonderfully by having a country like Canada as an appendage; and it would be correspondingly reduced by a separation of the two countries. No doubt the feeling which prompts this opposition is the same as that which actuates Nationalists. It is the same feeling with a different object; and is, like that of the Nationalist, perfectly justifiable, as no doubt this common sentiment of patriotism arises from circumstances—birth and education—over which individuals have no control; and this fact ought to create tolerance instead of bigotry and dislike.

Having regard, therefore, to these reasons, it is not surprising that Canadian Nationality should have a large number of opponents in Canada. This opposition comes as a matter of course, and Nationalists should be and are prepared to accept it. They expect to have their motives questioned, their objects misrepresented, and their characters assailed; but they also expect that this shall be done in decent language, at least, as befits the times. Those who defend vested interests, under the character of advocates of a United Empire, should not present so great a contrast between the vastness of their subject and the smallness and scurrility of their language. "Traitor," "rebel," "nuisance," will only excite contempt, in the breast of every right-thinking man, instead of conviction ; not to speak of the estimate formed of the character of the writer who adopts such a style. As the world advances, all revolutions become more decent ; and we have good reason to hope that a different class of men is getting interested in the Canadian question.

Among the many signs that a different style of writing is approaching among the anti-nationalists, is a paper which appeared in the July and August numbers of the *Canadian Monthly*, by Mr. Jehu Matthews. While the remains of the old style are noticeable in this paper, it is happily free from the glaring coarseness which disfigures the writings, and lessens the influence of other men. This gentleman is to be congratulated on being the first "anti" to inaugurate such a style. His nativity may possibly be a reason for it ; but it is nevertheless no less pleasing to think that we are indebted to a Canadian for the change.

In the opening part of that paper, a good many speculations are indulged in with regard to the meaning of the expression, "Canada First." There is not much difficulty in ascertaining the meaning which the advocates of Independence attach to this expression, as their position is unmistakeable. There is no standing ground between the "Liberals" of Canada and the advocates of Independence. Hence, as free discussion spreads national principles, and removes timidity, all those who adopt the motto, "Canada First," must sooner or later avow their belief in Independence. There is therefore, no necessity for the present writer to notice the first part of the paper.

As to the general argument in the paper, respecting the danger arising to Canada from her proximity to the United States, facts are against the theory. The United States never forcibly annexed an alien people. They have purchased, conquered, and absorbed *territory*, but never a people. They did not conquer Texas, they absorbed it. There was no nationality in that State, and, as a consequence, when it obtained the power, it joined the Union to obtain the material benefits the Union could give. California and Alaska may be said to have been uninhabited when acquired, as modern diplomacy does not take into account the wishes of the aborigines. There is no attempt made to acquire Cuba, although it could be done with the consent of all civilized states ; and only the other day we find the American people expressing their strong opposition to the admission of an alien people into their Union in refusing to annex St. Domingo, contrary to the strongest efforts of their own powerful executive.

If it was the settled policy of the United States, previous to the civil war, not to receive alien or disaffected peoples into the Union—which can be easily proven —one can easily understand why they refuse now to do so. They have just conquered more than a third of their own people, not by the works of peace and good-will, but with fire and sword, and all the horrors of a dreadful war. As a consequence, a hate has arisen between the two sections which will take a hundred years to allay. If the Americans were at war with a foreign power now, it is more than probable that the South would again take up arms. It is almost certain that they would not oppose another landing at New Orleans. Indeed, a large portion of the American army is still required to preserve order and keep down disaffection in the Southern States. Under these circumstances it would be madness for the Americans to forcibly add 3,000,000 of disaffected people to the north of them to the Union, and it is utterly impossible to suppose they would do it ; or that the state of the South would enable them to attempt it, until such time as Canada would be able to successfully defend herself. Indeed, their recent conduct with respect to St. Domingo, Cuba, and the Sandwich Islands, gives no reason to suppose that there would be any desire to make such an attempt.

This is where the great mistake is made by anti-nationalists. They either make a mistake in terms, or they purposely beg the question. Nationalists scarcely ever speak of conquest. They know there never would be any necessity for it on the part of the United States. If there were no feeling but that for England to prevent it, the Americans could offer us such advantages as would induce three-fourths of the Canadian people to advocate annexation to-morrow. Nationalists, consequently, address themselves continually to the question of absorption; and their opponents either avoid the issue, or consider conquest and absorption equivalent terms, when the words have totally different meanings. It is true that some of their opponents affect to pooh-pooh this idea of absorption, and say it is a mere bugbear which can have no existence so long as there is British connection. Without, however, going into the first principles which affect this question, and which are attempted to be set out in my pamphlet on the "Canadian Question," a few remarks are necessary. In astronomy, all theories are capable of being demonstrated. For instance, a theory is enunciated as to the progress of a certain comet in a given direction; actual measurement is afterwards made, and the distance travelled is found correct. Let us apply this same rule to Canada. From the principles stated in the pamphlet mentioned, the conclusion is drawn that "the absorption of Canada by the United States, unless something be done to prevent it, is only a question of time." Now let us glance back and measure the distance, if any, travelled. Responsible government should not be taken as an advance, as that is the normal condition of British subjects: but every improvement since that was conceded, is a step towards the United States. For instance, the separation of church and state, and the secularization of the clergy reserves, are American ideas. Our municipal system is taken from the Americans; we have only improved it a little by adding the County Council. Our school system is American; and our currency and decimal system are taken from them. Our system of public roads, and the laying out of public land, with its settlement, are American. Our federal system of government is confessedly American; and so is our election by ballot; and if any thing further were wanting to shew whither we are drifting, the projected change in our Senate is conclusive. This change, the principle of which has been acknowledged by our House of Commons, is clearly after the American model, the only difference being the equal number of representatives from the American States in their Senate.

Again, by the recent postal arrangements between Canada and the United States, the principle is admitted that convenience and economy are objects to be attained. Hence, a Canadian postage stamp prepays a letter to any part of the United States. Hence the abolition of scores of custom houses and offices, and hence one government for both countries. We have now a postal union, what is to hinder a commercial union, and after that a political one?

Will any sensible man examine these things, and say Canada is not advancing towards the United States? Assuredly not. Now, Nationalists ask, where is the centripetal force? and their opponents say British connection or a federal empire. Why, all this advance has been made while you are claiming that Canada is an integral portion of the empire, England. Why, many of these American ideas—the ballot for instance—have been forced upon us through England; and if a large number of people there had their way, we should be given over altogether to our neighbours. The remarks of Sir Charles Dilke, in his "Greater Britain," respecting Canadians, show what his school of politicians think best for Canada. It is to be feared that Canada is leaning on a broken reed if she depends on the English connection as a means of preserving her own autonomy. There is a good deal of fervour in England just now under the reign of a Tory government, but it will not last long. Grenville will shortly be in power again, and the whole tone will be changed.

Now, if being an integral portion of the British Empire will not prevent this advance, how is the connection of the Federal Empire to prevent it? It may again, therefore, be said, that "Independence would create a nationality which would unite the people as one man against all encroachments of the United States, and effectually prevent the *absorption* of the country by that power."

Mr. Mathews is a little incensed at the expression in the "Canadian Question," that people betray their adopted country when a question arises between that and their native land. The facts stated in the pamphlet may or may not justify such an opinion; but how does the fact that there are five native Canadians—or for that matter five hundred—to one foreign-born, disprove it, or even affect it. Evidently what Mr. Mathews means is, that no matter what may be the opinion of foreigners, their number, in comparison with that of native Canadians, is such as to make them powerless. Again, facts are against him. Who are "at home," attending state balls and associating with dukes and earls on the strength of their power over Canadians? Two *Scotchmen*, who by force of party organization have arrived at the top. The number of Canadians, or men imbued with Canadian sentiments, in power in Canada, could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and these are pointed at as if they had committed some crime in loving their native land better than one three thousand miles away. This state of things must continue so long as Canadians allow the machinery of party to make them the mere tools of designing men. Another reason for it is the fact that all our institutions of learning are in the hands of foreigners, who crush all free thought out of our young men, or make of them, by their teaching, Englishmen, born in Canada. In the most despotic of countries—Germany and Russia—we find the germs of free thought permeating all the universities, and throwing light on the darkness that envelops the land; while in "democratic" Canada the universities are simply extinguishers in the hands of anti-nationalists. What is the consequence? An intellectual dearth pervades the country; men are afraid of shadows; and a mean, despicable tyranny crushes out all free thought and speech. Witness even Mr. Mathews's own interesting book by "a Colonist."

Mr. Mathews says that spoils won from independent Canada would be just as valuable as those won from England in Canada. There is not much probability, however, of a Canadian Alabama preying upon American commerce, nor is there any reason to fear that, with a boundary well and carefully laid down, and acknowledged by the United States, any difficulty would arise between the two countries not susceptible of amicable adjustment, if the irritating influence of British superiority and British aristocratic hate were taken away, especially considering the time required by the States to pacify the South.

The most ingenious of Mr. Mathews's arguments remains to be considered. It is asserted in the "Canadian Question" that the political position of Canada prevents immigration, and figures are given to prove the assertion. Mr. Mathews states that it is not the political position that gives the difference in favour of the Western States, but other causes, and cites the case of Australia, a country in a colonial position, which has increased in population greater than any of the Western States mentioned in the pamphlet. Mr. Mathews, unfortunately, fails to remark the discovery of gold in Australia, or doing so, to contrast the rate of increase with that of the State of California, a country in analagous circumstances, not mentioned in the pamphlet. Nationalists are content to compare the progress of Australia, before the discovery of gold, with that of any Western State, except California, during the same time, and they have no fear of the result.

He also stated, as an argument against the statement that the colonial position prevents the investment of capital, that there are $85,798,000 of the debt of Canada payable in London. This sum is not much in London. He failed to say the amount of British Capital loaned to the United States Government, not to speak of the State debts and the innumerable private enterprises built up by English money. If it were possible to learn this sum, the amount of British capital in Canada would appear utterly insignificant. In the future, owing to the late investigation by Sir Henry James, British capitalists may be more careful; but, heretofore, it is a notorious fact that Provincial governments stood no chance in the English money market as against the most feeble independent power.

If all this be correct, if Canada can support Independence, and if it be the interest of England to see her independent, then why do you prove recreant to your principles, asks Mr. Matthews, by wanting a guarantee. No one proves recreant to national principles by wishing a guarantee; nor is there any contradiction in England's being interested in Canadian freedom, and also being willing to give a guarantee. Canada is able to support Independence in her ordinary freedom from attack; but no one knows what the exigencies of States may require. Her ordinary freedom from attack enables Mexico to support Independence, although her people are not so capable of self-government as Canadians; but no such ordinary freedom could protect her against such an event as the French invasion to enthrone Maximilian. Such an event is not likely to happen to Canada; but nevertheless, Nationalists would like to make assurance doubly sure. Again, Nationalists want no quarrel with any of their countrymen. The fustian that is uttered by anti-national papers, about supporting British connection, "even at the sword's point," is all thrown away. It is the "lip loyalty" uttered by gentlemen, snug in their homes in Toronto, while Nationalists are going through the military schools, catching disease in cadet camps, or defending their country on the frontier. If it be possible, all classes of Canadians must be brought by argument to see the necessity for the change desired. The English guarantee would leave the present connection almost untouched, while it would enable us to develope a nationality that would defy absorption, and ultimately conquest. The only control that England now has over Canada, is the direction of her foreign policy. She would have the same control by the guarantee. England directs the foreign policy of Belgium. This guarantee system, if properly explained, would, it is believed, satisfy the legitimate desire of Englishmen to remain connected with England, while Nationalists do not desire Independence without it. This cannot be obtained without the free consent of England. Therefore the grandiloquent appeal to the sword will never be necessary, although it is questionable if the men who talk about it would ever make it if it were. There is no danger of civil war in Canada: Canada will require the assistance of all her sons to work out her national salvation.

Again, if England desires to see Canada independent, why should she give a guarantee? Assuming that she does desire it, the present helpless condition of the country is an assurance that by giving it up she would only be handing it over to her rival, the United States. Whereas, by fostering it under a guarantee for twenty years, she would have the assurance of having made an ally for all time, while she would prevent it from increasing the power of her formidable rival. The question might be put in this manner: Would it be better to have a dependency helplessly hanging on to England for all time, embarrassing her movements, and preventing her free action with the United States; or to give a guarantee for its independence for twenty, or even forty years, which guarantee might never cost her a cent? It might happen that England would be forced, in the interest of Canada, to give up the connection. The *Times* says that the advance of Russia from the east on India is inevitable; and that all that England can do is to prepare to meet her with all the resources of the Empire. If, when the struggle came, the United States should choose the time to pick a quarrel with England, there would be no other resource for England than to cast off Canada and defy the States. If that time comes, and there be no national feeling in Canada, she will surely share the fate of Texas. England might, therefore, reasonably desire Canadian Independence, and at the same time give the guarantee.

But Mr. Mathews says such a guarantee is not attainable; though he does not say why. Aliens in manners, race, language, and customs, like the Belgians, can get a guarantee; but British subjects cannot, although the *Standard* says that Canada would be defended by England like Kent. It is said that, independent, Canada could embarrass England by declaring war; but that is impossible, as she would always, like Belgium, have to consult England on her foreign policy.

Again, it is urged that Belgian independence was guaranteed because an attack on England might be apprehended from Antwerp or the Scheldt. Who would have made the attack?—Holland! No other power could. Before the British guarantee was given, Holland was the kingdom to which Belgium belonged, and there was not a question about the integrity of that kingdom, or its power to protect its neutrality. From what Mr. Greville says of the transaction in his Memoirs, it would seem that the guarantee was given in order to make a stable throne for an able and politic prince who had been the husband of a British princess, and who was a near relative of the Queen. The Canadian people, no doubt, could present considerations as weighty to sustain their application. As to there being more than one guarantee, there may be; but it is only nominal. The whole brunt of protection fell upon England, in obtaining treaties from Prussia and France during the late war.

Another very important circumstance is in favour of Canada. The Belgian guarantee is for all time; no such guarantee is wanted for Canada. Twenty-five years under

Independence would put Canada in such a position as not to require it; and what is twenty-five years in the life of a nation? And if Canada would be defended, like Kent, by England, surely such a guarantee would be given. However, this will never be known to a certainty until it is asked for and refused. When this is done, it will be then time to consider seriously the suggestion of Mr. Mathews and some others, to return to Downing Street rule, for this is what Imperial Federation really means.

It is asked what advantages, over what we have now, a guaranteed independence would give us, if we would have to consult England on our foreign policy? It would do the same thing for Canada that it is doing for Belgium. It prevents Belgium from being absorbed by France or Germany; it would prevent Canada from being absorbed by the United States. It would preserve Canadian territory, as there would be no losses sustained by the United States at the hands of Canadians to be paid for by Canadian territory; it would induce immigration, by enabling Canada to offer citizenship and a national status to all who came to her shores; it would induce the investment of capital by lessening the chances of Canada being made the theatre of a devastating war; it would stimulate progress and enterprise as it does in Belgium, by giving the inhabitants of Canada self-reliance and protection to their industry, as there would be no "Mother Country" to shut out; and, lastly, it would build up a nation, strong and powerful, that would not only secure freedom and happiness to its own people, but ultimately to millions of the human race.

So long as Mr. Mathews confines himself to practical measures he is strong and definite, but the moment he touches Imperial Federation he becomes hazy and nebulous. The writer must candidly confess that on this subject Mr. Mathews eludes his grasp. It seems almost self-evident that Imperial Federation involves one of two things—either England must give up her sovereignty and assume a secondary position, or Canada must return to Downing Street rule. This is admitted. In the necessary measures mentioned in the paper, Mr. Mathews says, "The Colonies should be left in possession of the local self-government at present enjoyed by them; *and that means be taken to secure the same privileges to the British Islands.*" It may not be irrelevant to suggest that we might give them a guarantee. Again, "That the Federal Legislature should succeed *to all the prerogatives* now enjoyed *by the Imperial Parliament*, excepting only those *granted* to the body or bodies *appointed to legislate* for the local governments of the British Islands." A guarantee is not attainable, but in the interests of Canada, the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain, that claims an existence of five hundred years, that is the proudest body in existence and the most jealous of its privileges, will give up all its Imperial powers, and render itself subject to a House largely composed of despised "Colonists!" Clearly Imperial Federation is not a dream; for very few dreams are so absurd. And then, after we have convinced England of the necessity of such an arrangement, we have also to convince Canada, and three or four more colonies. If Mr. Mathews will be good enough to refer to Mr. Bright's reply to an Irish Home Ruler, he will find a full answer to his proposition.

Then, if England will not give up her Imperial powers, what next is necessary in order to carry out the scheme of the Imperialists? Very opportunely, England again furnishes an answer in another book, entitled the "Great Game." In this scheme of federation, a council is constituted to secure free trade, and to seize and confiscate any money obtained by any colony through levying customs duties. Is any system like this possible for Canada? Any sensible man, not to speak of a patriotic Canadian, must say it is utterly impossible. Even the writer of that book excludes Canada from his imaginary despotism. The rule of Downing Street in Canada was, happily, destroyed during the last generation of Canadians, and will this generation render naught what was then accomplished? These gentlemen, with their talk about an impossibility, and the offers of individuals, anxious for knighthoods and Imperial honours, to share the burdens of the Empire, may again induce the Imperial Government to attempt things in regard to Canada which proved so disastrous just one hundred years ago. Do they want a scene for their ambition, an object for their enthusiasm, scope for their federalising abilities? Let them turn their eyes to a country stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, endowed by nature with everything which can make a great nation. Let them take a bird's eye view of this grand territory, and see on its extreme verge a small colony whose people are divided by different religions, different governments, and different races, having scarcely anything in common, and at present hanging together by a mere thread. Here is work for you, gentlemen, worthy of the noblest of you. Help to do away with the foolish passions that separate the people, and the men who influence those passions to further their own selfish designs. Soften the asperities which antagonistic races in the same country engender. In a word, federate your own country, and when that is done, you can then, with justice, and not before, turn your attention to others. As to the future of our country, its destiny is unalterably fixed—whether for good or ill depends on ourselves. Mr. Gladstone is reported to have said, in one of his speeches, that the laws which tend to the formation of states are not under the control of the English House of Commons. Neither are they under the control of Canadians. We cannot change them one jot or tittle. We may by our own exertions accelerate the time of their full fruition, and anti-nationalists may delay that time, or by weakening our self-reliance throw us into the maelstrom which surges to the south of us. But it is the plain duty of all Nationalists to work on with full faith in their work, content in the hope that, if not themselves, their children shall enjoy the fruits of their labours, and behold their dreams fully realized in seeing our country, strong in the love of all her children, take her place with credit among the independent nations of the world.

AT PARTING.

FOR a day and a night Love sang to us, played with us,
Folded us round from the dark and the light ;
And our hearts were fulfilled of the music he made with us,
Made with our hearts and our lips while he stayed with us,
Stayed in mid passage his pinions from flight
For a day and a night.

From his foes that kept watch with his wings had he hidden us,
Covered us close from the eyes that would smite,
From the feet that had tracked and the tongues that had chidden us,
Sheltering in shade of the myrtles forbidden us,
Spirit and flesh growing one with delight
For a day and a night.

But his wings will not rest and his feet will not stay for us :
Morning is here in the joy of its might ;
With his breath has he sweetened a night and a day for us ;
Now let him pass, and the myrtles make way for us ,
Love can but last in us here at its height
For a day and a night.

—*Athenæum.* A. C. SWINBURNE.

THE CLERGYMAN'S CONFESSION.*

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND PART.

CHAPTER VI.

THE stranger made his appearance punctually. I guessed him to be some two or three years younger than myself. He was undeniably handsome; his manners were the manners of a gentleman—and yet, without knowing why, I felt a strong dislike to him the moment he entered the room.

After the first preliminary words of politeness had been exchanged between us, my visitor informed me as follows of the object which he had in view.

"I believe you live in the country, sir," he began.

"I live in the West of England," I answered.

"Do you make a long stay in London?

"No. I go back to my rectory tomorrow."

"May I ask if you take pupils?"

"Yes."

"Have you any vacancy?"

"I have one vacancy."

"Would you object to let me go back with you to-morrow, as your pupil?

The abruptness of the proposal took me by surprise. I hesitated.

In the first place, (as I have already said), I disliked him. In the second place, he was too old to be a fit companion for my other two pupils—both lads in their teens. In the third place, he had asked me to receive him at least three weeks before the vacation came to an end. I had my own pursuits and amusements in prospect during that interval, and saw no reason why I should inconvenience myself by setting them aside.

He noticed my hesitation, and did not conceal from me that I had disappointed him.

"I have it very much at heart," he said, "to repair without delay the time that I have lost. My age is against me, I know. The truth is, I have wasted my opportunities since I left school, and I am anxious, honestly anxious, to mend my ways before it is too late. I wish to prepare myself for one of the universities; I wish to show, if I can, that I am not quite unworthy to inherit my father's famous name. You are the man to help me, if I can only persuade you to do it. I was struck by your sermon yesterday; and, if I may venture to make the confession in your presence, I took a strong liking to you. Will you see my father before you decide to say No? He will be able to explain whatever may seem strange in my present application; and he will be happy to see you this afternoon if you can spare the time. As to the question of terms, I am quite sure it can be settled to your entire satisfaction."

He was evidently in earnest, gravely, vehemently in earnest. I unwillingly consented to see his father.

The interview was a long one. All my questions were answered fully and frankly.

The young man had led an idle and desultory life. He was weary of it, and ashamed of it. His disposition was a peculiar one. He stood sorely in need of a guide, a teacher, and a friend, in whom he was disposed to confide. If I disappointed the hopes which he had centred in me, he would be discouraged, and would relapse into the aimless and indolent existence of which he was now ashamed. Any terms for which I might stipulate were at my disposal, if I would consent to receive him for three months to begin with, on trial.

I still hesitated: I consulted my father and my friends.

They were all of opinion (and justly of

---

* The Right of Translation (and all other Rights) Reserved by the Author.

opinion so far) that the new connection would be an excellent one for me. They all reproached me for taking a purely capricious dislike to a well-born and well-bred young man, and for permitting it to influence me, at the outset of my career, against my own interests. Pressed by these considerations, I allowed myself to be persuaded to give the new pupil a fair trial. He accompanied me the next day, on my way back to the rectory.

——

CHAPTER VII.

My senior pupil (you will find out his name for yourself before I have done) began well in one respect at least: he produced a decidedly favourable impression on the persons attached to my little household.

The women, especially, admired his beautiful light hair, his crisply-curling beard, his delicate complexion, his clear blue eyes, and his finely-shaped hands and feet. Even the inveterate reserve in his manner, and the downcast, almost sullen, look which had prejudiced *me* against him, aroused a common feeling of romantic enthusiasm in my servants' hall. It was decided, on the high authority of the housekeeper herself, that "the new gentleman" was in love—and, more interesting still, that he was the victim of an unhappy attachment which had driven him away from his friends and his home.

For myself, I tried hard, and tried vainly, to get over my first dislike to the senior pupil.

I could find no fault with him. All his habits were quiet and regular; and he devoted himself conscientiously to his reading. But, little by little, I became satisfied that his heart was not in his studies. More than this, I had my reasons for suspecting that he was concealing something from me, and that he felt painfully the reserve on his own part which he could not, or dared not, break through. There were moments when I almost doubted whether he had not chosen my remote country rectory as a safe place of refuge from some person or persons of whom he stood in dread.

For example, his ordinary course of proceeding, in the matter of his correspondence, was, to say the least of it, strange.

He received no letters at my house. They waited for him at the village post-office. He invariably called for them himself, and invariably forbore to trust any of my servants with his own letters for the post. Again, when we were out walking together, I more than once caught him looking furtively over his shoulder, as if he suspected some person of following him for some evil purpose. Being constitutionally a hater of mysteries, I determined, at an early stage of our intercourse, on making an effort to clear matters up. There might be just a chance of my winning the senior pupil's confidence, if I spoke to him while the last days of the summer vacation still left us alone together in the house.

"Excuse me for noticing it," I said to him one morning, while we were engaged over our books "but I cannot help observing that you appear to have some trouble on your mind. Is it indiscreet, on my part, to ask if I can be of any use to you?

He changed colour—looked up at me quickly—looked down again at his book—struggled hard with some secret fear or secret reluctance that was in him—and suddenly burst out with this extraordinary question:

"I suppose you were in earnest when you preached that sermon in London?"

"I am astonished that you should doubt it," I replied.

He paused again; struggled with himself again; and startled me by a second outbreak, even stranger than the first.

"I am one of the people you preached at in your sermon," he said. "That's the true reason why I asked you to take me for your pupil. Don't turn me out! When you talked to your congregation of tortured and tempted people, you talked of Me."

I was so astonished by the confession that I lost my presence of mind. For the moment I was unable to answer him.

"Don't turn me out!" he repeated. "Help me against myself. I am telling you the truth. As God is my witness, I am telling you the truth!"

"Tell me the *whole* truth," I said; "and rely on my consoling and helping you—rely on my being your friend."

In the fervour of the moment I took his hand. It lay cold and still in mine: it mutely warned me that I had a sullen and a secret nature to deal with.

"There must be no concealment between us," I resumed. "You have entered my house, by your own confession, under false pretences. It is your duty to me, and your duty to yourself, to speak out."

The man's inveterate reserve—cast off for the moment only—renewed its hold on him. He considered, carefully considered, his next words before he permitted them to pass his lips.

"A person is in the way of my prospects in life" he began slowly, with his eyes cast down on his book. "A person provokes me horribly. I feel dreadful temptations (like the man you spoke of in your sermon) when I am in the person's company. Teach me to resist temptation! I am afraid of myself if I see the person again. You are the only man who can help me. Do it while you can."

He stopped, and passed the handkerchief over his forehead.

"Will that do?" he asked, still with his eye on his book.

"It will *not* do," I answered. "You are so far from really opening your heart to me, that you won't even let me know whether it is a man or a woman who stands in the way of your prospects in life. You use the word 'person' over and over again—rather than say 'he' or 'she' when you speak of the provocation which is trying you. How can I help a man who has so little confidence in me as that?"

He twisted and untwisted his handkerchief in his hands. He tried, tried desperately, to say more than he had said yet. No! the words seemed to stick in his throat. Not one of them would pass his lips.

"Give me time," he pleaded, piteously. "I can't bring myself to it all at once. I mean well. Upon my soul, I mean well. But I am slow at this sort of thing. Wait till to-morrow."

To-morrow came, and again he put it off.

"One more day!" he said. "You don't know how hard it is to speak plainly. I am half afraid; I am half ashamed. Give me one more day."

I had hitherto only disliked him. Try as I might (and did) to make merciful allowance for his reserve, I began to despise him now.

CHAPTER VIII.

The day of the deferred confession came, and brought an event with it for which both he and I were alike unprepared. Would he really have confided in me but for that event? He must either have done it, or have abandoned the purpose which had led him into my house.

We met as usual at the breakfast-table. My housekeeper brought in my letters of the morning. To my surprise, instead of leaving the room again as usual, she walked round to the other side of the table, and laid a letter before my senior pupil, the first letter, since his residence with me, which had been delivered to him under my roof.

He started, and took up the letter. He looked at the address. A spasm of suppressed fury passed across his face; his breath came quickly; his hand trembled as it held the letter. So far, I said nothing. I waited to see whether he would open the envelope in my presence or not.

He was afraid to open it in my presence. He got on his feet; he said, in tones so low that I could barely hear him, "Please excuse me for a minute"—and left the room.

I waited for half an hour—for a quarter of an hour after that—and then I sent to ask if he had forgotten his breakfast.

In a minute more I heard his footstep in the hall. He opened the breakfast-room door, and stood on the threshold, with a small travelling-bag in his hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said, still standing at the door. "I must ask for leave of absence for a day or two. Business in London."

"Can I be of any use?" I asked. "I am afraid your letter has brought you bad news."

"Yes," he said shortly. "Bad news. I have no time for breakfast."

"Wait a few minutes," I urged. "Wait long enough to treat me like your friend—to tell me what your trouble is, before you go."

He made no reply. He stepped into the hall, and closed the door—then opened it again a little way, without showing himself.

"Business in London," he repeated, as if he thought it highly important to inform me of the nature of his errand. The door closed for the second time. He was gone.

I went into my study and carefully considered what had happened.

The result of my reflections is easily described. I determined on discontinuing my relations with my senior pupil. In writing to his father (which I did, with all due courtesy and respect, by that day's post), I mentioned as my reason for arriving at this decision:—First, that I had found it impossible to win the confidence of his son. Secondly, that his son had that morning suddenly and mysteriously left my house for London, and that I must decline accepting any further responsibility towards him, as the necessary consequence.

I had put my letter in the post-bag, and was beginning to feel a little easier after having written it, when my housekeeper appeared in the study, with a very grave face, and with something hidden apparently in her closed hand.

"Would you please look, sir, at what we have found in the gentleman's bedroom, since he went away this morning?"

I knew the housekeeper to possess a woman's full share of that amiable weakness of the sex which goes by the name of "Curiosity." I had also, in various indirect ways, become aware that my senior pupil's strange departure had largely increased the disposition among the women of my household to regard him as the victim of an unhappy attachment. The time was ripe, as it seemed to me, for checking any further gossip about him, and any renewed attempts at prying into his affairs in his absence.

"Your only business in my pupil's bedroom," I said to the housekeeper, "is to see that it is kept clean, and that it is properly aired. There must be no interference, if you please, with his letters, or his papers, or with anything else that he has left behind him. Put back directly whatever you may have found in his room."

The housekeeper had her full share of a woman's temper, as well as of a woman's curiosity. She listened to me with a rising colour, and a just perceptible toss of the head.

"Must I put it back, sir, on the floor, between the bed and the wall?" she inquired, with an ironical assumption of the humblest deference to my wishes. "*That's* where the girl found it when she was sweeping the room. Anybody can see for themselves," pursued the housekeeper indignantly, "that the poor gentleman has gone away broken-hearted. And there, in my opinion, is the hussy who is the cause of it!"

With those words she made a low curtsey, and laid a small photographic portrait on the desk at which I was sitting.

I looked at the photograph.

In an instant my heart was beating wildly—my head turned giddy—the housekeeper, the furniture, the walls of the room, all swayed and whirled round me.

The portrait that had been found in my senior pupil's bedroom was the portrait of Jérommette!

CHAPTER IX.

I had sent the housekeeper out of my study. I was alone, with the photograph of the Frenchwoman on my desk.

There could surely be little doubt about the discovery that had burst upon me. The man who had stolen his way into my house, driven by the terror of a temptation that he dared not reveal, and the man who had been my unknown rival in the by-gone time, were one and the same!

Recovering self-possession enough to realize this plain truth, the inferences that followed forced their way into my mind as a matter of course. The unnamed person who was the obstacle to my pupil's prospects in life, the unnamed person in whose company he was assailed by temptations which made him tremble for himself, stood revealed to me now as being, in all human probability, no other than Jérommette. Had she bound him in the fetters of the marriage which he had himself proposed? Had she discovered his place of refuge in my house? And was the letter that had been delivered to him in her writing? Assuming those questions to be answered in the affirmative, what, in that case, was his "business in London?" I remembered what he had said to me about his temptations, I recalled the expression that had crossed his face when he recognised the handwriting on the letter—and the conclusion that followed literally shook me to the soul. Ordering my horse to be saddled, I rode instantly to the railway station.

The train by which he had travelled to London had reached the terminus nearly an hour since. The one useful course that I could take, by way of quieting the dreadful misgivings crowding one after another on my mind, was to telegraph to Jérommette at the address at which I had last seen her. I sent the subjoined message, prepaying the reply:

"If you are in any trouble, telegraph to me. I will be with you by the first train. Answer in any case."

There was nothing in the way of the immediate despatch of my message. And yet the hour passed, and no answer was received. By the advice of the clerk, I sent a second telegram to the London office, requesting an explanation. The reply came back in these terms:

"Improvements in street. Houses pulled down. No trace of person named in telegram."

I mounted my horse, and rode back slowly to the rectory.

"The day of his return to me will bring with it the darkest days of my life." . . . "I shall die young, and die miserably. Have you interest enough still left in me to wish to hear of it?" . . . "You *shall* hear of it." Those words were in my memory while I rode home in the cloudless moonlight night. They were so vividly present to me that I could hear again her pretty foreign accent, her quiet clear tones, as she spoke them. For the rest, the emotions of that memorable day had worn me out. The answer from the telegraph office had struck me with a strange and stony despair. My mind was a blank. I had no thoughts. I had no tears.

I was about half-way on my road home, and I had just heard the clock of a village church strike ten, when I became conscious, little by little, of a chilly sensation slowly creeping through and through me to the bone. The warm balmy air of a summer night was abroad. It was the month of July. In the month of July, was it possible that any living creature (in good health) could feel cold? It was *not* possible—and yet the chilly sensation still crept through and through me to the bone.

I looked up. I looked all around me.

My horse was walking along an open high-road. Neither trees nor waters were near me. On either side the flat fields stretched away bright and broad in the moonlight.

I stopped my horse, and looked round me again.

Yes: I saw it. With my own eyes I saw it. A pillar of white mist between five and six feet high, as well as I could judge—was moving beside me at the edge of the road, on my left hand. When I stopped, the white mist stopped. When I went on, the white mist went on. I pushed my horse to a trot, the pillar of mist was with me. I urged him to a gallop—the pillar of mist was with me. I stopped him again—the pillar of mist stood still.

The white colour of it was the white colour of the mist which I had seen over the river on the night when I had gone to bid her farewell. And the chill which had then crept through me to the bone, was the chill that was creeping through me now.

I went on again slowly. The white mist went on again slowly—with the clear bright night all round it.

I was awed rather than frightened. There was one moment, and one only, when the fear came to me that my reason might be shaken. I caught myself keeping time to the slow tramp of the horse's feet with the slow utterances of these words, repeated over and over again: 'Jéromette is dead. Jéromette is dead.' But my will was still my own: I was able to control myself, to impose silence on my own muttering lips. And I rode on quietly. And the pillar of mist went quietly with me.

My groom was waiting for my return at the rectory gate. I pointed to the mist, passing through the gate with me.

"Do you see anything there?" I said.

The man looked at me in astonishment.

I entered the rectory. The housekeeper met me in the hall. I pointed to the mist, entering with me.

"Do you see anything at my side?" I asked.

The housekeeper looked at me as the groom had looked at me.

"I am afraid you are not well, sir," she said. "Your colour is all gone—you are shivering. Let me get you a glass of wine."

I went into my study, on the ground-floor, and took the chair at my desk. The photograph still lay where I had left it. The pillar of mist floated round the table, and stopped opposite to me, behind the photograph.

The housekeeper brought in the wine. I put the glass to my lips, and set it down again. The chill of the mist was in the wine. There was no taste, no reviving spirit in it. The presence of the housekeeper oppressed me. My dog had followed her into the room. The presence of the animal oppressed me. I said to the woman, "Leave me by myself, and take the dog with you."

They went out, and left me alone in the room.

I sat looking at the pillar of mist, hovering opposite to me.

It lengthened slowly, until it reached to the ceiling. As it lengthened, it grew bright and luminous. A time passed, and a shadowy appearance showed itself in the centre of the light. Little by little, the shadowy appearance took the outline of a human form. Soft brown eyes, tender and melancholy, looked at me through the unearthly light in the mist. The head and the rest of the face broke next slowly on my view. Then the figure gradually revealed itself, moment by moment, downward and downward to the feet. She stood before me as I had last seen her, in her purple merino dress, with the black silk apron, with the white handkerchief tied loosely round her neck. She stood before me, in the gentle beauty that I remembered so well; and looked at me as she had looked when she gave me her last kiss—when her tears had dropped on my cheek.

I fell on my knees at the table. I stretched out my hands to her imploringly. I said, "Speak to me—O, once again speak to me, Jéromette!"

Her eyes rested on me with a divine compassion in them. She lifted her hand, and pointed to the photograph on my desk, with a gesture which bade me turn the card. I turned it. The name of the man who had left my house that morning was inscribed on it, in her own handwriting.

I looked up at her again when I had read it. She lifted her hand once more, and pointed to the handkerchief round her neck. As I looked at it, the fair white silk changed horribly in colour—the fair white silk became darkened and drenched in blood.

A moment more—and the vision of her began to grow dim. By slow degrees the figure, then the face, faded back into the shadowy appearance that I had first seen. The luminous inner light died out in the white mist. The mist itself dropped slowly downwards, floated a moment in airy circles on the floor—vanished. Nothing was before me but the familiar wall of the room, and the photograph lying face downwards on my desk.

X.

The next day, the newspapers reported the discovery of a murder in London. A Frenchwoman was the victim. She had been killed by a wound in the throat. The crime had been discovered between ten and eleven o'clock on the previous night.

I leave you to draw your conclusion from what I have related. My own faith in the reality of the apparition is immovable. I say, and believe, that Jéromette kept her word with me. She died young, and died miserably. And I heard of it from herself.

Take up the Trial again, and look at the circumstances that were revealed during the investigation in court. His motive for murdering her is there.

You will see that she did indeed marry him privately; that they lived together contentedly, until the fatal day when she discovered that his fancy had been caught by another woman; that violent quarrels took place between them, from that time to the time when my sermon showed him his own deadly hatred towards her, reflected in the case of another man; that she discovered his place of retreat in my house, and threatened him by letter with the public assertion of her conjugal rights; lastly, that a man, variously described by different witnesses, was seen leaving the door of her lodgings on the night of the murder. The Law, advancing no farther than this, may have discovered circumstances of suspicion, but no certainty. The Law, in default of direct evidence to convict the prisoner, may have rightly decided in letting him go free.

But *I* persist in believing that the man was guilty. *I* declare that he, and he alone, was the murderer of Jéromette. And now you know why.

THE END.

LAON ON "MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY AND REVIVALISM."

BY REV. G. M. GRANT, HALIFAX.

A FRIEND has called my attention to an article entitled "Messrs. Moody and Sankey and Revivalism," in the June CANADIAN MONTHLY, and has sent me a copy of the *Liberal*, of June 17th, in which the writer defines one or two of the expressions used, and explains his object and intention in writing the article. I do not object to anonymous writing, though some may be disposed to think that when "the whole burden of the essay was a simple summons to intellectual honesty, addressed to multitudes who occupy an equivocal position," the multitudes have a right to know who it is that addresses them so authoritatively. Laon represents himself as occupying the place of an Elijah, summoning the people, "choose ye this day whom ye will serve," and Elijah, in giving the summons, showed himself to the multitudes, though king and court, priests and populace, were against him. But all that I wish now to call the attention of the readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY to, is the acknowledged fact that anonymous writing imposes a special responsibility on the writer to be scrupulously just towards the men of whom he treats, and with whom he differs in opinion, to exaggerate nothing, to set down naught in malice, and to abstain from taunts and unjustifiable innuendo. Laon has written, if not in complete ignorance, certainly in complete defiance, of such honourable responsibility. A very slight examination of the article in question will show whether this charge is true or not.

In criticising any writer, it is always well to have regard to his intention. Fortunately, in this case, we have not only the article but the explanation. He tells us that his "article was not in the least intended to influence men of the Moody and Sankey type" (here follows a description of the 'type' in language I prefer not to quote), "but was addressed exclusively to those who rejoice, more or less, in the liberalistic philosophy of the day, who find themselves very much at home in its literature . . . . but who do not acknowledge to themselves that there is any fundamental contradiction between all that they find so pleasant, so natural, so reasonable, and that doctrine which was to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness." Well, to say the least, it is singular that an article entitled "Moody and Sankey and Revivalism," should be neither an estimate of the men named nor of the movement referred to, nor in the least intended to influence those who think with them; that it should have "not one line nor one word for such as these," but that its whole intention should be to tell other men that there was a fundamental contradiction between culture and the doctrine of Christ crucified. Why identify such doctrine—which is undeniably the essence of Christianity—with Moody and Sankey? Simply that the doctrine might be caricatured, and made to appear in an offensive light. Does modern culture hold such tactics to be legitimate? We who know that Moody and Sankey preach the Gospel, know that millions of Christians do not accept them or their methods, and neither we nor they accept any two men as representatives of Christianity. The subject of the article is the fundamental contradiction between culture and the doctrine of the Cross—the heading of the article is "Moody and Sankey and Revivalism." Is this the style of controversy that we are to look for in the interests of modern culture, even when the controversy has not been provoked?

So much for the name of the article. What's in a name? Laon may retort: 'I had my own reasons for choosing the name.' Admitting this, and merely suggesting that a writer whose object is to remedy "the existing confusion in the theological region" is under some obligation to be explicit in his own little region of a "brief contribution" to literature, I pass on to the article itself. Here my charge in brief is that it misrepresents the evangelists, misrepresents Christianity, and misrepresents modern thought. In proving this, I could take up almost every sentence, and show that it is based on misunderstanding, and that the article as a whole is the production of a writer who has little conception of the sacredness of the subject or the gravity of the issues involved. The space at my command forbids this method of treatment. I must be content with selecting a few sentences, and even with regard to these remember Gibbon's question, "Who can refute a sneer?"

I. It is a caricature of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to represent them as teaching that "as knowledge is no advantage, ignorance is no drawback ; in fact, according to these authorities, the more ignorant a man is, the more contracted his mental horizon, the more likely it is that God has given him a mission to enlighten his neighbours and the world." These authorities have never taught any such doctrine. Only a fool would utter, and only a fool could fancy that sane men would listen to such nonsense. Mr. Moody is certainly no fool. I never met a man of more downright honest intellect. Like other great ones, he had not in his youth the advantage of a college education, but he has never disparaged sound learning. And, as he always calls a spade a spade, he would not be at all likely to write an article on colleges or culture, and publish it with a nickname for heading. What are we to think of a writer who throws accusations of dishonesty at others all round, and gives the above as a summary of Mr. Moody's position, without quoting a single sentence from his published utterances in proof?

What Mr. Moody has said on this subject, and illustrated over and over again, and what Laon has got hold of in a vague sort of way, is the declaration of St. Paul that "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty ; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen ; yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are ; that no flesh should glory in His presence." Now, if Laon really thinks that his summary is an honest interpretation of the Apostle's noble truth, further controversy with him would be unprofitable. I would only remind him that though Paul in his modesty considered himself weak, and though the world then thought him a fool, Matthew Arnold now, and probably Laon too, ranks him among the great and wise. Yes, Paul was one of the foolish things *of the world*, but none the less was he one of the wise things of God. So, too, Moody counts himself a nobody. He is one of the foolish things of the world, or of "culture." But he and his work shall stand, when the works of those who are wise in their own conceit shall be shaken.

Again, Mr. Moody's teaching is caricatured in the two sentences, the first of which it is sufficient to quote :—"To realize vividly the falling down of the walls of Jericho, to believe intensely that Noah manufactured an ark, and that the beasts of the four quarters of the globe came trooping into it under Divine guidance, does not constitute the best preparation for living in an age of the world in which, so far as any human eye can see, everything takes place in obedience to natural law." Mr. Moody has never said or dreamed that belief in such incidents constitutes the best preparation for living in this or in any age. Far from thinking so, he would say that we might realize and believe such things without being one whit the better. True, he and I believe that the walls of Jericho fell down in the manner described in the Book of Joshua. We also believe that Noah manufactured an ark, but would Laon be so good as to quote where Moody says that "the beasts from the four quarters of the globe came trooping into it." But we believe that men are prepared for living and for dying only by faith in Jesus Christ, and that faith—need I add—must be not merely historical, but spiritual and transforming. It works by love, purifies the heart and overcomes the world. Mr. Moody "illustrates" his arguments and appeals by referring to Old Testament examples of faith, but is it belief in the illustration that prepares men for life? As to "clinching" his arguments by such examples, the central truth Mr. Moody preaches needs no clinching save the hearty acceptance of it by the individual soul. Has Laon met, talked with, heard, or read the sermons of Mr. Moody? If he has he ought to know that he has caricatured his teaching. If he has not, what are we to think of a professed champion of intellectual honesty gratuitously misrepresenting one whom tens of thousands call benefactor and friend?

II. It is merely an extension of the above to charge Laon with misrepresenting Christianity; because, in his article, he indirectly, and by side-thrusts, over and over again identifies the teaching of Moody and Sankey with Christianity. It is, indeed, a little unfortunate that this advocate of candour should be so much in doubt as to what he means, or would like to say, that his explanation requires to be explained. Thus he writes to the Editor of the *Liberal*:—"You seem to think I identify modern culture with avowed disbelief in Christianity. I do nothing of the kind, however." Farther on in the same letter, he tells the multitudes that they must choose "between doctrinal Christianity on the one hand and free thought on the other," and he rightly mentions the cross, or Christ crucified, as the essence of doctrinal Christianity. Which of these two statements of his own does he hold to? Candour here is desirable—is it not?

In brief, my charge here is that Laon's article is one sustained caricature of Christianity, and one sustained insult to all who believe. When a writer gives a summary of views held by others and not accepted by himself, it is a rule of honour that he should state them as far as possible in their—not in his—language. In this case he could have been at no loss, for the Bible abounds in summaries of saving truth. We believe that men are sinners. Does Laon deny the manifest fact? We believe that the kindness and love of God our Saviour towards men hath appeared; that we are saved not by works of righteousness done by us, but by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost which He hath shed upon us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that we are justified by His grace and made heirs according to the hope of eternal life; and that if they who despised the law of Moses or any law worth the name suffered, of how much sorer punishment shall they be thought worthy who reject the Son of God! These glorious doctrines St. Paul would have us affirm constantly for the specific purpose that believers might be careful to maintain good works. These doctrines are caricatured in the passage beginning "according to the views of the Revivalists, man is by nature ruined and lost, and only by availing himself of a special machinery," &c. The ever present prevailing tender love of our Father and Saviour might be called by a worthier name than "machinery" by the most sceptical writer.

Again, it is a caricature of the position of Christianity to say that "all scientific and historical objections to any portion whatever of the Bible are as idle as human folly and presumption can make them." We believe that scientific truth is God's truth, and we accept it reverently. We ask, and I hope shall always insist, that a distinction be made between scientific guesses and scientific truth. We believe that theologians have erred in their interpretations of Scripture, that scientists have erred in their theories or interpretations of phenomena, and that the critics modern culture glories in most, have erred in their criticism; that, in one word, to err is human, and that therefore modesty becomes the true scholar. We believe that history is the record of Providence, and we believe that history truly read shows the miracles recorded in Jewish history in "a different light from those recorded in Roman, Grecian, or Indian history."

Is it a characteristic of the "sober, accurate, and rational habits of thought," that are rightly valued, to indulge in the misrepresentations I have alluded to; or to speak of the truth taught by Moody in common with tens of thousands of teachers whose pure lives and thorough education attest their honesty and ability, as "the most irrational beliefs," as "superstition for the masses," and as a "teaching that cannot rouse the conscience without insulting the intellect?" Is it as "clear as noonday that confusion of thought and logical contradictions are regarded as perfectly in place in the theological region;" and that "there is one whole department of thought from which candour and intellectual honesty are all but totally excluded?" In what terrible school of theology has Laon studied, for all this is news to me? Because of this dreadful state of things in theology, we are assured that "it is impossible that candour and intellectual honesty should be common virtues;" and that "a very hurtful trifling with arguments in other regions," and even dishonesty in the ordinary transactions of life, are attributable to the fact, that "it is a solemn duty to sum up two and two, and find the product five in theology." All which means, I suppose, that if our shopkeepers would only discard doctrinal Christianity, commercial morality would rapidly improve, as they would discard the short-weights, false balances, and all adulteration, along with the noxious theology.

But enough of this. It is certainly not a pleasant task to have to deal with a writer whose utmost charity is put forth in the half extorted acknowledgment that he does not, in the *majority of cases*, impute deliberate want of candour to those with whom he differs in opinion. Were it not that his communication appeared in a periodical so respectable as the CANADIAN MONTHLY, and for the fact that I contribute to the pages of the same periodical, self-respect would compel me to keep silence. As it is, my answer must be in the nature of a protest rather than an answer. When some unknown person calls out in the street that most of the people walking beside him are fools or knaves, I believe the remedy is to take no notice of him, or to hand him over to the police.

III. If the teachings of the Revivalists be true, Laon declares that "then all that we dignify by the name of modern culture is a damnable illusion and fraud." This is what is called strong language, but it is not the strength of wisdom. In his explanatory letter he defines modern culture as "the every-day beliefs and sentiments of modern society," which again are "the results of the educational process through which the modern world has been passing;" and this educating force consists of modern science, philosophy, poetry, literature, criticism, in one word, of modern thought. Had Laon proved, or attempted to prove a contradiction between those departments of thought and Christianity, or shown that rejoicing in the one was incompatible with rejoicing in the other, he would have been entitled to a respectful hearing. But when he simply asserts that there is a contradiction, all that can be done is to deny the assertion and to call for the proof. Until proof is offered, there are only the two contrary affirmations; and the matter not being personal, should not rest on personal character, as Æmilius Scaurus was satisfied his case should rest when he was accused by one Varius of Sucro, "*Varius Sucronensis ait, Æmilius Scaurus negat. Utri creditis, Quirites!*" I might, in the mean time, therefore, content myself with denying Laon's position, and calling it a libel on that modern thought which is really the child of Christianity; but for the fuller illustration of the subject I shall add a few remarks.

First, as to the process of training. Our modern teachers are myriads in number, and who has read them all with sufficient care to classify their works according to their attitude to Christianity? I do not profess to have beside me such an Index, Expurgatorius or otherwise. Some modern writers are professedly unbelievers; others, equally eminent to say the least, are devout believers. But as the work of the great majority does not require of them a profession of their faith, they are satisfied with doing their work without unnecessary exposition of their creeds; and we say of them, "those that are not against us are on our side." For Christianity takes knowledge of and sanctifies all the relationships of life, counts all work honourable, and commands us to be diligent in our business and faithful in our callings. I am not warranted to call out names on one side or on the other. That too is, at the best, but a poor way of deciding what is truth. But taking the names given by Laon as representatives of that culture which is opposed to Christianity, I must charitably suppose that he is very imperfectly acquainted with their writings. Of only one of them—alas for the son Arnold of Rugby!—ought it to be said, that he is not a Christian. Even he might think us uncharitable in refusing to him the honourable name, but he denies the resurrection, and if Christ be not risen our faith is vain. But fancy the indignation of Walter Scott or of Thackeray, had either been told that the tone and bent of his writings was in fundamental contradiction to Christianity. And they would do well to be angry. Now they are dead, and it ill becomes any one, under the plea of admiration, to dishonour their memories. True, they were not preachers of the Gospel, but they helped on the good cause. They were noble Christian men, and their writings made men better, braver, truer, tenderer. But Laon's delusion reaches its height when he speaks of Tennyson:—"The poet who hints that 'good may somehow be the final goal of ill,' and that some virtue may reside in 'honest doubt,' what terms of execration can be too strong for him?" I see no call for "execration."

Scripture enjoins "honest doubt" when it commands us to "prove all things." It is dishonest doubt, it is the evil *heart of unbelief*, that Christianity condemns. And as to the hint, or hope, or yearning expressed by Tennyson, what Christian has not felt it, not in modern times only, but in all times? Oddly enough, Carlyle, the other apostle of culture mentioned by Laon, has a most orthodox belief in future punishment. His language on the subject is not deficient in rigour and vigour. For instance, in his History of Frederick the Great, concerning the author of the "Matinées du Roi de Prusse," a pamphleteer whom he calls a Prince of Coxcombs, and whose theory of the universe he calls the doctrine of devils, he storms forth in the following fashion: — "If God made the world, and only leads Beelzebub, as some ugly muzzled bear is led, a longer or shorter temporary dance in this divine world, and always draws him home again and peels the unjust gains off him, and ducks him in a certain hot lake, with sure intent to lodge him there to all eternity at last, then our pamphleteer and the huge portion of mankind that follow him are wrong. But if the sacred voice of their own soul do not conclusively admonish men of this fact, there will be little use in my logic to them. For my own share I want no trade with men who need to be convinced of that fact. If I am in their premises and discover such a thing of them, I will quit their premises; if they are in mine, I will, as old Samuel advised, count my spoons. They are of the set deserving to be called, and this not in the way of profane swearing, but of solemn wrath and pity, I say of virtuous anger and inexorable reprobation, the damned set. For in very deed they are doomed and damned by nature's oldest Act of Parliament." I doubt if in any of Moody's sermons such a mouthful of cursing could be found as in this outburst. But what is only a choleric word in a man of "culture" would be flat blasphemy in a revivalist. The quotation is rather lengthy, but it is very characteristic of the grand old Chelsea seer, and it indicates that to disprove the vague generalizations of Laon all that is needed would be space sufficient to quote from the very writers he has himself selected.

There is a comical simplicity about Laon's method of proving that modern thought and doctrinal Christianity are contradictories. He simply eliminates all Christians from his calculations. If you are orthodox, you are not modern. If you are modern, you cannot be orthodox. His words are "The orthodoxy of Mr. Gladstone or Lord Cairns, far from being distinctively modern, boasts of nothing so much as its antiquity; whereas the opinions of the men I have named belong wholly to the modern world." But how is it possible for orthodoxy to be distinctively modern except in as far as it is accepted by honest and intelligent modern men! Because it is old is it necessarily false? Because other opinions are new are they therefore true?

Laon would have saved himself all the misconception he complains of had he candidly stated at the outset that by modern culture or thought he meant culture opposed to doctrinal Christianity. But then his article would only have amounted to this, "infidel modern thought is opposed to Christianity." No one would have denied that, but whether it was worth while writing so much to say so little might have been questioned.

Secondly, as to the results of the process of training. It is quite certain that as our representative modern writers vary infinitely, and often indefinably, so the every-day beliefs and sentiments of modern society vary according to the teachers or leaders followed. In some circles I believe that boarding-school misses prattle about protoplasms as if the word were a mystical Abracadabra that solved all mysteries, and ladies bring up their children without teaching them the Lord's Prayer. Laon may have been unfortunate in his society, but let him take comfort in the assurance that his coterie is not the world. There are, I believe, more persons now living to the Lord, and willing to die for Him, than ever were on the earth before.

I conclude with a word which I hope shall not be misunderstood. Christianity asks only for a fair field. In the past it has commended itself to human consciences by manifestation of the truth. It seeks to do so still. If, therefore, an honest enquirer starts a doubt or states a difficulty, let him be heard, and let Christian men give the best answer they can. But is it not a very different thing when an article is published that does not attempt to prove, but assumes, that no honest thinker can believe in Christianity? It may be said that in the interests of "free discussion," even such articles must be allowed. Very good. Are the publishers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY prepared for the first consequence? We must be allowed space to show the reasonableness of our faith, and its consistency with all true modern thought. And it is impossible to do so in anything like the space that is sufficient for an assumption. In one line it can be assumed that the moon is made of green cheese. An astronomer, if obliged to disprove the assumption, could not be confined to a paragraph.

A book of three hundred pages lies before me. It was written 140 years ago, and the author thus explains why it was written: "It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is not so much as a subject of enquiry: but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly they treat it as if, in the present age, this were an agreed point among all people of discernment, and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisals for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world." We do not expect a Bishop Butler in every age. But if he required to write the Analogy of Religion to disprove the contemptuous assumption of his time, to what length would the writing of men far inferior necessarily extend?

A generation or two passed, and the French Encyclopedists took the place of the English Deists. David Hume was present at a supper in Paris with a score of philosophers, and found that he was the most orthodox man in the party. He alone thought it possible that there might be a God. As for the miserable Jews who wrote the Scriptures, it was too much honour to refer to them. Well, the Enclycopedists too are forgotten, and the history of Christianity since has been a succession of Revivals which have prepared, and are preparing, the way for a greater Revival than has yet been known. The Church's answer has been like the answer of Nehemiah to the Sanballats who despised his wall—"Let us rise up and build."

I have given two modern instances that might suggest the propriety of modesty to those who say they cannot believe. Every generation back to the days of our Lord could supply instances of its own. Truly, the iron and the earthen jars have sailed in company. But which is the iron? And where are the earthen?

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE eloquent plea put forth by Mr. Blake on behalf of a wider liberty in thought and discussion, may have appeared to many a work of supererogation. Canadians are in the habit of boasting that they live under the freest constitution in the world, at the most enlightened period of the world's history. They enjoy perfect immunity from the invidious supremacy of classes and creeds, and here, therefore, if anywhere, tolerance might be expected to do its perfect work. Under these circumstances, it was not flattering to our national pride to be reminded by the Minister of Justice that much had to be learned, and some toilsome struggles to be undergone, before we attained the serener level occupied by the thought and culture of England. The burning words in which Mr. Blake expressed his shame and indignation at the imperfect recognition in Canada of the essential conditions of intellectual progress, may have had, in his mind, a narrower application than we are disposed to give them. Addressing a popular audience on public questions, he may have confined himself purposely to the political aspect of the matter. For the moment, this is no doubt of pressing importance; because the yoke of dictatorship is more widely and more severely felt here than elsewhere. So far from being surprised that Mr. Blake and his friends in and out of Parliement felt themselves at last constrained to speak their minds freely, we are only astonished that they were able to keep silence so long. The effect of that protest was immediate and striking; its echo comes to us from all quarters, and finds manly expression in the utterances even of the party press. The leaven is at work with admirable potency, and although it works slowly, that may be endured, if only it works surely. That the unreflecting members of the dominant party, fascinated by the delights of power, should deprecate any appearance of schism because, in the end, it may jeopardize their newly won enjoyments, is natural. Never having been permitted to think for themselves, they can hardly be blamed if they are slow in learning the secret of their strength. Those who have long worn the badge of servitude are always long in casting it away; yet "Reformers" are already restive and mutinous, and the time is not far distant when they will discover that, even from a party point of view, they will be the gainers by throwing off an irksome and intolerable yoke. For years the "Reform" party has been governed, under the guise of popular forms, by a grinding despotism. Its alliances, religious and political, have been bargained for and concluded arbitrarily by a cabal; its principles have been settled for it in conclave; and any divergence from the dictator's programme has always called down upon the wanderers unmeasured denunciation, culminating in gross personal abuse. By well-manipulated machinery, borrowed from the other side of the lines, the managers at public meetings and conventions have deluded their followers with a semblance of power it was never intended they should exert. The resolutions are always prepared in advance and rigidly adhered to, because criticism, however friendly, indicates insubordination, and suggestions of amendment, even in phraseology, are viewed as wanton attacks upon infallibility. The sacred text of the *sanctum* must not be tampered with, it being an article of faith that verbally and literally it is inspired—by its own dogged wilfulness. Like a more distinguished despot, the Canadian autocrat's self-complacency finds expression in the phrase, "*Il me semble, qu'il n'y a que moi qui a toujours raison*"—it appears to me that it is I alone who am always right. The game of "follow my leader," becomes a serious rule of political action, and woe to him who turns to the right hand or to the left. Over hill and dale, on sharp flints or through treacherous quagmire, the "true Reformer" must advance without regard to consequences. It is enough for him to know that the route is laid down at head-quarters, in the interests of "the party." His business is to obey and not to question—*salus factionis* being *suprema lex.* The abiding faith of the rank-and-file is marvellous in its simplicity. No inconsistency troubles, no change of front confuses them.

They have not even retained the faculty of amazement, so blind and docile are they under the party whip. A new colour may be selected from the political spectrum every year without exciting either surprise or resentment. Orange and green, buff and blue, have become absolutely indifferent to these political Daltonists—each being worn without discrimination as the master commands.

In the selection of party candidates for the legislatures again, the farce of popular selection is performed with a refreshing air of seriousness. On such occasions, three mechanical powers are employed as circumstances require. The requisition is only resorted to where the party is likely to prove recalcitrant; the nomination at public meetings, where it is desirable to daunt any possible independents by a *coup de main*; and the convention, where nothing is needed but a skilful manipulation of the wires. The last is always adopted, where practicable, because it commends itself to the taste of those mediocre politicians who prefer finesse and caballing to a manly independence in principle and action. In any case the mandate of the political Pope, accompanies the call for party action; like the *congé d'élire* to an English dean and chapter, it always contains the name of the man to be chosen. An insignificant clique established in Toronto tampers with the rights of the electorate, assumes the absolute disposal of seats in Parliament, and chouses its flock out of their rights before their very eyes. The Opposition party has some consideration for Conservative self-respect: for while its Committees also nominate, they ask their followers only to ratify, which is all the others actually do, however ostentatiously they parade the sham of popular selection. In short the latter, having decided whom the people shall choose or what the people shall say, themselves choose the men and speak for the people, and then make a mock of public opinion by inviting them to Hobson's choice—this man and that policy or none. Accept them and you belong to *us*, the great Reform party; reject them and you are a Tory or a traitor, as it may seem convenient to class you. The redoubtable tailors of Tooley street were unquestionably the first Clear Grits.

The immediate consequence of this political autocracy is the disappearance of all political freedom. Reasoning is out of the question where to doubt is to be a pariah: deliberation and judgment are excluded, because everything is settled in advance in the short formula—*sic volo, sic jubeo*: intelligence yields to prejudice; place is preferred to country; and even consistency—that boast of mediocrities—yields to the sinister needs of the self-seeking and self-willed. It must be obvious even to partisans that until this iron tyranny be broken, there is no hope for broad and comprehensive views on questions of public policy. Under it the people are not led, but driven: and their independence is mortgaged to Grand Lodge or hierarchy without greater pretence of consultation than a husband makes when he puts into his wife's hand the pen with which she is to bar her dower. A great deal of breath and ink is wasted in declamation about "Reform principles:" let the question be put again, what are they? Tolerance of opinion cannot be one of them, for the fashionable policy is distinctly and avowedly repressive; the idea of progress was eliminated by the *Globe* when it poured its wrath upon the head of Mr. Mills; coalitions are no longer to be deprecated, because three of them have been constructed by "the party" in two years. As for purity, economy, popular control over expenditure, and all the other cries that served in former times, they are the peculiar property of an Opposition of any party and are never carried over to the right of Mr. Speaker. Oppositions are always exigent, and often unreasonable in the attacks they make upon Ministers; but they are not so fatuous as to measure their own cloth with the same stick when their fortunes are to be rehabilitated. The tattered garments are left in "the cold shades" for their successors: it is a first and most obvious duty with them to suit their principles and their *modus vivendi* to that more exalted state of existence to which the simple-mindedness of a dazed people has been pleased to call them. There are then no distinctive principles, Reform or Conservative, to contend about. They agree on the only principle they have between them, "the good old rule" of Wordsworth's familiar couplet—the acquisition and retention of power. Mr. Edgar, in his speech at Welland, undertook to reprove the Nationalists for attacking the Reform party, although, we are happy to say, not in the vituperative Billingsgate of the *Globe*. He entirely misapprehends, however, the nature of the movement. The disastrous ascendancy of party has led to the use of its phraseology for want of a better. Those who prefer country to the interests of faction, have been styled, and in default of a happier term, have sometimes styled themselves, a party. It should be clear to Mr. Edgar and those who think with him, however, that those who denounce party spirit as being inimical to patriotism, cannot, in strictness, be called a party. So far from separating from either of the existing parties, their great object is to induce thoughtful men on both sides to sit loose to party ties. Nationalism has its adherents, more or less committed to its leading principle, in both the so-called parties So that if the question be put—"Where is your party?" the answer is, we have not the vestige of a party; but if we are asked for those who are pledged to our principles, we can point to them in office and out of it, Reformers as well as Conservatives. It is one of the many mischiefs wrought by partyism that it cannot fancy the existence of a powerful principle unless it be formulated in political creeds and catechisms, enrolled in hostile sects and making great demonstrations of a schismatic nature at the polls. Let it be understood, then, that Nationalism consists in principle without party, as Gritism and Conservatism are parties without principle. When Mr. Edgar shall have realised this fact, it will lead him to a cognate one: that we are opposed neither to this nor to that party, but to the party-spirit which animates both, to the manifest injury of the country's best interests. Like most party men, Mr. Edgar is fond of pointing to what his party achieved in by-gone days, and Conservatives do the same when they desire to appeal to popular favour. This is a virtual admission that they have no claim to preference because of anything they are now achieving or can promise to achieve. The services of both may be acknowledged without any concession from us. It is not with the past we have to do; but with the present and the future. When we find one rough gouging out the eye of another in a brawl, we do not accept as an excuse the fact that he once paid a butcher's bill or saved a child from drowning. The *laudator temporis acti* is not of much use to his generation; he is for the most part either an elegant trifler, an impervious obstructive, or a politician by trade. For a party to look back is stagnation and death. The moment the "Reform" party is convinced that it must live on the interest of past debts due to it by the people, it is superannuated by its own confession—out of race and reckoning in active political life. That the old leaders of this party have either betrayed it or are ready to abdicate is evident from a feeble protest against "Canada First" in a late issue of the *Globe*. That "mischievous little snake in the grass," as the organ, with characteristic elegance of diction, terms it, has had the impudence to call itself Liberal. No one is entitled to the name, it would appear, who is not also Grit, greedy of place, subservient and docile under the party whip. Then follow a claim to unity and infallibility and a profession of faith, perhaps the most humiliating ever put forth by a Reform journal: "There were no real differences, no real divisions, but one common purpose and determination to resist all attempts to unsettle the political system their past efforts and struggles had originated." In short, the Reform party has turned Conservative. Like Mr. Disraeli and Lord Salisbury it is opposed to any more legislation of an "exciting and sensational" kind. Its creed is thus avowedly negative, since "no change and no reform" is the only article in it. Its leaders are now "finality Johns," simply because they have secured place and power, and their motto is "rest and be thankful" or else "*nous avons l'avantage, profitons en*"—the latter bequeathed to them by Sir George Cartier. As for the affectation that there are no differences or divisions in the party, everybody knows, and no one better than the *Globe*, that it is a false and hollow pretence. No doubt matters would be more pleasant if the self-appointed leader could issue such a bulletin as French generals put forth under the Empire—"France is tranquil." Its policy is coercion and terrorism, and it may be policy to shut its eyes to inconvenient facts; still the *Globe* should not expose its mendacity with so unblushing a face. The "party" is not united, nor is it likely to be whilst a portion of it succumbs to backstairs influence. Last session Messrs. Mackenzie, Blake, Moss and Mills, with the bulk of Reformers at their back, declared their intention of "unsettling the political system" by re-organizing the Senate. Has the *Globe* assurance enough to whisper that the "party," cowed by newspaper brow-beating, has submitted to dictation? It dares not do it, not so much because it is untrue, for that would be a minor consideration, but because the effects of such an insinuation might be inconvenient. Have the *Globe* and its handful of Parliamentary followers yielded to the majority? They must of necessity answer in the negative; to do otherwise would be to rip up the only plank left in their platform. Again, if there be no division in the party, how does it come that the ablest and best-informed journals in Ontario are in open rebellion against the organ? The "differences of opinion" are open and palpable, whilst the "common purpose and determination" is a figment of the imagination.

When men are in earnest about any great political principle they naturally associate together, and, for the immediate purpose, organization at such crises becomes a benefit, perhaps a duty. Meanwhile, subordinate questions are postponed to the more important one, or compromised upon in its interest. Thus party, at its best, is not an unmixed good; and when, on the other hand, no salient principle is at stake, when party lines are practically obliterated, its innate mischief comes to the surface. If our existing political system should not be unsettled, as some contend, its adherents are Conservatives, and not Liberals in any sense. Moreover, if those who advocate reform in the Constitution be wrong, still less ground is there for tightening, instead of relaxing, party pressure. Supposing the *Globe* to be right, an incontrovertible argument would exist, on its own showing, against parties altogether. They are sometimes a necessary evil; but, as soon as they can be dispensed with, patriotism—and not faction—ought to take their place. This is what we mean by Nationalism—not independence, still less annexation or any other speculative theory.

The *Pall Mall Gazette's* remarks on parties in France may be applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to our own:—"The conduct of all parties in their successive tenure of office has been so distinct a repudiation of liberty for all but their own adherents, that there seems to be a sort of tacit consent to let the subject drop. They all of them practically adopt the maxims of the Jesuits: to ask for liberty when bereft of power, and to refuse it when power is in their own hands." And again—"The notion that government or public men should be judged on their merits, is a simple-minded British notion which excites laughter in France; and not what they say and do, but who they are, is the question asked in France. According to the politics of the critic are they black or white." The consequence is that genuine tolerance of opinion is impossible in France, as it will be in Canada if its people lack the necessary spirit to resist dictation. In England this would not be endured for an instant. What would be thought of Mr. Gladstone if he were solemnly to read Sir Charles Dilke or Mr. P. A. Taylor out of the Liberal party for their theoretical republicanism; or of Mr. Disraeli if he were to ostracise Lord Robert Montagu because he supported Home Rule and apologised for rattening? The question would arise, it appears to us, not as to their tact, but as to their sanity. Of all parties, a *soi-disant* Liberal party ought to be the most broadly tolerant and comprehensive. In Canada, if some people have their way, it will be the most illiberal in the British Empire. The idea of progress is one on which divergency is inevitable, unless we stifle, by coarseness and menace, the expression of individual opinion. Men will differ as to the extent to which innovation should be carried, as to the form it should take, and as to the ultimate shape their institutions should assume. There is, therefore, need of absolute freedom of discussion on all points, and the policy of a true Reform party, if it could be got, would be to try all things, and hold fast to that which promises to be good.

Instead of arguing, the prevailing tactics combine personal attack with appeals to popular prejudice. All non-party men or Nationalists favour independence or annexation, is now the cry, and it is a false one. It might have been thought that the *argumentum ad invidiam* was too worn and threadbare to delude any one, but it appears that partyism still thinks it likely to do service by turning and patching. In other pages we insert a reply of Mr. Norris to papers which Mr. Matthews contributed in previous numbers. We do so, because we believe in freedom of discussion on all subjects, practical or speculative; because that gentleman's opinions have been criticised in the MONTHLY, and he has the right to reply; and also because we know that the so called Liberal press would not allow him to be heard, if it could prevent it. Having done this simple act of justice, our responsibility ceases. Attached to British connection, both by feeling and by a regard to the national interests, we demur to Mr. Norris's conclusion, and are answerable neither for his manner nor his matter. Our contributor calls himself a Nationalist, and he is at liberty to do so, if he chooses, although his views of Nationalism and ours differ widely. When Mr. Brown and his admirers consent to be bound by the utterances of the nest of Independents and Annexationists they now cherish, it will be time enough to question the loyalty of the MONTHLY.

The spirit of party, as we have before observed, has spread its virus everywhere. It has been imported into our educational institutions, and forms an important element in the medical controversy now going on. In the sphere of theological belief, we had a notable instance the other day, in a spiteful notice of a contribution which appeared last June in these pages. The imputation was made that the paper in question was written by an atheist, and that the MONTHLY was controlled by a Bradlaugh. Of course, retractation of these malignant falsehoods was not only refused, but the writer immediately concerned was denied the courtesy of a reply. The only answer we shall deign to give may take the form of two extracts. Principal Tulloch says:—"No one has a right to fasten upon another the charge of atheism. If any choose to take the title, the affair is their own. No one has a right to fix a personal charge on mere grounds of inconsistency in reasoning." Mr. Fitzjames Stephen observes:—"The true ground of moral tolerance in the common sense of the word appears to me to lie in this—that most people have no right to any opinions whatever upon these questions, except in so far as they are necessary for the regulation of their own affairs. When some wretched little curate calls his betters atheists, and the like, his fault is not intolerance, but impudence and rudeness."

The elections in South Victoria and Russell call for no special remark. Mr. Wood's return, as a Cabinet Minister, was a foregone conclusion. A sparsely settled constituency will always be biassed in favour of a Minister, from self-interest, enlightened or otherwise. As a general rule, especially in the case of Provincial Assemblies, it seems imprudent from a party point of view, to resist re-election in such cases; indeed it may be doubted whether it is just to embarrass a government by defeat at a bye-election, so soon after the general elections have been held. Mr. Wood's majority in this case was reduced from three hundred to seventy-four, but this seems to have been caused by the superior popularity of the Opposition candidate on this occasion, and the efforts put forth by his party and friends. Mr. Wood's ability and energy are generally approved, and there is every prospect that he will fulfil popular expectations. Mr. Baker, Conservative, regains his seat for Russell, by a much larger majority than he obtained in January. Here it would seem that the Government candidate laboured under the double disadvantage of being a Roman Catholic of French extraction, and was therefore distasteful to a large number of the Grit voters. Messrs. Mackenzie and Devlin have been unseated in the Montreal contests. In the latter, the petitioners have appealed on the disqualifying clauses. Mr. Devlin made a ridiculous appearance by his foolish attempt to gain popularity from political martyrdom. Chief Justice Dorion speedily deprived him of the honours coveted, by refusing the *habeas corpus*, and the pseudo-sufferer was compelled to apologize and to testify. In Mr. Mackenzie's place, we hope to see Mr. Thomas White, of the *Gazette*, elected by a good majority, not because he is a Conservative, but because he is an able and energetic man, well-informed in matters of trade and finance, and therefore a proper representative of the commercial metropolis. In Ontario we shall have a batch of elections during the current month, in seven constituencies, for the Assembly; in most cases, the old members will probably be returned, except in South Oxford, where Mr. Crooks will, no doubt, succeed Mr. Oliver.

The remarks made last month regarding ecclesiastical influence at the recent Quebec elections are justified by at least one election petition, supposing the facts to be proved in court. M. Langelier, a defeated candidate, protests against the return of M. Landry for the following amongst other reasons:—Because "the priests and ministers of the Roman Catholic religion, which is the religion of all the electors in the district, did, in the interest of the said P. Landry, and with his knowledge and consent, exercise a moral and religious pressure on the said electors, by representing falsely and illegally that the political party to which the said Langelier belonged was an infamous and dangerous party, the foe to the doctrines and ministers of the said religion," and their opponents "as the only party for whom Roman Catholics could or ought to vote, and by threatening those who should vote for the said Langelier with the pains and penalties of the Church, and *also with the punishments of another life*," both in sermons and private conversations with the electors. Now, that all this was done is not denied by the *Minerve* and the *Canadien*; their plea is one of justification. Priests are the conservators of morality and religion, therefore they have a right to interfere in party politics—a *non sequitur* obvious to any one but the thoroughgoing Ultramontane. It is singular, as showing how serious a change has passed over the Church since the Vatican Council, that the hierarchy and its chosen champions formerly maintained an entirely different position on the same question. In 1869 a committee of the Provincial Assembly reported on a protested election and return for the County of Bagot. A similar complaint of ecclesiastical pressure was then urged by the petitioner, but it was rejected because the committee had no proof that the sitting member had any knowledge of the pressure. Then they add these significant words: "Which said spiritual influence, had it been proved to have occurred as alleged, would have been sufficient of itself, in the opinion of this committee, to render the said election absolutely null and void." One of the majority who subscribed their names to this report was M. Masson, the very man who is declared by Mgr. Bourget to be the Church's chosen defender. As to the character of all such priestly tampering with the electorate, it is clearly what we have described it—"undue influence and intimidation" of the worst character.

It is to be regretted that the Chief Superintendent has again surrendered to the *cacoethes scribendi*. In nothing does Dr. Ryerson appear to less advantage than in epistolary polemics, his letters are so long, so wordy, so inconclusive, so egotistical. It would be ungrateful, as well as ungracious, to deny or undervalue the Doctor's services to the cause of education, but that is no reason why he should be always talking of them. Everybody knows or ought to know by this time, that he meditated on and devised our school system "on the tops of some of the highest mountains in Europe," but that does not make the present state of the Department any better. Parliament has decided that our educational system shall cease to be an autocracy, and be governed hereafter by a popular body of which he is not the master, but the adviser and executive officer. It is, therefore, undignified on his part to take the earliest opportunity of quarrelling with the elected members of the Council, and rushing thoughtlessly into print with his grievances. In the matter of the Depository, there is imperative need of a most searching investigation by Parliament. If the facts that came out in court may be taken as an example of the general management of the Department, the sooner ruder hands than those of Dr. Wilson or Mr. Goldwin Smith are laid upon it the better. It has been asserted that the Depository is a sham, so far as the schools are concerned, and an injustice to the trade, and that the text-books, maps, and apparatus provided are disgracefully behind the requirements of the age. Until Parliament meets, we have no means of confirming or denying these assertions. When it does meet the public will expect a thorough and fearless probing of the whole establishment. Certainly, neither the past services of the Chief Superintendent, nor his present impatience of control must be allowed to stand in the way.

The Ontario Government will soon be called upon to select a Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy for University College. Those who are best acquainted with Prof. Cherriman are unanimous in expressing their regret at his retirement. His abilities, his acquirements, his aptitude for communicating knowledge, and his unobtrusive modesty of manner, eminently fitted him for the chair he has so long and so honourably filled. In choosing his successor the Government will have no easy task, unless they take care to have some real acquaintance with the applicants, or some better guarantee of fitness than mere *pro formâ* testimonials. We are happy on this occasion to unite with the *Globe* and *Mail* in saying that, *cæteris paribus*, a Canadian should be appointed. It will hardly be said, at this time of day, that our efforts to diffuse higher education have left us without a competent native mathematician. Adequate professional knowledge is, of course, the first requisite, but knowledge of our people, especially of our youth, and a ready adaptability to their ways and needs are scarcely less essential. The candidate who unites these *desiderata* should have the best chance of success. If one may be discovered who can claim long intercourse with the students, and continued residence amongst them as graduate or tutor, so much the better. We have no desire to press unduly the claims of any applicant, but we think the man who combines all these qualifications may be readily found.

The Report of the Toronto Ladies' Educational Association reminds us that the lecture session will soon be opened both here and at Montreal. In both cities the experiment of cultivating a taste for higher education amongst our young women has been amply justified by its results. We have no recent information regarding the sister association of Montreal, but the report before us shows that in Toronto there is a growing appreciation of the efforts put forth by the Association. The financial results unfortunately have not kept pace with the interest manifested in the lectures. This is not as it should be. The Association depends for its support mainly on the fees of members properly so called, and when it is borne in mind that a sessional ticket admits two ladies to four courses of eighteen leclectures each, the annual contribution required cannot be called high. The other sources of revenue arise from the exchange of members' for students' tickets, and the charge for admission to single lectures. Now it is obvious that there ought to be a much larger number of well-to-do ladies who take a sufficient interest in the movement to become members. If unable or indisposed to attend the lectures themselves, they may, by the payment of a small additional fee, afford to one or two of their less fortunate sisters the opportunity of profiting by them. We heartily commend the Associations, both of Montreal and Toronto, to earnest and intelligent ladies, especially the young, amongst us. The principal value of these courses lies not so much in the instruction immediately imparted —though that is by no means inconsiderable—as in the education of a taste for the higher walks of learning. The training and discipline of the intellect in accurate habits of thought and profitable methods of study are the first steps in the way of progress, and as these lectures afford them in an exceptionally beneficial way, they ought to receive the warmest encouragement from all who desire to see the female sex occupy its rightful place in the sphere of intelligent thought.

Whether the process of disintegration will go on amongst American parties, until November, 1876, may be doubted. Still there are at present all the signs of a general break-up in the old camps. Many elements of discord are at work just now amongst the politicians. Of these, the financial question occupies a prominent place. The inflationists are mostly western men, and the amazing growth of the population in the States, from Ohio to Colorado, has given them immense weight in national contests. The Democrats, who have hitherto as a party advocated a speedy return to specie payment, perhaps only because Republicans introduced greenbacks, are beginning to trim their sails to the popular breeeze. In Ohio, their State Convention boldly repudiated "hard money," and the result is that they will lose the support of some of their more intelligent leaders and supporters. On the other hand, Governor Tilden, Bayard, and other prospective candidates of the party, are strongy opposed to inflation. President Grant himself, Washburne, Wilson, and others are here in accord with them. On the other hand, Butler and some of the Republicans are almost rabid in crying for "more paper." The next disruptive element is the question of Southern policy. This, although it may not figure so prominently as the currency question, will probably be the "rock ahead," on which, if at all, the Republican barque will go to pieces. That Grant desires a third term is now beyond question, and that so long as he remains at the helm the policy of repression will be continued, is also a settled matter. Against him are ranged the Vice-President, some of his own Cabinet, and generally all who are sick of martial law and opposed to the third term on any "platform," or under any circumstances. The Democrats are agreed on a conciliatory treatment of the

South, but in addition to the monetary issue, they have difficulties of their own. In New York there is schism: Tammany Hall has been divided into two factions, or rather one of them has been thrust out of the "Wigwam" by the other. Governor Tilden's drastic measures against municipal and departmental peculation, are displeasing to "bosses," canal contractors, and officials generally. Then there promises to be a sectional division arising from western jealousy of New York. The South and West decline to accept Governor Tilden, on the ground that he would be the fourth New York Democrat nominated in succession. A solution for the difficulties of this party might be found in the nomination of Charles Francis Adams, who would secure the anti-Grant wing of the Republicans, as a Conservative of independent and sterling character. It is, perhaps, unlikely that any such nomination will be made, however; for the Democrats have not yet forgotten how they burned their fingers with Horace Greeley. An attempt at "fusion" from the Republican side is being made in Massachusetts, but unfortunately it has a birth-taint—it is the offspring of personal ambition. The National Union party, as it is called, complains of the deep-seated corruption in all departments of government, opposes inflation and advocates the breaking up of existing parties. Speaking on the last point, the platform urges that, however necessary the support of extreme party organizations may have been in the past, it is "now dangerous and unpatriotic, inasmuch as it keeps in sight the ghosts of issues, long since dead, and tends to prolong an animosity injurious to our national prosperity, and to our credit and influence abroad." Another resolution declares that it is time "the people should resume their sway over the affairs of the nation, and organize anew." All this would have been much to the purpose, if the cloven foot had not been exposed in the call to the Convention, which submits the names of General Banks and Lamar of Mississippi, as candidates for 1876. Of course General Banks, in imitation of the President, can say that "he is not an aspirant or candidate for the Presidency," but every one knows what that means. The great difficulty with the old parties is, that they are divided on the two chief questions at issue—the Republicans on Southern policy, and the Democrats on the currency. The Americans are adepts at wire-pulling, and will be able before next summer, by seceding, fusing, and welding, to present tickets and platforms to the electors in orthodox fashion.

The battle between Gov. Tilden and the canal contractors has ended in the discomfiture of the latter. Messrs. Denison, Belden and Co.—contractors, by the way, for Section No. 1 of the Welland Canal—have been turning an honest penny—in round numbers about half a million of dollars—by bribing Government officers, and securing fraudulent returns. To say nothing of the larger action, in which $417,000 is claimed by the State, there are several minor ones—such as the Otisco dam. In this case, according to the *Herald*, it was originally intended, under the contract, to clear three acres of land at $70 per acre. Afterwards, the contractors managed, by lobbying, to press a Bill through the Legislature providing for the continuance of the work, and the clearing of the lands round the Otisco Lake. They then cleared four hundred acres of their own motion, and drew $30,000 from the Treasury, in addition to the value of the wood. We hope Mr. Mackenzie will take care that these gentlemen have no opportunity of displaying their peculiar talents in Canada. The exposure of the disagreeable condition of things in the New York Police Department, and in its municipal government generally, has nothing novel in it. On the other hand, the gigantic frauds in the Indian department at Washington, have not been paralleled since the downfall of Tweed and his associates. Everybody knew that the Indians were systematically cheated by the government agents, that their annuities were paid in rotten food, clothing, and tobacco; but it is amazing to hear that all this wrong has been systematically perpetrated with the consent, or at least the connivance, of Grant's bosom friend, the Secretary of the Interior. It seems to matter very little which party is in power, for both appear to be irretrievably corrupt. The civil war, creditable as it was to American valour and self-sacrifice, left behind it a baneful legacy in the demoralization of the people. For fifteen years, fraud and peculation have been gnawing at the vitals of the Republic, until they seem to have paralyzed its moral sense and depraved it nationally, commercially, and socially. It cannot be that a nation, in the main sound and honest, which possesses illimitable powers of recuperation, will long consent to see its good name dishonoured by swindling contractors, dishonest officials. and fraudulent stock-jobbers. By what agencies this new and more important Revolution will be brought about, it is, for the present, difficult to foretell; one thing, however, is certain, that the very foundations of society are threatened by the torrent of vice and crime which rushes down upon it from every side, and that the restoration of a healthy moral tone is a matter of life or death to the American Republic.

The O'Connell Centenary was "a great day for Ireland," although not in the sense anticipated by its promoters. Some fatality seems to attend Irish demonstrations of every kind, and those who are in the habit of forecasting events by an easy reference to national idiosyncracies, were not slow to predict a *contretemps* on this occasion. The facile method of attributing such misadventures to inherent vices of race ought to have been abandoned long ago. Every ethnologist knows that the Celt and Saxon, however hostile they may have been in contemporary history, are of the same stock, and that the peculiarities of Irish, as well as French, history must be sought for in some other quarter. Still it remains true that Ireland has been as helpless a prey to faction as it has been to tyranny, and it seems like a bitter piece of irony in the sequence of events, that the memory of Daniel O'Connell, the only leader about whom the masses rallied, should be the starting-point for new dissensions. From the time when Samuel Lover's parish priest settled the date of St. Patrick's birth, by a sum in simple addition, until now, the mass of the Irish people, content, perhaps, with their singular unanimity on that occasion, has preferred, with one exception, to live at sixes and sevens. "Don't be always divided, but sometimes combine," was the advice of the worthy father, and the only man, in her history, who taught Ireland to do so, was O'Connell. No one, of course, expected that the Orangemen of Ulster would pay homage to the great agitator, but with skilful management, Liberals, Protestant as well as Catholic, English and Scotch, as well as Irish, might have been induced to join cordially in the posthumous commemoration of a dead struggle. Indeed it would not have been impossible, as we read the signs of the times, to induce Mr. Disraeli to bury the hatchet and pronounce a eulogy on the festive occasion. Blood, however, will tell, and the decorations and parade apart, Dublin made a notable *fiasco*.

The cause of the trouble was evident at the first blush. The Lord Mayor, Mr. McSwiney, inspired by Cardinal Cullen, had determined that O'Connell should be celebrated as a son of the Church; the Home Rule and Fenian parties were equally determined that he should be fêted as the champion of Repeal. The English Liberals could hardly take part in a demonstration, in which the Pope's health was to be the first toast. They are helplessly divided just now, but it is obvious that the alienation of the English and Scotch Noncomformists which would follow such a step must be death to them, without the hope of resurrection for years to come. The Mayor and his hierarchical backers, being in possession of the field, and desirous of renewing the Liberal alliance, strove to put Home Rule and its troublesome auxiliaries in the back ground. Their orator, Lord O'Hagan—a classic patronymic by the way—was repudiated by the rabble of recalcitrants as a "pensioner of Gladstone and the British Crown." O'Connell was a patriot, the proof of which is with national quickness at the tongue's tip—he refused to be Master of the Rolls. Most of us know that the great Daniel had his choice between accepting judicial preferment with one-third of the amount of his "rent"—the poor people's coppers collected on Sundays at the chapel doors, and keeping the whole of the "rent," and being a patriot to boot. He wisely combined a regard to country with a marked *penchant* for pelf. There were, then, three parties, all desirous of doing suitable honour to the memory of the great agitator, and all working at cross purposes. The loyal Liberals, so soon as it was definitively decided to prefer the Pope to the Queen, washed their hands of the business altogether, because, though they were willing to commemorate the services O'Connell rendered to the cause of religious liberty, they were not willing to be dragged into the slough of despond, by the fanaticism of the Ultramontane or the unreasoning demagoguism of Home Rule. There remained, then, two parties to fight it out between them, and it was fought out accordingly.

There has never been any real cordiality between the Church and the native agitation in Ireland. Ecclesiastics are always jealous of popular movements over which they are denied absolute control, especially when, as in the case of the Fenians, the oath of a secret society raises a barrier against them. For years, indeed ever since the later years of O'Connell's career, they have been losing ground with the laity. The Vatican decrees forced the question to an issue, and the popular voice of Ireland, if Mr. Butt, The O'Connor Don, and other Home Rule members represent her, has declared that there is a breach between the people and the priests. Cardinal Cullen thought, when he broke with the English Liberals and cast himself on the support of the Home Rulers, that all would be well. He has, by this time, found out his mistake. The agitators now, as always, are happy to receive hierarchical support, but only on condition that the Church shall be an ally, aud not a master. Hence the rage of McSwiney, the cutting of the traces, the quarrel at the banquet, and the turning down of the gas, just when Mr. Butt was preparing to extinguish the Lord Mayor and his clerical superiors. Out of all the clamour and confusion arises this fact, that a final severance has been made between the clerical and lay movements in Ireland. Henceforth Ultramontanism and Home Rule will walk apart.

Of O'Connell himself, who seems to have filled a subordinate place on this occasion, little remains to be said. He had not much of the hero about him, and still less of the saint. How he came to be patronized by the Ultramontane clerics of Britain, France, and Germany it would be difficult to say. It was he who prompted the Irish bishops to make their frank declaration against Papal infallibility quoted by Mr. Gladstone; and if he could have been present at his own Centennial, he would have sided with Isaac Butt and John of Tuam, not with Paul Cullen, Mgr. Dupanloup, and Lord Mayor McSwiney. His claims to saintship are more than doubtful, for he was, perhaps, the most untruthful man that ever led a people. In mendacity he traded, and, on the whole, the peasantry liked him for his lying. The claim to moral courage set up on his behalf we believe to be without warrant; his policy was to work the people up to the verge of rebellion and then to show his power by exhorting them to abstain from insurrection. He might boast at Tara or Mullingar that he could bring women enough into the field to beat all the royal forces, but when the mailed hand of power was shown he was easily cowed. That is the grain of truth in what Lord O'Hagan uttered as a eulogy:—"His aim was to keep Ireland profoundly submissive to the laws, yet morally ungovernable (!); to stir to its depths the passions of the people, and yet to make them shrink from violence and outrage." All these drawbacks must enter into an adequate estimate of the man; yet the services he rendered to the cause of civil and religious liberty were great, and, in spite of the glaring moral defects of his character, we can look back at this distance of time with something like admiration upon the figure of the Liberator, his ready humour, his thorough mastery over the hearts of his countrymen, and their emancipation, under his guidance, from a cruel bondage. He is not the man history will canonize, whatever the Church may do; yet we can afford to sympathize with those who remember him with gratitude for what he did.

Mr. Disraeli broke up the Parliamentary establishment on the 13th ult. We can fancy the feelings of the national pedagogue as he locked the doors of his educational establishment for a long vacation of five months. The general opinion amongst the pupils, and perhaps some of the under-masters, seems to be that he has disappointed reasonable expectations. When he seized the reins which Mr. Gladstone had thrown on the dashboard, after vainly flinging a sop in the shape of income-tax to his galled team, Mr. Disraeli was regarded as a heaven-sent agent of some Divine society for the prevention of cruelty to animals—in this case the British electorate suffering from furious driving. Sensational handling of the ribbons was to give place to the art of the veterinary surgeon; the whip, bit, and curb were to be superseded by the curry-comb, the bottle, and the sponge. In short, Mr. Disraeli and his Ministers were to raise the *physique* of the nation without regard to its speed.

What they have really done may be read in the comments of the English press. It amounts, for the most part, to a bundle of permissive measures which people may obey or not as their interests dictate. The judicial system has been remodelled for a year; the Government, as the result of Mr. Plimsoll's "dramatic scene," are to have absolute power over the merchant shipping, also for a year. Mr. Assheton Cross's Labour Bills, which are really of value, are, at the same time, the only thorough measures of the session. Mr. Disraeli's Agricultural Holdings Act and the Artizan Dwellings Act may or may not be successes, according as landlords are liberal and corporations enterprising or the reverse. The Premier's *bonhomie* has occasionally relieved the tedium of legislation, but age and infirm health have set their mark upon him, and he has not turned out the brilliant minister he was expected to be. Future sessions may prove that his lethargy and dulness have been the results of temporary indisposition; if so, the English people will rejoice at it, because they desire to see one whom fortune has somewhat hardly dealt with, quit the stage with credit when he makes his final bow. The Liberal party remains in a shattered state, just as when it was hurled to Pandemonium, and no leader has yet given a rallying cry powerful enough to summon the prostrate legions to renewed war.

The financial world in England has met with one or two disagreeable experiences lately. The report of the Foreign Loans Committee has disclosed some facts which all but the monied dupes who hunger after high rates of interest knew before. They knew that there were brokers and adventurers whose occupation it is to float bubble loans, and that Central and South American scrip was not worth the paper on which it is written. The Baron Grants and the Bischoffheims ply their trade, and become millionaires by downright swindling; everybody—certainly every novel reader who believes in the truth of fiction—was aware of it all long ago. The only pity of it is that the dupes, in many cases, belong to the classes who can least afford the loss—because it is their all. The aged, the widows, and others whose whole store for the future, naturally invested at the highest promised rates, has been swept away, are sincerely to be commiserated. But for those who have fallen victims to greed rather than simplicity and trustfulness nobody need care a halfpenny. The flight of Alexander Collie shows another weak spot in the paper business. Whether the manager of the London and Westminster Bank was or was not to blame, it is quite certain that there is something culpably loose in the bill and discounting business. That any man should be permitted to earn the reputation of being a millionaire, occupying a "palatial mansion, suitable for a nobleman or gentleman of large means," at Buckingham Palace Gate, by paper bearing a lie on its face, is strange; that a well-established bank should discount notes, without asking questions, on their bare presentation by the endorser, is inexplicable on any ordinary theory of financial prudence. These things will, however, work their own cure, and it is somewhat surprising to find that some of their own papers have discovered it as a novel fact that these tricks are played in England as well as in America. That discovery is no new one, as those who remember the Roupell, Redpath, and Watts cases are aware. The difference between the United States and England lies in this, that in the former corruption and swindling is a disease of the bone and marrow, eating into the nation's vitality; in the latter it is merely an eruption on the surface, easily expelled by soundness in the constitution of the patient.

Affairs on the Continent are not of special interest this month. Bismarck is rusticating, with great benefit to himself and no slight advantage to the peace of the world. German diplomats are less troublesome and *exigeant* than usual, and Europe is tranquil with the exception of the slight speck of war in the Herzegovina and the monarchical duel in Spain. The insurrection of the Christian population of the former state is an event which ought to stir the sympathies of the world. The little province itself is not of much account in European politics; its population is a mere handful, and even its name very rarely mentioned except in atlases and gazetteers. Hemmed in by mountains and cut off from the Adriatic by Austrian Dalmatia, it is practically out of diplomatic reckoning; yet from its neighbourhood to Bosnia, Servia, and Montenegro, it might be made a dangerous starting-point for insurrection. The Imperial triumvirate, however, have taken orders against any premature re-opening of the Eastern problem. Austria affects a humane interest in the fate of the insurgents, but they do not trust her, and she is distasteful to the Porte as a mediator, because of her recent negotiations in trade matters with Roumania. The Herzegovinians have fought with the valour desperation arouses, and there is little doubt that they are being aided in the unequal struggle by the Servians. Their position is a most pitiable one. More than a twelvemonth ago an outbreak of Turkish fanaticism drove a considerable portion of the population into exile. The rayahs or tax-collectors determined to exact the same revenue from the remaining inhabitants they had gathered before the migration. To a Canadian, the visits of tax-gatherers are sometimes annoying; but in the Christian provinces under Moslem rule they mean every species of brutality which a ruffianly soldiery can inflict on men, women, and children. If the Pasha in command succeeds in quelling the insurrection, the unfortunates will be exterminated in a way that should make humanity shudder. There is no hope except from a determined intervention of the powers, or a general revolt of Bosnia and Servia, as well as the Herzegovina.

In Spain the Carlist party seems to be on its last legs. Leo d'Urgel has fallen, and, if we may believe the latest telegrams, Don Carlos, having lost heart and hope, is on the point of disbanding his army.

The French Assembly adjourned for three months early in August. Before separating, the new Republican Constitution was formally completed by the passage of the Senate Bill—the vote being 559 to 37. This seems to promise well, but the depths are not so placid as the surface. Ever since M. Gambetta assailed M. Buffet as a concealed Bonapartist, matters have been going to the bad. The passage of the University Bill, which leaves collegiate education in clerical hands, showed the weakness of the coalition, the Conservatives have taken courage, and they seem now to have conceived the idea of carrying on the government without the aid of the Left. The attitude of MM. Buffet and Dufaure on the question of dissolution is eminently unsatisfactory to the Radicals. Ministers declined to say whether they would sanction a general election or not, but they are to announce their policy in November. This, of course, means that they will plot and manœuvre during the recess, so as to stave off the dreaded day of reckoning until next year. They know very well that the bulk of those who clamour for dissolution are at heart opposed to it, and would vote against it if they dared. The Left meanwhile is growing restive, and M. Gambetta, if his desire to restrain them be more than seeming, will find some difficulty in keeping his sleuth-hounds in leash. The prospect is not encouraging for the success of the Wallon constitution; still it is to be hoped that by some lucky chance the old alliance may be sufficiently patched up to ensure for the Republic a fair chance of going into practical operation.

BOOK REVIEWS.

PRAYER AND CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM. Five Sermons by R. Henry Roberts, B.A., London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1873.

A BRIEF DEFENCE OF SUPERNATURAL CHRISTIANITY. Being a Review of the Philosophical Principles and Historical Arguments of the Book entitled, "Supernatural Religion." By John Kennedy, M.A., D.D. London: Daldy, Isbister & Co. 1875.

We bracket together these two books because they both treat, in a popular way, of the religious questions at present in controversy. They are, of necessity, only slight contributions to Christian apologetics, by no means profound and not always satisfactory. Both are the work of Nonconformist ministers of recognized ability; and Dr. Kennedy is Professor of Apologetic Theology, in New College, London—a colleague therefore of Dr. Stoughton. It may be remarked as the characteristic weaknesses of such defences that they are too rhetorical in their method, and that although they are ostensibly replies to philosophical or scientific unbelievers, they are not addressed *to* them, but *at* them, through the medium of friendly readers or hearers. Their object, in fact, is not so much to refute or silence opponents, as to allay disquietude in orthodox bosoms. The result is that the logic is often faulty, and much of what is written is mere padding of the *ad captandum* sort. The little works before us partake of these weaknesses; yet the writers display considerable literary ability, a thorough appreciation and a generous treatment of opponents, and no slight skill and acuteness in handling the great subjects of which they treat.

Mr. Roberts's work on Prayer was published some two years ago, but as it does not appear to be widely known, and especially as it deals with a topic about which our readers have recently read something on both sides, we may give it the benefit of a brief notice. The first sermon is devoted to the proposed "prayer test" of Messrs. Galton and Tyndall. We have always thought the challenge an unreasonable one to make, from the believer's point of view. Christian prayer is only recognized in Scripture as the fruit of belief; to pray, in order to test the promises of God, is to admit that there may be a doubt upon the subject. Moreover, it involves the conception that the Deity is bound to give His creatures all that they desire—we may almost say demand—and in the precise way in which they desire it, without regard to the Divine plan of government, or the real necessities of the case. A Christian would instinctively shrink from calling upon his Maker to heal the sick, in order that His creature might have the means of defeating a scientific opponent. To do so, he would justly regard as an insult to the Divine Majesty. His reply, as Mr. Roberts puts it, would be, "If your course is one which does not commend itself to my conscience and common sense, I can't put prayer to the test; for the vital element of prayer- the very essence of its power—would be absent," and this because "the object prayed for must be one which the supplicants feel that they may fittingly and believing seek at the hands of God." Our author submits also the following considerations. The test would require Christians to set aside the evidence of the Bible, the experience of believers in all ages, in order to take up for three or five years an attitude of uncertainty and suspense. Who, he asks again is to guarantee that the prayers of "the faithful are to be concentrated upon one or more persons, or upon one hospital or ward?" Moreover there might be reasons why God could not near such prayers, or He might refuse to be tested in this way. In brief, Mr. Roberts declines the experiment, "because it is generated in a spirit and connected with ideas which have no sort of sympathy with Christian habits of thought." The answer must be that of the Master: "Jesus said unto him, it is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

In treating of Elijah and the prophets of Baal at Carmel, (1 Kings, xviii. 36–40) the author claims that we have prayer tested directly offered by Divine authority at a rugged crisis in the history of Israel. "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, *before whom I stand*," were the words of the prophet. Stress is laid upon the low intellectuality and spirituality of the time and of the people, and upon the fact that it seems part of the Divine plan to educate the world gradually, by means adopted to the wants of each successive age. Mr. Roberts acknowledges the moral difficulty involved in the slaughter of Baal's prophets, at the brook of Kishon, and he is ingenuous enough not to defend it. He regards it as simply Elijah's work—an excess of fanatical zeal on his part, of which there is no evidence that God approved any more than he did of Peter's dissimulation at Antioch. Other sermons on the statistical argument advanced by Mr. Galton, and another on the spiritual efficacy of prayer, we must pass over—the one because the argument could not be compressed within reasonable limits, and the other, because its subject-matter hardly forms part of the controversy. The last of the course treats of prayer for the sick, the text being that on which the peculiar people hang their anti-medical creed, James v. 14 and 15. This sermon is ingenious, but not conclusive. There is something, no doubt in the ambiguity, purposive, Mr. Roberts contends, of the words of the text, The apostle does not say that prayer "shall heal the sick," but merely that it shall "save" him. This he regards as equivalent to leaving the matter entirely in the hands of God. On the whole, the book is able; yet, perhaps its strongest point is a concession from Professor Tyndall, which we may quote in conclusion:—"The theory that the system of nature is under the control of a Being, who changes phenomena in compliance with the prayers of men, is, in my opinion, a perfectly legitimate one. It may, of course, be rendered futile by being associated with conceptions which contradict it, but such conceptions form no necessary part of the theory. It is a matter of experience that an earthly father, who is, at the same time, both wise and tender, listens to the requests of his children, and if they do not ask amiss, takes pleasure in granting their requests. We know also that this compliance extends to the alteration within certain limits of the current of events on earth. With this suggestion offered by one experience, there is no departure from scientific method, to place behind natural phenomena, a universal Father, who, in answer to the prayers of His children, alters the current of those phenomena. *Thus far, Theology and Science go hand in hand.*"

We had intended, at the outset, to enter somewhat fully into Dr. Kennedy's "Defence of Supernatural Christianity," but we find ourselves constrained, for this occasion at any rate, to be content with a brief indication of its character. It originally appeared as a supplement to the *Nonconformist*, and considering that the entire ground traversed in the two ponderous volumes of "Supernatural Religion" is galloped over in a small volume of seventy-four pages, the work is by no means thoroughly done. The subject of miracles is divided into two parts—*fundamental*, treating of the absolute denial of miracles under any circumstances, and *transitional* (Sup. Rel. Chapters IV., V., and VI), of the distinctive criticism applied to the Gospel miracles, "by a prejudgment, founded on the superstitiousness and ignorance of the age." Finally, the bulk of the work criticised, which treats of the authenticity of the Gospels, is taken up, and twenty-seven pages devoted to it. We had marked a number of passages in Dr. Kennedy's book for special comment, but we must simply commend this very fair and able defence to the attention of our readers. Some of the arguments strike us as fallacious and untenable, and sometimes the author seems to have misinterpreted his opponent's meaning. To expose these weak points would, perhaps, be to do injustice to Dr. Kennedy, as fragmentary criticism of a book always does, and as the author himself, unconsciously no doubt, does to the subject of his animadversions. The rhetorical style will crop out here, of course, but as a rule, the logic of the subject is never lost sight of or drowned in a torrent of verbiage.

THE GRIP CARTOONS. Vols. I and II. May, 1873, to May, 1874, with Notes and Introduction by J. W. Bengough. Toronto: Rogers and Larminie, 1875.

It is generally acknowledged that for the purpose of chastising the graver sins of public men, the proper weapons are denunciation, invective, and sarcasm. For their lighter misdemeanours, however,—their follies and peccadiloes—these would be out of place. To break a butterfly upon a wheel is a ludicrous waste of power. The appropriate instrument of punishment here is ridicule. This being so, it is a subject for congratulation that, after a long list of failures, we have, in our friend "Grip," now in its third year of existence, a *censor morum* which appears to be assured of a permanent vitality. This success is doubtless owing to the cartoons of Mr. Bengough, the first year's issue of which are here collected into book form These excellent productions have been re-engraved on wood, and, as regards finish of execution, are a decided improvement on the originals on stone. The most noticeable qualities of Mr. Bengough's facile pencil, are dexterity in hitting off a happy likeness, and a certain degree of cleverness in filling in the accessories of a picture. Still, these excellencies are not uniformly displayed. Some of the likenesses are not nearly so happy as others. Among the best are those of Mr. Beaty and Mr. McKellar; but in those of Mr. Blake, Mr. Mowat, and Mr. Patteson, the cartoonist is not so fortunate. There is moreover a want of variety in facial expression, the result being that each likeness tends to become stereotyped, and consequently monotonous. With regard to the filling in of details, it must be conceded too, that, though in general there is considerable imaginative power, some of the cartoons display a noticeable poverty of invention.

The most glaring defect, however, is a want of accuracy in drawing. Too often, indeed, there is not even an attempt to reproduce the natural curves of the human form. The only cure for this grave defect is severe study under competent teachers. If Mr. Bengough would undergo a course of careful training in anatomy and anatomical drawing, he might aspire to become the Tenniel or Leech of Canada. At present, there are no signs that constant practice for nearly three years has effected the slightest improvement in this supremely important particular. In the matter of drawing the cartoon of last week is as crude, as raw, and as untrained as the very first one issued. Whether Mr. Bengough will be contented with merely clever mediocrity, or will aspire to become a genuine artist, and a master of his craft, rests with himself to decide. It is earnestly to be hoped that his choice will be the latter: it would be a subject for great regret were gifts such as he possesses comparatively wasted for lack of culture. Let him remember the wise words of the late John Stuart Mill, in his noble inaugural address to the students of St. Andrews University: "No other human productions come so near to perfection as works of pure Art. In all other things, we are, and may reasonably be, satisfied if the degree of excellence is as great as the object immediately in view seems to us to be worth; but in Art, the perfection is itself the object. If I were to define Art, I should be inclined to call it the endeavour after perfection in execution. If we meet with even a piece of mechanical work which bears the marks of being done in this spirit—which is done as if the workman loved it, and tried to make it as good as possible, though something less good would have answered the purpose for which it was ostensibly made—we say that he has worked like an artist." "Perfection in execution" is the ideal which Mr. Bengough should have in view, and if he has the true spirit of an artist, he will be content with nothing short of this.

We understand that it is intended to continue the reissue of the *Grip* Cartoons, and that those from May, 1874, to May, 1875, are now in course of preparation.

BACON *versus* SHAKSPERE; a Plea for the Defendant. By Thomas D. King. Montreal: Lovell Printing and Publishing Company. 1875.

Mr. Nathaniel Holmes is one of the most recent advocates of the alleged Baconian origin of Shakspeare's plays. We do not suppose that the supporters of this theory intend or expect to be taken in serious earnest. Like the disputants in the schools, they simply aim at the praise of ingenuity. No one, they would probably say, is bound to believe them. While, however, we feel that Mr. King, in devoting a small volume to the refutation of Mr. Holmes, has performed a work that was superfluous, we nevertheless with pleasure add that he has taken occasion, during the process, to furnish the reader with some fresh and pleasant matter on an old subject. We shall regret, by the way, if in Canadian literature the established form of Shakspeare's name should be superseded by that which is adopted on every page of the volume before us. If, as Mr. King very properly argues, the authority of Heminge and Condel, of Meres, Weever, &c., is of weight as to the authenticity of the plays, it is equally good on the point of the common contemporary mode of rendering the great poet's name.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"TWO names," says Dr. Lightfoot, "stand out prominently in the churches of proconsular Asia during the age immediately succeeding the Apostles. Polycarp, of Smyrna, and Papias, of Hierapolis. Having disposed of the one in a former paper, he devotes a rather lengthy chapter in the *Contemporary* to the latter. Papias is rather a shadowy figure in church history—his age, his abilities, and the precise nature of his treatise in five books, are all matters of controversy. Irenæus says that he was a hearer of John and a companion of Polycarp. If this be true, especially the first clause, he forms a most important link stretching over a barren period in Christian literature, and thus bridges the chasm between the Apostolic age and the appearance of the earliest writings now extant more or less in their entirety. With regard to the age of Papias on which much of the controversy between the author of Supernatural Religion depends, we think Dr. Lightfoot has made out his case here as in the case of Polycarp. The statement that Papias was "a hearer of John," that is of the Apostle, is not pressed, although the Professor regards it as by no means improbable. There were clearly two Johns named by this writer, and distinguished the one as of "the Lord's disciples" and the other as Presbyter or Elder John. Eusebius seems to think that the latter was the author of the Apocalypse. With characteristic acuteness Dr. Lightfoot succeeds, we think, in showing that Papias's martyrdom, as well as Polycarp's, have been post-dated by the Tubingen school and the author of Supernatural Religion. It is obvious that if Polycarp suffered in A.D. 164 his birth could not have been earlier than the year 80, which would make his intercourse with the personal followers of the Lord scarcely possible. Yet nothing is more certain than that he was on intimate terms with one at least of the Apostles and a large circle of the first adherents to the Christian faith after them. The secret of the mistake in both cases is traced to the Chronicon Paschale, a compilation of the seventh century. No earlier writer mentions any date, "not even Eusebius;" but the *quasi*-authority starts boldly with the 133rd year of the Ascension, and jumbles together the martyrology of several generations which Eusebius has distinctly related as successive, instead of simultaneous. This is shown here by placing the extracts from the Chronicon side by side with the source of the compiler's information. As if to settle the question beyond cavil Dr. Lightfoot's quotations show that in the compilation, Papias was written by the transcriber, when Eusebius has Papylus. We have no space to follow the writer in his statement of the positive evidence for Papias's date. It must suffice to say that his birth is placed at A.D. 60-70, and the publication of his work at A.D. 130-140. The author of "Supernatural Religion" has been singularly unfortunate here, for in his first volume he dates his work at "about the middle of the second century," whereas in the second volume he speaks of him as "flourishing in the *second* half of the second century"—an altogether untenable assumption. The work of Papias, which was one of considerable size is only known to us by extracts made by Irenæus and Eusebius, and its very title forms part of the controversy. The author of "Supernatural Religion" contends that if Papias had any written documents before him they were only the λογια or discourses of our Lord and not one of our canonical gospels. Great stress is laid upon his remark "I did not think that I could get so much profit from the contents of books as from the utterances of a living and abiding voice;" but everything depends on the real purpose of the work. Was it an exposition or exegesis as its author called it or was it a new Gospel of his own. Prof. Lightfoot claims that exegesis means a commentary on some text and "the Lord's discourses" should be rendered the "Dominical Oracles," an expression covering facts as well as discourses. (Rom. iii. 1.) When he speaks of the contents of books, he is, in short, speaking of the fanciful exegesis adopted by the Gnostics and not of the text at all.

Mr. Plimsoll's "dramatic scene" has been fruitful in results not immediately contemplated by the member for Derby. Mr. Brassey, in a brief paper, exposes the character of the Advance Note given to seamen by masters of ships on the owners of ships. It is in fact a post-dated cheque payable to the holder at a certain interval after the ship's departure, provided the sailor fulfils his part of the contract. The latter endorses it, gets it discounted, as Mr. O'Dowd states, "at 2s. per pound discount," or at between 30 and 40 per cent. per month, and then pays, or is supposed to pay, for his board and outfit, and then goes, or is carried, on board, as the case may be. The pretext for this demoralizing custom is that board must be paid for on shore and an outfit procured. In point of fact this is only done in exceptional cases ; so that from the time the sailor lands till he re-embarks he is absolutely at the mercy of crimps and abandoned people of every sort. When his ship arrives in port he is paid off and is immediately in the hands of the sharks who fleece him unblushingly ; when his money is exhausted, he is pressed into the service again by the crimp, gets his advance-note and squanders what is left of it till he is compelled to go on board. The crimp is, of course, directly concerned in the man's engagement with a new ship and in seeing him safely stowed in the forecastle, because otherwise the advance-note would be worthless ; but a system could hardly be devised which offers less opportunity for provident and steady habits. Canon Todd contributes a paper on "The Roman Catholic Marriage Laws" from a Roman Catholic point of view. There is nothing very new in the paper, except that the charge made by Mr. Gladstone against the Church, that it regards Protestant marriages as "mere civil contracts" is rebutted, but that had already been done by Dr. Newman. We observe that Father Todd treats two passages in St. Matthew in a decidedly rationalistic style ; Mark and Luke, he urges, declare that the marriage tie is indissoluble, and state no exception to the rule. Matthew, on the other hand (v. 32 ; xix. 3-9), regards fornication as a valid cause of divorce. Now the writer honestly declares that no explanation of this difference is satisfactory ; he suggests, however, that Matthew was writing for the Jews only, and that the other evangelists who must have known what he had written deliberately omitted the exception. If this method of solving a difficulty be admissible, the Infallible Church will soon be travelling in the groove of Renan and Strauss. The explanation of "most theologians" that St. Matthew meant merely a separation *a thoro et mensa* is untenable also, because the words "put away" must mean the same thing as applied to Christian law as when quoted from Moses (v. 31-32).

Mr. Julian Hawthorne continues his lively papers entitled "Saxon Studies," dealing on this occasion with the army. There is much in it that is amusing, and one or two things which are amazing if not exaggerated, as it is to be hoped they are. Mr. Rowsell gives a history of the acquirement of parliamentary control on expenditure and the present machinery of audit. To financiers it will form a valuable study ; to Canadian financiers, especially those portions of it which relate to the establishment and regulation of the Consolidated Fund and the Comptroller-Generalship of the Exchequer. It seems hardly fair in the writer of "Carlo Cattaneo" to complain that the writings of that distinguished economist are not so well known as those of Mr. Mill. The reason is because they only exist in fugitive newspaper articles and MS. notes. The picture of the backward state of Italy from a literary point of view is even darker than we should have fancied it, and it is, therefore, unreasonable to ask foreigners to care for a reputation which is not appreciated at home. Carlo Cattaneo is connected in history with the celebrated "Five days," when Milan might have successfully contended with Radetzky if she had only been united. Cattaneo's part in the affair was extremely creditable to him. He refused to be prematurely led into the toils by the aristocratic party and Charles Albert, although he seems to have had no strong objection to the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont. Theoretically he was a Republican ; but his first aim was to drive the Austrian from the soil. "Fight and hold your tongues" was his advice. Under favourable circumstances, he might, like Castelar, have gained the highest place in his country, and there are some reasons for thinking that he would have used his advantages to better purpose. He was a Federal Republican, not a Mazzinian nor even a Garibaldian ; yet he was a warm admirer of both as patriots. He hated Bonapartism, but he differed from his brother leaders in the view they they took of Napoleon's intervention on behalf of Sardinia. His constant cry was—"Fight when you can, how you can, where you can, and *with whom* you can—no matter, so that you fight against Austria—and get used to fighting." The biographical reminiscences in this paper are of great interest, for Cattaneo was an able, learned, earnest, and withal simple-minded man, who lived and died in poverty without a selfish aim or an ignoble action.

"Institutions and their Inmates," by Mrs.

Synnot, is a protest against the scandalous waste of money and mechanism in some charitable institutions. One instance will suffice. At an Asylum for Aged Governesses at Kentish Town, London, the expenses of the year, and there are only seven inmates, are £1,430 odd. In addition to a thorough exposure of this wanton extravagance, by Government statistics, the writer puts in a plea on behalf of the family system, in preference to the ordinary asylum plan for children, especially girls. The facts brought out in the Local Government Board Reports regarding Scotland, and also the Protestant Orphan Society of Ireland may be commended to the attention of benevolent ladies and gentlemen in Canada. Mr. Arthur Arnold's "Liberal Party and the Catholics" can hardly be called a reply to Mr. Pope Hennessy's article of the previous number, because both coincide in their conclusions. Nevertheless Mr. Arnold makes a personal onslaught on the ex-Governor of Sierra Leone which is scarcely warranted. Above all, he falls into the blunder of quoting Mr. Froude as an authority, which he is not, because he garbles documents and is deficient in judgment. If there be one thing more than another we should feel suspicious of, it would be Mr. Froude's inferences—unless we make an exception, for the worse, of his quotations.

The *Fortnightly Review* contains no article of striking importance this month. Mr. Fawcett contributes a graceful and touching tribute to the memory of the late Prof. Cairnes, his brother economist. Sir Rutherford Alcock's article on "The Inheritance of the Great Mogul," contains a good deal of information regarding Central Asia, but is much too diffuse. So far as the future is concerned, the writer thinks that England's chief danger in India is from China, which seems to be on the eve of another forward movement west and south-westward. He is satisfied that "the conquest neither of India nor of China has yet entered into the plans of Russian rulers or statesmen." Yet he appears to think that Russia might be led to encourage Mongol invasion. If so, Buddhism and Mahommedanism would meet in deadly conflict. Sir Rutherford urges Britain to foster the alliance with Japan as the most effective check to the designs of the Chinese rulers. Lord Lytton's "Liberty of the Press" is a supplementary poem to "Fables in Song." It contains some striking passages, but is scarcely as clear in its application as the ordinary reader could wish. Mr. Payne's paper on "Parliament and Popular Government," although written by a Liberal, contains evident traces of the Conservative reaction, not so much in spirit as in argument. The writer desires the repeal of the Septennial Act or else some understanding that Parliaments are not to last so long. His contention is that a hasty general election may give one party so great a predominance as to render Parliament practically independent of the people for seven years. So far from desiring anything radical he strives to show, in an interesting historical sketch, that England would only be going back to the old paths, by doing away with the fixed duration of Parliaments. Speaking of parties, Mr. Payne remarks, "The questions between them are limited to a more narrow issue than at any previous time. In fact it is curious to observe how little dissimilarity exists between them upon anything resembling a broad principle." What would he say if he knew anything of Canadian parties, falsely so-called? Mr. Bridge gives a very seductive picture of the Mediterranean or great Inland Sea of Japan—not so large as its namesake, but differing from it in having regular tides. The general effect of the paper seems to suggest that the writer has studied *The Earl and the Doctor* to some purpose. Professor Hunter's sketch of the history of labour from slavery to equality and its ultimate triumph, in "Mr. Cross's Labour Bills," is well worthy of perusal. With the exception of the Criminal Amendment Act, the Professor's criticisms on the Home Secretary's legislation are, in the main, eulogistic. Some of the verbal confusion in the Conspiracy Bill was cleared up, we may remark, by Lord Cairns in the Lords. Mr. Symonds, always clear and well-informed, gives an account of the Eleatic fragments of Xenophanes and Parmenides, the facts of which are valuable, although we have some doubts as to the philosophic inferences. Mr. Digby's "Home Rule Experiment in Ceylon" is rather misleading in its title; it really amounts to nothing more than a re-establishment of the old municipal system to village communities. The Rev. Percival Frost treats of "Some Clerical Obliquities of Mind." The object of the paper, which is written with considerable vigour, is to show the futility of the excuses some advanced Ritualists make for disobeying the law of the Church and yet remaining in its fold.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

AN event of some musical interest last month was the second annual Sängerfest of the German-Canadian Singing Societies, which was held at Berlin on the 17th, 18th, and 19th ult. It has been generally conceded that these gatherings actively stimulate a desire to cultivate the art of music in one or other of its various branches, and on this account alone, should receive the warmest support and encouragement from the public at large. The enthusiasm which the festival under notice excited among the Germans in Ontario was something remarkable; certainly nothing like it in point of unanimity and thoroughness has yet been witnessed, in connection with such an occasion, among other sections of our community. Our German fellow-subjects have but to continue their meetings in the spirit in which they originated, to attain that experience and executive ability which are necessary to a successful production of the choral masterpieces of the great composers, for it may be expected that, as the programmes of the festival exhibit a periodical elevation in character, a time will be reached when detached choruses will no longer satisfy the demands of the public, or the developed capabilities and taste of the singers.

If we divest the Berlin Sängerfest of the merry-making, the harmless conviviality, and the festivities that attended it, all of which have been accorded full justice by the daily press, there will remain but two concerts which demand notice. In the first of these, the choral music was supplied by the male singers of societies of Toronto, Hamilton, Berlin, Preston, and Waterloo, and the Berlin mixed choir. The numbers were selected principally from the compositions of Abt, Kücken, and Fischer, and were in every instance sung *con amore*. It would, of course, be idle to deny that a proportion of the material of which these singing societies are composed, is comparatively raw and inexperienced, but it has to be borne in mind that their formation is but of recent date. Nevertheless, many of the choruses were remarkably well given, and the keen interest and delight which each individual singer took in rendering his part, contrasted strongly with the listless indifference, both to the music and the conductor, so often observed in our English Choral Unions. The professional soloists were Madame De Ryther (mezzo-soprano), Herr Warner (violoncello), and Mr. J. W. Baumann (violin). The engagement of Madame De Ryther was well judged, as the lady possesses one of those full and powerful-toned voices which was exactly what was required to fill so large a hall as that in which the concerts were given. Herr Werner, whose principal *morceau* was Vieuxtemps' celebrated "Reverie," delighted even the most critical by his masterly playing. The purity and volume of tone that he drew from his instrument, his perfect toning and stopping, and finally, the refinement of phrasing and expression, proclaimed him to be an artist of a very high order. Mr. Baumann, whose name is familiar to concert audiences in this Province, played with more than his usual care and taste, and perhaps this was most apparent in his violin *obligato* to the singing of Madame De Ryther, in Lachner's "Thou everywhere." The Toronto Musicians' Association band, and the Hamilton Artillery band, both gave rather long and noisy selections; their playing was, however, good.

The second concert, which took place on the afternoon of the 18th ult., was distinguished from the first by a number of choruses by the combined male choirs, and by the appearance of the Buffalo Orpheus Society and Sängerbund, and the Detriot Orpheus Society, the last named being an English singing society, and the only one that sang at the festival. The combined male choirs naturally produced more effect than the individual choirs at the first concert, and although the rehearsals under the musical director, Mr. Zöllner, had been necessarily but few, the *ensemble* was very creditable. The singing of the Orpheus Society of Buffalo, and of the Orpheus Society of Detroit, was undoubtedly the best at the Sängerfest, and the superiority was cheerfully acknowledged. The Buffalo Sängerbund came next in point of merit. The accompanyist at both the concerts was Miss Lindsay, of St. Catharines, a young lady who gives great promise of future success as a *pianiste*. The second concert practically brought the festival to a close. It is proposed to hold the next Sängerfest at Hamilton in 1877.

LITERARY NOTES.

A thouroughly revised edition of "Prehistoric Man," by Prof. Daniel Wilson, of University College, Toronto, is announced for publication this autumn, by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., London.

The same firm have in preparation a Library Edition, in three volumes, of Green's "Short History of the English People," which has met with so favourable a reception in its one volume shape. The work, we learn, has undergone a thorough revision, and has been considerably extended, particularly in the treatment of the history of the 18th and 19th centuries.

John Hill Burton, whose History of Scotland to the extinction of the last Jacobite insurrection is so well known, is engaged on a "History of the Reign of Queen Anne."

A complemental volume to Mr. W. F. Rae's "Wilkes, Sheridan and Fox," is about to appear in a volume from the same author, to be entitled, "George Washington; the American opposition to George III."

Mr. Ashton Dilke's work on "The Russian Power," is approaching completion, and will be ssued at an early day.

The Marquis of Lorne, it is said, has a narrative poem of considerable length in the press, ntitled, "Guido and Leta: a Tale of the Riviera." The story is founded on an incident in one of the Saracen inroads, which troubled the coast of Provence during the tenth century.

A second edition, with supplement completing the work to the present time, of Cates's Dictionary of General Biography, with classified and chronological index of principal names, has just issued from the press.

Messrs. Appleton have just published a reprint of Darwin's Insectivorous Plants, which has lately appeared in England; also, a cheaper edition of the same author's "Descent of Man."

Messrs. Longmans, of London, announce as in preparation for publication, "The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," by his nephew, G. O. Trevelyan, M. P. The work will be issued in two volumes, and will probably appear in the early part of the book season.

Mr. John Forster, the biographer of Dickens, is, we understand, engaged on the Life of Dean Swift, and is about to issue a new edition of his Life of Goldsmith, and other of his works. Mr. Thomas Hughes, M. P., and author of "Tom Brown's School Days," is said to be busy upon a work on the present aspect of the Church of England.

Mr. R. G. Haliburton, a native of Nova Scotia, and the son of the Judge of that name, who has given us the creation of "Sam Slick," is about to issue in London, a Volume of Essays on Colonial subjects. The most important contribution to the volume is a paper entitled, "How We Lost an Empire a Hundred Years Ago."

A work of some interest is these times of stirring ecclesiastical excitement, appears from the press of Messrs. Longmans, entitled, "The New Reformation: a narrative of the old Catholic movement, from 1870 to the present time." It appears with an historical introduction by Theodorus, and is a good sized octavo volume, published at twelve shillings sterling.

The English Publishers' Circular has the following paragraph, concerning the Revision of the Scriptures now being undertaken by a committee of scholars in England:—"The New Testament of the Revisers has, it would seem, reached that stage at which we may sum up what has been done, and take stock of the work. The well-known Unitarian scholar, Dr. Vance Smith, is the first of the Revisers to break silence, and to tell us where we stand irrespective of those curt bulletins which note only how many chapters they have read, and at what verse they have stopped. The most important portion, the four Gospels, Mr. Smith says, have been completely revised, with the exception of two disputed points yet to be decided. The Acts of the Apostles and small Epistles have been revised once, but have to undergo a second revision. The Epistles of St. Paul come next, and would take a long time. The Revisors, twenty in number, met for a week, once a month during ten months in the year. They had been engaged five years, and he estimated that their work would take them five years longer. The travelling expenses only, of the Revisers, were paid from a fund formed by a sale of copyright to the University Press. He could not say whether the new version of the Testament would be published in parts. That question had not arisen. But there could be no doubt that the revision in question would be a great improvement—here improving the expressions, and there bringing out the meaning more clearly."

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 8.] OCTOBER, 1875. [NO. 4.

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

BY GENERAL M. BUTT HEWSON, C. E.

THE Grand Trunk Railway reflects by its unprofitableness on the material interests of Canada. Mr. Potter's mistake in arraying the line against the character of the Canadian people and the progress of Canadian development, does not alter the fact that the financial result of its investments is a misfortune to this Dominion. A duty to the continued growth of the country demands that the failure of that gentleman's road to reward its owners be placed upon its real merits; and that the placing be done in a spirit of sympathy for him and them with a view to the reversal, as far as is now practicable, of what is a disaster applying in common to English capital and to Canadian progress.

In seeking a remedy for the unprofitableness of the Grand Trunk, the search should commence in an enquiry into the cause. Is there, then, any reason outside the line, any reason in the traffic resources of Canada, why it should not yield dividends? The answer to this question can be given with the authority of a demonstration by comparing certain facts of railways in the United States with corresponding facts of the Grand Trunk; and as recent discussion bases the failure of that line upon the overdoing of railway construction in Canada, by applying the comparison to the field in which that alleged overdoing takes its extreme form—the Province of Ontario.

The following table is compiled mainly from "Poor's Manual" of 1873-4.* It may not be severely accurate, but is perfectly trustworthy as authority for the conclusions to which it points :—

---

* Manual of the Railroads of the United States for 1873–4, by H. V. & H. W. Poor. New York, 1873.

The Railways of the Province of Ontario.

Railways in Ontario.	Length—Miles.	Cost (Dollars).	Cost per mile (Dollars).	Gross receipts (Dollars).	Receipts per mile (Dollars).	Working expenses in per-centage of gross receipts	Remarks.
Grand Trunk	485	67,900,000	140,000	4,233,000	6,553	80.4	The cost of the Grand Trunk is estimated at £28,000 per mile on the authority of Sir Hugh Allan's pamphlet. The blanks in the table apply to new roads not yet introduced in specification into "Poor's Manual." These roads are given, however, in order to show the full mileage in the Province.
Buffalo and Lake Huron	161	6,443,000					
Great Western	342	30,773,000	90,000	5,390,000	12,132	59.7	
G. W. leased lines	102						
Canada Southern	324	17,000,000	52,000				
Northern	140	6,086,000	43,000	895,000	6,023	79.8	
Toronto, Grey, and Bruce	88						
Toronto and Nipissing	87						
Midland	109	3,348,000	31,000	304,000	2,719	56.9	
Brockville and Ottawa	84			275,000	3,279	65.6	
Central	28	691,000	24,000	32,000	1,137	77.4	
St. Lawrence and Ottawa	59			162,000	2,742	71.6	
Cobourg Line	46						
Whitby Line	19						

With the foregoing specification of the railways in Ontario, the comparison suggested may now be made. It is put in the following table, on the faith of the figures of Poor's Manual of 1873-4—that is to say, for the year ending with June, 1872—the population being estimated to that date; in the case of the American lines, from the census of 1870; in the case of the Canadian lines, from the census of 1871:

Basis of comparison.	Total miles of railway.	Total Population.	Population per mile of railway.	Gross receipts of the railways.	Gross receipts per mile of railway.	Gross receipts per head of population.	Dividends on stocks.
				$	$	$	
Ontario	2074	1,647,000	794	11,291,000	5,444	6.85	
Minnesota	1616	510,000	268	3,515,000	2,113	6.89	1.60
Iowa	2734	1,315,000	360	8,969,000	3,280	6.82	2.06
Wisconsin	1779	1,120,000	595	7,832,000	4,224	6.99	2.92
Maine	933	630,000	723	4,653,000	4,988	7,38	2.57
New Hampshire	627	320,000	395	3,625,000	5,830	11.33	5.70
Vermont	568	332,000	467	4,260,000	7,500	12.83	3.91
Michigan	1904	1,280,000	672	11,921,000	6,261	9.31	4.85
Indiana	3748	1,730,000	443	24,415,000	6,514	14.11	0.50

The table just given goes directly to the question of excessive railway construction in Ontario. It shows that, in proportion to population, that Province has less length of railway than Maine, Michigan, Indiana, only one-half of the length in New Hampshire, and only one-third of the length in Minnesota. Excluding though it does all the earnings of one-third of her lines—those for which the returns are not given in Poor's Manual—it shows that every inhabitant of Ontario contributed, notwithstanding, as much to railway earnings as every inhabitant of Minnesota, of Iowa, of Wisconsin, and very nearly as much as every inhabitant of the old State of Maine. These points of comparison on the basis of population may be held as disposing of the allegation of excessive length of railway in Ontario, whether as a matter of fact, or as an explanation of the failure of the Grand Trunk to yield dividends.

Over-construction being inadmissible, what, then, is the cause, what are the causes, of the unprofitableness of the great highway of Canada to its proprietors? The gross receipts set opposite Ontario, in the table next preceding, do not, it will be seen by recurring to the first table, include new and unfinished lines. The earnings of 700 miles are thus, it may be repeated, omitted. The income per mile is, therefore, not $5,444 as set forth, but is in fact $8,186. Taking the figures of the table, however, regardless of this correction, they are good for the conclusion, that when the railways of New Hampshire, with receipts of $5,830 per mile, those of Maine, with receipts of $4,988 per mile, those of Wisconsin, with receipts of $4,224, those of Iowa, with receipts of $3,280, and even those of Minnesota, with receipts of but $2,113, all pay dividends on their stocks, the reason why Canadian railways do not, the reason why the Grand Trunk with receipts of $6.563 per mile does not, must clearly be sought for elsewhere than in the activity of the people as measured by the volume of the traffic.

What of the severity of the Canadian climate? Does not that cause an extraordinary absorption of earnings in working expenses, and make thus the reasoning from the figures cited above illusive? As this suggestion has been addressed recently to popular misapprehension in England, it demands, in order to avert the injury which it is calculated to do the railway progress of the Dominion, an examination in fulness of evidence.

The selection of American States presented in the last table has not been made in contemplation of a foregone conclusion. It has proceeded with the single purpose of eliminating from the question under review, at this point, any disturbing considerations of climate. It includes, be it observed, all the States that border upon the Dominion, from Nova Scotia to Manitoba. It embraces in its averages several lines which traverse regions whose winters are much more severe than the average winter of those traversed by the railways of Canada. Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, are represented on the one hand, and Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, are represented on the other hand, by items of the table which exclude from the comparison with those of Ontario, any special application of the question of climate against that Province, for the reason, *prima facie*, that the first group being mountainous, and the latter group being situated on plains of greater elevation, they embody averages of higher altitudes, while a glance at a map of North America will show that both groups embody averages including even higher latitudes. The popular misapprehension as to the exceptional effect of climate on railway-working here, may be held disposed of by the foregoing figures under the reading of this explanation; but the special force necessary in proof which is designed to "*reason* down what has not been *reasoned* up," demands, now that the consideration of the management of our great railway is being approached, that that misapprehension be met in direct issue on its merits in the special case of the Grand Trunk.

The earnings apportioned to the great Canadian highway in Ontario yield, according to the first table given in this paper, an average per mile of $6,553. The working expenses of that line, although paid out of receipts higher than in the case of any of the averages given, stand, be it observed, in percentage of the gross earnings, at 80.4. Now, the value of climate in determining that percentage may be traced in general by a comparison with the corresponding facts in the country at each end of the line, and as far as may be, along its route, including even those lines which run from it 50 or 80 miles northerly into basins of greater elevation and higher latitude. A review of the question in that light presents it thus:

Working expenses of all lines in Michigan,	1904 miles ...	62.5 per ct.
Do. of the Great Western of Canada	444 miles ...	59.7 per ct.
Do. of five lines running northerly from the Grand Trunk in Ontario	420 miles ...	72.4 per ct.
Do. of all the roads in Maine, exclusive of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence	783 miles ...	72.2 per ct.
Do. of the Grand Trunk,	1377 miles ...	80.4 per ct.

The specifications of working expenses given here show that all the roads of Michigan—a region situated at one end of the line—are worked at a cost of 17.9 per cent. less. It shows that with the exception of one railway managed by the Grand Trunk Company, all the lines of Maine—a region situated at the other end—are worked at a cost 8.2 per cent. less. It sets forth that the Great Western of Canada, including a trunk which runs within 20 miles of it for a distance of 180 miles, and a branch which extends to the north of it for 100 miles, are worked at a cost 20.7 per cent. less. Showing, besides these facts, that five tracks extending northerly from it in Ontario into the colder regions of Ottawa, Pembroke, Collingwood, transact their business at a cost 8 per cent. less, the conclusion is irresistible that the excessive absorption of the receipts of the chief railway of the Dominion in working-expenses, does not find its explanation in climate.

A comparison such as that just made is met by the hint that the extraordinary proportion of the working expenses of the Grand Trunk is referable mainly to the severity of the climate along its extension eastwardly from Montreal. That part of the line being but one-fourth of all, the cause that, operating on that length only, can affect the running cost on the whole to such an extent as it is said to do, must stand out very broadly in the case of other lines worked under similar conditions. What then are the facts of roads situated in the same latitudes?

The European and North American Railway of the State of Maine begins in the latitude of Prescott, on the Grand Trunk, and ends in the latitude of Richmond, on the branch of that line to Quebec. One hundred and fourteen miles in length, it was worked at the date of the latest returns given in Poor's Manual of 1873–4, for a proportion of its gross earnings no greater than 55.0 per cent. The Intercolonial Railway includes in the results given for it the European and North American line of New Brunswick. The Government of the Dominion of Canada manages that line, and may be supposed to do so under the usual penalty of a control so remote and loose—extravagance. And yet what is the result in that case? Beginning at St. John's and running as far to the north as the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the 149 miles included in the report of that line by Poor, though they correspond in latitude almost exactly with the Grand Trunk from Montreal to Quebec, consume gross earnings in the business to the extent of but 67.8 per cent.

Several railways of the North-west of the United States operate in winters as severe as those of the Province of Quebec. Incorporated with other lines, they do not stand out in special facts, and are therefore excluded from use here. One however there is, which presents an extreme illustration of the value of climate on the lower sections of the Grand Trunk. The Marquette, Houghton, and Ontonagon Railway is 49 miles in length. Making a connection at an intermediate point with the lines of Northern Wisconsin, it begins at one port of Lake Superior, Marquette, and ends at another port of that lake, L'Anse. Situated on a peninsula swept in winter by winds from one ice-bound sea on the one side, and from another ice-bound sea on the other side, it runs, furthermore, through a region whose elevation above the banks of the St. Lawrence below Montreal must be held, according to Humboldt's equation of heights, to assign it a climate over two degrees more northerly than that proper to its parallel of latitude.* But waiving all consideration of its exposure and of its elevation, the Marquette, Houghton, and Ontonagon, if moved eastwardly along its geographical parallels, would, placing one of its termini at Quebec, extend from that city towards Three Rivers, its whole length lying on the northern shore of the St. Lawrence. And yet while its gradients are highly unfavourable to cheap work, that line, which traverses a climate more severe perhaps than any known to settlement in the Province of Quebec, transacted its business for the year represented by its last report in Poor's Manual, at a cost to its gross earnings of but 56.2 per cent.†

Facts in the States containing its eastern and its western termini, and in the country along its route, show that our chief highway is worked at a cost excessive to an extent varying from 8.0 to 20.7 per cent. The excess has been shown to hold in the case of a road in Maine having an average latitude equal to that of Montreal, in the ratio of 25.4 per cent.; and in the case of a road in New Brunswick conducted with the extravagance fairly supposable in the transaction of such a business by a Government, has been shown to hold, in a latitude corresponding with that of the branch connecting Montreal with Quebec, in the ratio of 12.6 per cent. And the returns of a railway in the terrible climate of the Peninsula lying between Lake Michigan and Lake Superior have confirmed those proofs of the insufficiency, if not of even the irrelevance, of the plea of climate in explanation of the working expenses of the Grand Trunk, by declaring their consumption of the gross earnings to be excessive to the extent of even 24.2 per cent.

---

* The isothermals of the maps rest, in reference to this region, on no data. Mere fillings in at random betweeen remote points known to observation, they are worth nothing against the above inference as to the climate of the Michigan-Superior Peninsula.

† The detention of trains caused by snow on the Marquette, Houghton, and Ontonagon Railway during last winter—the severest known for 40 years—aggregated, according to a letter of the officer charged with its superintendence, 85½ hours.

Overdone construction of railways does not apply in Ontario as a matter of fact; and is therefore not admissible as the explanation of the failure of our great line to reward its owners. Insufficiency in the volume of traffic does not hold in the case; and must consequently be set aside as the cause of the misfortunes of that enterprise. What then is the true cause, what the true explanation, seeing that those offered by the Directors cannot be accepted? Earnings that, on the evidence of the results in all other cases, might be supposed available to a large amount as profits for the proprietors, are absorbed in the working; and as this exceptional absorption has been shown not to be referrible, as the Chairman of the Company says it is, to incidents of climate, it must be referred under a strong presumption to the only other cause remaining for its explanation—the management.*

A review of the government of our chief railway in relation to the failure of that undertaking to yield profits must begin here at the question of working expenses. The Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railway is worked under lease by the Grand Trunk. Its owners keep an account of its transactions; and supply thus an illustration of the lessee's adaptation to railway service on this continent. The following table exhibits the results in that case under contrast with corresponding results of ordinary management in the case of every other railway of the State of Maine:

RAILWAY-WORKING IN MAINE.

The Railways in Maine for which the Net and the Gross earnings are given in Poor's Manual of 1873-4.	Length in Miles.	Gross Receipts in Dollars.	Working Expenses in percentages of gross receipts.
Bangor and Piscataquis.....	48.20	114,000	73.7
Knox and Lincoln..	49.00	88,000	59.1
Maine Central.	310.00	1,928,000	68.9
Portland and Ogdensburg..	60.00	115,000	65.2
Portland & Oxford Central	27.50	20,000	70.0
Portland and Rochester. ..	52.50	132,000	71.2
Portland, Saco, and Portsmouth	51.30	659,000	73.0
St Croix and Penobscot	21.00	81,000	68.0
Atlantic and St. Lawrence (worked by Grand Trunk.)	149.50	1,146,157	95.6

The table just given sets forth the fact that the Grand Trunk Company works the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railway at an excess above even the high average of its whole line, to the extent of 15.2 per cent. of the income. In showing this, and in showing further that its transaction of the business of that road of the State of Maine costs more of the gross earnings than any of the lines on either side of it by so great an excess as 21.9 per cent., it leaves, after all that has been said above in proof of the inadmissibility of other explanations, no escape from the conclusion that the absorption of so exceptional a proportion of the receipts of the Grand Trunk in the cost of its business is chargeable to the directing body.

The working expenses reflect pointedly on the management. They suggest a general review of its doings from the outset, beginning with the most striking evidence of its want of adaptation to the circumstances in which it has acted—the Victoria Bridge. Those who have had experience on lines in the United States may have seen as they entered that structure on their passage of the St. Lawrence, a foreshadow of the monetary results of railways in Canada. The millions of capital sunk in that admirable work of British engineering might have proved, as in the case from which it is copied, a wise expenditure in a country of dense population; but must be regarded worse than waste since, expended on a mile of track in a country thinly peopled, they have been hung in a very madness of formulary, a millstone around the neck of a great enterprise. And the moral pointed in that instance may be drawn through this review at each of the general facts which lie at the bottom of the failure of our chief railway as a subject of investment—that the circumstances existing here declare to be totally out of place an administration based on ideas formed on railways in a country so old and thickly settled as England.

---

* The word "management" is used throughout this review in the sense of a legal entity holding perpetual succession. To put any other interpretation upon it would be not only painful to the writer, but unjust to individual directors.

To give point to subsequent criticisms on the management, it may be well to lay down here a few simple premises:—

Economy of length is a consideration in railway-carriage overlooked or undervalued at home. Its violation in any serious degree is not a danger in a system whose lines are so short. On a great continent, however, where the spaces operated on are so vast, and in a new country where the lines of intercourse, not setted by immemorial usage or final adjustments of trade, are in progress of determination by a competition which knows little restraint in *statu quo*, every rod in the length of a railway has a creative value. While, for instance, 20 miles of unnecessary length in a line tapping a great stream of traffic, might result in the diversion of that stream to a rival, it would at the same time burden the through and the way-business remaining, by an unnecessary outlay in transportation. If six trains each way should prove to be the measure of the business in that case, the excess of working would represent 240 train-miles per day; and this waste of effect, put at, say $240, would amount to a waste of money at the rate of $87,600 a year. Capitalizing that annuity at 6 per cent., it would represent $1,460,000; and would show thus the saving of every mile of distance in the case of a line of 12 trains a day to be worth, *on the ground of economy in working*, $73,000. Additions to the direct length of an average railway represent therefore additions to capital at the rate of $14 per foot.

Distance and cost may be taken in railway generalizations as convertible terms. A line equidistant at all its points from two ports represents, therefore, a succession of instances of equality of cost of transportation to either port. In the competition of the two for the freights of the interior, that line may be said to traverse a route of neutrality. Like waters dividing on a ridge, the surpluses on either side take different directions, one outflow going to one port, the other outflow to the other port. In an analogy from nature, it may be said that the division of those two volumes takes place on a trade-*summit*; while the area bounded by two such summits—one on one side of the surface tributary to the business of a port, and the other on the other side—may be said, in pursuance of the same analogy, to constitute a trade-*basin*.

The products offering for transportation within any trade-basin belong economically to the shipments of the corresponding seaport. They constitute the proper traffic of the railway or railways designed to tap that basin for discharge into its proper port. The restriction put by inference from this upon railway-rivalry may, it is true, be made by disturbing considerations to vibrate over a certain breadth of debatable ground; but still cannot be pressed aside beyond a limited extent, in pursuit of a carrying-trade conducted legitimately. To make this important point of application to the present case more plain, it may be added that, as no competition can be maintained profitably with a rival who obtains his wares at a first cost necessarily lower—and as length of transportation is, in general, the measure of first cost in railway competition,—distance must be held to put upon that competition an impassable limit of range.

The elementary considerations laid down here may be applied in the next place to a preliminary survey of the field of the Grand Trunk.

Montreal is nearer by 18 miles of railway than New York to the Niagara frontier at Suspension Bridge. It is further by 25 miles of railway than New York from the Niagara frontier at Buffalo. During her direct intercourse with the sea, our commercial capital includes, therefore, in her trade-basin—the area, be it recollected, tributary economically to her commerce—the whole Province of Ontario. In winter, however, the ocean recedes from her to a distance which measured on her outlet to it, is 297 miles. At that time, abstract economy forces Montreal back from her summer area of tribute to hand over to her rival, New York, all that part of it—about 27,000 square miles,—which lies west of a line running from a point between Whitby and Port Hope in a direction north-eastwardly towards the Valley of the Ottawa. And in application of this generalization, it may be stated for the purpose in hand that, while the Grand Trunk in summer occupies west of Whitby a strong position subject to but a feeble competition by the railways of New York, it does so on a field that must still be considered debatable, seeing that it may be held by *either* party at *one* season of the year by right and at the *other* season of the year, so far as it may be held at all, but by policy.

Abstract economy would assign to Montreal in a railway competition with New York during the navigation of the St. Lawrence, the trade of all the Peninsula of Michigan and of the upper lakes. At Detroit, the commercial capital of Canada has the ascendancy in the struggle at that time of the year, by virtue of an economy equal to the cost of transportation over 96 miles; at Sarnia, of a transportation over 122 miles. Experience declares, however, that so far as existing attempts to divert the commerce of the Upper Lakes go to prove the contrary, their steamships, abhorring short voyages, cannot be arrested on their way to transhipment at Buffalo. And their rates commanding all the great aggregations of the shore-line of those inland seas, the railways have but comparatively little of the through business to struggle for in summer beyond that which the outlying lines may have gathered by the way.

The traffic offering at Detroit and Sarnia offers in a double competition—with a navigation that can underbid the railway, and with railways which bring to a reduction of their disadvantage in distance, the advantage of superior support by the way. But the excess of their length disappears altogether in their rivalry with the Grand Trunk, when winter, closing the St. Lawrence, makes them masters of the freights offering at Sarnia and Detroit, by right of an economy of transportation representing the cost, in one case on 175 miles of track, and in the other case on 201 miles. And thus obtainable at but low rates in summer, and subject to the control of rivals in winter, the through freights within reach of the great Canadian line at Sarnia and Detroit must be held, not only because of their cheapness, but because also of their unsteadiness, to constitute a business which is, at best, a questionable subject of effort.

Let this review of the field pass now from the West to the East. Between Montreal and Toronto the way freights of the Grand Trunk are disputed in summer by navigation. American ships bring to bear within that extent of the route an active rivalry at all points of large aggregations from the back country; while the freedom of the coast to Canadian vessels extends a similar rivalry by a system of touchings at ports along the line, to several of the smaller stations. At that season of the year, concessions adapted to these circumstances are the only means of obtaining business along that part of the road, while the business of the points thus acted upon may be commanded in winter as far west as Port Hope on any judicious schedule. Even then, however, Whitby being but 555 miles by railway from the harbour of New York, while Port Hope is 567 by railway from the harbour of Montreal—Portland—the footing of the Grand Trunk west of Port Hope can, as stated above, be sustained, so far as it may be sustained at all, but by address.

The survey that has been just made of the field shows, it may be observed in passing, that the management of our great railway demands originality of thinking, closeness of observation, and flexibility of method. The object of that survey, however, has been to point out views and circumstances that enter into a proper judgment of the leading facts of the administration of our most important railway.

The Company had a choice of two routes between Montreal and Sarnia. Following the direct line, the track would have been laid 15 or 20 miles to the north of Lake Ontario with a large economy of length. In that event it would have run near the "rain-divide;" and, by crossing the drainage about its source would have effected a large saving in the number and character of the bridges. But an experience disregarding all the surrounding circumstances, decided that the route should pursue the shore of the Lake; and thus burdened the capital of the Company by an unnecessary length of track, a more expensive system of bridging, and many stretches of heavy and difficult embankment.

Waste of capital was committed by the management in other forms than that of the blunder as to route. English practice adhered to its routine by contracting for the construction of the road as for a coat completed to order. Economy should have suggested that Messrs. Peto, Brassey, & Betts be confined to the taking out of the centre of the cuts, leaving the slopes to be removed by the Company; and should have suggested, further, that those gentlemen be limited at swamp-crossings and such places to the laying of a temporary track on "corduroy" or trestling, leaving the ultimate road-bed for construction in the permanence of embankment by the Company. This course would not only have saved interest on capital which lay unproductive for a long time, by opening the line two or three years in advance for traffic; but would have effected a still further economy by giving additional employment during the development of business to the Company's half idle track and rolling stock. But an experience incapable of modification to the expediencies of the case, pursued a routine that, incurring from one year's to three years' interest on millions of expenditure, and adding to the necessary cost of the earthwork so much as perhaps even 20 per cent., may be traced to-day in the volume of the Company's balance-sheet.

On the direct route between Montreal and Toronto the road would have *commanded* for a distance of 300 miles, way-business from both sides of its track. The area of the local traffic—evidently the only source of income on which it could have counted with confidence—would have expanded in that case into the interior to the greatest possible extent, beyond all danger on either hand of future loss by competition.—A body of producers separated from a railway by a waggon-haulage of 30 miles is much more likely than one separated from it by a waggon-haulage of but 15 miles, to bring that line into competition, or having brought it, to stray off to its rival.—Ideas formed in a practice not at all adapted to this great and new Continent determined, however, that the line should follow the lake, and in doing so not only exposed it to an ultimate reduction of tributary surface by rivalry on the north, but gave it from the outset a reduced area of local traffic subject to competition for six months of the year with a free navigation. And thus has the management become responsible for aggravating its waste of capital, by a contraction and an embarrassment of its more profitable business.

The experience that decided on the route disregarded economy of length when it settled on a total abandonment of the direct line. It did so to a further extent when it laid down its track in general conformity with the meanderings of the Lake-shore. Adding to these items of loss caused by a management governed by an inapplicable training, the further lengths of route incurred unnecessarily in the windings between Toronto and Sarnia, the whole sums up to the waste of income and crippling of grasp represented by an excess of distance to the extent of about 20 miles! Conceived though the Grand Trunk was in a design for delivering American freights on board British bottoms, the agents of that design did not stop at its embarrassment by that blunder between Sarnia and and Montreal; but put the *coup de grace* to that evidence of unfitness for their work by the further blunder of embarrassing the road's intercourse with the sea for six months in the year, by a *detour* on the route between Montreal and Portland, to an extent which gives an aggregate of wanton excess of transportation, equal to a prohibition on freights in favour of rival lines, at the rate of at least a dollar and a-quarter per ton!

The railway reached Sarnia with its objects placed, by waste of capital and waste of distance, under serious difficulties. At that point, however, if it were wise to have adhered to its original purpose, the duty of the management demanded the encouragement by its moral support of a direct extension, giving it the shortest possible connection with the granary of the West, Chicago.* It left that connection open to be occupied, as it has been since, by the rival which has entered into the enjoyment of the "Air Line," that discharges upon the Canada Southern at St. Clair. Full, however, of stiff experience, full of a spirit of competition which does not hesitate to grasp at what it cannot hold, the Company decided that its best way to Chicago lay in encouraging first and leasing afterwards, the line which, by giving it a terminus at Detroit, initiated its mistaken policy of hostility to the Great Western. And what was the result of that error? The Grand Trunk was enabled by it to deposit freights at Toronto in a transportation of 564 miles, while the Great Western could deposit them there in a transportation five miles shorter, and at rates which, sustained by its great resources in way-business, might have been held to have declared the competition, if not ruinous, at least unprofitable.* And that folly was all the more wanton, inasmuch as an avoidance of war with the Great Western would have presented the alternative of competition for the business of Chicago, by the "Air Line" referred to above, under the advantage of a transportation twenty miles less than that by way of Detroit! Here again the failure of the great railway of Canada to yield profit to its stockholders, can be traced from the very inception of the enterprise to want of adaptation to the special circumstances of the case in a set of ideas imported, cut and dry from railway-offices in England!

---

* This very measure was urged upon the Company at the time in a full and formal statement protesting against the extension to Detroit—a statement made to the chairman by the Hon. Malcolm Cameron, M.P.

Passing from errors of design and execution that have wasted capital and restricted traffic, this review will touch now on errors of administration that have exhausted earnings.

The American rivalry that advances into Canada in winter, does so in no instance with greater force than along the line of the Buffalo and Lake Huron. A direct extension of her own system, that railway enables New York to act with the highest possible effect at that season, in not only draining from the Southern side of the Grand Trunk its local traffic, but in even tapping its trains on their arrival at Stratford. While that line lies in summer *across* the then trade-basin in which it is situated, and its traffic may be set down at that time as small, it is still a traffic tending, from the moment it reaches the line, in the direction of New York. But in winter that road runs directly towards the outlet of the trade-basin to which it *then* belongs; and operating New York-wards at even its crossing of the Grand Trunk with an economy equal to the cost of transportation over 181 miles, is attached to another system than that of Canada, by a force which passes beyond all the restraints of schedules framed with regard to profit.

The Grand Trunk has leased—leased even in perpetuity—that agency of New York, the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway! From Goderich to the crossing of our great line at Stratford, the contract, however questionable for even that extent—45 miles—of the whole, might find a seeming of justification as a means of holding freights which seek Montreal voluntarily in summer, by enforcements of schedules in winter. But no restraint of schedule consistent with gain can reverse the natural out-flow southwardly, in either winter or summer, of the mass of freight on the 115 miles of the Lake Huron Railway between Stratford and Buffalo.† On what ground of reason then did the management carry its spirit of grasping into the lease of a line belonging thus by an economical force beyond the legitimate operation of tariffs, to another, a rival system?

Extraordinary though the fact of the Buffalo and Lake Huron lease is, still more extraordinary are its terms. Held during the process of its completion, unproductive for sections of 30 to 80 miles in the hands of a contractor after a pernicious formulary, that line was opened for traffic in 1856–8, at a cost of $8,400,000. Its full capital expended before it had obtained any development of its business, it fell, from the day of its opening, into debt, until it had become virtually insolvent. About four millions of dollars of deficit had been liquidated by an issue of its stock—a deficit that showed an average, up to 1868, of $350,000 a year! The directors of our great highway finding that competing line thus bankrupt, lifted it not only into solvency, but into riches by a lease in perpetuity, converting half of the four millions of the arrearage-stock into Grand Trunk common stock, the other half into Grand Trunk fourth preference stock, and, while paying five-and-a-half per cent. interest on the bonded debt, paying upon the original stock a graduated rate of dividend which, having reached last year 4½ per cent., is to reach in 1878-9, five per cent!

---

* The freight-field traversed by the Great Western belongs, be it recollected, to New York at one season of the year, and at another season to Montreal. The true position of that line so far as the way-traffic is concerned, is one of free action in the direction of of either at the proper time; and, therefore, as between the competition of the lines of New York with the Grand Trunk for the business of Western Ontario, a position of neutrality. If that line had not been attacked, its local freights would, no doubt, have been allowed to move under a schedule open, if not even inviting, to movement in summer along the main line and the Toronto branch towards Montreal. This might have been made to bring with it, under a joint arrangement between the two roads, the largest possible amount of the business offering at even Detroit. Instead of the hostility involved in the extension to that place, this co-operation would have worked with excellent results to both lines, by, on the one hand, saving the Great Western the disadvantage of alliances where her true position is that of freedom, and on the other hand, by conferring on the Grand Trunk in its competition with the lines of New York, the advantage of neutralizing that powerful agency, and of even using it to a certain degree as a support.

† The Directory appears in its leases and competitions to have no perception of the limits to legitimate business. It seems to disregard all elementary considerations of economy in these cases, and to hold that, under the operations of "control," traffic may be bent in any direction because of a ductility which knows no limit, at the good pleasure of the schedule-makers!

But the Directors in going outside their proper business in the case of the Buffalo and Lake Huron Company, did not stop with the lease. The Great Western of Canada, the New York Central, the Erie, and the Lake Huron Railways are all concerned in the crossing of the river at Buffalo. The three rich Companies succeeded, however, in placing the burden of the ferry at that point, as a sequence of the Buffalo and Lake Huron lease, upon the facile-tempered management of the Grand Trunk. $80,000 a year was thus taken from the earnings of that impoverished line to maintain a ferry 115 miles away, and tributary, for twelve months of the year, in despite of all schedules, to the traffic of rivals! But that is not all, for the management, anxious to give that favourite competitor, the Buffalo line, an outlet more lasting than lease or ferry, has committed the Grand Trunk to an expenditure upon a bridge at the same place—a structure in which it is interested to even a less extent than it is in the Thames tunnel—at the rate of $100,000 a year for twenty-eight years! The concern of the stockholders of the Grand Trunk in the approach of New York to their field of traffic is very difficult of explanation as a motive for the construction at Fort Erie of an International Bridge, however readily it might explain the construction there of a Chinese Wall.

The lease of the Lake Huron line brings into question broadly the capacity of the Grand Trunk management to drive a bargain. The Detroit and Sarnia Junction Railway tells a similar story. It extends for 59 miles, and on a route which, not very far from a water-way, involves a competition at several of its points with a navigation. Whatever of local freights it may command tend naturally to the steamships and markets of the city at its southern terminus. Of little or no service to the Grand Trunk during summer, its chief, if not its only use to that line holds but in winter as an agency—the inferior of two from which the choice has been made—of the policy of competition for through-freights. The cost of the road is set down by Poor at $2,169,736—$1,074,736 being a bonded debt and the residue stock. It has been leased for a rent, exclusive of working and maintenance, yielding a clear profit at the rate of six per cent. interest on the debt, and a dividend of four per cent. on the stock—a second instance in which the management of the Grand Trunk makes rich all the roads it touches except its own!

Port Huron—opposite Sarnia, on the St. Clair—drew breadstuffs in 1874 to the value of $37,000 from Canada. Detroit drew breadstuffs during that year to the value of $173,000 from Canada. The current of commerce which rushed past those two places in the water-carriage that deposited, in 1872, a bushel of wheat in New York from Chicago for 24½ cents, swept those products, as it went on to its ultimate destination on the sea, from those very termini of the Grand Trunk.—So much in illustration of the direction of traffic at Detroit and Sarnia. Again: that railway cannot deposit freights from Lake Huron at Montreal short of a transportation over 501 miles of track; while the Northern of Canada can do so in a transportation of 427 miles*; the Midland of Canada in a transportation of about 384 miles. In the teeth of these facts the Grand Trunk maintains a line of steamers on the Upper Lakes, with the view of collecting freights for shipment from Sarnia to Montreal, over 501 miles of Railway! True, those steamers are not owned and worked by the Grand Trunk; but that rather confirms than corrects the statement that they are maintained by that road, unless it is supposed that a private individual would invest his capital in an attempt to reverse the route assigned to commerce by a broad and plain economy, without making himself safe with a management remarkable for facile bargains.

---

* Though competing for the Lake business under a rail-transport 74 miles less than that of the Grand Trunk, the Northern Railway has abandoned that business as unprofitable.

The readiness of the Directors to assume extraneous outlays is exhibited strikingly at Prescott. The St. Lawrence and Ottawa line connects at that point with our trunk railway. It is a virtual extension of the great chain which extends from New York to the opposite bank of the river at Ogdensburg. Another line terminates at that point on the American side ; and constitutes the fourth which is concerned in the crossing. As at Buffalo so here, the management accepts the burden of the ferry, supplies the capital and works the steamboats, shrinking from the unpleasant duty of haggling, in a facility of temper which, were a legal a natural entity, would command admiration for the magnificence of its amiability !

The Montreal and Champlain Railway extends from the Grand Trunk 49 miles in the direction of New York. Having fallen into arrear, its revenue had become subject to a floating debt when it was incorporated in our great railway under lease. Its capital account consisting of funded liabilities in the sum of $882,813, and of stock to the amount of $1,534,875, the rental agreed on, not only paid in 1872, 6 per cent. interest on the bonds, but paid also on the stock a dividend of 5½ per cent.—showing that the Montreal and Champlain Railway is another of the favoured lines raised by lease at the cost of the treasury of the Grand Trunk, from poverty to affluence.

But the Directors have fallen into no error more flagrant than that of the lease of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence. Having originated in the commercial ambition of the city of Portland, that road was in the hands of an interest perfectly co-operative with that of the Grand Trunk. If a lease were at all to bind the two together, it should have been of the line between Richmond and Island Pond to the Portland Company ; because that Company could have afforded to work the whole on the lowest possible schedule in consideration of the indirect results arising in the expansion of the commerce of the chief owner, Portland. And that working applying to a business subject annually to a great flow and a great ebb, was evidently of a character which a skilful management would have thrown upon the other party—a party, be it remembered, whose interests guaranteed the highest obtainable advantages to the winter traffic of the Grand Trunk.

Prudence ought to have forbidden the commitment of the management for ever to a discharge upon the sea at Portland. The 297 miles of extra transportation by which it encumbered its business in that case, should not have been accepted as unavoidable while a single effort had remained untried to maintain winter communication with the ocean at Quebec.* That communication should have been a settled hope of the Board, if only to make 150 miles of its own track, which has been perhaps a burden upon its revenue, a source of profit. A foregone conclusion was, however, permitted to assign the navigation of the great Canadian inlet of the ocean to the impracticable, in the teeth of the new appliances embodied in the steamship, and to close the door of hope held open by those appliances with a lease binding the traffic of the Grand Trunk for five months of the year to the reduction of volume incident to its delivery upon the sea at a point so remote as Portland.

To return to the lease of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence, be it said that its impolicy consisted, furthermore, in the indirectness of the route. Even if the contract had been expedient in any other, or in every other point of view, it was clearly inexpedient in this. And now arises a rebuke of its folly in the fact, that while it ties the Grand Trunk for ever, if allowed to stand, to the cost and restricted traffic incident to an outlet upon the sea over a line of 297 miles, another line has grown up which offers in vain to reduce the cost and expand the traffic by performing the same work with a transportation 60 miles less.

To digress for a moment here, it may be observed that the chief disadvantage of the Grand Trunk lies in the fact that one-half of the length of its main line—the half west of Port Hope—runs for six months of the year *across* the direction of the economic outflow of trade. The freights which it acquires under these circumstances must be carried at rates fixed closely to the actual cost of transportation ; and even then can be counted on but in a stream more or less reduced. Traversing great lengths of the track, that traffic would be a source of large income if it could be retained under a schedule independent of a competition of disadvantage Now the reason why this cannot be done in winter lies in the recession of the seaport from Montreal to Portland, and that reason followed out, shows that the extent in Western Ontario of the reversal of the attitude of the line in winter depends on the extent of that recession. If, instead of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence, the outlet to Portland lay over the shorter line offering for that purpose, the degree of the reversal would be very much reduced ; but if the winter terminus were established in conjunction with ocean navigation at Quebec, the reduction would have been carried still further in a gain to the Grand Trunk by the increase of its business and the strength of its control. Removing the limit of traffic proper to that great railway to a line beginning about ten miles west of Toronto, and passing—leaving Guelph on the left—midways between the roads to Owen Sound and Southampton, it would, while adding 13,000 square miles to the permanent area tributary to Montreal, enable that railway to command in winter the local business at full rates as far west as Guelph. If, going beyond this, the chief highway of Canadian commerce were capable of *the broad* in disregarding its length between Montreal and Quebec for a consideration ten times the equivalent, it might make its business full and steady to the extent of complete control of the freights between Toronto and Sarnia, by success in efforts to establish communication in winter from Montreal to navigation at Quebec, on that probably practicable and certainly economical track for broad-tread and perhaps rubber-tyred driving-wheels, the ice-bound surface of the Upper St. Lawrence.

---

* What the management should have done in this case many years ago has been initiated recently by private individuals in Quebec and Montreal. Instead of making war upon the Government and people of Canada, that body has now an opportunity, through the public spirit of these individuals, of pressing the Dominion into its service by exercising the influence of a common interest in favour of public action on the subject of the navigation of that estuary of the sea, the Lower St. Lawrence, in winter.

Passing from the impolicy of the lease to its terms, be it remembered that when the City of Portland invested her credit in the Atlantic and St. Lawrence she would have done so as a gift. The profits she looked for were other than dividends. Now; the Grand Trunk management, in keeping with the character of its bargains, bound itself in its lease of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence to pay six per cent. interest on the bonds, four per cent. on the stock, and to maintain for the City of Portland a sinking fund for the redemption at maturity of her stock-debentures ! In comment on these stipulations it may be added, on the faith of the owners of the line, that the lease costs the proprietors of the Grand Trunk a draught upon their income—a loss without any supposable necessity whatever—to the amount of $280,000 a year !

The errors of administration which have been pointed out above have been confined to instances admitting of an approach to an estimate of their equivalents in money. But the waste of income that may be held chargeable to the management under the head of working-expenses cannot be put fully in that way, because of want of information as to the details. Entering on that branch of this subject now, in order to do so as far as practicable in specification, this review will treat it, in the first place, in the form of general suggestion.

The peculiarities of the field of the Grand Trunk's operations make its working a duty of nicety. When even one per cent. of the cost of that service represents such a sum as $70,000, the ordinary shareholder can understand how expensive may be its direction under a want of flexibility and tact. The result as it exists, cannot be scrutinized in detail without incurring a risk of violating the propriety which sustains the administration of a great practical business under any suspicion not resting on proof. But it may be said on one head of the subject, that, while there are considerations which point to the belief that the through-traffic of the Grand Trunk is carried on at even an ultimate loss, injustice might still be done by pronouncing on that point beyond the suggestion that no mere showy returns of tonnage and passengers are of any real worth when obtained in violation of the rule that every use of the property should bring with it a demonstrable profit.

So long as Portland is its nearest outlet on the sea, the through-business of the highway of Canada should be but a secondary consideration. Development of way-traffic should be held by the management its primary duty. Subject to the diversions of attractive forces, at one season or another, along the whole length of the line, the local business can be held at its largest volume only by close watching, exact thinking, and nice adjustment of means to an end. Whether or not a want of these may be the cause, this review does not venture to say, but it submits to those who have access to the facts, that loss of way-business west of Toronto may be suspected on general grounds ; and may be suspected east of Toronto on the special ground that imports of Canadian products were *shipped from the line of the Grand Trunk* at Toronto, Whitby, Port Hope, &c., into the American ports of Lake Ontario to an amount that reached, in 1874, a value, in breadstuffs alone, of $4,500,000 !

The loss of way-business and the charges for through-business, though probably constituting serious instances of mismanagement, cannot be reduced to the positive. They are therefore disposed of in the foregoing remarks in order to place this review again on the footing of proof. With that view it takes up the subject of the working expenses in connection with one branch of the superintendence—the disposition of the rolling-stock and the making up of the freight trains.

About 1864–5, our great railway made additions to its rolling-stock by hiring. 2,089 cars obtained in that way were in the service of the Company in 1871. Representing in the expenditures of that year a special payment of $142,100, the cost of their employment gives a rate per car per annum of $70. The following table will show the number of cars in use and the work which hired cars assisted in performing each year since 1862.

FREIGHT CARS AND THEIR WORK.

Year.	No. Owned.	No. Hired.	Tons per Car.	Excess of Cars. No.
1862	3001	—	232	—
1863	3001	—	222	—
1864	3332	—	not known	—
1865	3847	not known	not known	—
1866	3948	323	239	298
1867	3948	787	214	791
1868	3968	459	233	407
1869	3968	692	231	465
1870	3844	2030	208	1108
1871	3807	not known	not known	—
1872	3837	2089	257	—

257 tons having been established in 1872 as a practicable load per car per annum, all the other years of the table show the rolling-stock to have been in excess. The Company's property four cars *more* than the number seen thus to have been necessary in 1867, but 25 cars *less* than necessary in 1866, and but 52 cars less in 1868, the employment of extra stock during those years does not appear to have been actually unavoidable. In 1869, the deficit amounted to 227 cars, the hiring to 692 ; and in 1870 the deficit, amounting to 922 cars, the hiring amounted to 2,030. On the five years from 1866 to 1870, the insufficiency of the rolling-stock having been equal to 1,222 cars, and the hiring to 4,291, an average excess of hired cars must be held to have been employed in the working, to the proportion of two-thirds of all—to the number of 614 per annum.

Each of the freight cars of the Northern of Canada moves annually 560 tons, and of the Great Western 540 tons. That 257 tons should be the best working result obtainable on the Grand Trunk becomes, under contrast with these averages, a subject of question. These several loads, however, not being assigned their several mileages, can be reduced to specific dimensions of work but by equating the carrying-payments on each in terms of distance.—The average receipts per ton on the Northern of Canada is $2 ; on the Great Western $2.70, and on the Grand Trunk $2.70. By an inference from this, it must be held that each freight-car of the Great Western transports for a certain distance 540 tons a year ; while each freight-car of the Grand Trunk transports, for a distance that ought not to be very widely different, but 257 tons a year ! Circumstances arising in the great extent of the line may explain some of this apparent want of economy in the working ; but whatever may be held to remain of that want, involving as it does, besides payment for hire and/or repairs, an increase of "dead weight," and an addition to the cost of maintaining the track and machinery, must be held, in the case of a management which consumes gross earnings in working expenses to an extent so exceptional as 80 per cent., highly suggestive of a saving in the disposition of the cars and the arrangement of the trains. Even though it should not prove a clear gain to the net earnings to reject 20 per cent. of the tonnage, the irresistible presumption that the average load may be raised by judicious superintendence to 400 tons per car is all that is necessary for the conclusion that the Company's business may be transacted without any car-hiring whatever.

The management of the Grand Trunk has been arraigned here under the check of insufficiency of proof. The specifications given are, however, of the very gravest character, and require now in conclusion but a summing up to place their aggregate in the form of an equivalent loss of net income. The following statement is offered as an approximation to the amount :—

On lease of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence, a waste of			$280,000
Do. Buffalo and Lake Huron, a waste of			100,000
Do. Detroit Junction,		do.	50,000
Do. Montreal and Champlain,		do.	50,000
Do. Buffalo Bridge,		do.	50,000
On 2,089 hired cars, rent	$142,000	do.	970,000
Do. repairs	201.000*		
Do. running			
Do. track renewals			
Annual waste			$1,500,000

Violent diseases are said to require violent remedies. This review has, therefore, dealt with the case of the management vigourously ; but in every instance with qualms of sympathy. The more painful part of the probing it has undertaken having now been brought to a conclusion, it proceeds to enter on the less disagreeable office of the remedy —a remedy, however, that no squeamishness can be allowed to offer in a form less radical than the distemper.

The Direction has been placed at great disadvantage by its reservations. Its statements are so broad as to deprive it of the benefit of intelligent suggestion from outside. The points put, for example, in this examination are put in several instances at hazard, because of the public want of knowledge of details. The owners of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence give a specific basis for condemnation of the management of the great Canadian railway in leasing their line ; in paying so extravagant a rent for it ; and in working it at so extraordinary a proportion of its earnings. If these special facts had appeared on the face of the accounts of the Grand Trunk, that series of blunders would, no doubt, have found a remedy long before they had cost the stockholders so many millions which ought to have been applied to dividends. But details being wanting in all other instances of the errors that have been glanced at in this survey, the condemnation of these errors has proceeded on but general reasons ; and loses, therefore, some of the force necessary to command their correction. On these grounds then be it said that the first condidition of bettering the fortunes of the enterprise is that of the publication of its transactions in detail.

Publicity in all its operations is a duty passing beyond the stockholders of the Grand Trunk to those other parties to the enterprise—the Canadian people. And at this point the omission of the management in that particular constitutes a special reason for the immediate discharge of a general duty of the Government of the Dominion. The railway is an interest of such great dimensions even now, and of such vast dimensions in the approaching future, that it requires supervision in the interest of the public. A law providing that annual reports be submitted by the several railway companies to Parliament is a measure demanded for the protection of railway capital, and for the development of the country. Creating a Bureau with authority to shape these reports, and to even go behind them, whenever such a course might be deemed necessary, to the Company's books, such a law would not only place our railways on their merits beyond the reach of market-rigging, but would also hold those merits at a high level by restraining inflations in the balance-sheet and extravagance in the direction.

English ideas in the design, execution, and working of existing lines, are chargeable mainly with the reputation of Canadian railway-securities in the money market. They should, therefore, be held in the interest of the Dominion under the fullest check consistent with the rights of the stockholders. A system of reports to Parliament would be an effective form of restraint in that case ; and should be provided for with that view in creating the proposed Bureau—the reports covering all new projects to the extent of their gradients, their alignments, their works, their merits ; and covering existing lines to the extent of their schedules, their workings, their renewals, their leasings, their credits, their additions to capital. Besides returns showing the several heads of mileage, the earnings, the distributed cost of working, the volume of business under the several divisions, "way passengers," "through passengers," "way freights," "through freights," &c., the Bureau should be authorised to obtain statements of station-transactions, distinct reports for sub-divisions of a company's business, and all other details called for in its discretion to give point to its annual criticisms on the several managements.[†]

---

* This amount is *pro rata* for the hired cars in the sum set forth by the Company for repairs of all cars.

Reports by the several companies obtained by law, the first step will have been taken in the reform of the Grand Trunk by placing its working under a light broader and more searching than that permitted to be thrown upon it by a council of managers. The general mode of working and accounting shuts out from the public any knowledge of the "profit and loss" of the Lake Huron steamers, of the Detroit Junction lease, of the Buffalo and Lake Huron lease, of the Buffalo Bridge, of the Montreal and Champlain lease, of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence lease. The same methods of centralization keep the two parties concerned—the proprietors of the railway and the people of the Dominion—in the dark as to the details of business on the different sections. Besides these objections to an absolute direction at the centre, a still further objection applies to it on the ground that it loses all the effects of the principle of rewards and punishments by suppressing public competition amongst its employees. For the reasons glanced at here, the working should be parcelled out into six, seven, or eight divisions, each having an independent head, with a system of subordination shaped as far as possible on the basis of individual freedom and responsibility. Separate accounts kept by each of these bodies for its division and for such parts of its division as might be held to constitute properly special concerns, the working of the line and the results of its several outside parts, might be brought under corrective contrast with all the advantage of that individual interest which quickens the wit and stimulates the energy of competition. The management in London being restrained to the narrow dimensions demanded in the case of an external control which has worked in the past disastrously, the body next in order, that of the Direction here—say a board of advice and review, made up of heads of divisions, and meeting once a month under a chief stationed at Montreal—should exercise but a general supervision, limited in its interference by a severe adherence to the principle of individual responsibility on the part of the head and the subordinates of each division.

But no change in the form of the management will yield full fruit if not accompanied by a change in its spirit. The ambition with which the Company entered on its work was almost as boundless as the North-West of this Continent. The exhaustion resulting has, it is true, had some effect in moderating a temper so extravagant; but has left much to be done yet to bring it within the restraints of the actual. Instead of putting itself in open hostility to the development of this Dominion, the management is called on by every consideration of reason to accept the conclusion that, while freights outside its proper field will be transported, in any event, by lines other than the Grand Trunk, the real interests of the stockholders demand that, looking the inevitable in the face, it direct its expectations and its efforts mainly to the fullest possible development of the way-business between Sarnia and Montreal. Clipping its wings, confining itself strictly to its own proper business, rejecting all traffic that does not leave a distinct balance in the revenue account, provoking no rivalries, and expending no energy, *except on internal economy*, in guarding against them, the Direction of our great highway having undergone thus a total change of spirit, will have but to reconstruct its administration on the basis of individual responsibility and of public accounting by divisions, to reach the highest obtainable results by carrying its reform one step farther.

No business can be conducted economically on a footing of insolvency. A penalty attaches in the management to the plaint that the Grand Trunk represents a loss of English Capital to the amount of so many millions sterling. The parties concerned in London appear, nevertheless, to even relish that cry ; for they swell the nominal amount by including in their very balance sheet £3,110,500 of a liability from which the Government of Canada has granted a release ! A reversal of the insolvency thus proclaimed is, however, a necessary reform, in order to stimulate the vigilance of the proprietors in the future, and to brace the energies of the enterprise for the work of a new career. With that view, and with the further view of the moral effect upon the employees, the inflation of the Capital account ought to be reduced to the basis of cash ; and, eliminating the sum represented by the Canadian release, the remaining liabilities ought to be re-issued under authority of a special Act of Bankruptcy, in amounts determined on the basis of their values in the market.*

[†] The reports of the companies should include specifications of their working expenses during *each month*—certainly so as to the cost of keeping the tracks clear of snow, and as to the duration of and loss caused by the interruption of traffic by reason of snow. This would dispel a general misapprehension as to the actual disadvantages of railway business in Canada, by reducing that disadvantage to exact dimensions.

The Grand Trunk Railway has been for several years virtually insolvent. A question of morality can, therefore, not be supposed to arise from a proposition to give that matter of fact the form of law. True that giving is suggested on the condition that the rights applying under a foreclosure of the mortgages be exercised in recognition of the market values of the stocks, and with, on the other hand, the design of setting aside the obligations incurred by the stockholders through the exercise of delusions little short of insane. The bondholders to whom the Company is in default have, however, a right to obtain possession, and their right in that case is not a whit better in morals than their further right to give back an interest in the property to other innocent sufferers who have invested money in its creation. The lessors deserve no more sympathy than is due to men checked in the continuance of despoliation under the form of a bargain *over-sharp*—especially when they carry off, under the check, such a large remainder as that represented by the development of their business and the maintenance of their property during so many years of exhaustive outlay.

A new railway offers, be it repeated here, an economy of distance between Montreal and Portland to the extent, it is said, of 60 miles. A surrender of the lease of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence would place this opportunity at the service of the Grand Trunk, and would affect thus on the seagoing business of that great line in winter—until that business be established with a much greater saving on the St. Lawrence—a saving equal to more than a dollar a ton.

The abandonment of the present route of the Grand Trunk to Portland would carry with it much, if not all, of the Company's interest in its lines east of Montreal. The question arises, therefore, what should be done with those lines on the surrender of the lease of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence—arises, be it recollected, under circumstances demanding the boldness with which life is sometimes saved by amputation. Of the 393 miles below Montreal, the length—144 miles—between that city and Island Pond, taken at the rate of the remainder of that route to Portland, pays a profit of about five per cent. of its earnings—say $50,000 a year. The 249 miles remaining are said, with some seeming of accuracy, to absorb that surplus, if they do not encroach upon income elsewhere. The abandonment of those lines would be a grievous necessity, if a necessity it were, to not only the Company, but to the public ; and this consideration makes the question one for the joint action of both. The political power being, in fact, mainly responsible for the addition of at least that part of the whole which lies east of Richmond, there is a reason in morals as well as in policy why a disposition of the Company's lines below Montreal should be made under an arrangement with the Government. At a low rental, or by purchase at a price representing the balance left after deducting from the actual cost since opening those roads, the amount of the relinquished lien, the Crown may be induced to take them off the Company's hands in the interest of the local population, and of the completeness of its purpose in the construction of the Intercolonial. And Parliament having assisted in that wise the placing of the great railway of Canada on a good footing before the English public, will have done to the standing of the railway securities of the country a service which will yield a fifty-fold return upon the expenditure in its effect upon the settlement of the lands of the Crown.

---

* A reconstruction of the Company by the bondholders in any indifference to those pioneers of railway development in Canada, the stockholders, would be regarded here with indignation. And wise heads in London will not forget how important to the best interests of the property is the sympathy of this Government and people. No concession as to the section below Montreal, or any other favourable legislation could be obtained under a foreclosure which did not recognise to the full amount of the market value all the present parties to the ownership.

The lease of the lines below Montreal by the Government ought to yield at least $300,000 a year. This would, it may be assumed, constitute a clear addition to income. Holding the results of reform in the working at simply the estimated saving effected by rejecting the hired cars, the measures proposed—including the sale of the Buffalo Bridge at half its cost—would yield a gross addition to net earnings in the sum of $1,800,000. One million of dollars being applicable now for interest, the income available for profits would therefore aggregate, under the radical treatment pointed out, about two millions eight hundred thousand. The adoption of real values reducing the total liabilities to about one-half their nominal amount, that clear profit would meet all the interest on the bonds, and going beyond, to the stock preferences, would extend to the remainder of the capital in the form of at least a small return. Now that, with even its present management, its local traffic is increasing, its locomotives doing more work, its passenger cars carrying more passengers, its freight cars greater loads, these evidences of inherent vitality declare that the measures proposed are all that are wanting to do what cannot be done otherwise—to raise the Grand Trunk into a condition of vigorous health. That point once arrived at, the line would go on thenceforth, in an experience bought dearly, it is true, under the vigilant supervision and close economy of expectant gain, until it should reach, as it would have reached originally if its management had been different, a condition of prosperity which, superior to all future inflations of an insolvent's financiering, will hold every dollar of its stock in the enjoyment of an assured dividend.

SONNET.—A SCEPTIC'S REGRET.

BEAR witness, Lord, that, with reluctant feet
And oft reverted eyes, I turn away
From the old paths my fathers trod ; for aye
They shall be sacred to my heart, albeit
They darken now before me— nor will greet
My waking sense on each returning day,
With pleasant greenery and fair array
Of flower and leaf, which never summer heat
Of Passion withered, nor the chilly breath
Of Doubt's dark winter. There the golden hours
Heedless I followed, till from th' inner land,
A blast forth rushing smote with sudden death
The blossoms all, and quitting faded bowers,
I passed where sullen waves beat on a barren strand.

Cobourg. G. G.

LOST AND WON:

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

By the author of "For King and Country."

CHAPTER XXI.

NIAGARA FALLS.

"I can forego thee—but not bear to see
My love, like rising mist, thy lustre mar:
That were a base return for thy sweet light;
Shine, though I never more shall see that thou art bright."

THE day of his brother's death, though dark enough for Alan, was hardly darker for him than for the country in whose service Dan had sacrificed his young life; for, just as the new-made peace was gladdening the hearts of all, the country was plunged into a new sorrow by the tragic death of the wise and good ruler who had guided her through the storm into a peaceful haven. On that memorable Saturday, the tidings of President Lincoln's assassination were ringing through the Republic, spreading gloom and dismay as they went, for hardly could even the most reckless Southern heart rejoice in a deed that could do no good, and might do terrible harm. But Alan was not in a condition to rouse himself to interest, even in an event like this, and the waves of excitement, sorrow, and indignation that surged about him were almost unheeded. The reaction after the excitement he had undergone told severely upon him after the first stunning shock was over—the shock which death, however certainly expected, must always bring to our feelings and instincts. The kind surgeon's care averted a serious illness, however, and Alan was able to stand by and see the remains of his brother laid in a quiet cemetery, where many a soldier's grave, though unmarked by any individual monument, is kept green and cared for by loving and loyal hands.

Alan managed to write a line or two to Mr. Dunbar, asking him to undertake the communication of the sad intelligence at Mapleford, and then he was obliged to take a day or two of enforced rest, for his strained system refused to bear more till it had had some repose. Dr. —— showed him all the kindness and attention which, with his numerous pressing duties, it was possible for him to do, and it was mainly due to his care and kindness that Alan was able, three days after the funeral, to set out on his homeward journey, with a heart full of sad reminiscences of the scenes he had just passed through, and of others hardly less sad just then: of the times long, long ago, when Dan and he had been boys together, when Dan had been the "little brother," to be alternately scolded and protected.

The bright Spring sunshine was gilding the still bare, yellow branches of the willows on the Mapleford road when Alan at last drew near home. In passing through Carrington he had seen Philip Dunbar, who had prepared him for a new sorrow awaiting him at Mapleford. The shock of the death of his favourite son had been too much for the enfeebled mind and body of Mr. Campbell, and a new "stroke" had come on, from which the doctor gave his family small hopes of his rallying.

Mr. Campbell lived on for a week or two, in the same helpless condition—just able feebly to recognize, by a gesture or a hand-pressure, those who stood around him. Even his wife could hardly repine when, at last, the weary time of waiting was over, for him as well as for them. He had been a very different man in those last days, since the habit of drinking had been overcome, and his wife's good influence had had fair play. Indeed, from the new expression of rest that came into her face, spite of all her sorrow, it seemed as if she did, at last, believe that even in this hour of extreme bereavement she had had her "heart's desire"—of seeing her husband safe.

It had been a trying time for them all, however, and poor Jeanie, who had been for some time rather overworking herself, showed its effects as much as any one. Before the sad news came which had plunged them into mourning and hastened her father's fatal seizure, she had been exhausting herself with study in the hours which should have been devoted to relaxation. The reason for this was that a new study had been prescribed, on which teachers were expected to pass an examination, if they would retain their certificates. The educational authorities had not then reached quite so advanced views as to prescribe such studies as mensuration and agricultural chemistry as a requirement for female teachers, but the new study was quite abstruse enough to make it highly improbable that she would ever have to teach it to any of her young country scholars, and difficult enough to require a good deal of hard work in order fully to master it. The unceasing labour, combined with the strain of teaching, with the oppression of keen sorrow now superadded to it, told severely even on Jeannie's vigorous constitution. She did not get better as the warm weather set in, and the doctor advised change of air. She could not well go alone, and, early in July, Alan, who needed change of scene almost as much as she did, got a fortnight's leave of absence to accompany her. Neither had ever seen Niagara Falls, and, at Jeanie's desire, that was the place fixed upon for their trip.

It was late on a soft moonlight evening when they arrived, and sat for a long time on the piazza of the Clifton House, watching the snowy sheets of water shimmering in the soft moonlight, which touched into a more shadowy mistiness the clouds of ascending spray. The banks, the rocks, the islands, all lay in deep shadow—only the white glittering water stood out in ghostly relief, with the shadowy veil of vapour softening and idealizing it. There was an inexpressibly solemnising quiet and hush about the sublime, ceaseless motion, and the groups of people scattered about the long piazzas seemed to feel it also, for they talked in subdued tones or sat in silence. Once, out of the hum of a subdued conversation going on at some distance, Alan's ear was caught by the word "Carrington," uttered in a thoroughly English voice, quite unfamiliar to him. He looked eagerly to see the person from whom it proceeded, but the group was in too deep shadow for him to distinguish anything more than that it seemed to consist of a gentleman and two ladies.

Alan and his sister sought out a quiet little lodging in Drummondville, next day, their finances not permitting them to afford the expenses of hotel life during their stay. And as they had come to the Falls to enjoy them, not to live luxuriously and meet fashionable tourists, they found their lodging no drawback to their pleasure. Indeed, the gradual approach to the Falls, with all their ineffable grandeur and magnificence and mystery, down the quiet shady green lanes, which concealed everything but the noise of many waters and the ascending column of spray, was in itself a constantly recurring pleasure, as the superb tableau of Falls and spray and rapids broke ever freshly upon their sight.

They were, both of them, good walkers, and scorning the persuasive offers of carriages from officious hackmen, they explored, with fresh interest, the numerous walks that they found extending in all directions, from the Whirlpool, three miles below the Falls, to the beautiful little islands at the head of the rapids, on the Canadian side. They were never tired of admiring the winding road along the high bank of the river, with its rich wooded fringe of pine and birch and cedar, the deep green river sweeping in eddies and rapids far down below, losing itself round wooded points, with little peeps of the great Falls far away in the distance, while high on the opposite side towered the American bank, its bare, rugged escarpment of rock, seeming to rest on the leafy green buttresses that swelled out below. Then, as they approached the point where the Clifton House stands, and where the river bed widens out into the great rounded basin of dark grey water and white foam, into which fall the two huge sheets of water divided by the mass of rock on which Goat Island rests, they always stopped to admire the little separate cascade which, at some distance below the American Fall, comes wandering alone through the fields, and dashes itself down, a mass of frothing, braided foam, among the dark brown rocks below.

A favourite point of observation with them was the winding road that leads down to the Ferry landing—a quiet picturesque path along the side of the steeply sloping cliffs, all luxuriantly draped with foliage and creepers, particularly the wild vine and Virginia Creeper. Under the shade of a wide-spreading tree at the lower extremity of this path, Alan and Jeanie would sit for hours on a rock, taking in the grandeur and beauty of the scene around them; the white quivering fleecy sheet of the American Fall opposite seeming almost a straight surface, though in reality it is very much curved inwards, and the wide, deeply-rounded wall of water of the Horse-Shoe Fall, the centre of which, from the immense volume of the descending water, is a smooth glassy expanse of exquisitely pure and vivid green, set off by the snowy wreathing foam of its shallower portions, and by the constantly changing, yet ever the same, soft veil of encircling spray, on which, as on the bosom of the deluge, so often rests the bright rainbow, spanning the tumultuous mass of seething waters.

One afternoon, when Jeanie and Alan had sat for some time silently in this quiet spot, they heard the voices and steps of another party approaching them, an occurrence so common that they hardly even turned to look at the passing strangers. These, however, instead of merely passing to the ferry boat, seated themselves at a little distance, evidently intending only to enjoy for a while this view of the Falls. Alan's attention was attracted by hearing the same rich English tones in which he had heard the word "Carrington" on the evening of his arrival, and he turned to look at the speaker. He was standing with his side face towards them; a handsome, rather massive English profile, with fair, closely-cut hair, and a tall, broadly-made figure, which looked as if its muscularity had been well developed by cricket and other athletic games. On his arm leaned a lady, whom it required no very close inspection to set down as his sister, a few years older, apparently, but with the same type of feature, a mass of rich fair hair, and the beauty of complexion, and full, finely-formed physique which only Englishwomen possess in perfection. But Alan's eye passed lightly over both, and rested upon another, seeming to him strangely familiar; a small, slight female figure in black, leaning against a projecting rock, a little in advance, evidently absorbed in the scene before her. As he looked, with a vague, half-formed recognition in his mind, the lady turned to speak to her companions, and in an instant Alan knew the eyes and smile of Lenore Arnold. The recognition was mutual, and Lenore advanced to greet him with a frank, bright smile of surprise.

"How little I thought of meeting any one from home here," she said, as they shook hands, and Alan replied to her inquiring glance towards his sister by introducing them to each other.

Lenore spoke a few words to Jeanie, in the sweet winning tones, and with the simple cordiality, that were natural to her, and then said, turning towards her companions—

"I must introduce you to my friends, with whom I am travelling home—strangers in the country—who have been travelling in America, and who kindly took charge of me on their way northwards."

Alan and Jeanie were duly introduced to Mrs. Charlton and Mr. Mortimer. The lady was rather quiet, with a good deal of English reserve about her, but her brother was quite disposed to talk, after a somewhat desultory fashion, and was evidently still more disposed to do anything that might be agreeable to Miss Arnold.

It was natural that the two little parties should, after that, coalesce, and do their sight-seeing together, enjoying it all the more, on the whole, for the greater variety of taste and feeling among them, though it may be doubted whether Lionel Mortimer considered Alan in the light of an unmitigated acquisition. He sometimes interfered, unintentionally, with Mr. Mortimer's former monopoly of Lenore. It sometimes happened that, in their walks, Alan and she would pair off together, and, what was worse, Mr. Mortimer did not feel at all assured that this arrangement was in any wise displeasing to the young lady, though he considered that any girl in her senses would naturally prefer the conversation of an Oxonian, and a representative of an old English family, to that of a young fellow who had never been out of Canada within his recollection, and who had not even, as he soon discovered, ever been at college.

Yet Mr. Mortimer's conversation was not so brilliant as might have been imagined. His energies seemed to have found a physical rather than an intellectual outlet. He was a much better authority on batting and rowing than on the subjects which were supposed to have chiefly occupied his attention while at Oxford, and his conversation about things in general betrayed a crudeness and indolence of mind that, notwithstanding his superior advantages, made him often show rather unfavourably in comparison with the more thoughtful Alan. His sister noticed this, for she had more natural cleverness than her brother, and would remark apologetically that "Lionel was really too lazy; it was a shame he didn't use his mind more; he had been spoiled, being the only son; if he had a wife to rouse him up, and give him aims and interest, he would soon be very different."

But Lionel was contented with himself as he was, and at present his chief aim and interest were to pass the time as pleasantly as possible in the sunshine of Lenore's smiles.

They had descended the winding stairway which leads down the face of the cliff, to the very verge of the great Horse Shoe Fall, on the Canadian side, and had penetrated, under the shelter of ordinary waterproofs and umbrellas, almost as far as adventurous tourists do who don the hideous disguises know as "waterproof dresses." One or two parties of forlorn looking people in the frightful yellow oilskin dresses which make them unrecognisable to their dearest friends, had passed them, considerably exciting the amusement of the ladies; and then they were left undisturbed to enjoy the solemn grandeur of the mighty flood, with its "noise of many waters," thundering down in volumes of spray and foam over the precipice that jutted menacingly over their heads, as if, at any moment, it might fall and crush them. The roar of the waters was so overpowering that the party remained, by common consent, almost silent, unwilling to allow themselves to be distracted by any effort at conversation. As they slowly retraced their steps, stopping every now and then in their progress over the wet slippery rocks and fine shingle to take another look backwards, Mrs. Charlton said:

"There is just one scene in Switzerland that occurs to me as being as grand, though of course the character of it is very different—utter silence and repose, while here there is ceaseless noise and motion—I mean at the edge of the Mer-de-Glace, just as you go on to the Montaubert; do you recollect, Lionel, looking up that grand vista of ice and snowy aiguilles?"

"Yes," said Lionel, rather languidly; "of course I recollect; splendid walk I had that day to the Jardin, and didn't Digby and I tuck into the chicken-pie and champagne when we got back!"

Jeanie could not help an involuntary merry glance at Alan, but Lenore did not seem to have heard the speech. She and Jeanie were still lingering, unwilling to turn away. Presently Lenore began making her way cautiously over the slippery stones below her, to pick a bright cluster of the yellow *Impatiens*, which grew luxuriantly among the black rocks. Alan noticed her wish, and anticipated it by springing forward and securing, with his long arm, the blossoms she wanted. She thanked him with one of her bright sweet smiles, and took it carefully, saying she wanted it as a memento of the spot. Mr. Mortimer noticed the little incident, and did not look as if it altogether pleased him, but he began to make a practice of picking for Lenore similar fragile mementoes of all the spots they afterwards visited. It may have been that the Impatiens was more easily preserved, or that, being the first requisition, it was the most valued. However this may be, it was carefully preserved in Lenore's memorandum book long after most of the others had withered and been thrown away.

They spent one day on the American side, wandering through the mazy paths and shady arcades of Goat Island, exploring the little fairy islets linked to it by the wonderful bridges that span the rapids, admiring the miniature cascades that here and there toss themselves over brown rocks, in nooks between the islands, and the vistas of grey swirling water and white foam that extend between the green freshness of the island foliage, nestling, as it seems, in the very bosom of the angry current, bright grass and delicate plants overhanging the headlong surges, and the sweet carol of birds heard against the thundering roar of the mighty flood—nature's sweetness and loveliness seen in sharp contrast with her sternness and sublimity. Mr. Mortimer and Mrs. Charlton surveyed curiously the little group of Indian women in their bright blankets and gorgeous necklaces, who cluster beside the pathway at the brink of the American Fall, displaying their stock of beadwork ware; and the former, whose ideas of Indians were based upon a tolerably extensive reading of Cooper, was somewhat disgusted to find what very ordinary English the dark, lank-haired maidens talked, and how very well they seemed to be versed in dollars and cents.

"Your aborigines are rather disappointing," observed Mrs. Charlton, as they left the group, after a little playful chaffering between Lionel and the most talkative of the girls. "It would require a great deal of imagination to transform a damsel like that into a Pocahontas."

"Yes," replied Alan, thoughtfully, "but we certainly have not left them as we found them, and I doubt whether the difference can all be put on the credit side. British fire-water and trading principles, as seen in the fur traders, for example, have not been the best grafts to put on an Indian stock. And, besides, I suppose there are as great differences of character among Indians as among ourselves," and he went on to speak of his friend Ben—his fidelity, and his grateful affectionate disposition.

Lenore looked up with one of her bright appreciative looks, as she had got rather into the habit of doing when Alan made any remark that interested her. Alan, on his side, had got as much into the habit of looking for such marks of sympathy, which stimulated his mind more than he knew, and thus a strong feeling of *rapport* was, almost, unconsciously growing up between them.

"Still, one would be sorry, after all," she remarked, "to think that their contact with Christian nations had really done them no good. I know something of the wrongs they have had to suffer at the hands of nominal Christians; but then, think of the earnest labourers they have had among them, have now—'living epistles seen and read of all men,' who have given up comfort, civilization, everything that makes life attractive to us, to take to them the blessings of Christianity. Many of those early Jesuit fathers, too—"

"Who used to burn their bodies for the good of their souls," interrupted Jeanie.

"Well, grant that they were mistaken in the means! That was the fault of their system and their age, not of the hearts of such men as Brébœuf and Lallemant, for instance, who went to the stake themselves as bravely as any old saint or martyr, and with the same object to make them willing, that of testifying for their Master."

"Besides," added Jeanie, "when we think what the Indians were when the white men first came, we can bear the mixture of some evil with much good. We are so apt to associate innocence with natural influences that we make up for ourselves a false picture of Indian life, even when we know better. With such a life as they generally led, who can say that even the partial extermination they have undergone—however unjustifiable some of the causes were—has not really been for good?"

"As we shall find everything overruled to be in the long run, however hard it is to see it now," said Lenore gently, with one of the bright smiles, full of faith and hope, that occasionally broke, like a gleam of sunshine, over her usually pensive face.

Lionel thought that this sort of talk had lasted long enough, and he found a ready means for a diversion in one of the beautiful fairy-like cascades that dash and foam under the little bridges which connect with the smaller islets, but a few years ago quite inaccessible, and in the somewhat lackadaisical attitude and proceedings of a "happy couple," who were absorbed in each other's society, and so happily unconscious of the "chaffing" remarks in which the young Englishman indulged, *sotto voce*, at their expense.

"How terrible it must be," said Lenore, as they sat down to rest on a bench looking up the hill of thundering rapids, sometimes coming down over clearly discernible ridges, at others swirling in smooth inclined planes of water into a bed of white seething foam below; "how terrible it must be when any poor boatman, crossing up yonder, first finds himself drawn into the current, and feels it too strong for his arms to resist?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Alan, "and how often it has been the case!"

"How often it is the case in other kinds of things," said Jeanie, who was fond of tracing analogies between the visible and invisible world. "How many people drift into things they never meant, and only find out their danger when they find themselves sucked into the current and there is no escape."

Alan did not prosecute the idea. He was feeling that he himself was drifting into a certain metaphorical current, where resistance was of no avail, however hopeless the case might seem to be. Lenore, too, was silent, but Lionel Mortimer seized the thread of the discourse and brought it back to literal fact.

"I should think a good many people must go over the Falls one time or another. These walks must be dangerous with nothing to keep one from falling over! Splendid place for suicides! A good deal better than London Bridge, with all the dash and roar; and then the name of the thing, you know!"

"I don't think I ever heard of a suicide taking place here," said Lenore, in good-natured explanation. "The sort of people who usually come here wouldn't be likely to do anything of that sort, unless, indeed, they were anxious to make a sensation; and it doesn't often happen that people fall in either, though I have heard of a sad story of that kind that happened at Luna Island. It is more through getting drawn into the current of the rapids above, owing to carelessness or intoxication, that accidents happen."

"I should like to see something go over," said Mortimer. "Not a person, you know—that would be too exciting—but an animal, or a boat, or something of that sort."

"You should have been here when the steamer *Caroline* was set fire to and sent over," said Jeanie, with a quiet smile. She rather enjoyed the young Englishman.

"Ah, that must have been very nice. Set fire to—and at night, I suppose! When was that?"

"Oh, a long time ago! In some troubles that we once had with our Yankee friends."

"Oh, the times of the Lundy's Lane affair, and Brock's monument, and all those things," said Mr. Mortimer, who had been taking a small course of Canadian history out of his Guide Book.

"Not just then," began Jeanie, and then stopped short, with a sigh of despair; she had already been trying in vain to correct Mortimer's general chronological confusion, and to make him understand the difference between the war of 1812 and the "rebellion" of 1837, but she had given it up in despair, for she found that the next time the matter came up his confusion was as great as ever, and her efforts were lost labour. So she wisely let the matter drop.

Lenore had been sitting very silent, her eye fixed on the great moving mass of water before her.

"It does give one such an idea of Infinity," she said, gravely. "This constant, constant motion: the perpetual, never failing supply—no drop of water ever, for two seconds, in the same position, yet such a perpetual succession of them! With such an immense volume of water continually pouring over one would think the supply would get drained off."

"Not when you think of the immense volume of the great lakes that feed it. Think of Lake Superior—itself an ocean in miniature!" replied Alan.

"Well, but the marvellous arrangement—the adjustment of forces which occasion that perfectly regular supply, neither increase nor diminution. When one thinks of all the arrangement required for that, the mind feels it cannot grasp the idea."

"Oh, some fellows will tell you that it is all the sun," said Lionel Mortimer. "He's the great force-producer, everybody knows now-a-days—drives everything, from the planetary system down to railway trains. He's got enough to do—pretty hard worked I should say!"

"But who drives the sun?" said Lenore, smiling.

"Oh, that I will leave you to settle with Tyndall, Huxley, *at id omne genus;* that's beyond me," replied the young man, carelessly. "Now, won't you people come on? Seems to me we've had enough of these grey breakers."

They strolled along the front of the island, ascended the little Terrapin Tower, standing like a lone outpost in the front of the spray and foam of the Fall; went down the Biddle staircase, where again they encountered dismal yellow-robed pilgrims to the "Cave of the Winds," and passing over in the ferry-boat studied the great hollowed-out Horse-shoe Fall on the opposite side from their point of observation of the preceding day.

"How much stronger you must be Miss Lenore," said Alan, noticing the elasticity with which, after all their previous wanderings, she still made her way along the rough craggy paths.

"Oh, yes!" said Lenore, brightly. "So much better and stronger that I hope not to have to be sent away this winter."

"A winter in Nice would be splendid for you, Miss Lenore," broke in, rather eagerly, Lionel Mortimer. "That would set you up. We must get you to come with us, and we'll make up the jolliest party, and do lots of sight-seeing. Eh, Fanny?" he said, turning to his sister. Niagara's very well, in its way," he added, patronisingly, "but Nice, and the Riviera, and Florence, and Naples, are all a good deal better, to say nothing of Rome. Oh, you must see them all, Miss Lenore!"

Lenore only smiled, though she had coloured a little too. It was not often that the young Englishman was roused to speak with so much enthusiasm; and it was impossible for her to be blind to his marked attention and preference, though no one could have detected that they gave her any pleasure, or discovered any tokens of "encouragement" on her part. But, as they walked on, Mortimer insisting that she should take his arm over the rough places of the way. Alan watched them with a strange pain gnawing at his heart. It was a fitting destiny that seemed opening before the fragile girl, to be the cherished companion of one who had the power to smooth to the utmost her path through life, to avert all care and exertion, to surround her with every luxury and pleasure that life could supply. And she? She would well grace the English home to which she would go as queen and loving mistress. She would be a sweet benevolent lady of the manor, dispensing her bountiful charities with the grace that all kindness took when coming from her, doing the honours and hospitalities of her noble home with a gentle dignity that would adorn it far more than its outward beauty. Why should Alan think for a moment of a different lot for her, a lot of comparative poverty, care, and privation. And yet, he wondered whether Lionel Mortimer's aimless, pleasure-loving type of life would satisfy her, with her high ideal of life and its responsibilities, her enthusiastic aspirations. And then he despised himself for the self-conceit which seemed implied in the half-formed feeling that he might satisfy her better; a feeling arising perhaps from the many sympathies they seemed to have in common. But that thought must be put down and kept down. Alan felt he had drifted into a feeling for Lenore, quite beyond his control, but he could keep it rigorously shut up in his own heart, could keep it from touching in the slightest degree the fair and prosperous course of the life that seemed shaping itself before her. And, after that, Alan, with determined resolution, compelled himself to refrain from availing himself of the opportunities for conversation and companionship which their wandering at the Falls naturally afforded. He could hardly tell whether Lenore noticed it, though once or twice he caught her eyes somewhat wistfully directed towards him, as if wondering at the change, and questioning whether she had given him any cause for offence. And then, for a little while, he would forget all about his resolution, throw prudence to the winds, and rejoice in the sweetness of her presence and companionship.

It was, at last, somewhat unexpectedly arranged that Lenore should leave her English friends, and travel home under the escort of Alan and his sister. Mrs. Charlton was to meet her husband in Toronto, where he was detained on business, and young Mortimer wished, from thence, to make a little *détour* and pay a flying visit to the Western prairies. Lenore, of course, was anxious to get home as soon as possible, and the little difficulty that had previously existed was now solved by the opportunity which presented itself of going home with the Campbells. Mr. Mortimer was to come on to Carrington after his visit to the prairies, and spend a few days at Ivystone, and his sister and her husband were to accompany him, if the latter's business engagements would permit.

The last day of their sojourn at the Falls came and passed. They made a last tour of inspection, revisited the points of view they had most enjoyed, and laying in various little mementos. Mr. Mortimer and Mrs. Charlton invested largely in Indian work, feathers, fans, &c., &c., as gifts for home friends, who would prize anything characteristic from the Falls.

On the morning of their departure, as they met at the Clifton House for an early breakfast, they had perhaps the most striking and unique view of the Falls which they had yet enjoyed. The sun was just rising behind a long low bank of purple cloud, flooding the sky behind it with its deep golden light, while the heavy column of spray from the Falls arose brilliantly rosy, against the shadowy background of foaming waters. They all involuntarily exclaimed at the exquisitely lovely effect, which, however, was as transient as it was lovely, fading in a few minutes into "the light of common day." As they drove along the river bank to the railway station, their eyes still wandered back to the fascinating scene behind, the white walls of flashing shifting foam, and curling vapoury spray. At last a turning of the road hid even the lonely little fall on the outpost from their sight, and they all felt, with a sigh, that they had indeed bidden farewell to Niagara.

At Toronto they separated, for a time at least; Lenore, with Alan and Jeanie, taking passage in one of our luxurious lake steamers, which Mortimer well called floating hotels. Jeanie, who had never before seen anything of modern luxury, took some time to get over her surprise at the richly decorated saloon, with its gilding and coloured glass, and soft velvet *fauteuils*.

There was a regatta going on in Toronto bay as their vessel steamed rapidly through the green curling water, ruffled by a breeze strong enough to swell the white sails of the pretty yachts which flitted about, tacking and veering in their course, like gulls of a larger growth. It was a lovely summer day, and the three travellers sat on deck all the afternoon and evening, watching the daylight tints of sky and lake take gradually the richer but fleeting hues of sunset, while the golden sun at last descended beyond the distant line of water, just as he would have done on the Atlantic. Then they sat on in the twilight till the moon, now more than full, rose behind a long bar of cloud on the eastern horizon. They had been talking more freely and familiarly, as people often do under the softening influences of twilight and approaching night. Lenore, in speaking of her southern home, happened to mention by name the town where she chiefly resided. Alan started, it was the place where his brother had died. Both Lenore and Jeanie—they were fast friends before now—saw his start and knew the cause. There was a moment's silence, and then Jeanie said, in an unsteady voice:

"Alan, I must tell you, though Lenore wished me not. She was the lady that poor Dan spoke so much about."

And then Jeanie walked away to the other side of the deck, feeling that Alan and Lenore might talk more freely about his brother, unfettered by her presence.

It was some moments before Alan recovered from his surprise and the emotion which it excited. The words seemed to bring before him, as if it had been presented in a photograph, the day he had entered the hospital ward, and the figure in black that he had seen retiring from his brother's bed. It may be imagined with what emotion he thanked her for her kindness to his brother, and how much there was to talk about in the sad yet pleasant reminiscences of the setting of Dan's young life; and how, in Lenore's sweet, earnest sympathy, Alan found a soothing balm which seemed to make even sorrow sweet. Lenore, too, could tell him much of the earlier days of Dan's illness, when she had been first attracted to him by a resemblance to some face she knew, which puzzled her until she found out his name and home; of how, gradually, his mind had become reconciled to leaving life in all its young freshness, as it had seized, with a vividness and intensity which surprised her, on the hope that lighted up death with a brightness which nothing except Divine hope could bestow.

"I was very sorry I was not able to see you at that time," said Lenore, at last, when they had gone over all the circumstances that were so interesting to both. "I knew from the doctor that you were come, and I left at once, feeling sure that you and he would prefer meeting alone. Next day I sent to inquire for you, but was told that you were too ill to see any one. And that very evening I was obliged to go, as had been previously arranged, to stay at the country house of a friend, where I met Mrs. Charlton and Mr. Mortimer."

As she spoke, Alan suddenly remembered an exquisite bouquet which had shed a delicious fragrance beside his bed during those days of prostration, and his own vague wonder at the beauty of the flowers and the grace of the arrangement. Now, he felt sure that it was one of the many little kindnesses that Lenore was constantly showing to some one. But he was too shy to speak of it, lest, after all, he might be mistaken.

"Certainly, I had no idea that you were so near," he replied. "I think I should have recognised you if it had been in any other circumstances. It would have been a great comfort to know that I had one friend in all that great, busy city. And yet, I did not feel so very lonely, after all. I never imagined before, Miss Lenore," he added, earnestly, "how true those words are: 'A very present help in time of trouble.'" And, encouraged by Lenore's look of sympathetic response, he went on to tell her a little of what had passed through his mind in that solemn night-watch.

The vessel sped on her course, unresting, leaving her long wake distinctly defined in the gleaming waters of the wide lake, while they talked thus, almost forgetting the scene around them, and the passage of time. It was well that Jeanie had resources of her own, for it is to be feared that she was forgotten too. And in that long, low, earnest conversation, their deepest feelings, called forth by the emotions and thoughts that occupied them, seemed to become more fully known to each other, and drawn more closely together than they could have been by months of ordinary intercourse.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN ELECTION CONTEST.

CORIOLANUS—"You know the cause, sir, of my standing here."
FIRST CITIZEN—"We do, sir, tell us what has brought you to 't."
COR.—"Mine own desert."
FIRST CIT.—"You must think, if we give you anything, we hope to gain by you."

JEANIE CAMPBELL had received from Lenore a most urgent invitation to spend a fortnight at Ivystone, before going home; and as Miss Honeydew had at last returned to Mapleford, accompanied by one of her newly-arrived nieces, so that Mrs. Campbell would not be lonely in her absence, Jeanie willingly consented. A sincere attachment had sprung up between Lenore and herself, and Jeanie was young enough, and fresh enough, to enjoy keenly all new experiences of people and places, and modes of life, to say nothing of the attractions of Ivystone, and of Lenore's society.

At Ivystone, she seemed to have got into—

"A land
Wherein it seemed always afternoon."

So softly and luxuriously the wheels of life rolled on, without noise or friction. The luxurious, tasteful apartments, with their ornaments and flowers; the beautiful grounds, with their shrubberies and smooth green terraces, from which gorgeous beds of petunias and verbenas, and portulaccas and brilliant geraniums and foliage plants, flamed out, each in its own predominating colour, were a constant wonder and delight to her. It seemed like one of the gardens of fairy palaces, of which, as a child, she used to dream.

And then Mrs. George Arnold, with her fair graceful beauty and floating gossamer robes—she had discarded mourning by this time, "it made her feel mopish,"—and her easy *dolce far niente* sort of life, seemed no inapt impersonation of a fairy princess; though, apart from the dramatic fitness, practical Jeanie could not help inwardly moralising a little over the idleness which, at Ivystone, seemed to hold absolute sway over every one but Lenore. Renée, with her *insouciante* good nature, and Pauline, who was constantly flitting about, like a butterfly, from one pleasure to another, seemed only to care to make the passing hours yield as much surface pleasure as they could extract from them. No thought of any nobler purpose seemed to influence their plan of life. With Lenore it was very different. An earnest purpose seemed to pervade everything she did, even the innocent pleasures and recreations which she seemed to enjoy as keenly as any one; more so, perhaps, since they were a real relaxation, instead of a constant pursuit. Jeanie sometimes wondered at the tenacity of purpose which could so steadily hold on its course, independent of the distractions which the different lives of the others were continually creating. And yet she by no means held herself aloof. Lenore seemed to be the one to whom all came for sympathy, no matter what the trouble might be. Even inane, trifling Mrs. Arnold often had recourse to Lenore's gentle sympathy in her petty imaginary troubles, which Lenore, seeing that, to her at least, they were real troubles, never scorned as imaginary.

The pleasant summer days of Jeanie's visit passed delightfully and rapidly away. In the afternoons and evenings, Alan was, naturally, a frequent visitor; he could not deny himself that pleasure while his sister's stay at Ivystone afforded him so good an excuse; feeling that after that was over, there would be room enough for the self-denial he intended so vigorously to practice. Hugh often accompanied Alan, and often, also, Philip Dunbar. Indeed, Mr. Dunbar's unusual sociability formed the subject of some "fun" at Ivystone, and some good-natured teasing of Jeanie, who took it all quietly, with apparent determination not to understand, though in spite of her, it made her cheeks glow and her heart beat, as even she could not be altogether insensible to the increasing attraction which Mr. Dunbar seemed to find in her society. Alan, only, did not seem to notice his friend's growing fascination. Brothers are slow to observe such things, and to him it seemed so natural to like to go to Ivystone! And when there, his own thoughts and eyes were fully occupied, to the exclusion of even Jeanie. Mr. Mortimer would be there soon enough, and then Alan had resolved in his heart that he would close his vizor and retire from the lists, leaving the field to his rival. No matter what it might cost him, he could do it, and he would!

It was the last evening of Jeanie's visit. They had had some boating on the river, and then they sat on a favourite rustic seat on the bank, watching the stars gleam softly out in the dusky sky, and the fire-flies sparkling here and there as they flitted in and out among the dark shadowy trees. Mr. Dunbar, Alan, Jeanie, and Lenore had been discussing, in a rambling, desultory fashion, various social and semi-political questions. Suddenly, after a brief silence, Jeanie said, *apropos* of nothing in particular—

"I wonder you don't go into Parliament yourself, Mr. Dunbar."

"I'm not at all sure that any one wants me there, Miss Campbell," he replied, laughingly.

"Oh!" exclaimed Jeanie, in surprise. "I think there couldn't be much doubt of that. I'm sure we want all our best men there. We haven't so many."

But here she caught herself up, for in her eagerness she was saying more than she had in the least intended; and Lenore filled up the blank by saying, rather mischievously for her,—

"At least, Mr. Dunbar ought to feel flattered, Jeanie, by your putting him down among 'the best!'"

It was fortunate for Jeanie that the darkness concealed the rosy flush that mounted to the open, candid brow—framed in its arch of dark, soft, chestnut hair. Mr. Dunbar replied, in a tone that was unconsciously much softer than his usual one—

"I do feel honoured, I assure you; the more so that I know Miss Campbell never flatters—intentionally. But the pity is," he added, with his half-cynical laugh, "that the mass of our 'free and independent electors' are not such good judges and, therefore, less appreciative; and the way in is, I fear, shut up to me. As things are at present, I think it is next to impossible for almost any man to get a seat without an amount of personal canvassing and begging for votes which would be intolerable to me; and without, also, the use of means, less legitimate, which I never would condescend to use; and, worse still, I could not conscientiously identify myself entirely with either of our two arbitrary 'parties,' and so should be a black sheep with both. But for these considerations, I think I might have been tempted to try before now."

It was seldom, indeed, that Mr. Dunbar spoke out his mind so freely, especially when ladies were present, and Lenore noticed the unusual phenomenon if no one else did.

Jeanie, however, had recovered from her momentary embarrasment, and said almost as earnestly as before—

"I should like to see you try it, at least, Mr. Dunbar."

"And if I failed?"

"You would fail for conscience sake, and your friends would appreciate you all the more," she replied in a lower tone, for George Arnold, his ever-lighted cigar in hand, at this moment joined the circle, and made a diversion from the previous conversation. He had just come in from town, and seemed somewhat excited.

"Have you heard the news?" he said addressing the two other young men.

"What news?" both asked at once.

"Why, Langley's dead. He's been ill for a few weeks, you know, but no one thought it dangerous, and now he's popped off—all in a minute, as you may say. It's confoundedly annoying, for we expected he'd have got that Railway Bill through the first thing when the Session commenced; and now of course, there will have to be a new election, and who knows what may turn up?"

The member for the county in which Carrington was situated was a non-resident, and had not come very much in contact with his constituents, so that his death was regarded more in a political than in a private light. It was discussed for a little while in its bearing upon Carrington and its interests, and then Alan and Mr. Dunbar rose to go. As the latter shook hands with Jeanie, she said, in a low tone, "Now you might try. Mr. Dunbar. Isn't this a coincidence?"

"If I do," he said, smiling, "you must wear my colours—figuratively, of course; reversing the old knightly order of things."

Jeanie coloured more deeply than before, for Mr. Dunbar spoke with an earnestness and a significance by no means usual with him.

"Dunbar, here's a chance for you now in public life," said George, as they were walking down the avenue. "If you'll go in for election on the Ministerial ticket I'll promise you our support, and I think you'd be almost sure to get in. It wouldn't be very expensive, and I know you can afford a little."

"Thanks," replied Philip, coldly. "If I went in at all, it would not be on the Ministerial ticket. You know what my sentiments are about the present administration, and I shouldn't change them just for the sake of being elected. And, in the second place, if I did stand, I'd stand on my own merits, not on those of my purse. I'd far rather stay out of parliament all my life, than go in by canvassing and bribing, as so many do."

"Then I'm afraid you'll get leave to stay out," laughed George, half fearing lest he might have put some mischief into the head of so impracticable and Utopian a fellow.

Philip talked thoughtfully over the matter with Alan as they walked home. "I've half a mind to try it," he said, "just as an experiment. I haven't any very sanguine expectations of success, but the experiment could do no harm, and might have a good moral influence."

"If you do I'll stand by you," exclaimed Alan warmly, his enthusiasm kindled by the thought of such a candidature.

"Don't make any rash promises, Alan. Your influence will be expected for Arnold's candidate—whoever he may be—and I won't hold you to anything that might injure your prospects."

"But I have a right to my own political opinion," said Alan, indignantly. "No one can possibly expect me to act differently from my convictions."

"Well, we'll see," said Philip, quietly, and they separated; Mr. Dunbar to think, long and carefully, over a prospect which had a good deal of fascination for a mind like his, with a natural turn for politics.

There was much discussion of possible candidatures during the next few days. The Ministerial party, which had long maintained its ground steadily in Carrington, held a meeting of its prominent members, and as no thorough-going ministerial candidate of sufficient weight and ability was to be found in Carrington, it was agreed that the city which had supplied their former member—Mr. Langley—should be applied to to furnish a suitable candidate to meet the views of the party. This was done in the person of Mr. Fulton, a lawyer of ripe age and long-standing desire to assist in managing the affairs of his country, which had hitherto been unfortunately thwarted by one or two defeats. He was, however, the most eligible candidate on hand, and became the nominee of the influential Ministerial party in Carrington.

In the meantime Mr. Dunbar had received numerous applications from the oppositionists to become their candidate. It was well known that he disapproved of many things connected with the party then in power, and it was taken for granted, therefore, that he would be ready to throw himself into the arms of the opposite party, and be willing to let the tide of opposition bear him into parliament. And even in Carrington, whose interests were so closely bound up with the progress of a railway the very existence of which depended in a great measure on the favour of the party in power, there was a pretty strong opposition.

But Mr. Dunbar declined to pledge himself to give his implicit support to any party. He had seen enough of parties, he said, to show him the evils that were inseparable from them. However anxious their leaders might be, while in opposition, to reform certain abuses, it usually happened when they came into power, that they found themselves committed to a complicated line of action, involving, almost certainly, some measures which were more or less objectionable. He could make over his individual conscience to no party; he must and would preserve his independence, and support those measures, and those only, which should commend themselves to his judgment and sense of right, from whatever party they might proceed, instead of offering as too many partisans did, a factious opposition to measures excellent in themselves, only because they emanated from the wrong side of the house, or supporting doubtful ones, because they came from the right.

These ideas, of course, were far from satisfactory to the thorough-going oppositionists, whose chief animating aim was the complete demolition of the party they hated. They shook their heads ominously over Mr. Dunbar's lukewarmness, and proceeded to fix upon the most respectable candidate they could produce, —a Carrington ex-lumberer, pretty well-to-do, and with some little talent for public speaking, and "catching" an audience, which had hitherto been exercised chiefly in small municipal affairs.

Notwithstanding the discouragement which Mr. Dunbar thus received from both parties, he determined, backed up by a few of the more reflective and unbiassed of the Carrington politicians, who heartily approved of his sentiments, to stand and try his fate as an independent candidate. It could do no harm. He should not run himself into pecuniary embarrassment by means of a candidature conducted without bribery in any form, and the experiment, even if, as was quite probable, it should fail, might have, at least, as he had said, a good moral influence.

As the nomination day approached the tumult of opposing opinions waxed warm. The *Chronicle* and the *Intelligencer* abounded in sharp, peppery articles, containing a pretty strong infusion of irrelevant personalities directed against the candidate of the opposite party; while both indulged in hits, as strong as was in their power to bestow, at Philip Dunbar. George Arnold was very indignant at the latter for persevering in standing.

"It can't do him any good, and it splits up our vote. Why couldn't the fellow let it alone," he said; and he carried his indignation so far that he would hardly notice Philip in the street, to the amusement of the latter, who looked upon him very much in the light of a passionate boy. But Mr. Dunbar endeavoured to keep Alan from committing himself in his favour, and, with some difficulty, succeeded in persuading him to keep quiet, and take no active part in the election. Alan had hardly been at Ivystone since Jeanie's departure. Mr. Mortimer was there now, and he kept to his resolution of avoiding temptation. He sometimes met him riding or walking with Renee and Lenore, but he would only permit himself the exchange of a few courteous greetings, and politely declined the occasional invitations he received, to form one of a party for an excursion by land or water. And thus he not only avoided Lenore's society, but any special conversation with her brother on the political excitement of the moment; for just then business was too pressing in business hours to permit even political conversation.

The great day of the nomination at last arrived, and at least one half of Carrington was collected around the hustings, a sort of pine box set up on a platform in front of the little town hall.

Mr. Fulton was the first candidate nominated; proposed by George Arnold and seconded by Mr. Sharpley, who, of course, had given in his unqualified support to the side which he had reason to believe would "pay" the best. George Arnold's speech was short, "jolly," and to the point. It did not enter deeply into abstruse political questions. They wanted a railway, to maintain and increase the prosperity of their town. That railway wanted government aid, which, of course, could hardly be got except through a member known to be a thorough adherent of the government, no slippery "Jack in the box," who might change his politics as often of he changed his coat. If the county, with Carrington at its head, should now make the mistake of electing as its representative either a factious oppositionist or a shadowy nondescript, who might be anything or nothing, it must expect to ruin its own prospects, and would have itself to thank for cutting short the tide of its own prosperity.

This speech was received with delighted applause from the Ministerialist party, including most of the commercial population of Carrington.

"Ay! that's it: that's just what I've been telling ye," observed Sandy M'Alpine, complacently indulging in a pinch of snuff.

"That's the talk! bully for Arnold," said a young fellow, lately started in the hardware business, and equally anxious that the railway should go on.

Mr. Sharpley, who seconded the nomination of Mr. Fulton, indulged in a more ambitious and sustained flight of rhetoric, which was considered by his admirers a finished effort of eloquence. He painted a glowing and gratifying picture of the great country which Canada, the heir of the old institutions of Great Britain ; "the brightest jewel in the British crown," was destined to become. He alluded feelingly to the heart-stirring associations of the old land ; waved his arm enthusiastically towards the national ensign floating above, while he indulged in a rapturous eulogy on the "flag that had braved, a thousand years. the battle and the breeze ;" and brought down the house, metaphorically speaking, in loyal enthusiasm, by an allusion to the Sovereign who filled the British throne. From this, the transition was easy to animadversions on the evil-minded revolutionary spirit which would tamper with old established institutions, and shake the solid foundations of national prosperity—the demagogues and lovers of anarchy, who would fain stir up discontent and opposition to the present administration. Canada had her history to make, and it would be a noble one, if she remained true to the traditions of the past, the steady conservation and reliance in the existing order of things which had made Britain what she was. But, for his part," said Mr. Sharpley, as he was winding up, and led on, perhaps, by the comparative excitement into which he had worked himself, "he would rather have the most thorough-going, full-faced oppositionist that ever showed his colours, and stood to them, than the uncertain shuffling of the changeling who called himself an 'Independent member,' and who, warily committing himself to no course of action, was usually only 'waiting for his price.' "

Philip Dunbar, calm and unruffled, stood by with folded arms, and his usual half-cynical smile hovering about his face, composedly listening to the speech, which, with his knowledge of Sharpley behind the scenes, afforded him as much amusement as if he were in no way personally concerned. At the last allusion, he could not resist bowing slightly in the direction of Sharpley, in acknowledgment of the implied compliment. Sharpley, struck by a sudden recollection, wondered a little whether he might not have gone rather too far. His eyes wandered nervously in Philip's direction, and caught the expression of his sarcastic smile. Perhaps his conscience spoke for a moment, for he had a conscience, though it was rather deeply buried beneath a load of superincumbent selfishness and convenient sophistry. However it might be, he was certainly overcome by a most unusual nervousness, and his speech came to an end rather abruptly, the eloquent peroration he had prepared being thus, for that time at least, lost to the world.

Mr. Fulton's speech followed that of his proposer and seconder. It was a long, detailed, and by no means brilliant defence of of the policy of the Government, taking up the points which had been chiefly assailed by the *Intelligencer*, the Opposition paper of Carrington. He was a man rather slow and pompous, solid and substantial, both in body and mind ; and his speech, though satisfactory enough to his supporters, as he hammered out his elaborate argument, was decidedly tedious, to the junior portion of his audience especially, who began to indulge in various hootings and whistlings, more varied than melodious, which, however, were promptly put down by the voice and staff of authority, in the person of a policeman, who was determined to discharge his duty diligently—on that side at least. But even the most enthusiastic upholders of the party were not sorry when Mr. Fulton sat down, exhausted by his long-sustained elocutionary effort.

Then followed the speeches of the proposer and seconder of the Opposition candidate, preceding that of the candidate himself. There was an abundance of invective and denunciation heaped upon those who, by means of "bribery* and corruption." were driving the country down a fast descending grade of ruin. No vestige of good could remain in any Government so utterly corrupt. Pluck it up, root and branch, was the only practicable course. Only let the electors rally round the Opposition standard, discarding the selfish considerations with which the "bread and butter party" were endeavouring to blind their eyes to their true interests, and they would deserve the gratitude of their country by the impulse which they would give to its vital prosperity. There were also some passing hits at the delusion and danger of "half-and-half" measures, the fatal mistake of listening to men who would temporise or compromise in the slightest degree; who would support any measure, however speciously plausible, which proceeded from a party so corrupt and selfish that even an apparently good measure must have some ulterior evil motive, and should, therefore, be opposed, tooth and nail, simply on account of the source from which it emanated. Can one touch pitch and not be defiled? It was, therefore, simply impossible that any measure really good for the country should have its origin in a poisoned source; and the speakers ended by confidently predicting that every honourable and unselfish man; every true lover of his country; every voter not bought by some selfish consideration; would inevitably vote for the Opposition candidate

---

* As the above was written previous to the political excitement of 1873, and the events related are, of course, dated at a much earlier period, there is no reference, either by intention or implication, to any subsequent "developments." The picture drawn is simply a picture of a state of feeling which then existed

These speeches were not so effective as they might have been but for the tumult of uproarious interruption, which, at times, rose so high as to drown the voices of the speakers, and which was by no means so zealously repressed as it had been when the Government candidate was speaking. The Oppositionists afterwards averred, with what truth it was difficult to ascertain, that much of it was organized interruption, proceeding from a number of the Arnolds' workmen judiciously scattered among the crowd, whose proceedings were, at least, winked at by the police functionaries present.

The interruptions waxed louder and more furious, when, at last, after being proposed and seconded, Philip Dunbar, the "Independent Candidate," rose to address the crowd. But, nothing daunted by the uproar which had made the last candidate, Mr. Baker, stutter and grow red with excitement and anger, Mr. Dunbar stood patiently playing with his watch-chain, with the same quiet smile on his face, waiting till the tumult spent itself for lack of aliment. And then, at last, his very equanimity won, for a short time at least, a hearing from the somewhat curious crowd.

Mr. Dunbar spoke well and tersely, every word telling with incisive effect. He ably defended his "independent" position—dwelt upon the evil done to the country and the cause of good government by the factious party spirit which made Canada a mere battle-ground for political tournaments, and split her voters into two bands of partisans—blind adherents of whatever political leader had been able in the first place to gain their ear and favour. He wanted to see a higher tone of political feeling prevail—a tone of feeling which should regard simply the true interests of the country, which, instead of taking for its chief aim the maintenance or demolition of one or the other party, should calmly weigh and consider the tendency of measures alone, and should send to parliament only such representatives as, not pledging themselves to extend an unqualified support to the policy of either party, whatever it might be, should stand in an honourable liberty to support or oppose, as conscientious judgment should dictate, those measures which seemed to them worthy of support or opposition, with reference only to the national honour and prosperity, not for the sake of maintaing, at all hazards, the reign of any political party. Parties themselves, he honestly believed, it was next to an impossibility to preserve pure, in however pure a spirit of reform they might at first originate. They always necessarily contained mixed elements. Astute and unscrupulous politicians were sure to find their way into them and use them for their own ends. The upright and scrupulous man who gave his unqualified adherence to any party, however he might originally sympathize with its spirit and principles, must ere long, in all probability, find himself called upon to choose between being at issue with his party, and being drawn in, perforce, to lines of conduct of which he could not in his heart approve. He appealed to his hearers as to the effect which this keenness of party spirit had had upon the tone of public feeling and public morality, to the low personalities, the sharp vituperation, the slander and abuse which it called forth, exciting the worst feelings, and leaving sad and painful traces in the lowered moral tone of the community. All this without taking into consideration the undue influence and bribery, direct or indirect, which, in some form or other, was so generally practised, tampering with a sacred individual responsibility, and undermining the truth and honour of the people to a lamentable degree. Were people really anxious that the good of the country, pure and simple, should fairly prevail, could such things be? Every man who sullied his lips by an abusive speech, or degraded the press by making it the medium of vile personalities, was simply adding another illustration of the evils which the spirit of partisanship was daily and hourly working—evils not to be counterbalanced by even a very large amount of increased political or commercial prosperity.

He then briefly indicated the general outlines of the policy which he considered the most advantageous for the country, and ended with a reference to his own candidature. He had come thither, he said, with no sanguine hopes of election. He should use, in order to obtain it, no other means than the simple and direct one of asking for the vote and support of such as possessed sufficient confidence in him to grant it. But, knowing that in parties as at present constituted, political "right" and moral right often mean very different things, he could never sell his political conscience for a seat, nor place himself in a position in which he should find his hands tied, and his free action impeded in any course which he should see to be most advisable for the country's true welfare, which, while he duly regarded local interests, he would yet never make subservient to these.

Should he fail in being elected, he would not grieve unduly, but could patiently await a time when candidates, acting as he did, would have their chance, a time which should be like "the brave days of old," when

"None were for a party
But all were for the State."

a time, to which he confidently and hopefully looked forward, when the legislature of Canada should no longer present the spectacle of two opposing bodies of combatants drawn up in battle array under leaders whom they must uphold through all the animosities which heated their spirits and blinded their vision; but that of a calm and statesmanlike assemblage of earnest and thoughtful men, met to bring the best powers of their minds and energies to bear upon taking counsel for their country's weal, and to seek that, and that alone, unreservedly and unwaveringly, as God and their consciences should give them light.

Alan, who stood near his friend, listened to every word of his speech with intense enthusiasm, burning to show itself in deeds, if not in words. But to the crowd at large, many of its best passages were lost, owing to the persistently renewed interruption, part of which was, doubtless, pre-concerted and systematically organized by interested parties, while part of it proceeded naturally and spontaneously from the impatience with which people listen to unpleasant truths which they cannot dispute, but in conformity with which they have pre-determined not to act.

One or two others were then nominated, in order to give them an opportunity of speaking, and each did his best in his own particular line of politics to do away with the effect of Mr. Dunbar's address. But, for all that, there were not a few who carried away with them the feeling, not only that it was by far the ablest which had been delivered that day, but also, that its main points, at least, were incontrovertibly true.

The "show of hands," however, was declared to be in favour of the Ministerial candidate, and the members of that party took especial care to impress upon the minds of all whom they met, the idea that Mr. Fulton's election was a matter of positive certainty, and that opposition was equally ridiculous and futile. Notwithstanding this professed belief, however, they worked as hard to secure it as if they had considered it very doubtful indeed. Committee meetings, formal and informal, were continually taking place, and every vote in Carrington, with the possibility of securing it, was privately talked over as well as industriously canvassed. Every means of influencing voters, directly or indirectly, was discussed, and many and ingenious were the hidden influences brought to bear—concealed springs of action too delicately contrived and carefully concealed to subject their originators to the charge of open bribery, though they were, in reality, nothing else.

"L'HOMME PROPOSE."

A SONG begun—begun, but never ended;
  A rose tree that has never borne a rose;
A love that with no other love has blended;
  A story, with beginning but no close;

A life half lived, its duties half completed;
  A soul that never joined with other soul;
An army, ere it e'er fought, defeated;
  A racer started that ne'er reached the goal;

A picture merely sketched but never painted;
  A sky from which the sunlight all has fled;
The tint of purity grown soiled and tainted;
  A hope half uttered, and so, wholly dead!

Had fate been kinder then the song were finished,
  The picture painted, and the story told,
And love through want of love had ne'er diminished,
  Nor hope had vanished, growing dead and cold.

So runs the tale, the pitiful, sad story,
  So sad, so frequent—then why try at all?
So dimly shaded lies the road to glory,
  Why make endeavour that will likely fall?

Glory is dross! The nobler aim is duty.
  This freely do thou do; forego the rest!
The honest *purpose* makes the truest beauty—
  What matter if thou fail? Do but thy *best!*

OTTAWA F. A. D.

THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

BY JOHN KING, M.A., BERLIN.

AN International Congress must always be hailed as an event of great importance, for, whether its object be the termination of some unhappy contention or the improvement of the laws which regulate the intercourse of nations, it has special claims upon the sympathies of humanity. Such assemblies will always occupy a prominent place in history, for they mark the steps by which the family of nations attempts to improve its relationships. There have been several undertakings of the kind in our time, varying in the boldness of their design, the elaborateness of their details, and the splendour of their success. We are now to have another. Those which have been belong to old world history; that which is to be will form an epoch in the life of a newer and much younger civilization. The English Exhibition of 1851 was confessedly the most novel and daring proposition of them all. It had no precedent to refer to—no statistics to build upon. It had to be carried into execution by means invented impromptu for the occasion, while the whole world looked on, prepared to condemn or applaud as the issue might determine. The building for the purpose was the first of its kind, and the largest that man had ever attempted to construct. It had to be erected on a purely theoretical plan, without the test of experience, and in a time so short that its completion seemed to be beyond the reach of possibility. But the task was performed, and the vast edifice of iron and glass which covered eighteen acres of ground at Hyde-Park, was a fit representative of the age in which it was reared and the purpose to which it was magnificently and successfully dedicated.

The Exhibition of the World's Industries which will formally open in Philadelphia on the Fourth of July, 1876, will be not unworthy of its great progenitors. So far as this continent is concerned, it has all the vague anticipations of an experiment which, if not altogether new, will at least be tried under conditions and circumstances very different from any that have hitherto prevailed. In this respect it will be clothed with the charm and possess all the prestige of perfect novelty. It is a bold enterprise as well—bold in its inception, but bolder still in those lofty aims by which its ultimate success must in a large measure be judged. That the leading journals of the United States should invest it with extraordinary pretentiousness, is only what was to have been expected. They are notoriously prone to self-glorification where their own institutions are concerned, and, in the present instance, they cannot go far astray in flattering the self-love and vanity of their constituents. Still, as organs of public opinion, we have no right to assume that they have unduly magnified the promised achievements of their first International Exhibition. To the American people it is an affair of supreme and overshadowing interest, and Canadians cannot be indifferent to any scheme seriously affecting the fame and fortunes of a nation with whose industrial destinies their own are linked so closely. Sentimental objections have been started to the occasion selected for holding the Exhibition, but these can avail little in view of the practical importance and results of what is after all a great practical undertaking. The difficulty of transportation is an objection of a different character. The expense and trouble attending the carriage of goods from points very far distant are no doubt very great, and when these are at all insulated, or cut off from telegraphic communication with the rest of the world, the difficulty must be proportionately increased. But with respect to the larger areas of population, and particularly those to which America will look for the liveliest competition, there is no obstacle in the way of transport that can be described as formidable. Electricity and steam combined have almost reduced space and distance to a minimum. The deep-sea cable has long since moored the greater part of the old world close alongside the new, and British sea kings, with their swift-sailing fleets, have practically bridged the Atlantic. The law of compensation, however, is constantly operating in great as in small things, and, whether apparent or real, the drawbacks incident to the distance of the main point of attraction from the world's industrial centres will be more than counterbalanced by the advantages presented to the peoples of this western hemisphere. They will have facilities for competition and display which they have never had before, and will scarcely fail to improve their golden opportunities.

In all its plans and arrangements, its internal economy and classification, and the innumerable minute details of so vast an undertaking, the directors of the forthcoming Exhibition have everything in their favour. They have all the experience of its predecessors to draw upon—the knowledge of their difficulties and obstacles, and of the means of surmounting them. Should the fates be propitious, and above all the fickle fates which control the peace of the world, there will be nothing to shade the brilliancy of its success, or to prevent its being beyond all comparison the grandest event of the year. There are some things, of course, which no amount of human prudence or foresight can guard against, and war is one of them. With diplomacy playing a ceaseless game in secret and silence, no one can forecast the horoscope of the future. But we can always hope for the best. The policy of every commercial nation is that of peace, and, looking abroad upon the world from our present stand-point, there appears no serious cause to dread a war of any magnitude for some time to come. France is probably the only one of the continental powers from which there is anything to fear, but her draught of the bitter cup has surely been too recent and too full to make her feel an uncontrollable desire for fresh calamities. The dread in her case is after all, perhaps, more imaginary than real. It is a natural offshoot of the notion that France is awaiting her opportunity—that Frenchmen have an humbled pride to vindicate, and a terrible revenge to satisfy. But even war, with all its paralysing horrors, has not prevented these periodical congresses of the nations. Could it have done so, the Exhibition of 1862 would never have been an accomplished fact. That Exhibition will always be remembered as a splendid victory over influences the most hostile and obstacles so seemingly insuperable that, had they been foreseen, mortal courage would almost certainly have failed to face them. The sudden death of the Prince Consort, the soul and master-mind of the project, at the most critical stage of its development; the gloom which that calamity threw over the Court and over the whole British nation; the awful internecine struggle which raged uninterruptedly on this continent, during the entire term of the Exhibition; the general depression which this inflicted upon British and continental trade, and the terrible blight with which it smote the English cotton manufactures, reducing hundreds of thousands of industrious, well-to-do operatives into recipients of parochial relief and charitable bounty—all these combined to make the enterprise one almost hopeless of accomplishment. But it was accomplished notwithstanding, and, in almost all respects, except the single one of good fortune, it surpassed its predecessor of 1851, and nobly achieved all the substantial ends for which it was projected. The American people, therefore, can have no reason to fear for their present undertaking the most unkindly reverses. But it is evident they have none. We look to them in vain for any prognostications of evil for this great work; instead of idly brooding over misfortunes that may never come, they are setting about its prosecution as if complete success were already assured. Rightly or wrongly, they adjudge the prospects to be in the highest degree favourable, and are sounding notes of busy preparation throughout the length and breadth of the land. Their newspaper press teems with descriptions of what has been done, of what is yet to do, and of what the assembled peoples of all nations will then for the first time witness under an American sky and on American soil. The national pride is aroused, and the energy and ingenuity, the wealth and resources, of the great Republic are laid under tribute to exact from the world contributions to this rival of the far-famed Exhibitions of monarchical Europe.

Like the peoples of older countries, where history has been repeating itself for centuries, the people of the United States have felt the evils and curse of war. They are now, like them, about to try what can be effected by the arts and virtues of peace. Ten years ago they were just emerging from a conflict the most dreadful and sanguinary of modern times. They then proved how a nation unused to arms can exhibit warlike hardihood, enterprise, and fortitude, and can endure, for the sake of national unity, the greatest and most painful sacrifices. The preservation of the Union was felt to be a prize worth striving and suffering for, and their wisdom in preserving it is now about to be, in some measure, rewarded. Had the "sacred right of secession" been secured by the South, we should have had to wait many years in fitful expectancy of the spectacle which will next year be presented in the city of Philadelphia. As it is, a powerful, because an undivided, people will then show how, having settled their own differences, they can remove, for the time being, all differences and distinctions between the other great members of the human family. They will, at all events, prove that they can promote the comfort, enlarge the knowledge, and strengthen the kindly affections of mankind towards each other; that they can produce effects much nobler and more lasting than those of war—more profitable to the world generally, and more consonant with the lessons which are derived from our common Christianity; that they can achieve a triumph of industry instead of a triumph of arms, and, by their readiness to sign a treaty of universal amity, break down international barriers, and form, however temporarily, an universal republic of all nations. We say temporarily because, whatever may be the realisations of this Exhibition, we cannot expect that, as an augury of peace and good-will to humanity, it will be any happier than those which preceded it. The events of the last twenty-five years have proved how rudely such hopes may be disappointed, at least to outward seeming. Peace was not inaugurated by the memorable experiment of 1851, as it was fondly believed it would have been. The echoes of its hymn of thanksgiving were soon lost in the clangour of contending armaments, and the agonising cries of men bent on each other's destruction in almost every quarter of the globe. The bloody fields of the Crimea, and the still more frightful scenes of the Sepoy Revolt, were rude awakenings from the dreams of a social millenium—terrible mockeries of that universal brotherhood about which many prattled so amiably and unthinkingly. The same, or a like commentary may be written on successive Exhibitions. But it is the destiny of delusions that they must be found out, and that those who believed in them must suffer. The lesson has been often enough inculcated, and, we may hope, has by this time been well learned. War will not be put down by any amount of skill in making pruning-hooks. Ambition or selfishness will not be checked by the utterance of oracular sayings that they are wrong. Oppression does not become one jot more easy to a true-hearted and right-principled people because the despot desires them to eat, drink, and be merry, and take no thought of the political to-morrow. Men's mental, moral, and spiritual aspirations are not to be stifled with material wealth.

The Centennial Exhibition of 1876 will, then, be no more a success in these respets than the Exhibitions of former years, and no more fortunate except in its better self-knowledge. But are we, therefore, to conclude that, with these periodical *lustra* of the nations, there is no truth in the thoughts and feelings that so deeply stir men's minds towards peace? It would be a fatal mistake to think so. Close intercourse, friendly emulation, a mutual communication and participation of benefits, pleasures enjoyed in common, knowledge imparted by each to all, must be as humanising, in the long run, to nations in their relationships to each other as to individuals. We may expect too much from such a source—we may expect it too soon; we have had our corrective lesson, and no doubt it will teach us to moderate our hopes. But who will say that we ought to expect nothing as the result of these influences? Who can believe that nations do not become more and more averse to hostilities with each other in proportion as they become acquainted with each other's excellences? The mere interchange of national civilities for a common purpose, and in a common cause, is not this of itself a guarantee of national concord? Charles Lamb has told us somewhere of the genial powers of "social friction"—of the aspiring and elevating influence which men of different natures, pursuits, and ambitions exert upon each other. Humanity is much the same everywhere in its social susceptibilities; and can it be doubted that the influx amongst Americans of cultivated and intelligent foreigners from every quarter of the globe, and the copious and vivid illustration of great social and moral truths which they will bring with them, will not tend to their advantage by dissipating somewhat of their national vanity and prejudice, and teaching them that they by no means enjoy a close monopoly of intellect, ingenuity and virtue? The beneficial effects of such an assemblage on this head alone, if it yielded no other instruction, should commend it to our warmest sympathy. That it will fail, however, in the fulfilment of some of our highest desires is only what dear-bought experience has led us to expect. Commerce *is* what, at every such time, she is thought and said to be—a great peacemaker; only one must not suppose that she is necessarily at the same time an earnest patriot, a scrupulous moralist, a wise legislator, and an impartial judge.

But if as yet the prospects of man in his international relations are clouded and obscure, there is no other aspect of human condition and destiny that will not be made clearer and fuller of promise by the crowning event of next year. This will be seen not merely in the vast and varied collections of the Exhibition itself, but in the proofs which these will afford of the boundless capacities for production of those who made them. As a comparative and competitive display of natural products, inventive ingenuity, industrial skill and artistic taste—as a marvellous assemblage of interesting, useful, and charming objects—treasures of art as well as of science and nature, the Exhibition will be, we may well believe, an absolute success. Its highest value, however, will consist not so much in the many things which these are intended to do, as in the one thing which they have so often done already, and to which they will be there to testify—the development of man's own character, with all its fertility of resource, its dogged perseverance under difficulty, distress, and disappointment, its care of all past acquisitions, its unbounded faith in all kinds of future possibility. To the illustration of man himself, to the idea of cheering and strengthening him, to the raising him at once to a higher point of view, pointing him the road and winning him on to higher honours and far greater achievements—the whole enterprise will be a wondrous commentary, and every effort and incident in it will assume new force and be imbued with new meaning. Æsthetically speaking, it will have all the features and surroundings of a grand spectacle. But it is not in that character merely that it will have to be considered or viewed. Neither will it come before the congregated publics of the nations as a mere delightful or beautiful entertainment. It is intended to be, and unquestionably will be, something far beyond that. Whatever there is in it of an idealistic vision will vanish with its near approach, and it will come forth a grand reality, teaching by comparison with the past, and offering guidance for the future; and as such its advantages must be inestimable. The class of objects alone will furnish materials for inexhaustible study. Within a small compass, and under a single roof, will be collected and arranged the varied productions of every clime under heaven which subserve in any manner the wants of man. The profusion with which whatever may contribute to human sustenance, comfort, and taste has been given—the adaptation of each object to meet some special need arising out of special conditions—the proportions in which they have been distributed over the earth's surface, and the manner in which these proportions have served to link together in mutual dependence the otherwise severed nations—the wondrous variety of invention which they will illustrate—the no less wondrous diversities of desire and taste to which they will address themselves—the modes in which art has made them serviceable—the influence which they have exerted as articles of food upon the bodily constitution, as articles of clothing upon the manners, as articles of construction upon social life and habits—surely here alone will be a boundless field for elevating and profitable speculation. And, let it be remembered, that it is the bringing of all these things together in one view that will contribute so largely to stimulate, suggest, and direct men's thoughts. It will be less in the details, than in the assemblage of them, that the power to stir within us grateful and reverent reflections will be found. In this respect the Exhibition will be a true microcosm, a world in miniature, in which moral and intellectual near-sightedness alone will not find abundant matter for the loftiest thought and richest suggestion. Universal examples will there be found of how the raw material, culled from the surface or drawn from the bowels of the earth, may be deftly fashioned by the manufacturer for purposes of use or ornament ; of how dead matter has been subdued by the machinist to his use, and made his fellow-labourer and slave ; of how, in his strivings after something higher than mere utility, man has created a perfection in form and expression greater than that which he finds in living nature, and applied the means which science has invented to help and to extend his enquiries into her intricate machinery. The world's progress in everything that can impart elegance to the labours of the mechanic and manufacturer, or that can add beauty to comfort in the implements and appliances of a high civilization, will there be seen. Alongside rough ores and minerals forced from their mysterious hiding places, and gigantic enginery well-nigh infinite in its powers and capabilities, will be found everything that can appeal to the most delicate human sensibilities—that can fascinate the eye, gratify the ear, or move the deepest affections of our nature. All these will show with what seeming simplicity have been evolved the exquisite and the ideal, and how the flush of genius has been thrown over so many of the common and ordinary things of life.

The whole Exhibition will be a splendid proof of how far-reaching in intellect, rich in resources, and powerful in its control over the blind forces of nature, humanity has become. It will be no less a rich and multiform display of that supreme beneficence which overarches, so to speak, the destinies of our race. No thoughtful mind can see the simplest of nature's laws adapted to the working out of man's designs, without being sensible of that wise and all-pervading Goodness which has placed within our reach such an infinity of forces, and such a diversity of exquisitely contrived mechanism, and which has endowed us with the skill, and furnished us with the motives, necessary to apply them to our own uses. We discover that within the domain of nature there are processes in endless variety which, if we thoroughly comprehended them, as, by diligent investigation and study, we may do at some future day, we might substitute for the greater proportion of that unskilled or but half-skilled labour which exacts such terrible self-denial from the great majority of mankind. Most of the really hard work, much also of the most delicate and complicated work, which could better the condition of civilized man might, were our knowledge co-extensive with the materials placed at our disposal, be performed for us by the untiring agency of inanimate forces, and so supersede the exhausting toil at present borne by human thews and muscles. The coming Exhibition will afford a general comparison of notes as to how far this possibility has become realized ; to what extent, in what particulars, to what uses, nature has been compelled by science and art to yield up to man the laws and methods of her procedure, and, in what ways and under what conditions, she is willing to work under his guidance, and to further the fulfilment of his wishes. A comparison so multifarious, and withal so profitable, is only vouchsafed at rare intervals. As a living, palpable record of philosophical transactions, it must be invaluable, for it will display and describe not merely the triumphs of science, but show with the best models and most perfect apparatus of the time the application of science to every branch of industrial art. No one, moreover, can witness the substitution of inanimate for animate agencies—see them in actual operation, and follow them through all the processes by which they convert the raw material into the finished fabric, without taking a broader view of human destiny, and without having his hopes of the future quickened and expanded. Who can estimate the salutary impressions which such agencies will leave upon the minds of the hundreds of thousands of honest, eager workpeople who will survey them, and who will see, with incalculable satisfaction and advantage these diversified contrivances for economising human labour, and for making fire, wood and water do so considerable a part of the drudgery of the world? How many there are who still need to be taught the infinite superiority of intelligence over brute strength : and how thoroughly convinced and deeply impressed all such will be as they pursue their way through the crowded corridors of that vast building where at every step the lesson may be learned. Does any one imagine that American working men, and especially such as are familiar only with manual toil or horse labour, will visit this Exhibition and return to their daily occupations with minds as stolid, as uninquisitive, as contentedly ignorant as before? How, indeed, can any one conclude that the sum, the quality, the activity, and the direction of national intelligence is left unaffected and unimproved by what is brought under its cognizance in these modern displays of everything that is best in the world? How can ignorance remain impassive amidst scenes of the endless triumphs of art and industry, in all their varied suggestiveness, profusion and magnificence? And is it possible that the rude masses can be unmoved by a thousand silent but eloquent tongues, telling of toil not as a weary burthen bearing heavily upon the toiler, but as a high, ennobling power developing the rich resources of the human mind in ministering to the wants and the gratifications of humanity?

Whatever character for selfishness the American people have to lose, it is plain they have no desire to make this Exhibition a mere gigantic advertisement for themselves. The arrangements for foreign exhibitors are of the most liberal kind, and their whole undertaking is being entered upon in a truly cosmopolitan spirit. Invitations have been issued to the whole world to bring their choicest productions and compete with the most powerful representative of Democracy, and with each other, in amicable rivalry. Nor can we doubt that the challenge will be universally accepted. Britain, with her countless colonies and possessions, will be there to strive for the peaceful triumphs of the English race. The multitude of her busy workshops and mines at the seat of Empire, the fields and forests of Canada and Australia, the remote dependencies of the African Continent, the rich dyes and cunning looms of Hindostan and the far East, will there attest the wide-spreading operations of those who, wherever they be, or by whatever name called, are still our fellow-countrymen. Canada especially, we may hope, will make a zealous response to the call of a neighbouring people, and bring into action all the resources at the disposal of an undisturbed country, enjoying the full vigour of its natural strength. Germany and France will contend for another mastery than that of war—their artificers and handicraftsmen for other victories than those which follow the sword and fields of slaughtered battalions. To them, as to all, the summons from this side the Atlantic is a summons to the peaceful arena of a nobler competition, where the superiority or predominance of one country may be built, not upon the depression and prostration of another, but where each may strive which can do most to embellish, improve and elevate our common humanity. It is a summons that will defy the ordinary restraints of space and distance, and be heard through and beyond all the barriers of colour, creed and nationality. It will go forth to insulated and far distant centres of civilization like China and Japan—to countries many thousands of miles apart—to unmapped islands of the remote East, and the comparatively unknown and untrodden wildernesses of the far North—to the earliest seats of science and the arts, and to communities still semi-barbarous. From every climate and every zone will come something of nature's bounteous gifts, or of man's thought and handiwork, his steady perseverance, or subtle ingenuity. The oldest arts and newest inventions, the rarest specimens of skill and taste—all alike will challenge comparison and contrast in this microcosm of the products of all nations.

The influence exerted upon practical science by the periodical occurrence of such Exhibitions cannot be over-estimated. The growth of the industrial arts, and of knowledge in the practical labours of life, is gradual and protracted. They must have their seasonable changes, sunny ease and intervening stormy conflicts. And as the tree requires its many years, so the industries of man must have their many seasons to arrive at maturity—their times of inflorescence of human skill and labour, and of blossoming in every department of human genius. Expositions like that of next year show us the point of development which these have reached. They mark interesting stages in the world's peaceful progress, and new starting points from which all nations will be able to direct their further exertions. Every country is pursuing its industrial course with such scientific and artistic assistance as it can command, and with a more or less intimate union of the theoretical and practical, but still pursuing its own separate course with little reference, in many cases, to the experience of other countries. International Exhibitions cannot fail to furnish a systematic and general comparison of the results achieved by all. The deductions of true science can only be drawn from a large aggregate of facts, and these, scattered as they are broadcast over the world, are in this way brought together with the happiest results. It is by means like these that pure science has been rescued from empiricism, and that the foundations, broad and deep, of all knowledge must in a large measure be laid. A fresh direction and a new impetus are at once given to practical science as well, and the connection strengthened and communication facilitated between the scientist and the manufacturer, to the great benefit of both.

The means which such an Exhibition calls into action must no less assist in that scientific analysis of industry which is required to raise its character. They excite a wider philosophic spirit in the practical arts of life, and prepare the way for other and more brilliant victories in industrial philosophy. We see this verified in the later history of industrial science. Every one knows that the stimulus ministered, in the year 1851, to the application of the results of science to purposes of industry and art, was powerful and beneficial beyond the most sanguine anticipations. The good seed sown for the first time returned so bountiful a harvest that recurrent Exhibitions have become almost as indispensable as the recurrent seasons themselves. Let us hope that, as a friendly comparative display, the Exposition of 1876 will be found to have added in at least an equal degree to the purely scientific, as well as the wide international, advantages conferred by those which preceded it, and to have diffused practical knowledge equally with the beneficent feelings and influences called forth in other years. That it will multiply our materials for rational and refined enjoyment, is the least that is to be expected from it. To sustain its pretensions, it must do infinitely more. The people of the United States, more than any other, will be put upon their trial at this industrial assize of the nations, and it behoves them to see that the verdict which the world will pass upon them is one that had better not have been courted. The times in which we live are somewhat exacting in these things, and of this they are perhaps as sensible as any people under the sun. They have taken their own time, and chosen their vantage ground at pleasure. It remains to be seen how far they will be able to claim the merit of having inspired every department of human skill and labour with new motives and fresh power for the conquests which lie before them, and of having given the mind of humanity an upward impulse, the effects of which will be increasingly beneficial as the years roll on.

There is a still more profound problem which their Exposition must do its fair share in solving. A marvellous and instructive sight, unique in the history of the Republic and of the brotherhood of American nations, it cannot fail to be; but it has also to be seen how high a place it will take as a diplomatic conference to renew and strengthen the blessings of peace and ready assistance between mankind universally. Should it help on the solution of this problem, or make it in any degree clearer and brighter of promise, its service to humanity will have been a priceless service. There will certainly be much in the occasion and its associations to beget anything but forgetfulness of a Past that should never have been—much to test generous thought, mutual forbearance and conciliation, and sentiments of national kindliness. But impartial historians, on both sides of the Atlantic, have long since settled the records of that Past and its character, and there is no reason why the men of to-day should not think and speak of both rationally and with calm, unclouded judgments. To the people of the Republic, there will be the restraint which a gracious hospitality always imposes—to those who will be their guests, those incentives to self-control which a well-bred guest never exceeds. Still, whatever consideration there may be for national shortcomings and prejudices, or, however far the proper courtesies of the occasion may prevail, there can of a truth be nothing to destroy the great fact of the Exhibition itself. It must ever remain a grand historical event in a land in which history is, comparatively speaking, young, and long survive as a splendid recollection of a peaceful time, hastening on the accomplishment of that "great end to which all history points—the realization of the unity of mankind."

DOUBT.

From "Spring Wild Flowers,"

A volume of Poems, by Professor Daniel Wilson, LL.D., University College, Toronto.

THEY ope! Truth's ancient gates!
A little more, and still a little more,
As did they in your halcyon days of yore,
Ethereal Greece, Nile-watered Egypt hoar,
Whence history dates.

Slow breaking dawn of day
Emerging from the illimitable, vast,
Incomprehensive universe, the past
So vainly questioned, while the ages last,
Thus ray by ray.

Faith, science, doubt profound,
Searching for ampler knowledge from afar,
By turns have soared to question every star,
Have probed the earth, to tell us whence we are,
And whither bound.

Ask we not even now
The self-same questions uttered by old Nile
To her stone-sphinx, that gazed with stony smile
At Fate's poor questioner.—as she does still
With haughty brow?

Dark-curtained orb of light,
Thus tarrying the hereafter to disclose
Ray upon ray, until the clear dawn grows,
And Truth's great noon in glorious ardour glows
On the soul's sight;

Flinging her blaze abroad,
Above, around, in unencompassed sweep,
Wide as eternity: from out the deep
Of darkness dawning; glowing up the steep,
Lightward of God.

But still we peer and pine
Vainly, with tear-dimmed eyes, for glimpse within
Thy bars ; while some blind brother steps between,
Complacently pronouncing doubt a sin—
A creed divine !

As in its birth hath been
Full many an utterance, a divine impress
And fitting die of the soul's nobleness ;
Though now a badge, a form, a worn-out dress.
For fashion ta'en.

And is belief no more ?
A thing as facile as a courtier's suit ;
To be put on, like bloom of summer fruit,
By the mere sunshine ; fashioned by the moot
Of faction's roar ?

Nay ! give the soul free scope.
To doubt is to inquire, to search, to scan ;
To seek to comprehend the wondrous plan ;
To know, believe, and worship as a man,
With God-like hope.

A faith from God, and so
No thing of measured words and formal creeds ;
But as ethereal as the soul, which feeds
On its pure essence ; and by purest deeds
Proves whence they flow.

Dim, faithless world, roll on
Into thy future ; while the Christ-sown seeds
Grow, not to lifeless words, but living deeds ;
And living souls give utterance thus to creeds
Like to Christ's own.

Soul ! press into the light ;
Strive in the race ; reach upward to the prize ;
Hope ever on ; believing realize :
Till in the great reality hope dies,
And faith is sight.

THE TWO NEWMANS.

THE students of Thackeray will doubtless remember the following passage in "Pendennis" (Chap. 61.) "'The truth, friend,' Arthur said, imperturbably, 'where is the truth? Show it to me. That is the question between us. I see it on both sides. I see it on the Conservative side of the House, and amongst the Radicals, and even on the Ministerial Benches. I see it in this man who worships by Act of Parliament, and is rewarded by a silk apron and five thousand a year; in that man who driven fatally by the remorseless logic of his creed, gives up everything, friends, fame, dearest ties, closest vanities, the respect of an army of churchmen, the recognized position of a leader, and passes over, truth-impelled, to the enemy, in whose ranks he is ready to serve henceforth as a nameless private soldier; I see the truth in that man as I do in his brother whose logic drives him to quite a different conclusion, and who, after having passed a life in vain endeavours to reconcile an irreconcilable book, flings it at last down in despair, and declares, with tearful eyes, and hands up to Heaven, his revolt and recantation.'"

There is little doubt that this passage referred to the two Newmans—John Henry, the Anglican Convert and Catholic Priest; and Francis W., the Professor and Freethinker. At the time, or some time before, Mr. Thackeray put these words into the mouth of Mr. Arthur Pendennis, Dr. John H. Newman had delivered his famous lectures upon Anglican difficulties, and they had been attended by Thackeray and Miss Bronte, and all the literary and religious celebrities of the day. About the same time, too, Francis W. Newman had published his work on "the Soul" and his "Phases of Faith." The Fellow of Oriel had become a Catholic Priest, and the doughtiest of the English champions of his newly adopted Church. The Fellow of Baliol had become a species of Rationalist. Both had come from the same parents. They had been carefully trained and highly educated. They had great talent. Both were men of grave and earnest minds. Both were devoted to the same absorbing studies. Both had access to the same sources of information. Both, in their early career, had years of doubt and months of darkness—seeking rest and finding none, seeking truth and not finding it; and in mature years, when the laws of life and mind compelled them into definite beliefs, one took the path to the cloister, the other to the groves of Academe; and the elder might sadly say to the younger, as the distance between them increased—

"My paths are in the fields *I know*,
And thine—*in undiscovered lands*."

Looking at the grave Greek face of the elder, John Henry Newman, not less than reading his wonderfully calm, clear, cold, logical disquisitions, no one can doubt that he has fixed his faith and has found rest for his intellect, whatever may be thought of that faith and that rest. Reading the essays of the other, one finds him still wandering and wondering, hoping, doubting, humanely and kindly dreaming of better times to come for the human race in its development of religious ideas, and for himself some future state, unknown, unforeshadowed, possibly with God in spite of doubts, and an epitaph which shall embody the verse of the Laureate—

"Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

These two men illustrate in their lives, each now near its close, and in their work, now nearly over, the two great religious tendences of the time, that towards submission to Authority, and that towards freedom of Individual Judgment. When I began this article I simply intended to say that the latest publications of these two learned brothers (who are not brethren) illustrate strikingly and with singular coincidence, their different forms of argument and their different articles of belief. Let us turn for a moment to one of the latest essays of Francis W. Newman ("Contrasts of Ancient and Modern

History"—*Fraser's Magazine*), a very able and learned article which contains a great deal of thought in a small space, and we shall find some opinions advanced which are so curiously in contrast with the opinions of his brother that, having in view their relationship, we instinctively suspect they are writing, honourably, against each other.

The first thing that strikes one on reading this article is the friendly patronage and toleration which the writer holds out to Islam. He says:—"We may, therefore, easily be too severe upon Islam for its wars of Proselytism. When the Arabian prophet saw polytheistic worship wedded to immoralities of various types, it was a nobler impulse in him to wage war against Polytheism, believing that with it he should exterminate impurity and cruelty, than in Alexander the Macedonian to make war upon Persia in order that he might himself become the lord of Asia." And again he says:—"But in every Mussulman state the religion infuses an active force into the government which must emphatically profess to be religious publicly and privately." And again, "As regards foreign nations, the Moslem wars were tempered by the principle of Proselytism unknown to the Gentile states. If Chaldean horsemen or Roman infantry laid prostrate a people's liberties, the conquered had nothing left but to crouch and suffer; but if Saracens or Moors were the invaders they had but to adopt the new religion, and they at once became the equals of their conquerors and valued members of the ruling body." And again, "It remains an interesting problem whether, from the cultivated Mussulmans of India, we can hope any diffusion of human civilizing and exalting principles into this wide-spreading religion which shows no tendency to vanish away."

It is hardly possible that in writing in this way, and in extending this patronage of something akin to praise, and something approaching confidence, to Islam, Professor Francis W. Newman could have forgotten his brother John Henry Newman's lectures on the Turks, which were delivered and published in 1853, at the beginning of the Crimean War. And it is equally impossible that he could have failed to recognize the fact that he was advancing opinions and making suggestions directly opposed to those which were advanced and made, with an unusual degree of vehemence, by Dr. Newman in those lectures. It will, therefore, be interesting to turn to those lectures and see the differences between the opinions of the two brothers on Islam and the Turk. In the third lecture, "The Turk and the Christian," we read, "No race casts so broad and dark a shadow on the page of ecclesiastical history and leaves so painful an impression on the mind of the reader, as the Turkish." And again he calls out against them thus: "But that unhappy race of whom I am speaking, from the first moment they appear in the history of Christendom, are its (Christianity's) unmitigated, its obstinate, its consistent foes. They have the populousness of the North with the fire of the South; the resources of Tartars with the fanaticism of Saracens. And when their strength declines there is no softening, no misgiving, they die and make no sign. In the words of the wise man, 'Being born they forthwith ceased to be; and have been able to show no mark of virtue, but are consumed in wickedness.' God's judgments, God's mercies, are inscrutable; one nation is taken; another left. It is a mystery; but the fact stands: since the year 1048 the Turks have been the great Antichrist among the races of men." There is no need to multiply quotations. Dr. Newman adds count after count to his terrible indictment against the people and the creed to which his brother extends such large toleration.

Turning again to Francis Newman's essay, we find another point of divergence of opinion, not so marked as the first, but still marked enough for curious comment. Speaking of the action of the Popes in encouraging the crusades, he says:—"It is not attributing too much foresight or sagacious policy to the court of Rome, to believe that they wished to stop and put down the Turkish power before it should come near. However this may be, such was the result; the might of the house of Seljuk was crippled on the plains of Palestine, and did not ultimately reach Europe."

Now we turn to Dr. Newman's third lecture, part II., where we find the same subject treated; and while the lecturer, doubtless, would accept his brother's tribute to the sagacity of the Popes, he adds another reason for their warlike attitude. He says that the Popes desired to turn the restless ambition of European kings and princes into a new and less destructive channel, and to compel them, if they would fight, at least to fight the enemies of their race and creed and their honour, not for themselves alone, but for Europe and Christianity. He says: "In vain did the Popes attempt to turn the restless destructiveness of the European commonwealth into a safer channel. In vain did the Legates of the Holy See interpose between England and the French kings; in their very presence was a French town delivered over by the English conqueror to a three days' pillage. In vain did one Pope take a vow of never-dying hostility to the Turks; in vain did another, close upon his end, repair to the fleet, that 'he might, like Moses, raise his hands to God during the battle;' Christian was to war with Christian, not with infidel." And now we come to the most striking contrast of all, to a point of divergence which seems too manifestly to have been chosen for the display of independent judgment. In his essay, Francis Newman says: "With the Reformation of religion in Europe, a new era opens. A great cleft was made in the ecclesiastical power; in all the Protestant countries, except Scotland, the Church fell into dependence on the State, as in old Rome. It remains to ask—Is there nothing new introduced by Protestantism through which we are put in contrast with ancient times? Undoubtedly, an eminently important principle, destined to influence the world to remote ages, has for the first time been forced forward into public law by the instrumentality of Protestantism, and that is *the right of individual conscience*. This, as I have said, was scarcely imagined by antiquity. It was practically disowned by Jew and Egyptian, Greek and Roman. It obtained very partial admission with Mahomedans, and was utterly denied by Romish divinity and by the practice of the Catholic states."

Now, if this challenge had been directly flung down before Dr. Newman as a gage of controversy, it could not have been more circumstantially met and contested than it has been in Dr. Newman's letter to the Duke of Norfolk, on occasion of Mr. Gladstone's "Expostulation." That now famous letter which, by the way, has called forth from the English press (witness the articles in the *Times*, the *Spectator*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*) the loftiest efforts of modern daily journalism, contains some remarks which afford the occasion of contrasting the opinions of these brothers on the subject of conscience. Keeping the above opinions of Francis Newman in mind, let us turn to the letter of John Henry Newman (page 58), and we find there the following description of the popular notion of individual conscience:—"When men advocate the rights of conscience, they in no sense mean the rights of the Creator, nor the duty to Him in thought and deed of the creature; but the right of thinking, speaking, writing, and acting according to their judgment or their humour without any thought of God at all.' And again, "Conscience has its rights because it has its duties; but in this age, with a very large portion of the public, it is the very right and freedom of conscience to dispense with conscience, to ignore a lawgiver and judge, to be independent of unseen obligations. It becomes a license to take up any or no religion, to take up this or that, and let it go again, to go to church, to go to chapel, to boast of being above all religion, and to be an impartial critic of each of them. Conscience is a stern monitor, but in this country it has been superseded by a counterfeit which the eighteen centuries prior to it never heard of, and could not have mistaken for it if they had. *It is the right of self-will.*" And in answer, doubtless unintentionally, to his brother's remark that "Romish divinity" had "always denied" liberty of conscience, Dr. Newman says: "Both Popes (Gregory XVI. and Pius IX) certainly scoff at the '*so-called liberty of conscience*,' but there is no scoffing of any Pope in former documents addressed to the faithful at large at that most serious doctrine, the right and duty of following that Divine Authority, the voice of Conscience, on which, in truth, the Church herself is built."

And now one more extract, with a commentary, and I have done. In concluding his essay, Francis W. Newman says that the effect of the freedom of individual conscience has been that, "the European literature for a hundred years past has looked realities in the face unchecked by ecclesiastical or any formal rule, and out of this boldness has issued *more tenderness for human nature* than ever before." (The italics are his own.) And here any careful reader of his brother's works, indeed any careful reader of modern social, political, and industrial history, must take issue with him. In what, we are forced to ask, does this exceeding tenderness for human nature consist? and how does it manifest itself? Is it shown in those vast military armaments and organizations which account human nature so little, and have so little tenderness for either human life or dearest ties, or most sacred associations? Is it shown in the prevalence of a philosophy which takes from the origin of man that breath of God which ennobled his first existence, and which evolves him from matter, an automaton without a soul? Is it shown in a commercial system which puts interest and profit as the first consideration above right dealing and honesty and fair wages; which makes the condition of the agricultural labourer so bitter that he blindly rebels from the misery which within the last three hundred years, and since the sixteenth century, has been accumulating upon his class; and which tolerates the gigantic dishonesty of rogues on 'change, while putting the unfortunate debtor into prison for a few pounds? Is it shown in a system of poor relief which has, so far as state organization is concerned, eliminated all traces of charity from the relief afforded? Is it manifested in the continual increase of crimes, even of violence; in the spread of seduction, abortion, practical polygamy, divorce, embezzlement, wife-beating, garotting, and thievery? Is the press more "tender to human nature" of late, in its personal discussions, its charges of fraud, its outrageous violation of the sanctities of private life, and the secrets of the escritoire? Are the laws any more tender of human nature? Witness the, till lately, totally abrogated freedom of the Irish, and the despotism which prevails in Germany! There may be a greater tenderness for crime, because there is a loss of regard for the Divine ordinances which crime violates. There may be a greater tenderness for vice for the same reason. There may be a greater tenderness for irreligion and blank infidelity, because of the spread of a philosophy which tries to obliterate the traces of God's hand on the earth which He created, and to cut away all the props of that authority which He established. But that there is now, more than three centuries ago, any greater "tenderness for human nature," embodied in human flesh, it is difficult to understand, it is impossible to believe.

We have not here a lasting city; we look not here for happiness unalloyed, for life without toil, anxiety, misery, mortification; but for the ages in which there was least of these, I for one look back, and do not look forward for amelioration. Francis Newman looks forward for the golden age. John Henry Newman looks backward, not for a golden age (which never existed and never will) but for the ages when man was most blessed and God was most worshipped. And I humbly look back with him—I who reverence him so greatly as the man whose life seems the loftiest within my sphere of knowledge, and whose works have been an intellectual revelation to me.

M. J. G.

Halifax, N. S.

TO HERBERT SPENCER.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

Professor of Mental Philosophy in Queen's College, Jamaica.

DEEPEST and mightiest of our later seers,
  Spencer, whose piercing glance descried afar
Down fathomless abysses of dead years
  The formless waste drift into sea or star,
And through vast wilds of elemental strife
Tracked out the first faint steps of yet unconscious life;

Thy hand has led us through the pathless maze,
Chaotic sights and sounds that throng our brain.
Traced every strand along its tangled ways;
And woven anew the many-coloured skein;
Bound fact to fact in unrelenting laws,
And shown through minds and worlds the unity of cause

Ere thou hadst read the universal plan,
Our life was unto us a thing alone:
On this side Nature stood, on that side man,
Irreconcilable, as twain, not one:
Thy voice first told us man was Nature's child,
And in one common law proclaimed them reconciled.

No partial system could suffice for thee,
Whose eye has scanned the boundless realms of space.
Gazed, through the æons, on the fiery sea,
And caught faint glimpses of that awful face,
Which, clad with earth, and heaven, and souls of men.
Veils its mysterious shape forever from our ken!

As tiny builders in some coral shoal,
Raising the future mountain to the sky,
Build each his cell, unconscious of the whole,
Live each his little life, and work and die;
Even so the lesser toilers in thy field
Build each the little pile his narrower range can yield

But, like a skilful architect, thy mind
Works up the rock those insect reasons frame.
With conscious plan and purpose clear defined
In arch and column, toward a single aim
Till, joining part to part, thy wider soul
Piles up a stately fane, a grand, consistent whole.

Not without honour is the prophet's name,
Save with his country and his kin in time:
But after-years shall noise abroad thy fame
Above all other fame in prose or rhyme;
For praise is his who builds for his own age,
But he who builds for time must look to time for wage.

Yet, though thy purer spirit do not need
The vulgar guerdon of a brief renown,
Some little meed, at least, some little meed
Our age may add to thy more lasting crown;
Accept an unknown singer's thanks for light
Cast on the dim abyss that bounds our little sight.

—*Popular Science Monthly.*

SOLD.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY MRS. R. ROTHWELL, AMHERST ISLAND, ONT.

I.

"I see this child is one too much."

CHEINING Manor was a fine old place; it would be difficult to say which class of its admirers praised it most, or had most cause to do so. Lovers of nature extolled the matchless beauty of its park and grounds; lovers of the picturesque said that nothing could exceed the effect of the majestic pile where every varying and incongruous style of building melted into one grand whole; antiquarians went into raptures over its worm-eaten wood and moss-grown stone; while the votaries of modern luxury and convenience all agreed in praising the admirable plan and perfect execution of the parts added by the present possessor.

The present possessor was Solomon Enthwistle, Esq., of the City of London, Russian Merchant, &c.; sometime Alderman and once Lord Mayor. Few people, if any, knew what his wealth amounted to. Having begun in a small chandler's shop (a fact he now found it convenient to forget), he had, by industry and close attention for the greater part of his life, brought his fortune to that point where the money seemed to double itself while he stood by and looked on. He never lost a ship; his agents were always honest, his ventures always successful; if tallow rose in the market, his warehouses were sure to be full of it, if hemp were in demand, his ships were certain to come in laden with that article and no other; speculation changed its name and nature for him and became safe investment; his life was a lottery, all prizes and no blanks. Old Enthwistle didn't know what he was worth, the world supposed; but the world was wrong. Solomon Enthwistle was not the man to make a mistake on that point.

Mr. Solomon had but one wish in the world ungratified. When he became possessor of Cheining Manor; when spending there the short period of the year in which he could tear himself from the ware-rooms and counting-houses in which his soul delighted, and in which his money was made; when under the influence of ancestral woods, Norman architecture, wide-extended park without and contracted space within, moat, keep, and donjon, and the "loop-hole grate" where captives may have wept in days of yore; the idea entered his mind that it would be very pleasant if rank and distinction could go with all this wealth. But, alas! in one sense this was impossible. Various reasons, in part known and in part shrewdly guessed at, made it desirable that no very strict research should be made into the annals of the past, and that the greatness of the Enthwistles should begin now. He could not call himself the descendant, but he would be the founder, of a race. What a pity that the execution of our resolves does not always depend upon ourselves!

Of several pledges of affection granted to the worthy merchant and his worthy wife, but one remained, a daughter some seventeen years old. Fortune had never blessed him with a son. He did not grieve so much over this as fathers very often do; a son might not perhaps have turned out well, and could never have been more than an *Esquire* or a *Sir* at most; but a daughter could and should make a great match. Mr. Enthwistle had very little idea who his grandfather was, but his grandchildren should be noble. A million of money could surely purchase any peerage in the land; so at least Mr. Entwhistle thought, and how could so shrewd a man be wrong?

So at sixteen the fair Emmeline Entwhistle came forth before the world, to be admired and courted, and as her parents fondly hoped, to make her matrimonial choice among the noblest of England's sons. If not exactly a beauty, she had a sufficient share of good looks to pass for such when viewed through the golden haze which surrounded her, and suitors were not wanting to write sonnets in her praise, to dance, and praise, and flirt, and whisper, and propose. But, alas, they were not of the stamp desired by Solomon the ambitious. No duke's son appeared among the number; offer after offer was rejected by the fond father on his darling's behalf—baronets of doubtful fortune, and knights whose fortune admitted of no doubt at all. The fair Emmeline made no objection to the dismissal of her successive adorers, and her father congratulated himself on having so faithful an ally in his child. She felt, he thought, how much depended on her; she for herself as he for her, longed for a great destiny and a lofty fate. Poor man! he was soon to be undeceived.

The enchanting historian of the gayest court in Christendom relates how, when the beauteous Fanny Jennings drew out her handkerchief or shook her muff, *billets doux* flew about like hailstones. Miss Entwhistle so far unintentionally imitated the lovely maid of honour, as to let fall, one day, a note in very masculine handwriting, which by some untoward accident found its way to the hands of her mamma, and was by her transferred to the afflicted Solomon. The feelings with which they perused and commented on it, may, as the novelists say, be better imagined than described. The epistle began: "My adored and adorable Emmeline," and ended: "Your forever attached, &c., Adolphus Thistlethwaite," and was moreover couched in such terms as to make it very plain that it was in answer to one the writer had previously received.

Now Mr. Thistlethwaite was a briefless barrister: "a feller" as the ex-alderman said, "who 'ad his bread to earn, and couldn't earn it." One who never by any chance could make their daughter "My lady," or deserve her father's hard-won gold. Some people might have thought the match fitting enough; Mr. Thistlethwaite could contribute tolerably good birth to balance Miss Entwhistle's dowry, and there was youth and good looks on both sides, and mutual affection; but not so deemed the merchant and his better half. They sent for Mr. Thistlethwaite, and sternly demanded "how he dared . . ."

He, in his turn, asked their objection.

"Merely your hopeless poverty and want of title," Solomon politely replied.

The briefless one modestly suggested, that "wealth and fame; nay, the honours of the woolsack itself, were open to members of his honourable profession."

"Yes," was returned, "and so it was open to every one to make a million of money, as he, Solomon Entwhistle had done, but precious few did it, and he was not going to have done it for nothing."

The conclusion of the conference was an injunction to Mr. Thistlethwaite to think of Miss Entwhistle no more; and his dismissal with a plain hint that his further acquaintance was not desired.

Having thus disposed of the lover, the lady was next to be dealt with; but this was not so easy a matter. They could not banish her; she was too old to be whipped; and too much spoiled to stand in any great awe of them. The alderman was ably seconded by his worthy partner, who, having been "my lady'd" to her heart's content during the brief period of her husband's civic dignity, could imagine nothing more delightful than the enjoyment for life of what she had, during its too fleeting possession, found so sweet; but they found they had a hard task to perform. They first tried reason, and endeavoured to fill the mind of their recusant child with the ambitious longings that fired their own. Miss Entwhistle was deaf to reason and the promptings of ambition. They held out promises of wondrous rewards; but the fair Emmeline, though not of a very deep nature, possessed sufficient affection for her lover to render her proof against all bribes. They scolded and abused—Emmeline only laughed. They threatened punishment and disinheritance—no matter; her Adolphus did not want her fortune, but her. This was enough; the distracted parents beheld dreadful visions of an elopement and a clandestine marriage, and having tried every other means in vain with their rebellious daughter, they resorted to the last, and locked her up. That is to say, they took her down to Cheining Manor, and kept her there in durance hard and fast.

Love, says the proverb, laughs at locksmiths. If he did so in the old days when the saying first came into vogue, it must have been because either he himself was stronger, or his opponents not so strong. The fair Emmeline, who, as is the wont of seventeen, was not without a spice of romance, at first thought it very delightful to be a martyr for the sake of her love; but the pleasures of martyrdom pall after a season. Communication with the outer world was stopped; she never left her room unattended by either father or mother, and she soon began to miss her accustomed daily fare of flattery and admiration, to say nothing of the incense of her Adolphus's love. He, with lover's ardour, tried manfully to break the bonds in which his adored one lay captive, but only brought on her greater miseries than before. A note, in course of transmission from him to her, in which mention was made of an express train and a special license, was intercepted; whether by accident, or whether treacherously betrayed, who shall say? But the result was the same. The hapless lady's confidential maid was taken away, and her place supplied by a dragon well fitted to have charge of such Hesperian fruit; old and ugly enough to make compliments an insult, and at wages high enough to make any money bribes the barrister could offer untempting. Her chamber was altered to one of the oldest in the manor, where the walls were two yards thick, and the windows four inches wide; and when she retired at night, her father locked the door and pocketed the key. What was to be done? Miss Entwhistle had heard of prisoners who had achieved liberty by patient perseverance, and felt herself strong to dare and with courage to do or die. She began to undermine the wall, but after breaking three penknives and two pair of scissors, and scratching her fingers severely, without further result than a few marks upon the wainscot, she came to the conclusion that Baron Trenck or M. de la Tour could have had but slight difficulties to contend with in comparison with her's, and gave up the attempt to escape in despair.

But deliverance was at hand. The aristocratic suitor, in vain watched for when fortune smiled, made his appearance now, in the shape of Frederick, Viscount Moonington. Like a prudent wooer, he made overtures, first to papa, who, though he was not a duke's son, welcomed him under the present desperate circumstances with open arms. Miss Entwhistle was told that she was to receive him as a lover, and prepare herself in a short time to become the Viscount's bride. "Lord Moonington's a fool, and I won't," said Miss Entwhistle.

II.

"Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself."

LORD MOONINGTON had but lately succeeded to the title; he had inherited it, not from his father, in which case all would have been well, but from an uncle, who had been so lost to all sense of propriety and natural feeling as to leave a WILL. By this unheard-of document he bequeathed all the estate, pictures, plate, jewels, all the wealth that made rank desirable, to another nephew, his sister's son, leaving the *name*, the only thing he could not interfere with, shorn of all its substantial advantages, to his next and rightful heir. Lord Moonington was of opinion that such a wrong had never before been inflicted on mortal man.

He was not, however, without hope. Certain very learned men gave it as their opinion that the late lord had had no right to make such a will. They did not dispute the validity of the document, or impeach the sanity of the testator, but boldly struck to the root of the matter, and declared that, however genuine the paper, however sound of mind he who dictated and signed it, it was not worth the pen it was written with; that some small minor possessions might have been under his control, but that the greater portion, almost the whole, of the Moonington wealth went with the title, and could be as little disposed of at the caprice of the temporary possessor as the title itself. So said Lord Moonington's lawyer; those on the other side were equally sure that the right lay with them. It was to form the subject of a grand trial, the *cause célèbre*, of the session. The time for its decision was very near; and while the unfortunate and fair Emmeline Entwhistle was pining in her prison in the country, the case of Moonington *v.* Sandford was the talk of the town.

Lord Moonington was sitting by his dining-room fire one evening in no cheerful frame of mind. His thoughts were in the handsome house in —— Square, where he, in his own opinion, ought then to have been, but was not. He had just dined, and the dessert was upon the table, when the servant brought him a card. "Mr. Adolphus Thistlethwaite; don't know him," said my lord, "but show him in." And in a few moments Mr. Thistlethwaite followed his card.

"Your lordship's cause comes on on Monday?" he said, after a few unmeaning words on either side.

Lord Moonington looked gloomily into the fire: "Yes."

"Do you expect to gain it, my lord?"

"It's a toss-up," said his lordship. "—— says we're safe, but then Sandford's lawyer says the same to him. Who's one to believe?"

"You wish to gain it, I suppose?"

"I'd give a thousand a year to any one who would assure it," said Lord Moonington.

"It shan't cost you a penny, my lord, if you trust your cause with me."

"To you!" said my lord, bluntly enough. "Why what case have you conducted? I never heard your name before."

"I dare say not, my lord. I never had a brief. But if your lordship will allow your's to be the first, I promise you it will not be the last."

Lord Moonington looked first at his visitor, and then at the bell.

"I dare say you think I'm mad," said Mr. Thistlethwaite, interpreting the look. "I won't mystify you any longer, but explain. I have discovered a point in the case which, to my certain knowledge, no one else is in possession of, and which renders you perfectly secure—secure beyond all doubt. It is at your lordship's service if you choose. I will serve you, if you in turn will serve me."

"But I can't, if I would. They have already retained —— and ——."

"I don't want to lead. I am quite content to take a second part at first; it will be well known afterwards who brought the important fact to light and won the cause. Try, it can do you no harm."

"No," said his lordship, thoughtfully. "And what is your fee? For I suppose you don't mean to work for nothing."

"Not if I *succeed*, my lord. If I fail I shall ask you nothing; but if I win your cause, as I shall, will you do what I request?"

"Do! What am I to do?"

"What I ask you whe . I have gained your cause, my lord."

"And am I to promise without knowing what it is?"

"If you agree to my terms, yes. Remember if I fail I shall not ask it, and if ——."

"If you succeed there is nothing I would not grant. Very well; sit down and have a glass of wine, and let us talk it over."

The result of the famous trial created universal wonder and admiration. Lord Moonington came off triumphant, firmly established in his wealth and honours, houses and domains; his cousin's party, lawyers and friends, hid their diminished heads, and Mr. Thistlethwaite's fortune was made. People were never tired of extolling the genius of the hitherto unknown young lawyer, who had discovered so important a fact in the case, one that had escaped all observation but his own, who had shattered the enemy's cause, and brought his client off with such glory. He was right. His first brief was not his last. They poured in faster than he could attend to them, and instead of being idle, he was soon half worked to death.

Lord Moonington, in the meantime, went down to Cleveland, his country house, about twelve miles from Cheining Manor; and straightway began his courtship of Miss Ent whistle. Here was treachery; here was black ingratitude; here was a case for the reprobation of those who had but one virtuous spot in their minds! To Mr. Thistlethwaite he owed the roof that covered him, the horses he drove, and the wine he drank; but for him he would never have owned Cleveland—never have seen or known the lady he now aspired to make his own; and he repaid his friend's services with this deadly injury. All who knew the circumstances cried "Shame!" But Lord Moonington was not one to be cried down, nor particularly given to feel shame, and went on with his wooing. He had the parents' goodwill—what cared he for that of friends?

The lady's goodwill, however, was necessary, and that he did not make much progress in obtaining. She was compelled to receive Lord Moonington's visits, and listen to his compliments, but she did not trouble herself to reply. Her mother was never absent from her elbow, "to see that Emmy behaved herself," and after every pettish answer and scornful toss of the head would inflict a nudge or a pinch which did not tend to smooth matters, improve Emmeline's temper, or render Lord Moonington's suit more likely to succeed ; and, under such untoward circumstances, the courtship proceeded but slowly.

At last, Lord Moonington begged a private interview with the wilful maiden's mamma. He was about to make a proposition, he said, which would, no doubt, excite her surprise, and perhaps her displeasure—(Mrs. Entwhistle ejaculated, "Law, my lord, displeased with *you!*")—in which case he begged her pardon. He was aware it was quite out of rule, but all rules had their exceptions. Mrs. Entwhistle did not need to be told the ardent and respectful admiration he felt for her beautiful and amiable daughter, and he hoped, in time, to convince Miss Entwhistle of it in an equal degree ("I hope so, I am sure, my lord") ; but in the meantime might he suggest that it would perhaps be better—Mrs. Entwhistle must pardon him if he transgressed the bounds of etiquette—to leave them a little more, just a *leetle* more, to themselves? Girls were apt to be romantic—girls so young as Miss Entwhistle especially—and she might perhaps expect rather tenderer speeches, rather more —lovemaking, in short, than was quite easy in the presence of a third party. She had, probably, been accustomed to it from that very objectionable young lawyer, of whom he had heard, and might not think his true affection sincere without similar protestations. Once more, would Mrs. Entwhistle forgive him if—

Mrs. Entwhistle looked puzzled, but complied. "Well, my lord," she said, "though it's not usual, I ain't afraid to trust her with you. I hope you'll bring the stubborn girl to reason, however you do it. But Solomon and me are so afraid of that impudent young lawyer that we daren't let her out of our sight till she's safely married to you or some one else. So you may go and talk to her, my lord, but I must stay outside the door!"

Under these somewhat peculiar circumstances, Lord Moonington enjoyed this and other subsequent interviews with the lady of his love. At first she appeared as obdurate as ever, but gradually she softened in manner, and a more yielding look came into her face. The Viscount, taking advantage of such favourable symptoms, pressed his suit, until at last it seemed that woman's faithlessness was to go hand in hand with man's treachery; and Lord Moonington announced to the delighted parents that he had obtained their daughter's consent to be his bride.

Public opinion, at least the sentimental part of it, condemned the lady as it had before condemned the lord, and she seemed to care as much about it as he did, viz., not at all. The ex-alderman and his wife, too glad to find their daughter brought to reason, readily consented that the engagement should be a short one, but declined to abate their care. The preparations for the wedding should be got through as quickly as possible, but in the meantime the prisoner must be guarded as closely as ever—that Thistlethwaite, when he found the prize about to escape him, might even try to carry her off by force! The noble lover pleaded, but in vain. "When she's yours, my lord," chuckled Solomon, "you may slacken the rein if you choose, but while she's mine, I'll keep the curb on, and break her in for you." There was nothing to do but submit. Solomon was determined to have all safe, and kept his daughter under lock and key as before.

III.

"My ducats and my daughter!"

EVERYTHING comes to an end at last—even the preparations for a grand and vulgar wedding. In this case all that could be done to bring it to a speedy conclusion was done, to suit the impatience of the noble lover. Mantua-makers and milliners, cooks and confectioners, jewellers and lawyers, made frantic haste, and at last all was announced to be in readiness, and the day before the eventful one arrived.

Lord Moonington had made but one stipulation with regard to the wedding. In the matter of settlements, he had shown the noblest disinterestedness ; he had enough of his own, he wanted but his bride, not her fortune, her father might deal with that as he pleased. The alderman took him at his word, and had the settlements drawn so strictly that as far as Lord Moonington was concerned, Miss Entwhistle might have had no fortune at all. But the Viscount had made it a point that the ceremony should be performed by a friend of his own, and by him alone; he had an odd superstition that the "assistance" of several clergymen, as is the modern fashion, instead of strengthening might weaken the nuptial tie, and he preferred to follow the old style. They would, perhaps, think him very sentimental, but, long since, he had promised a dear school and college friend that he, and he only, should unite him to the bride of his choice; he would not like to fail in his word, and he hoped this favour would be granted him. Mr. and Mrs. Entwhistle would have rather preferred a string of divines, but they did not like to refuse the only request of their son-in-law elect, and graciously consented.

The Rev. Charles Kirkwood arrived the evening before the wedding. There was a brilliant company assembled—if brilliancy consists in a display of wealth—at Cheining Manor, and there was, besides, plenty of beauty in the bride and her ten attendant maids. With the Rev. Charles all these ten fair maidens fell instantly and utterly in love. He was indeed a matchless young parson. What could exceed the curl of his hair or the clerical yet tender expression in his mild eyes? What could exceed the mellifluousness of his voice, or the whiteness of his teeth, when he smiled a pensive smile? They marked the exquisite tie of his white neckcloth, they noticed the thinness of his white hand, they marvelled at the Lilliputian dimensions of his shiny boot, and envied the happiness of the young ladies of Slipslopteacum, his distant living. The bride had, no doubt, her own affairs to attend to, but she did glance critically at the Rev. Charles, and whisper to her future lord, "He does certainly look the clergyman to the life."

Who shall describe the marriage? The dresses, the carriages, the cost, the display, all that wealth without taste or refinement is capable of? The self-gratulation of the parents, the adulation of the guests, the magnificence of the breakfast, the pompous platitudes of the speeches, and the quality of the wine? The bride (who, it was afterwards remembered, was more than usually nervous), followed by her gossamer-wheel maiden train, rustled to the altar in silk which almost impeded her movements by the stiff richness of its folds. Fifteen hundred guineas, disguised as Alençon lace, veiled her blushes and draped her form; and five thousand pounds, in the shape of diamonds, circled her neck and arms. Did she, in the midst of her splendour, give a thought to him to whose vows she had first listened and whose trust she had so faithlessly betrayed? Ah, no! When all was over—the last health drunk, the last speech made, the carriage at the door, and the bride made her last farewells in the hall—her eyes sparkled and her cheeks glowed. Her father drew her to him and looked at her, with less affection than pride, as he said good-bye. "You're my lady now," said he, "safe and fast. Take her, my lord, and make her happy. Good-bye for a while, my child. Heaven bless you and your husband!"

"Amen!" said the bride. The carriage-door was shut, the postillions cracked their whips, and Lord and Lady Moonington were whirled away.

* * * * *

A month elapsed, during which the happy pair made their bridal tour on the Continent, and the Alderman and his wife received two letters from their daughter the bride. She and her adored husband, she wrote, were the happiest of the happy; everything was delightful—all was *couleur de rose.* It was no use to write in return, as they travelled so fast and so eccentrically that no letters could reach them, but they did not intend to remain more than a month abroad.

At the appointed time, Mr. Entwhistle saw in the "fashionable intelligence" the arrival of Lord Moonington at his country seat. "I think they might give my lady's name as well," grumbled he; "let's go and see the girl, mother, and see how she looks after her travels." It was late in the day, and they had twelve miles to traverse, so that the evening was closing in when they reached Cleveland. "Lord Moonington was just going to dinner," the footman said, "and would not like to be disturbed." "Never mind, my man, I'm at home here," said the Alderman, making his way towards the dining-room, the door of which he opened, and discovered Lord Moonington in the act of raising the first spoonful of soup to his lips.

Mr. Entwhistle glanced to the head of the table for his daughter. The place was vacant. Lord Moonington was alone.

"Hey-day! where's my lady?" he enquired.

"Emmy ain't sick, I hope?" the mother exclaimed.

Lord Moonington swallowed his soup, and stared at them. "May I ask of whom you speak?" he suavely enquired.

"Who?" said Mrs. Entwhistle, aghast. "Why, Emmy, our daughter, that you married a month ago!"

"Who?" said the Alderman. "Why, Lady Moonington, to be sure!"

Lord Moonington took another spoonful of soup, and leaned back in his chair. "I know no such person," said Lord Moonington.

Utterly confounded, the father and mother gazed first at each other and then at him, unable to utter a word.

"I found a card here," drawled his lordship, "and I have no doubt you will also receive one, which may, perhaps, explain. John, hand that envelope to Mr. Entwhistle, and leave the room."

The wondering Alderman opened and read—

"Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Thistlethwaite.
"At Home,
"November 17th, 186—,
"No. 1, Honeymoon Square, W."

How they stormed; how the dark plot by degrees unravelled itself; how, thread by thread, the skein of villany was unwound to their horror-struck minds, need not here be told. How his share in the transaction was the return made by Lord Moonington for the gaining of his cause; how the Rev. Charles Kirkwood was a friend of Thistlethwaite's own profession, selected for the service because, as Emmeline had said, he "looked the part so well;" how the grand marriage had been all a delusion and a sham; and how Miss Entwhistle (Miss Entwhistle still, in spite of the lately concluded ceremony) had been handed from one bridegroom to another at the end of the first stage; how all this gradually unfolded itself to their bewildered senses, and how they felt when it did so, may, perhaps, be faintly imagined, but could never be done justice to here.

"You see, old fellow," said Lord Moonington, "if you hadn't been so precious strict we wouldn't have let you have the fuss and ridicule of the sham marriage; we never meant to go so far, because we thought we could give you the slip sooner; but you kept the curb so tight that there was nothing to do but go through with it, and I took your daughter up to London and handed her over safely to Thistlethwaite at London Bridge, in time for the Dover train."

Mr. Entwhistle vowed vengeance and the law, but my lord laughed. In fact, of what use would vengeance be? It would not unmarry his daughter, or give her what he had tried to secure for her, alas, in vain! Things were bad enough already; better hush them up than make them worse. So the alderman and his wife, though they left Cleveland with heavy hearts, resolved to make the best of a bad bargain, and to put a good face upon the matter. They did not wait to be asked for pardon, but resolved to offer it; and determined to visit No. 1, Honeymoon Square, W., the next day.

PRAYER AND CHRISTIAN BELIEF.

BY FIDELIS.

BEFORE giving, briefly, the grounds of the Christian belief in Prayer, which, from want of space, it was impossible to do in a preceding article, the writer wishes to take up one or two points in the article of Mr. Le Sueur on "Prayer and Modern Thought," which were also left unanswered for the same reason.

In the first place, however, the following brief presentment of the Christian argument, from the pen of a vigorous thinker and writer, the Rev. G. M. Grant, is given as supplementary to what has already been said on the subject:

"I. All admit the reflex action or influence of prayer, and that it is beneficial thus. But it would cease to be beneficial thus, did we not believe that God is a reality, that He is a Person, that He hears and answers prayer. Therefore He must be so, or the highest part of our nature is based on a delusion. In other words, we have the same reason for believing in Him in these respects, that we have for believing in the existence of a material world. For the idealist will prove incontrovertibly that our only ground for believing in the existence of a material world is—faith. We cannot admit that a lie is truer than the truth. If it is, truth is worthless.

"II. Most people admit that there are answers to prayer in the spiritual region—that God gives His Spirit to them that ask Him, and that He may, and sometimes does give it even to them that do not ask Him; though usually the grace He infuses into the soul is proportioned to the faith of the seeker. How this is done we cannot tell; for the Spirit works in those hidden depths of our nature where consciousness and observation cannot follow. We see the results. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth.' The man who does not acknowledge this has much to learn of himself, or he is an incomplete man.

"III. The great majority of people sincerely ask God for temporal gifts. Are they warranted in doing so? Doubtless there is a difficulty here to the scientific mind that the untutored mind has not. For the untutored mind knows little of law, whereas in studying nature, we see rigid law everywhere; and doubtless, also, a good deal of odd natural philosophy has been talked on this branch of the subject. If the universe is law, the event will happen whether we pray or not for it; therefore why pray? The difficulty is undoubted, but it applies equally to the spiritual blessings we receive. And the difficulty is just the old one, of Divine Predestination, and how to reconcile it with Free Will. Dealing with this, Milton's angels found no end—'in wandering mazes lost.' And neither shall we. We have just to accept the facts, and the facts are—that God is sovereign and that man is free.

"IV. For wise purposes, for our education, God has established an order of things which we suppose the best possible; and we have no right to disregard it, or to expect that He will. But, in obeying that order, we are not to conceive of it as anything in itself. It is God acting in that way. We are to feel the same thankfulness for blessings and the same resignation in trouble as if we could see that God personally sent the blessing and the trouble. The high law according to which God provides for and governs us is higher than natural laws; it over-rides, penetrates, and directs them without conflicting with them. How it does so we cannot tell, just as we cannot tell how He infuses His spirit into us, and makes us new creatures and new forces. But if it is impossible that God could do this, then He is not omnipotent. For us to complain that we do not comprehend these facts, is to complain that the Creator is not God.

"V. On the other hand, we must pray *chiefly* for spiritual blessings. 'Seek ye *first* the Kingdom of God and His righteousness.' Ask not for temporal benefits as if these were absolute blessings. Only 'one thing is needful.' And 'man does not live by bread alone.' If a beggar only ask for bread he will be a beggar all his days. Let him ask to be a son, and his father 'knoweth what things he hath need of.' In asking for bread, then, ask as knowing that you are not depending on any particular arrangement of outward circumstances, ask as knowing that you shall live by everything God appoints, every word that proceedeth out of His mouth. Yet ask, if you feel the need. The Father cannot be pleased either at your hiding your real feelings or at your doubting His power. But, in asking for a temporal blessing, you know that it may not be for your real good to get it; the getting it might involve the loss of something far better. In asking for more of His Spirit—for more of faith, hope, and love, your prayer cannot but be in more accordance with the will of God."

The following passage, taken from "Thoughts on Revelation," by the well-known Rev. Dr. McLeod Campbell, formerly of Row, bears so truly and forcibly on the question under discussion, that no apology is needed for adding it to what has been already said on the subject:—

"We know that while our highest intercourse with God as the Hearer and Answerer of prayer, both as to ourselves and in prayer for others, belongs to the eternal life, we are not called to shut out from our minds in such intercourse the lower interests of existence, which it is natural and not sin to feel. No interest which it is *right* for us to cherish is to be held in this view, 'common or unclean,'—and here it is no contradiction to feel authorised to ask God for that which seems desirable, as well as to labour for it, and to feel that we are putting forth a power besides our labour when we so ask, because God may grant our request, though as to all but the *absolute good* our asking has a conditional element in it—a reference to God's perfect light. We can believe that our asking is so far a reason with God for granting what, unasked for, God would not have sent, and yet that it may be sometimes higher love to refuse, and that in that case God will refuse. It is peace to be at liberty to go to God, presenting our seemingly right desires in the form of requests. It is part of that peace to know that if what we ask for would be better withheld, it will be withheld. But *waiting on God's decision* is altogether different from waiting to see a necessary flow of events as to which our prayer has had no place as an element in the Divine determination.

"No doubt, in the measure in which we seek first the Kingdom of God, our interest in the other things promised to be added thereto will be subordinate, becoming continually more and more so; while—such is the character of the Kingdom of God—increased spirituality in our desires will only render the prayers in which these desires utter themselves more earnest. For, although, seeing the glory of God in what we desire more and more clearly, we shall expect it with more abundant assurance of hope, we shall not therefore cease to ask for it, we shall not subside into contemplative and what would be thought more philosophical faith, or content ourselves with passive waiting. Were all our prayers gathered into the Lord's Prayer—and to this prayer tends more and more as the mind of Christ is formed in us—prayer would still be *prayer* and *not* simply *praise*. Our attitude in looking forward to the hallowing of the Father's name—the coming of His kingdom—His will being done on earth as it is in heaven—would be a waiting in the faith that our prayer was hastening that we had prayed for. In this view, the thought naturally arises in remembering the many whose lips in each church service, as well as at other times, repeat the Lord's Prayer, how mighty the power to overthrow the kingdom of darkness and hasten the day of the Lord would be which would be going forth from the Church were the Lord's Prayer, in all lips, a prayer in spirit and in truth."

We are told that "what the world wants to know about prayer for physical results, is whether or not it is efficacious." This "the world" will *never* know till it abandons its position of curious incredulity and learns to take its Heavenly Father's way. "God gives such knowledge to His children by His Spirit, and they have an unction from the Holy One and know this, and a good many things that the world knows not." To them, with their full conviction on the subject, such reasonings as we have been dealing in seem almost irreverent. We believe the results of prayer can never be tabulated in any form that will satisfy "the world." For, in the first place, the amount of true prayer is known to Him only "who seeth in secret," and in the next, the great majority of answers to prayer are known only* to the individuals to whom they occur. But *they*

---

* The following instances of answers to prayers for temporal blessings of various kinds are taken from a number of well-authenticated similar instances in a volume entitled "I Will," by the Rev. P. B. Power, M. A. Every praying Christian's experience could furnish many similar ones.

"Two Christian persons were about to perform a long and trying journey; one of them was in such ill health as to make it likely that the journey would be a severe trial to flesh and blood. The mind of one of those travellers was led to commend this matter to the Lord, and to ask Him for such especial travelling mercies and strength for his friend, that the journey might not prove wearisome, or too much for the frame which had to sustain it. The hours of night rolled on, and as the morning broke, the one for whom the prayer had been offered, and who had shown no sign of fatigue, turned to the other and remarked that, strange to say, no fatigue was being experienced, and that the time was flying by rapidly. Then the secret of the prayer was told; and when the journey was accomplished, and rest could easily be had, the traveller did not even feel the need of it."

"A Christian man, a relative of the author, was in great difficulty in reference to a paper of consequence, which was required immediately, but could not be found. Search was made in all parts of the counting house, but to no purpose. When reduced almost to despair, he bethought himself of the power of prayer, and asked the Lord to guide him to the place where the paper was. It now came into his mind to go to a certain spot, and there he found the object of his search."

"A Cree Indian, in Rupert's Land, and his family, were once in their wanderings exposed to a fearful fire, which was running across the country with great violence and speed. There appeared no way of escape. Suddenly he remembered what he had been told of the one great God over all, and while his family were crying and clinging to him, he fell on his knees and said, 'O Thou great One who art above all, whoever Thou art, save me from this fire,' and ere the fire touched him, or any one of them, there fell upon it such a heavy shower of rain as totally extinguished it. In consequence of this, that know. The author of "Prayer and Modern Thought" has misconceived a passage in the original article referring to the recovery of the Prince of Wales. No "theory" was advanced that it was due to the greater facility of communication, or the "rapidity with which prayer could be set in motion." The *fact* was merely stated, as constituting a *difference in the circumstances*. Is it irreverent to suppose that any great agent of communication affecting the destinies of men, as does the Atlantic Cable, is included in the counsel of God's will? Is it unreasonable to suppose that it *may have* been included in these counsels that so large a portion of the Christian world should be united in praying for the recovery of the Prince on the very day on which it was His will to answer their prayers by turning the tide of the disease? The instance was *really* a "prayer-test" case of the kind demanded by Sir Henry Thompson, with the offensive element of experiment omitted, as it *could* not be in an artificial test case, the prayers being in good faith for the object alone. But as so often happens when a generation "seeks a sign," it does not know when the sign really comes!

While referring to this subject, the writer may recall a remarkable incident in connection with the fatal collision of the *Ville du Havre* with the *Lochearn*. When the rescued passengers of the former, together with the crew and passengers of the latter, were taken from the *Lochearn*, which was in a sinking condition, it may be remembered that the captain of the American vessel that rescued them, stated that he had been led to alter his course in consequence of *an impression which he could not shake off*, that there was some reason why he should do so. And, but for altering his course, he would not have come in sight of the *Lochearn*. Were the grateful passengers—the earnest Christians on board who had been praying for deliverance—wrong in thinking the "impression" which thus guided the captain to their deliverance, an answer to their prayers? Is it fair or reasonable to call such things "mere coincidences?"

The recent great waves of "revival" in Great Britain and other places, which have been of incalculable consequence to the happiness and welfare of thousands, have been gratefully acknowledged by praying Christians to be answers to the prayers which many of them had been offering, both in unison and "in secret."

We believe, however, that not only do answers constantly come to individuals; but, as was before remarked, that those enterprises prosper most, which are most truly conducted in the spirit of prayer. Business men have often testified that in committing their daily cares to God, they not only experience a calmness and peace,—in itself most conducive to success;—but really receive direction, in their temporal concerns, to act in such a way as was best for them in *every* respect, spiritually as well as temporally; while those who do not pray, frequently find even their temporal success their spiritual ruin.

And this does *not* pre-suppose any "business imbecility." The most sagacious men of business know that many perplexing junctures must occur, in which the clearest human intellect is at fault. In such cases they have known, also, what an infinite relief it is to "cast their burden upon the Lord," and to seek guidance and *true wisdom* from Him who "giveth liberally and upbraideth not." And they who most habitually use the means of prayer know how groundless is the objection sometimes made by thoughtless observers, that time spent in prayer is time wasted. They know it to be so much the reverse, that one of the busiest of Christian workers once said,—"I am so busy that I *cannot* do without prayer!" "*Bene orasse est bene laborasse*," is most true —much more true than the converse—and earnest students have testified to the truth of the slightly altered phrase, "*Bene orasse est bene studuisse*." There is time wasted, doubtless, in "*saying* prayers,"—in uttering unmeaning forms of words wherein the soul has no part—but not in *praying*—in the heart's fervent petition for light and help from the infinite Source of all energy. They who pray as they work, or pray as they study, will both work and study to most purpose. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint."

But, of course, it is only faith that can

---

individual now denies the Indian's god, and acknowledges none but One."

Cases in which special help in illness, and aid in great temporal need, came in answer to prayer, are also related.

understand these blessings and appreciate the efficacy of prayer. We know that there were some places in which our Lord *could* not do His mighty works, "because of their unbelief." To the ordinary eye many blessings must seem to come alike to those who pray and those who do not; though it may be doubted whether they are the[*] *same* blessings, wanting the element of *love*, that is more than half the value of the *gift.* Were it otherwise, prayer would cease to be an exercise of love and trust. It would become a mere matter of calculation,—no more a *religious* act than the turning of a machine. But as men advance towards a fuller light, we believe they will more and more realize the efficacy of prayer,—more and more endorse Tennyson's beautiful and true lines:—

> "More things are wrought by prayer
> Than *this world dreams of.* Wherefore, let thy voice
> Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
> For what are men better than sheep or goats
> That nourish a blind life within the brain,
> If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
> Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
> *For so the whole round earth is every way*
> *Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.*"

In the preceding remarks, and in our article of last month, we have not been so much attempting to *prove* the efficacy of prayer, as to remove objections and presumptions against it; to show that the difficulties felt in relation to it, are only those which must be felt in relation to any adequate theistic hypothesis which takes into account man's free action. The *proof* of it rests on other grounds. Like other fundamental religious truths,—that, for instance, of the Being of a God,—it rests on a three-fold basis, each portion of which strengthens the others:—the instinctive belief of humanity, the evidence of Revelation, and the testimony of the consciousness of those who truly pray.

Only the first of these, we know, will carry much weight with scriptural objectors; but *it* ought to be a strong proof, even to them. Instinct is proverbially truer than reason; and we know of no great, wide-spread instinct that has not its real object and its final cause. Now, there is no stronger instinct implanted in man's nature than that of appealing to God in his need and his distress. The experience of all ages, the religious hymns of all nations, the very cry which unconsciously breaks from men's lips in extreme peril or intense agony, all prove the force of this unconquerable instinct, which the abstract reasonings of men can no more eradicate, than they can eradicate our sense of the reality of pain. If, therefore, God be not the Hearer and Answerer of prayer, this instinct which He has implanted is a lying instinct, founded upon a lie.

The proof from Revelation we regret to know *all* will not accept. To us, of course, it is conclusive. This is not the place to enter into all our reasons for accepting the Bible as indeed a Revelation from God. We will give only one of the strongest. We find it a Book which is totally different from any other, a Book which,—said A. H. Hallam,—"fits into every fold of the human heart;"—whose teaching finds a complete response in the depths of our spiritual consciousness, which responds more fully, the more enlightened it becomes. We find it a Book in which, as nowhere else, God is all in all, and man takes his true place of insignificance and dependence;—which most fearlessly denounces *every* sin of heart and life, even those which man is most ready to condone;—which demands the entire sacrifice of self and self-will, holds up a standard of sublimity of holiness—a perfection of purity—a tenderness of love,—such as no other "sacred books" have approached, and presents us with a Divine example of all these, which, in the estimation of its keenest and most hostile critics, has never been equalled—could never be surpassed. And no truth is taught more distinctly and repeatedly by this Divine guide, by statement, by illustration, and by history, than that of the duty and the efficacy of prayer.

The third ground of proof is one, also,

---

[*] To Mungo Park, in the desert, the insignificant little moss was a refreshing token of his Father's love and care. To the man who recognizes only "natural law,"

> "A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> And it is nothing more."

We may imagine two children, the one of whom had all its wants supplied, mechanically, by some invisible agency; while the other had a parent's care, and love, and sympathy to appeal to on all occasions. Which would be the happier—have the best developed moral nature? Analogous to the first case, but far more sad, is that of those who do not recognize, in all things, the constant care, and love, and sympathy of a Heavenly Father.

into which we sorrowfully admit that many cannot follow us—that of Christian consciousness. Yet they who would oppose to the blank materialism of a Clifford, the testimony of their own consciousness of an "Overshadowing Presence which we call Divine," should at least weigh, with respectful attention, the evidence of those who believe that they have a fuller consciousness. And the consciousness of those who, in all ages, the present not excepted, have sought most earnestly for spiritual life, have led the noblest and purest lives—two favourable conditions, surely, for knowing truth—is expressed in the ever-living words: "In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God.—Verily God *hath* heard me; he hath attended to the voice of my prayer." Is it wise to resist such accumulated testimony of the ages? Would it not be wiser, as well as more philosophical, for those who have no experience in this matter, to try, earnestly and truly, whether in their case the same course would not produce the same results? Those who take all the concerns of their daily life, their requests, either for themselves or for others, to their Heavenly Father, are so constantly meeting with answers to prayer, that to suppress the testimony of their own consciousness in this matter, when occasion calls, would be ingratitude to that Father, and culpable indifference to the welfare of others. They pray for temporal blessings, and receive either the blessing asked for, or a satisfaction in its absence, which is often felt to be better. They pray in temporal distress, and are either relieved in a way they could never have expected, or receive a strength and often a joy under its very pressure, which unassisted nature could never have even conceived.

They pray in darkness and receive light—sometimes in the very attitude of supplication,—though at other times, doubtless for wise purposes of discipline, the light they look for may be for a time delayed. They pray in perplexity and receive guidance, sometimes by the leading of events, sometimes by the direction given to the mind itself. They pray in temptation, and either receive deliverance from the temptation or strength to overcome it. And just in proportion as they "restrain prayer before God," do they find their spiritual life cramped and fettered, their progress impeded, their faith dimmed, the power of evil asserting itself, their strength to resist temptation weak or powerless. Can any objector think that they who have had such experiences, and such evidence, will give up their faith in prayer to any abstract reasonings of any human intellect? Rather, *knowing* the infinite value of this medium of communication with the great Source of all life, blessing, and spiritual power, would they plead, heart to heart, with those who do not use this means, to come and share its blessings also. And in the preceding pages, the matter has not been discussed as one of abstract speculation alone, but from an earnest desire so to commend what is held to be truth to those who do not so hold it, that they may recognize it and reap the infinite benefit of so doing. "That which we have seen—declare we unto you."

A poem of Clough's is quoted at the close of the article which has been under consideration, as an evidence of the highest faith. We admit that similar expressions in old Assyrian or Vedic hymns, of fragments of which this reminds us, *are* an evidence of faith, because the writers had no means of fuller light. But, if it has been the will of God to reveal to us a great deal more, that He not only *is*, but that He is a God "forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin;" if the "glory of God was made manifest in the face of Jesus Christ," if He not only "dwelt among us," but, at the cost of infinite suffering, revealed at once the Divine love for man and hatred for sin; then is it "faith," or is it self-willed presumption, to turn *from* light bestowed and to say,—"I will not ask to feel Thou art!" It is a sublime faith, when we know no more, to say,—"Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him." But it is infinitely better to *realize* that He wills that we should have "*life* and should have it more abundantly." Such words as these quoted words of Clough's recall very different words than those applied to them in the context;—"If thou knewest the gift of God, thou wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water,"—are the words we involuntarily think of For we do not think that any need live in a region of vague abstractions and misty "shadows." We think that, even on this side of the "undiscovered lands" where we shall see more clearly, it is possible to realize the blessings of *real* knowledge and *communion*, not mere vague contemplation of an abstract good, but communion as with a personal friend and guide. We know that it will be said that such as Clough *could* not "believe." We have no wish to speak presumptuously of the inner capabilities of any human spirit, but we do not think that God has commanded anything *impossible*.—"And this is His commandment, that we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ."—a commandment too often forgotten by many who plead the promise—"If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." The "great possessions" of the young man in the Gospel, sometimes find a parallel in the great intellectual possessions of others, which also obscure the Giver in the gift. It is a "hard saying" for such to come into a sphere in which these possessions avail them nothing,— to agree to the condition of becoming "as little children," a necessity, we believe, in the nature of things; for are we not all "little children" in relation to the Infinite? Thinking of Clough and such as he—there comes to our memory *other* words,—words which the progress of the ages and the "advance" of thought seem only to invest with a fuller and sadder significance, a more wistful pathos, a deeper intensity of Divine love and sorrow;—"He came unto His own, *and His own received Him not!*"

WHY IMPERIAL FEDERATION IS IMPRACTICABLE.

BY ROSWELL FISHER, M.A., CANTAB., MONTREAL.

THE importance of the future relations of Canada and Great Britain is, I believe, sufficiently great to justify yet another article on the subject in the pages of the CANADIAN MONTHLY.

In the present paper it is the purpose of the writer, leaving out of sight the feasibility of indefinite continuance as we are, or of our becoming sooner or later an independent people, to show, with special reference to the articles of Mr. J. Mathews in the July and August numbers of this magazine, that a Federation of Great Britain and her self-governing colonies is impracticable.

Mr. Mathews devotes the greater part of his two papers to defining what he considers should be the positions of his adversaries, which he then proceeds to criticise with considerable clearness and vigour. When, however, he presents us with his own proposition, he altogether neglects to enunciate its necessary conditions; nor does he argue his case with that strictness of method or clearness of view which we should have expected from his criticism of rival schemes.

Surely it is incumbent on those who advocate such a scheme as a Federation of Great Britain and her colonies to show that these countries possess those conditions of race, political and commercial interests, and geographical position which are the necessary elements of the problem. This Mr. Mathews, however, can hardly be said to have attempted. Indeed, his whole argument is based on the assumption that all these conditions are fulfilled. It is my intention, on the contrary, to show that some of these conditions are altogether wanting, and that those which are present are undergoing rapid change in a direction adverse to the formation of closer ties between the various countries interested. Before doing so, it may not be out of place to glance at the past, and inquire if history gives us any information on the subject. Is there any record of colonies, separated by considerable distances from the mother countries and from each other, remaining, when grown, as it were, to manhood, under one government either central or federal? In the only instances which seem to bear on the point, Greece, Spain, Portugal, and Great Britain in the case of the United States, the answer is in the negative. An historical presumption is, therefore, established against the Federationists, as we may call them. But as this of itself is not conclusive, I shall now inquire whether the present conditions of the countries in question are such as to negative the teaching of history.

Fortunately the question of religion need not enter into the discussion, and we may pass on to the condition of race. At first sight the answer on this point seems very clear, and altogether in favour of continued union of almost any kind. A little consideration, however, will, I think, show that, although at present any divergencies of race are unimportant, tendencies are even now at work which in time produce serious modifications of, to coin a word, racial type. In the United States, short as has been its inhabitance by Europeans, we already see the rapid evolution of a modified type. The Anglo-American of several generations, as a rule, differs markedly from his European ancestor or cousin in physical, mental, and moral character. To account for this, we must have regard not alone to the character of the American democracy, but also to mingling of races, to climate, soil, and geographical situation with its attendant social and economical influences. If the change of racial character in the United States has been the result of all these causes, the same result is likely to flow from the same causes in the colonies, time enough being granted. Nor are the signs even now wanting: the Canadian or Australian of a generation or two generally becomes less and less English, Scotch, Irish, or whatever his fathers may have been, and shows signs of developing, as it were, local traits. If this is true, and it will hardly be denied by any competent observer, our present unity of race is seen to be unstable; and though this feature of the case may not be strongly marked, or in itself of very great importance just at present, it is of sufficient weight, in view of the future, to have received recognition from those who wish to establish a lasting union between such countries as Great Britain and her colonies.

In considering the next condition of the problem—whether the political interests of Great Britain are identical with or closely allied to those of the colonies—a clear distinction must be drawn between political interests and political sympathies, with which they are often confused: political sympathies, though in the long run never divorced from political interests, may yet exist, in the absence of severe shock, for some time after common political interests have ceased. Our sympathy with Great Britain caused us to raise the 100th Regiment during the Crimean War, though our interests were not touched; but since then we have shown no signs of repeating this generosity. Political interests may be defined as those which affect, directly or indirectly, our political position or development, or our national existence. In this sense the most cursory glance at the situation will show that our political interests only touch those of Great Britain at one point, and those of the Australian and South African colonies not at all. In the event of Great Britain being called upon once more to defend her Indian Empire, or to coerce China in the interests of her opium trade, however much our sympathies might be with her, our political interests would be untouched. Nor can our political development or national existence be said to be interested in the independence of Belgium or the maintenance of Turkey as a European power. To even a greater extent is it true that we have no especial interest in Australia or South Africa, or they in us. The sole point of contact between the political interests of Canada and those of Great Britain is on this continent. But here the other colonies are not in the least interested; and Great Britain has shown on several occasions, with ostentatious indifference, that she considers our interests on this continent by no means identical with her own. The advocates of Confederation may here argue that we are really interested in Great Britain outside this continent, because, in the event of her suffering a serious defeat, she would be unable to defend us against the United States, and thus our national existence would be threatened, or that when she is engaged in a war with a maritime power we are interested, as we are passively at war with the same power. The answer to the first is, that it is an argument which affects Canada alone, as the other colonies have no great neighbour to threaten their independence, and if they are not already, they very soon will be, in a position to defend themselves against any European or American enemy. But even in our case, it is contrary to experience that any people should incur great probable burdens to insure themselves against a remote and improbable danger, which would be the case if we contributed to the active military force of the Empire. Moreover, if we were strong enough to turn the scale in a foreign war of Great Britain other than America, there is little doubt we should be in a condition to defend our own existence, and would not need to bribe Great Britain to guarantee our nationality by helping her to fight her own battles; for this is what it certainly comes to if we are to take an active share in the military and naval concerns of the Empire. If we do not do this, but are merely passive allies as now, where is the necessity for a Federation? It is evident, however, that we would not consent to the former arrangement, because the bargain would be against us. Great Britain has numbers of possible, not to say probable, enemies, whereas we have only one, and the other colonies, we may say, none. I have devoted more space to this than it deserves, because the consideration of these points will at once show how hopeless it would be to come to any agreement as to the share which the different states of the proposed Federation would have to take in any war affecting only one or two of the states.

In regard to the second argument, it may be allowed that we are commercially interested, to a certain extent, in the interruption of our trade with any maritime power with which Great Britain may be at war. This is the small penalty which we at present pay for Great Britain's protection. On this point even, if rumour was true, the Australian colonies, or some of them, showed signs of dissatisfaction, for it was currently reported in London, at the time of the Franco-German War, that one or more of the Australian colonies had informally notified the British Government that they would, in the event of Great Britain becoming entangled, declare themselves neutral.

On this question of political interests, Mr. Mathews rather bears witness against his own side, for he, in knocking down the pretention of the Nationalists, that Great Britain would be willing to guarantee our independence, asserts that her guaranteeing Belgian independence is no argument, because she is there one of several guaranteeing powers, and moreover, "Her interests are more involved in Belgian than in Canadian Independence." Certainly a peculiar argument in favour of our political interests and those of Great Britain being closely allied.

Community of commercial interests is the next element of the question which presents itself for our consideration. It can hardly be argued that, on the part of the colonies, at least, any great community of commercial interest is felt, when the whole course of their commercial policy has shown a strong tendency to become protectionist, that is adverse to Great Britain. But even if this commercial warfare were acknowledged to be senseless and impolitic, it would not alter the ultimate result, as far as we are concerned. The pre-eminence of Great Britain depends on her exceptional superiority in manufactures and marine; but it is just in these directions that nature intends us at no distant day to enter the ranks of her rivals. In fact, every factory established here to make goods as well and as cheaply as they make them in Great Britain, is a blow, small or great, at her commercial interests. Mr. Mathews disposes of this important question with a very illogical answer to the assertion of Mr. Fuller, that the attempt to establish a common tariff would alone make shipwreck of any scheme of Confederation. The question of tariffs or no tariffs at all, though it might delay, would not hinder the ultimate divergence and even collision of commercial interests.

It has now been shown that in the case of Great Britain and her colonies there is a tendency to divergence and consequent collision on the three points of race, political interests, and commercial interests. The sole cause of this tendency is to be found in the absence of geographical contiguity and its attendant circumstances. And yet Mr. Mathews, Mr. E. Jenkins, and other Federationists, are continually asserting that telegraph and steam have annihilated geographical boundaries. Mr. Mathews, in disposing of nature in this high-handed fashion, falls foul of the late Mr. Mill, and disposes of him in a somewhat remarkable paragraph. He quotes the following sentence from Mr. Mill: "Countries separated by half the globe do not possess the natural conditions for being under one government or even members of one Federation." I am ashamed to say that I have not read the work of Mr. Mill from which the above sentence is quoted, but it is the actual basis of the whole foregoing argument. Mr. Mathews replies:—"The answer to this *theory* is the *fact* that all the countries in question have been *thus united* (these italics are mine) for about a century."—A truly astonishing assertion!

Does Mr. Mathews seriously think that Mr. Mill, or any other political writer and thinker would describe the relationship of Great Britain and her colonies for the last century as being a union under one government? Mr. Mill evidently refers to countries sharing on equal terms in a common government. So far is this from being the case with the countries in question that for the greater part of the century the colonies were held in complete pupilage to the mother country, after which legislative independence was given or extorted from time to time, at each modification of the relation the colony becoming more independent of the mother country; till now Great Britain holds the anomalous position of guarantor and, in certain cases, chief justice of a number of next to independent republics, which position is held conditional upon neither party subjecting it to any rude shock.

To designate these ever changing relationships as being *thus united* for almost a century, and to assert that during all this time the Imperial authorities have fulfilled for the whole empire all the duties which would devolve upon a Federation, except in raising a common revenue, is as remarkable a misreading of history as it is a failure to answer Mr. Mill.

Not less curious is the subsequent argument that, stated shortly, because a union of various kinds has existed between certain countries for a definite time, therefore it is probable that a union of a different kind from any of them can be formed and endure indefinitely. A conclusion in no wise warranted by the premises. Indeed, in this and in a previous paragraph, where Mr. Mathews defines an Imperial Federation as simply a readjustment of existing relations or of our present union, the whole weakness of the writer as a political thinker is apparent. Unless I have greatly misunderstood Mr. Mathews, he considers that colonies, governed more or less directly by the Crown and Parliament of the mother country, colonies in a state of continually growing independence, with no representation or share in the central country, and colonies forming states of a confederation on equal terms with the mother country, are all, in a similar sense, under one government, and the varying relations are merely modifications of one another. Such is not at all the case. The grant of legislative independence to the colonies was a complete revolution in their history, and not at all a development of their previous relationship, and not less would a Federation be a complete revolution not only to the colonies but to Great Britain, and of such a character that its permanent success would contradict all the experience we possess. But if Mr. Mathews has altogether failed to answer Mr. Mill's theory with fact, he and many other Federationists have equally failed to appreciate the true value of the geographical question. So far from telegraph and steam having completely changed its conditions, they have accomplished relatively little in this direction, as can easily be shown. Those who argue with Mr. Mathews fail to see that distance differs not only in degree but in kind. It is argued that, because a member can travel to-day from Quebec to London as quickly as in the last century from Caithness to London, it is as simple a problem to bring Quebec and London under one government as it was Caithness and London. This is, however, far from being the case. Caithness, however distant in time from London, is connected by a more or less dense population with the capital, the continuity of interest among the different sections of the country not being broken at any one point more than at any other point. Moreover, both Caithness and London and all the intermediate population are equally interested in that country called Great Britain, which itself necessarily belongs to what we may call the European national family. On the other hand, Quebec and London are separated by an ocean, placing a gap so wide in the continuity of interests, and of such a character that it can never be bridged over: and, apart from family tradition, there is no reason why the Canadian should take any more interest in the nearest Briton than in the nearest Frenchman or Norwegian. The difference of character in distance by land and distance by sea, will be almost better shown by another illustration drawn from our present circumstances. British Columbia is to-day about as far in distance, and farther in time, from Quebec than is London, and yet she has become politically joined to Canada. How is this possible? Because her independence is, in a sense, threatened by the same power which threatens us, and, further, we, in imagination, see the present gap filled in the future by a continuous population, bound together by a chain of common interest in which no links are wanting. A very little reflection will show that separation by sea has been of quite another character than separation by land, or rather connection by land. We often hear it said, and truly, how different would have been the character of the people and the fate of England if it had not been for the strip of sea which separates her from the Continent. This being so, it matters not whether we can send members to London by balloon or telegraph even, the extent and character of the distance is fatal to the continued existence of those conditions which are necessary to the formation of peoples into one nation, either centralized or federal.

While on this point, it must be borne in mind that when we quote telegraphs and steam as annihilating distance, they do so not only for countries politically united, but for all the world. The condition of political union among peoples must be interests common to them alone, and these are not specially created or served by universal rapidity of communication.

I have now, I believe, fulfilled the object of my essay, and shown that, reversing the order of my argument, the distances separating Great Britain and her colonies are so great and of such a character as to compel an increasing divergence in their commercial interests, their political interests, and their social type, which will inevitably result in the weakening of their political sympathies. Till the Federationists have condescended to abate somewhat of their enthusiasm in favour of Pan-Britonism, whatever that may be, and show that great differences of climate, soil, and position have ceased to affect the character and interests of communities, it is hardly worth while to criticize any paper constitution which may be proposed for the good government of this unborn Confederation.

Before closing, I may notice still another condition of all successful Federations—this is that the members of such a state should be sufficient in number and of such average equality of weight as to render the probability of any one or several states being able to override the interests of the others extremely small. In the proposed case, this would not be so, as, for long, Great Britain could outvote all the colonies together if she considered her own interests to be served by so doing.

Having now, I trust, answered Mr. Mathews's demand that those who consider the Federation of Great Britain and her colonies to be impracticable should give their reasons, I may leave this part of the question of our Political Future.

If not anticipated, I shall endeavour in another paper to show what I believe our policy should now be, and what alternatives the future may probably hold in store for us.

PROOFS AND DISPROOFS.

BY LAON.

IN this "age of discussion," to be worsted in argument is a fate that many must meet, and that no one who has borne himself modestly and bravely need be ashamed of. The one thing of which a man who takes an argument in hand should be ashamed is, to have violated the rules of honourable intellectual warfare; and, whether the public pronounce him victor or vanquished, the thought of this should give him more pain than the most signal defeat. It is, therefore, with no little regret that I find myself under the necessity either of accepting the imputation of such conduct (contained in an article in the last MONTHLY) or of throwing it back upon my accuser. I, too, have the interest and credit of the CANADIAN MONTHLY somewhat at heart; and, apart from all personal considerations, I feel it a duty to show that the article which the Editor accepted under my *nom de plume*, for the June number, was *not* what an extremely irritated opponent has represented it to be.

The article in question bore the title "Messrs. Moody and Sankey and Revivalism." Its object was to present a contrast, with which my own mind was very much impressed, between the tremendous doctrines which the two revivalists were preaching and singing, and the general habits of thought and feeling prevailing in the present day, and particularly the most marked *tendencies* of the age. These habits and tendencies I expressed for the sake of convenience by the words "modern culture," using inverted commas, as here, to indicate that the words were employed in a somewhat special sense—that is to say, in the sense which, by frequent use for the same purpose, they are rapidly acquiring. That the attempt to establish this contrast was a legitimate one, I never for a moment doubted. That many would rather remain blind to it, and would owe me no thanks for my trouble, I very well knew; but it did not seem that any rule of charity made it necessary, for their sake, to refrain from what, in the interest of truth, was so manifestly desirable. It has been complained that, having in view a fundamental antagonism between "modern culture," as I chose to use the words, and doctrinal Christianity, I put forward Messrs. Moody and Sankey for the purpose of making doctrinal Christianity ridiculous. The complaint involves a very left-handed compliment to Messrs. Moody and Sankey; but, as a matter of fact, it is wholly unfounded. I mentioned those two gentlemen because, at the time, they were very prominently before the public; and because the evangelical world seemed agreed that, whatever might be their individual peculiarities, they at least were preaching the gospel in its purity. There was no wish or intention to identify the revivalists with other Christian teachers, except in so far as they were accepted and approved by others; and the attentive reader of my short paper can hardly have failed to notice the complete absence of any reference or allusion to the Christian clergy as a class or profession. If, under the circumstances, the mention of the names of the two eminent revivalists can be spoken of as "tactics," all I can say is, that a man may be a tactician without knowing it.

The accusation brought against me by the Rev. G. M. Grant, in the last number of this Magazine is, briefly, that I "misrepresent the evangelists, misrepresent Christianity, and misrepresent modern thought," in complete defiance of the "honourable responsibility" imposed by anonymous journalism. "Almost every sentence" in my article is alleged to contain proof of this; so that, if the charge is not well substantiated, my accuser will stand convicted of woful misimprovement of his opportunities. Where there is such wealth of matter it devolves upon him surely to select signal, decisive, and unquestionable instances of "misrepresentation." He is confessedly in the position of the man with the ten talents: we look for vast returns from so splendid a capital.

I. *Misrepresentation of the evangelists.*—Here a preliminary remark. At the time my article was written (in the month of May last) Messrs. Moody and Sankey were at the height of their career in London, and the neswspapers were teeming with reports and discussions of their proceedings. For the most part, the tone of the press was sympathetic; but there was not a little of adverse criticism current; and, amid the multiplicity of accounts and the conflict of opinions, it would not have been by any means extraordinary if a writer in this country had made, or repeated, some statement respecting them that was open to correction. The more people are written about and talked about, the harder it sometimes is to know the truth about them; certainly the easier it is to fall into mistakes respecting them, without being swayed by any unworthy motives. Consider another case. Suppose that all one knows, or can know, about a person—a writer let us say—is comprised in three pages of leaded type in a magazine, and that one's attention is specially directed to those pages, and that he undertakes to reply to them, and to launch bitter and contemptuous remarks at the author of them—how does the case stand if, within those narrow limits, such a person does not avoid the most palpable misrepresentation? We shall see the application of this immediately.

I am charged with misrepresenting the evangelists by giving, "as a summary" of their teaching that "the more ignorant a man is, the more contracted his mental horizon, the more likely it is that God has given him a mission to enlighten his neighbours and the world." But did I do this? Most certainly not. Did I seem to do it? Most certainly not. My critic has been at the pains of detaching from my account of Mr. Moody's teaching one single item, and that the least important; and then proceeds to say that that detached item was my "summary." Talk of "tactics," but what tactics are these?

According to my critic "only a fool would utter, and only a fool could fancy that sane men would listen to such nonsense," as the sentence above quoted imputes to Mr. Moody. Good. The proposition is—to vary its form, without in the least varying its sense—that the more ignorant a man is, the greater the probability that God has chosen, or will choose, him as an instrument for enlightening the world. Now, let us listen to Mr. Moody himself in his sermon on "Human Instruments:"—"What we want is to cease from man and get done with men, and look right straight away from man to God. The world is seeking after wisdom; but they don't know God by wisdom. It is not the wisdom of the world. * * * Yon is a mountain, and God wants to thrash that mountain; and there lies a great bar of iron —ten thousand men could not lift it—and, right by its side, a weak little worm. The Almighty passes by that bar of iron, and takes up the little worm to thrash the mountain. * * * He uses base things, contemptible things in the sight of the world. In this chapter (1 Cor. i.) Paul sums up the five things which God does use —foolish things, weak things, base things, despised things, and the things which are not. * * * It is said we are living in an enlightened age; we may be, but to God it is the same; and he takes the contemptible things of the world and uses them." Supposing now, at this point, some one had arisen in Mr. Moody's meeting and said: "I am a very ignorant man; do you think God can use me?" Mr. Moody, if he permitted the interruption, would have replied at once: "Most certainly." "But do you think," let us suppose the man continuing, "that God is *as likely* to use me as he would be if I were learned?" How could Mr. Moody, in such a case, with the words he had just used fresh in his recollection, fail to reply, "He is more likely to use you than if you were learned; for does He not, as I have said, pass by the bar of iron to take up the worm; and is it not His rule of action to choose feeble instruments in the eyes of the world, so that 'no flesh may glory in His sight?'" And is not this precisely the position I assigned to him? To say that one man is *more likely* than another to receive a certain thing does not exclude that other, and I never charged Mr. Moody with teaching that God would in no case use a learned man; for that is *not* his teaching, and I never supposed it was. But it *is* his teaching that, according to God's ordinary rule of action, ignorant and feeble men are preferred as His instruments to learned and strong ones; and that I did charge. Of course, by the same rule, a greater degree of ignorance is preferred to a lesser; Mr. Moody's comparison of the worm with the iron bar that ten thousand men could not lift sets this point in a clear light. So much for the first instance of "misrepresentation?" Who would believe what the second is?

The second is a most ingenious invention of my critic's, who, at this point, begins to inspire an uncomfortable doubt that his working capital is not as great as he gave out. (The doubt will develop as we go along.) I charged Mr. Moody, it would seem, with teaching that the "best preparation" for modern life is "to realize vividly the falling down of the walls of Jericho," and similar marvels. But did I? The question can only be answered with a blank denial. Towards the end of my article in discussing the effects of Mr. Moody's teaching, I remarked that "to realize vividly the falling down of the walls of Jericho, &c., &c., was not the best (*litotes*, for *was not a good*) preparation for living in an age of the world in which, so far as any human eye can see, everything takes place in obedience to natural law." But this was merely my comment on the fact that Mr. Moody tried to make people realize these things; and the sentence implied nothing respecting Mr. Moody beyond that fact. Surely I might say, with reference to this most unjust charge, that "tortuous argumentation is not the best means of promoting the 'respectability' of a magazine," without being held to have charged my critic with formally teaching that tortuous argumentation *is* the best means of attaining that end.

It was caricature, however, for me to speak of the "beasts from the four quarters of the globe coming trooping into the ark." Well, knowing how literally Mr. Moody interprets the Bible, and how he despises scientific objections, I honestly thought this was his view; and I honestly think so still; though the only animals I can speak of positively, as having been assigned a place in the ark by him, are the fly and the elephant (*vide* the sermon on "The Blood"). As to "caricature," seeing that Mr. Moody loves to dwell on the most grotesque features in Old Testament history, such as Samson's exploits with the jaw-bone of an ass, the blowing of the horns round the walls of Jericho, the smashing of the pitchers carried by Gideon's men; and as he loves to make things more grotesque by imagining them repeated in the present day ("the Archbishop of Canterbury and some of your great potentates going right round London blowing rams' horns") it is really hard to understand how the trooping of the beasts from the four quarters of the globe into the ark can be regarded, or how anything of that kind can be regarded, as caricature.

II. *Misrepresentation of Christianity.*—My opponent, in entering upon this division of his subject, wanders away very surprisingly from the rich mine of misunderstanding furnished by my article, to delve in a letter I addressed to the Toronto *Liberal*, in answer to a criticism in that paper. As he does so, however, only to tumble into a misunderstanding which it would take rather longer to correct than the correction would be worth, I pass on to the serious charge made against me, under this head, of not having presented the doctrines of Christianity to which I referred in the terms in which they would have been presented by those who hold them. To this accusation I answer that my object was, if possible, to take the customary wrappings off the doctrines. so that "those who rejoice more or less in the liberalistic philosophy of the day," might be led to ask themselves seriously the question, whether any reconciliation could possibly be effected between the doctrines in their ultimate form and that philosophy. I know it is possible so to disguise Christianity as to bring it into apparent harmony with the most advanced thought; but that was not a task I could undertake; nor is that the task Mr. Moody undertakes; and surely if the latter can lay bare the very skeleton, so to speak, of the system, and earn unbounded praise and gratitude by doing so, it is hard to find oneself accused of inflicting "a sustained insult on all who believe" for doing precisely the same thing, but with a different object. My statement of doctrine was far less effective for the purpose I had in view than a few passages from Mr. Moody's sermon on "The Blood" would have been.

It is doing me complete injustice to say that I applied the name "machinery" to the "ever present, prevailing, tender love of our Father and Saviour." Love we all understand; but what I referred to—the process by which men are to be saved from the effects of a curse pronounced upon them before they were born—is a very different thing. How difficult it is to prevent this appearing in the light of "machinery," is evident from the number of treatises written for the sole purpose of trying to throw into it some meaning that may redeem it from that character. How easily it lends itself to the generation of further machinery, is seen in the Church of Rome. The Rev. Frederick W. Robertson speaks, in one of his letters,* of the doctrine of the atonement as interpreted by Protestantism, as "this Shylock affair with the scales and weights." What if I had ventured on language so picturesque? It is hard to realize the consequences, when my poor insipid word "machinery," provokes such indignation.

My critic next shows what can be done by a little judicious grouping. He asks if it is an example of sober thinking "to speak of the truth taught by Mr. Moody . . . . as 'the most irrational beliefs,' as 'superstition for the masses,' and as a 'teaching that cannot rouse the conscience without insulting the intellect?'" I am sorry to interfere with an artistic effect; but it is only proper to point out that, out of these three phrases, only one, the last, conveys a direct expression of opinion. The first occurs in a conditional sentence, and the second in a paragraph in which I combat a cynical opinion, known to have a certain degree of currency, that "culture is for the favoured few, and superstition for the masses." If the question is as to a writer's sobriety of tone, it makes a difference whether he *once* expresses an emphatic opinion as to the irrationality of certain doctrines that he rejects, or whether he loads his pages with dogmatic assertions to that effect. The former altertive applies to what LAON did; the latter, to what he is accused of doing by an opponent who despises "tactics." Moreover, any one who reads my article with the least attention must perceive that the concluding sentence applies immediately and particularly to Mr. Moody's vivid representations of Old Testament miracles; and I maintain that to retail as sober facts of history the capture of Jericho, as described in the book of Joshua, and the exploits of Sampson with the jaw-bone of an ass, does insult the intellect of the present day, and that the marked avoidance of such themes by the higher minds among the clergy shows that *they know it.*

My critic must know enough of the laws of grammatical analysis, to understand that he cannot take a relative pronoun out of a sentence, and force the antecedent into direct connection with the verb of the relative clause, without materially altering the sense. Yet, this is what he does in quoting me as having said: "It is as clear as noonday, that confusion of thought and logical contradictions, are regarded as perfectly in place in the theological region." It would almost seem as if he wished to furnish me with arms for maintaining my point, that there is "one department of thought from which candour and intellectual honesty are all but totally excluded." Be it remarked, that what is spoken of here is a "department of thought." There is no personal or class reference whatever; the idea present to my mind at the time, being the moral and intellectual weight thrown by the current theology upon all classes. The question then is whether there are sufficient known grounds to justify the expression of such an opinion. To discuss this point in anything like a satisfactory manner, would require a separate essay, and copious citations from the literature of sermons and commentaries.† To do justice to it here is simply impossible; but an observation or two may be made. As to the very considerable prevalence of tortuous, if not positively dishonest, methods of reasoning in theology, the evidence of professed theologians may be called. Thus in the Preface to Webster and Wilkinson's edition of the Greek Testament, we read (page x) the following: "We are convinced that much mischief has been done to the cause of Gospel truth, and truth in general, by the unscrupulous violence, and, perhaps, unconscious dishonesty, which have characterized many of the Conspectuses of the New Testament records, termed Harmonies, both in ancient and modern times. Conceding all the demands of the most crafty,* and, at the same time, most unphilosophical infidelity, with regard to the nature, action, and effects of inspiration, the compilers of these synopses have failed to accomplish their own avowed object, have promoted that of the common adversary, and almost hopelessly embarrassed the great subject on which they are fundamentally mistaken."

---

* "Life and Letters," Am. ed., p. 299.

† To those who care for a rich feast of theological unreason, I would heartily recommend a work entitled, "Alleged Discrepancies of the Bible," published last year at Andover, in the United States. The author, John W. Haley, M. A., himself apparently a man of considerable learning, has laid under contribution, a vast mass of critical and exegetical literature; and certainly has done what in him lies to make the rough places smooth.

Professor Jowett, in his contribution to "Essays and Reviews," says that "educated persons are beginning to ask, not what Scripture can be made to mean but what it does mean." Further on he observes: "Much of the uncertainty which prevails in the interpretation of Scripture arises out of party efforts to wrest its meaning to different sides. . . . In natural science it is felt to be useless to build on assumption; in history we look with suspicion on *a priori* ideas of what ought to have been; in mathematics, when a step is wrong, we pull the house down until we reach the point at which the error is discovered But in theology it is otherwise: there the tendency has been to conceal the unsoundness of the foundation under the fairness and the loftiness of the superstructure. It has been thought safer to allow arguments to stand which, although fallacious, have been on the right side, than to point out their defects; and thus many principles have imperceptibly grown up, which have overridden facts." † This is the language of a man who still holds an honoured place in the Church of England; having outlived and put to shame the brutal abuse (there is no other word for it) that he received, on account of these sentiments, from such adversaries as the Rev. Mr. Burgon and the present Bishop of Lincoln.

How, indeed, could the case be otherwise than as Mr. Jowett has described it, when, according to so conservative an authority as Mr. George J. Romanes, author of "Christian Prayer and General Laws," Christian believers have, in almost every age, been fighting their battles on wrong premises, and resisting the inevitable conclusions of widening knowledge? The writer last mentioned attributes the "intense embitterment which has, from the first and uninterruptedly, characterized the relations between these two great departments of thought" (science and religion) to the fact that science has ever been acting as the "purifier" of religion from various false conceptions of the universe, in spite of a most stubborn opposition on the part of religion to being so "purified." Mr. Romanes, a Burney Prize Essayist, thinks that this "influence of science upon religion must now be considered to have ceased." No doubt it would be very convenient so to consider it; but from a scientific point of view there is very much yet for science to work upon; as the Prize Essay itself may be held to testify. Moreover, it is deserving of mention that the author himself is a convinced Darwinian or evolutionist; and, therefore, unless he is wrong in his science, the evolution philosophy must some day be accepted by the Christian world. But what a hard struggle there will be against this final purification! How many screens will be held up against the light, and what feats of false logic remain to be performed!

The urgency of the demand for false logic will, of course, depend upon the degree in which the individual thinker is embarrassed by his preliminary assumptions. As Messrs. Webster and Wilkinson state, the old fashioned expounders of Scripture floundered most miserably in their attempts to establish impossible harmonies, and to maintain an extreme and irrational theory of inspiration. They themselves hope to escape a similar fate by throwing away, as useless *impedimenta*, much that their predecessors valued. "We have not attempted," they say, "to reconcile all the apparent discrepancies in chronology, matter of fact, and diction which occur in the Evangelic history." But are they yet prepared to speak out in every case the thing that is? I fear not. Try them with such a passage, for example, as the parable of the Unjust Steward; and they will tell you a good many things you don't want to know. They will take some pains to explain (what hardly needs explanation) just how the rascal cheated his master, and curried favour with the dishonest debtors; but they will not tell you the one thing that is to the purpose, will not express the one thought that arises in every unsophisticated mind, viz., that the story is of no ethical value whatever, or rather is of a hurtful tendency, since crime is represented as actually receiving praise. That is the judgment that needs to be pronounced; but *they* will not pronounce it; they have not thrown away enough baggage yet.

---

* Why crafty? "Infidelity" does not trouble tself to assail positions that are not held; and if untenable positions *are* held, why should they not be assailed. Criticism must adapt itself to the beliefs actually found prevailing at any given time.

† "Essays and Reviews," Am. Ed., pp. 375-6.

The position that theology has always assigned to reason was indicated, almost in a word, by Canon Woodgate, at the Church Congress of 1869, held at Liverpool. After maintaining that all doubts on doctrinal points should be dismissed as so many temptations to sin, he added: "No man was ever brought to a state of belief by mere argument. When a man tells you with self-complacency that he does not believe this or that truth, ask him, 'Do you try?' If not, of course, he doesn't, he can't."* That is it; we must *try* to believe. But who knows what the Canon could himself believe, if he only tried? He has mastered Christianity; but would Mohammedanism present insuperable difficulties, or Buddhism, or Mormonism? A juvenile ditty says:

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again."

If the reverend gentleman would only go on trying, there is probably no belief under the sun he might not succeed in acquiring.

It is at this stage of the argument that my critic amiably remarks that the proper way of dealing with people like "LAON" is either to treat them with silent contempt, or to hand them over to the police. For the notice he has deigned to bestow upon me, I am indebted to the fact that he is himself a contributor to this periodical.† It is well to know on what footing we stand.

III. *Misrepresentation of modern culture.*—I am charged with libelling "modern culture," in maintaining that it is antagonistic to doctrinal Christianity. This is a definite issue which I very gladly accept. It would assist my argument if I could state with some fulness what doctrinal Christianity, in its most authoritative creeds and confessions, summons us to believe; but as there is scarcely space at my command for such a purpose; and as, moreover, it may be desirable to keep a controversial article as free as possible from phrases that have strong devotional associations, I trust that the serious reader will endeavour to keep before his mind all that I am thus debarred from expressing. First then, let us glance at the most striking signs of the times. It is now fourteen years since the Bishop of Oxford, in the Preface to "Replies to Essays and Reviews," repudiating the notion that the great development of scepticism in England could be due to a reaction against sacerdotalism, used the following words: "No, this movement of the human mind *has been far too wide-spread, and connects itself with far too general conditions* to be capable of so narrow a solution. Much more true is the explanation which sees in it the first stealing over the sky of the lurid lights which shall be shed profusely around the great Antichrist." Again, "Such a state of the human mind may be traced, with more or less distinctness, during this century everywhere in Christendom. It may be seen speculating in German metaphysics, fluttering in French literature, blaspheming in American spiritualism." Upon this picturesque statement the only remark to be made is that it is not necessary to go to German metaphysics, or to American spiritualism, to find what the Bishop refers to. Thousands who are perfectly innocent either of metaphysics or of spiritualism have plenty of it.

Have matters changed since the above words were written? They have decidedly. The lights to which the Bishop referred, whether lurid or not, whether destined or not to form an aureole for Antichrist, have become more numerous and distinct. There may almost be said to be *a new public opinion.* Nothing now is too bold or too "advanced" to be freely read and canvassed by the educated public. In those days the *Westminster Review* was the one solitary organ of any note in which heterodoxy could find utterance. Now there are two monthly reviews from which no opinions, presented in proper literary garb, are excluded. In addition to these, the monthly magazines publish articles at which the religious world a few years ago would have held up their hands in horror. Witness Mr. Leslie Stephen's contributions to *Fraser*, reprinted under the title of "Essays in Free-thinking and Plain-speaking," and Mr. Matthew Arnold's numerous papers in the *Cornhill.* Contrast the guarded expressions of Mr. Mill, in the "Essay on Liberty," published a couple of years before the "Essays and Reviews," with the unreserved declarations of Mr. Morley in his work on "Compromise." These two treatises, almost equal in length and not very dissimilar in their subject-matter, may serve to measure pretty accurately the distance that has been travelled during the last fifteen years. Of course, the world has seen scepticism before, but the phenomenon that startles it now (if, indeed, it still startles) is the intimate union of scepticism with general literature, and with current philosophy and science. The sceptics of a former age stood out in strong relief against the solid mass of orthodox writers; not so the leading sceptics of to-day, who are distinguished more by their acknowledged literary or scientific eminence, than by the heterodoxy of their opinions. It would be a wretchedly poor account to give of Mr. Arnold, Mr. Lewes, Mr. Morley, Professor Tyndall, Professor Huxley, Mr. Darwin, and Mr. Herbert Spencer, to say that they were sceptics; we think of them first of all as leaders of opinion upon literary, social, philosophical, and scientific questions; that they are sceptics is becoming every day a less and less important fact. Why, an English Duke and K.G. may write a book pointing out the complete incredibility of the Christian theology, and nobody wonders that he should have arrived at such opinions; the only wonder is that, being a Duke, he should have taken the trouble to announce them.

---

* Proceedings of Church Congress, 1869, p. 97.

† There was an article of the Rev. gentleman's in the very number in which the paper on "Messrs. Moody and Sankey and Revivalism" appeared. Yet, strange to say, a friend had to "call his attention to the latter."

If I had not been challenged so formally for proof that the current of modern thought is flowing away from Christianity, I should consider the foregoing remarks sufficient to prove the general correctness of my position: but as Æmilius Scaurus has met Varius with so flat a denial and so haughty a defiance, it may be presumed he will require evidence of no ordinary cogency. Let me quote then from a work the authority of which he will not impugn, Prof. Christlieb's Lectures on "Modern Doubt and Christian Belief." This most orthodox Professor—odd man that he is—after insisting on the importance of recognising "the full extent of the breach between our modern culture and Christianity," proceeds to say, "*That such a breach exists needs surely no proof from me.*" Why, not only does the thing, in the opinion of my courteous critic, need proof, but the man who asserts it is a "libeller." But, of course, that was written with a view to "LAON," assumed to be, as indeed he would not deny being, a very inconsiderable scribbler, and must not be held to be any disparagement of the orthodox giant who fulminates at Bonn. So we may go on and quote the Professor without misgiving:

"Thousands of educated persons now feel themselves compelled, as by an essential requirement of modern intellectual culture, to assume a critical position towards Christianity, so far as it transcends the sphere of merely natural or rational religion, regarding it as an indubitable sign of defective cultivation or narrow-minded partisanship, when any one professes an unreserved adherence to all the articles of the Christian faith. Great masses of so-called 'cultivated' persons in Germany may be said to entertain a deep-seated mistrust of all that is positive in Christian faith." (page 1).

"Even now in England, where, for ages past, faith has struck its strongest roots in the very heart of the common people, and still retains in great measure its hold upon them, doubts and sceptical theories are rapidly spreading." (page 17.) "A look into our town churches shows at once the estrangement of the great majority of our educated classes from the Christian faith. [There is no need of italics; such words italicize themselves.] Modern culture concentrates itself in our larger towns, and it is just there we find our emptiest churches, and, in comparison with our growing population, the fewest of them." (page 27.) "A further glance at our modern literature will exhibit the almost abysmal profundity of the chasm which, in this respect, divides our present culture from our Christianity." (page 30.) Further on he says that things are not as bad in England and America, but that, even in those countries, "the following statements are enough to show that the breach is of lamentable extent." Then follow some statistics with regard to the circulation of "infidel" publications.* "So great and universal," he concludes, "is the chasm which, more or less, in all countries of the civilized world is now dividing the spirit of the age and its most characteristic products from the faith, aspirations, and convictions of the Christian church!" (page 34.)

---

* With a delicacy which free-thinkers cannot too highly appreciate, the Professor places in one category sceptical and immoral publications. It must

Let us draw breath and review the situation. "Laon" is indicted as a libeller of modern culture, and yet he has only said of modern culture in moderate language what a pillar of orthodoxy has asserted in ten-fold stronger language, and far more sweeping terms. "Laon's" error manifestly was in not speaking of the breach as "lamentable." Had he done that all would have been right. It makes a wonderful difference in whose interest the truth is told.

After so much severity, a little charity by way of contrast is very charming; so my critic "charitably supposes" that "Laon" is "very imperfectly acquainted with" the authors,* he undertook to cite as illustrations of a culture opposed to Christianity. I sincerely trust the quality of this charity is not "strained;" but, strained or not, the question is: does "Laon" need it? The reader shall decide.

"Fancy the indignation," it is said "of Walter Scott or of Thackeray, had either been told that the tone and bent of his writings was in fundamental contradiction with Christianity." Yes, fancy it; and then remember that the indignation of either would have been nothing to the purpose, if the fact asserted had been true. People are not always prepared to hear the truth about themselves. I open a volume of the *National Review*, one of the ablest periodicals ever published in England—a kind of precursor of the *Contemporary*—and in an article entitled, "Ethical and Dogmatic Literature," my eye falls on the following sentence: "Thackeray and Trollope are read and enjoyed by thousands, who are perfectly satisfied with the brilliant daguerreotypes of superficial life, alternating with heathen passion, which form the staple of those writers' works." I read a little further in the same article, and I find *Scott*, Shakspeare, Chaucer, and Homer bracketed, as forming another school of "pagan" literature. That the word "pagan" is not here the chance invention of a single writer, but expresses an idea more or less widely entertained, I may illustrate by the following passage culled from a volume which my critic, no doubt, holds in high esteem, the record of the proceedings of the Evangelical Alliance at New York, and from the speech of one of the most eminent men who took part in that conference, Professor Noah L. Porter, of Yale: "The supernatural facts of Christianity are significant and important, because they imply certain truths of the nature of man. and reveal and enforce certain truths of the administration of God. . . . If Christ's death and resurrection have no relations to man's life with God, and in the future world, it is of no special moment whether they are believed or denied. The relations of these facts to man and to God, when received as true, constitute what we call the Christian faith; when they are defined and defended in the forms of science, they constitute Christian theology. To both of these modern literature is more or less unfriendly. So far as it is *Pagan* in its spirit and tastes, it is hostile to the Christian faith. It is Pagan so far as it believes in the development of nature, as opposed to the redemption from sin;* in the free spontaneity of impulse, as against subjection to duty, in the æsthetic perfection of culture, as opposed to the higher beauty of unselfish love." Can any reader at all familiar with the writings of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, fail to apply to them a portion, at least, of this description of what constitutes the pagan element in literature. "Literature," says Prof. Porter again, "is largely anti-Christian." My remark with regard to the great novelists, meant precisely what the President of Yale College has here expressed, neither more nor less. But just as I am debarred from recognising the same facts as Prof. Christlieb; so, apparently, I must not form the same estimates of men as President Porter. If I do, a charitable opponent will tax my ignorance, in order that he may not impugn my veracity.

Matthew Arnold is made over to me; but

---

have been a revelation to the Huxleys and Tyndalls to find that their natural allies were in Holywell Street.

* Carlyle, Tennyson, Arnold, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray.

* Compare with this the words of my article: "The novelists who challenge our admiration and sympathy for natural goodness, and who make us feel that the best qualities any one can possess are heroism, honour, and disinterestedness, and that these are spontaneously developed in certain natures . . ." I called this "heresy;" Prof. Porter's word is Paganism. *La belle choix!*

my "delusion reaches its height" when I mention Tennyson as one of those whose works conflict with Christian theology. My "delusion," let me assure my critic, is shared by very many not incompetent judges who recognise in Tennyson the apostle of a naturalistic religion wholly irreconcilable with the supernaturalism of the common creed. Christianity teaches that human nature is fallen, that in Adam we have all died, and only in Christ can be made alive. Tennyson, in his greatest poem,* has planted himself distinctly on the ground of the evolution philosophy, and sees in human history a gradual "working out" of the inherited animalism (not the inherited sin) of the race. Such a philosophy as this points, not to redemption through faith in a vicarious sacrifice, but to the further progress and elevation of humanity through the unfolding of its natural powers. It is nothing to the purpose to speak of the ennobling effects of Tennyson's poetry or Scott's prose: since it is freely conceded now-a-days (it was not formerly) that the highest natural virtues are frequently found in those who have lost all faith in Christian doctrines.

Who would believe that anyone would try to establish the orthodoxy of Thomas Carlyle? Talk of the indignation of Scott and Thackeray in the case supposed a moment ago: but think of the amusement, not unmixed with a less genial feeling, of "the grand old Chelsea seer," as my critic calls him, on being presented with a demonstration that he is doctrinally sound, not in all details perhaps, but in essentials! It seems there is a saving passage in Mr. Carlyle's History of Frederick the Great, in which the writer expresses "a most orthodox belief in future punishment." But surely these words are very lightly uttered. It is highly questionable, in the first place, whether the passage referred to means anything more than a confident prediction of the final triumph of good over evil; but waiving that point, before a belief in hell can be called most orthodox, it is necessary to know the nature of the hell, and the class of persons for whom it is held to be provided. Does my critic for one moment suppose that the hell of which Carlyle speaks embraces all who have not been "born again" in the theological sense? Does it provide a place for Herr Teufelsdröckh, that irreclaimable specimen of the natural man? If not, then it is simply puerile to talk of Carlyle having a "most orthodox belief" in future punishment. I could cite scores of passages which would completely establish Carlyle's complete alienation from all creeds—one amongst them in which he speaks of "old extinct Satans"—but as that is impossible at this stage, let me just cite the estimate of the "grand old seer" pronounced by the Rev. A. S. Farrar, in his Bampton Lectures, published under the title of "A Critical History of Free Thought:"—"One writer, a Prince in the region of letters, may be adduced, many of whose works imply, directly or indirectly, a mode of viewing the world and society contrary to that which is taught in Christianity. *He is the highest type of the antagonistic position which literature now assumes in reference to the Christian faith*, and which finds some parallel in the contest which occurred in Julian's time, and at the Renaissance."* Must it be "charitably supposed" that the Bampton lecturer did not know what he was writing about?

I almost fear that the patience of my readers has been overtaxed; but I trust they will bear with me a moment longer. Under my hand are two more passages which I cannot forbear quoting, as they proceed from unexceptionable witnesses, and express with a precision that leaves nothing to be desired the present relations of literature to religion. Listen first to Miss Dora Greenwell, the gifted author of the "Patience of Hope:" "We are met," she says, "by little direct opposition to revealed religion; its moral teaching is respected: the sacred person of its Founder is held in reverence; it is as a power that Christianity is denied." Then, in a note, she adds: "The lightest leaf will show which way the wind is setting, and I know not where we are met by a plainer expression of this tacit, and in some degree respectful, denial than in the popular literature of the day. Here we see a systematic ignoring of Christianity, combined with a rather inconsistent exalta tion of the benevolent aspect peculiarly belonging to it."* Now turn to a recent work entitled, "Social Life in Greece," by the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy. A Hebrew prophet, like Ezekiel, he says, if transplanted into our life, would be completely at a loss to follow the reasoning of our modern literature; and, indeed, could not move in modern society. "Aristotle or Menander, on the other hand, would only need to understand the names of our modern discoveries. In all moral and social questions they would at once find their way, and enjoy even our poetry and our fiction. But what is more striking, even the mediæval baron and the mediæval saint would feel vastly more out of place among us than the intelligent Greek. The satire and scepticism of modern society, the decay of fixed belief, the omnipotence of free discussion . . . all these features would be very congenial to the Greek, while they would shock and perplex the Crusader" (p. 2).

---

* In Memoriam, cxvi.

* See, also, for a precisely similar estimate of Carlyle, Mr. George Brimley's Essay on the "Life of Sterling."—Would it be believed that an editorial writer in the *Christian Guardian*, reviewing "LAON," speaks of Carlyle as being "in substantial harmony with Christianity, and giving expression to strong faith in its central truths?"

Here I close. If representations like these do not confirm every word I wrote with regard to the antagonism between "modern culture" and doctrinal Christianity, then I must be hopelessly blind to the force of language. It will be observed that my citations have been wholly drawn from orthodox sources. It would have been easy to produce testimony from a very different class of writers, such as Strauss, Matthew Arnold, Leslie Stephen, and Greg; but, as these might be conceived as having some interest in magnifying a phenomenon to which they had themselves contributed, it seemed best to pass them over and quote exclusively from their antagonists. Of course, as I said in my last article, Messrs. Moody and Sankey *may* be right, and modern culture hopelessly wrong; and, in the same way, the Rev. Mr. Grant may now be right, and the host of authorities I have cited, wrong; but, granting that, the knowledge (of which it might not be "charitable" to suppose the reverend gentleman destitute) that so vast a body of opinion was on my side might have served to check his exuberant disparagement of even an anonymous writer. For any pain my former article may have caused to sincere believers, I can only feel extreme regret; but, in so far as they are sincere, they must desire that the Christianity in which they believe should be clearly distinguished, not only from all opposing forms of thought, but from all forms that have any tendency to drain it (if I may so speak) of its essential virtue, and reduce it to a purely human level. This, too, is my desire. Christianity claims a distinct place and a paramount authority. Let it have that place, so that, when men see it *in its place*, they may be able to decide whether they can submit to its authority. The voice of "LAON," no doubt, sounded harsh in a community where the monotony of a conventional orthodoxy is rarely disturbed by any note of dissent; but the challenge uttered should have been received in a different spirit from what we have seen; as it would certainly have been in the days of simple, unequivocal faith. However, it is for the defenders of orthodoxy to choose their own tactics; and if they put forward a Christianity that makes room for so arch an unbeliever as Carlyle, then, indeed, all controversy ceases; but the Christianity of St. Paul and of his Master becomes a thing of the past.

---

* "Patience of Hope," page 78.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE Reformers of Montreal West have struck a serious blow at partyism, without intending to do it. The retirement of Mr. Frederick Mackenzie obliged the leaders to cast about them for a champion strong enough to pit against Mr. White. The *dii majorum gentium* condescended to advise their followers, and the Premier came down from the Ottawa Olympus on purpose to set matters right. Sir Alexander Galt, erewhile a "corruptionist" of the first water, and still, as he informs us, a Conservative, was angled for with some pretence at skill. The design was a bold one; but in desperate straits men cannot afford to be hesitating or pusillanimous, and if the ex-Finance Minister could have been secured, it might have been justified by that best of all apologies—success. Sir Alexander, however, was too large a fish for the party net. Salmon are not to be taken like sprats or even mackerel; they have an awkward habit of leaping, and thus it happened that while the fishers of men thought they had this fine specimen safely enclosed, he jumped the bounds and was off again in the free, deep azure beyond.

When Mr. Blake re-entered the Cabinet, we ventured to express our approval of the step. It was evident then, and will be more abundantly evident hereafter, that the member for South Bruce can do far more for his country in office than out of it. He was thoroughly agreed with the Premier and his colleagues on all essential points, and brought into the Council chamber, what was much needed there, independence of thought and action. Mr. Mackenzie has vindicated himself from the charge of subserviency to outside dictation; he has a will of his own, and no lack of power in the shape of passive resistance. To the *vis inertiæ*, Mr. Blake contributes an active and aggressive energy which cannot fail to make itself felt. With the Aurora speech fresh in public memory, his appointment was universally approved by all—and their name is legion—who desire to see the interests of the country paramount in its councils. With Sir Alexander Galt, the case is somewhat different. Resembling Mr. Blake in many qualities, mental and moral, he occupies a position entirely unique. It appears to us that justice has never been fully done to his great abilities and sterling integrity; indeed, he has not done them full justice himself. Uniting with talents of a high order an intimate acquaintance with the most difficult and perplexing department of civil polity, he has always been, mainly we admit from the force of circumstances, in a more or less isolated position as a statesman. The fact that he was regarded as the representative of the Eastern townships, although it enabled him to assert his personal freedom from party and sectarian passions, served also to keep him almost alone. It enabled those who detest individuality, as opposed to partisanship, to taunt him with being the leader of a party made up of two or three. Although Sir Alexander has always been eminently practical in his aims, it was and is the fashion to tax him with being "speculative"—a term applied by trading politicians to all who lay plans in the present with a view to the future. He has never had any patience with the temporary patchings of political cobblers, or with that peculiar type of genius which would govern a nation in the same way as it would fly a kite. Those who were present during the sittings of the House in 1858, will remember with what listlessness, not to say impatience, both parties heard the luminous speech in which the hon. member for Sherbrooke unfolded his plan for a Federal Union of the British North American Provinces. The two parties seemed to be equally bored by a scheme which was as impracticable in their eyes as More's *Utopia* or Harrington's *Oceana*. The sturdy adherents of the existing constitution, who, like the *Globe* of to-day, deprecated unsettling legislation, endured the exposition in silence, whilst the political charlatans on the other side produced their nostrums with the *naïve* confidence characteristic of the tribe. In less than a month after, the latter produced an addled egg, which never came to anything—"some joint authority" which nobody could define, surrounded by albuminous nebulosities called "checks and guarantees." Eight years had passed when Sir A. T. Galt was present at the Charlottetown Conference, and assisted in reducing his "speculative" theory into practice. Throughout, his policy has been essentially national, and it would, for the present, be a serious injury to the national cause, if either one party or the other should succeed in drawing him into the toils. The views of Mr. Blake are substantially the same; but he has been an active worker on behalf of the dominant party, and his great abilities will do best service at head-quarters. Thus, with one great champion in the Cabinet, and another occupying, as we hope he will soon occupy, a recognised position as an independent member, national politics—the politics of the future—will be in safe keeping.

When the Montreal Reformers sought the aid of Sir Alexander Galt, they had no lofty end in view—only a paltry triumph for party at the best. If they had elected him as a supporter of the Government, they would have gained a seat and a tormenter at the same time. As a member of no party, he may prove an invaluable friend; as a supporter, he would have approved himself through thick rather than thin, and certainly not when matters came to a tight squeeze. No doubt the financial Cassandra of Lennox would ultimately have made way for him; but even then, no satisfactory result could accrue from the party stand-point. There are some animals which cannot be tamed. On the whole, therefore, it was, perhaps, well for the party, as it certainly was for the country, that the nomination was declined. Since the Aurora speech, Sir Alexander Galt's letter to the Hon. Mr. Ferrier is by far the most important *pronunciamento* from any public man of the first rank. It is the first clear declaration of a preference for country, as distinguished from party, and a resolution to serve the one at the expense, or rather to the neglect, of the other. After declining to serve under Sir John Macdonald, and speaking of the duty felt by some of his party of sustaining Mr. Mackenzie's Government at its inception, the writer continues thus:—"The necessity has now passed away, and the administration must henceforward be judged on its own merits, and not supported from any fear that their resignation would absolutely restore Sir John Macdonald to power." Before stating in detail his own views of public policy, Sir Alexander says, "to my own mind they appear of sufficient weight to overrule all mere party engagements, and I should gladly act with those to whom they may prove acceptable." After stating them, he thus concludes, "I have only to add that the strength of my convictions on these subjects is such that I could not lightly consent to endorse the views either of the present Government or of the Opposition, so far as either are yet known."

In these sentences the true basis of a national policy is securely laid. The particular measures advocated by one statesman or another may be reasonably open to discussion; and discussion, to be profitable, must be free, unbiassed, and exhaustive. Differences of opinion on public questions are not only inevitable but desirable, as proofs of intellectual and moral vitality in the nation; but the aim and end of legislation must be seen from first to last. So long as this is clearly recognised, the fate of individual schemes and propositions may be left to take care of itself. Their utility or inutility will be established, if not by debate, at all events by experience, if only their object—national prosperity and progress—be kept clearly and prominently in view. That it should be necessary to reiterate again and again the truth that party, at its best, is a means and not an end seems strange; but it is necessary, as Sir Alexander Galt clearly admits. So long as parties exist they must, to some extent, consider the public weal or they would cease to exist. Yet let the time come, as it has come in this and other countries, when party interests conflict with, or obscure, national interests, and it is the latter which must go to the wall. Personal power and aggrandizement will more and more engross the thoughts of politicians; the tyranny of organization paralyze the intellect and warp the moral sense; and ultimately all idea of rational deliberation and decision will perish amid a senseless Babel of party jargon. To talk of a national policy and yet uphold the existing party system is to make a mock of words; to toil after national eminence by such devious paths as are trodden now is to forsake the highway and be lost in forest and morass. If you interrogate the party leaders, what information will they give you on the questions which crowd upon the Legislature for solution? How is the policy of the hour conceived except by haphazard, or in the puerile desire of doing things otherwise than opponents proposed to do them? If you ask what course a patriot should pursue, they will answer, Be a Reformer or be a Conservative; and if you seek to know the difference between the parties, they cannot tell you. Like the Christian Father, their admonition is *crede ut intelligas*, believe in order that you may understand, and the more you believe the more ignorant and bewildered you grow. To bid a reasonable man follow one of the prevailing factions is to bid him shut his eyes that he may see, and the plain duty before him is to forsake these blind guides and find some one who will point out a more excellent way. Partyism, as it obtains in Canada, is a fraud upon the intelligence of the people, and a most clumsy and expensive fraud at that. At this very time, when financial depression has caught us by the elbow, and when it ought to be the function of statesmen to take stock rationally; when the growth of our debt, the extent of our probable means, and the whole subject of our national undertakings with its correlated topic, the settlement of our fiscal system on an intelligible basis, should engage the earnest attention of all our public men, we are treated to platitudes about "sound Reform" and "good old Tory" principles. Party warfare has ceased to be an amusement or even an indulgence; it has become a chronic disease, which many people are foolish enough to mistake for an evidence of normal vitality. When party mounts the hustings what sense can be attached to the wildness of its rhetoric? It has given up reasoning and taken entirely to declamation of the yeasty kind—*vi morbi coactus, concidit et spumas agit*. It has no broad and comprehensive plans to propound, no statesmanlike views of national duty to unfold and enforce—nothing but blatant utterance, which is either virulent and vindictive or frothy and inane.

It is because Sir Alexander Galt indicates the true aim of any policy worthy to be called national, that we regard his letter as marking a stage in political progress. It is quite possible to differ with him at every point upon which he touches; but as to the main and vital issue—that between country and party—there ought to be no question, and will be none, except with the blind followers of purblind guides. It is worth while to note, *en passant*, the treatment of this letter by the party press. The *Mail* speaks of the writer with courtesy, as it was in a sense bound to do, but it taxes him with lubricity of memory. Sir Alexander Galt's views on Canadian independence, and not the Pacific scandal, it is urged, formed the real cause of alienation between Sir Alexander and Sir John. It is sufficient to reply that this might have been the case, if these speculative opinions had been recently adopted, or had assumed the form of practical disloyalty to the Crown, and neither of these assertions can be maintained for a moment. Sir Alexander Galt's views on this subject were as well known, and as publicly expressed in 1858, when he became Minister of Finance, as at any later period; and with regard to the second supposition, it may be sufficient to refer to the letter before us, in which it is submitted that protection "would certainly sever the connection with Great Britain," while on the other hand, Free Trade should be modified, so as to adapt it as well to our own circumstances, as to "our political relations with Great Britain." The *Globe* of course, falls back upon its files and republishes the stale abuse of by-gone years. This it always does when it fails to secure an ally; the grapes are always sour to the old fox, when it is quite certain that they are unattainable. If Sir Alexander was so extravagant and wasteful as Finance Minister, why did Mr. Brown take office with him in 1864? If the former had determined to contest Montreal as a Reformer, would the *Globe* have thought it worth while to mention the matter? On the contrary, would it not have pressed his candidature, as against the editor of the *Montreal Gazette*, with all its might? Further, if it could induce this "extravagant" Minister, who is crying out for economy, to enter the Government, and take charge of the Dominion Finances, would it not jump at the chance?

The discussion between Free-trader and Protectionist, as it is usually conducted, appears to us eminently unsatisfactory, if not absolutely futile. It is surely unphilosophical, in the highest degree, to insist upon the universal application of general principles, however theoretically sound, to the infinitely varied conditions of social existence. When men avail themselves of scientific truths in the arts, they do not hesitate to consider modifications in reducing theory to practice; why should they refuse to follow a similar course when they have to deal with the intricate problems of human life? Ought it not rather to be the duty of the economist or the statesman to refrain from dogmatism "when," to quote Mr. Herbert Spencer, "he contemplates the incalculable complexity of the influences under which each individual, and *à fortiori*, each society develops, lives, and decays?" The efforts made, in modern times, to collect and classify the phenomena of man's life on the earth and his relations to it and to his fellows have been abundantly successful; but it has fared otherwise with ambitious attempts to co-ordinate and label these facts under the name of scientific law. The philosophies of history and civilization have been more or less tentative and provisional; where, as in Mr. Buckle's great work, precision and certainty has been claimed, the result has been failure. Whether the new "science" which borrows from Comte its hybrid, but convenient, name of sociology, will be more successful time must show. Political economy has attained the rank of a science, and, therefore, we have no right to despair of intellectual effort in any field, however difficult. Still even here, the successes have been mainly in branches of the subject susceptible of scientific treatment. In their adaptation to widely differing communities, the laws require to be so fitted and twisted that we lose sight of scientific method altogether. When a Free-trader appeals to the "hard science" on behalf of his economical creed, like Sir Alexander Galt we may be with him "theoretically," but when we come to make the concrete application, we are beset with difficulties. On the one hand, for example, we have a country of limited extent, with great wealth, a present supply of coal, and a redundant population; in other words, land dear and scarce, labour cheap, and grain produced in insufficient quantity. On the other side of the ocean, in a portion of the same Empire, the conditions are almost entirely reversed. What then is to be done? Is theory to be a Procrustes' bed to which communities are to be bound and stretched or lopped to regulation measurement? Clearly not, and when it is added further that Canada has at her doors a neighbour who has had the start of her, does it involve any violation of economical sense (we do not say science) to insist that the latter shall "carry weight" in the race? Sir Alexander Galt remarks:—"We cannot and ought not to ignore the interest which our fellow subjects elsewhere have in our revenue policy. But as regards the United States, I frankly declare that they ought to be dealt with in the same purely selfish spirit with which they treat us." With the first clause of this sentence, we entirely concur, since it would be obviously incompatible with the duties we owe the Empire to adopt an avowedly hostile tariff as against England. There is, however, one objection not so much to the substance as to the phrasing of the latter clause. To rest our national policy on a basis of retaliation, rather than upon the reason and necessity of the case appears to be unwise. The word "selfish" is itself misleading. Political economy, with its corollaries on fiscal matters, is essentially selfish. Adam Smith grounded the theses in his celebrated work on pure selfishness; the obverse side of the shield being contained in his *Moral Sentiments*, in which sympathy was posited as the motive power in ethics. All trade systems are selfish; they only differ in the way in which human selfishness is approached. The Chinese policy is the most purely so, ultra-Protectionism comes next, and Free Trade follows in the same class, because it directly appeals to self-interest, and not to cosmopolitan feeling or any sense of brotherhood in human kind. How long, let us ask, would the cotton lords of Manchester, or the iron-masters of South Wales clamour for unfettered intercourse, if by any chance, such as the exhaustion of coal, or excessive rise in wages, foreign nations were enabled to beat them on their own ground? It is not impossible that in the twentieth century the agriculturalists of England may be Free-traders, and her manufacturers Protectionists.

The true policy, to our mind, is that indicated by Sir Alexander Galt—neither that of Free Trade nor that of Protection, pure and simple, but that which the circumstances of the Dominion clearly demand—in other words, a national policy. Canada occupies exactly the position contemplated by Mr. Mill (*Pol. Econ.*, B. V., chap. X.):—"The only case in which, on mere principles of political economy, protecting duties are defensible is when they are imposed temporarily (especially in a young and rising nation), in hopes of naturalizing a foreign industry, in itself perfectly suitable to the circumstances of the country. The superiority of one country over another in a branch of production, often arises only from having begun it sooner." These are the words of a Free-trader, and they describe accurately and indicate distinctly the end to be kept in view, and the best means of attaining it. Canada depends in the main upon customs' duties for the means of paying the interest upon her ever-increasing debt and of reducing its capital. She has all the facilities for extensive and profitable manufactures, with a competing neighbour, whose territory lies conterminous with her own for thousands of miles, and yet we are asked to adopt the same policy as wealthy England, or warned by the example of isolated colonies at the antipodes. The error of economical theorists is akin to that of the politicians who regard the British constitution as suited to all races and all times, and it would be quite as irrational to insist on imposing rigid trade maxims on all countries alike, as to think of establishing responsible government in Ashanti, because it has been found to work well in Canada. The tendency of men in the mass is to fall victims to a shibboleth, and it is a weakness which has wrought incalculable mischief. What is required now is a revenue policy suited to the present circumstances and probable future of the Dominion, and then you may call it "incidental Protection," or "modified Free Trade," as fancy or prejudice suggests. Above all, it should be a settled policy, one so fixed and guaranteed that capital and labour may be enabled to make some forecast of their future. We have been coquetting with Brother Jonathan too long, and it is time that we settled upon some system of our own, instead of dangling, like Mohammed's coffin, between earth and heaven.

The process of decapitation in the election courts goes on apace. Messrs. Neelon, of Lincoln, and Miller, of Muskoka, have been not only unseated but also disqualified. Both cases, however, have been appealed. In the Court of Error and Appeal, judgment has been delivered in the Halton and Peel cases. In the former, Mr. Barber's disqualification was confirmed—a decision which does full justice, and no more, to a notable offender. It is a disagreeable task to expose again the misrepresentations of the chief organ in election matters. In its own report of Chief Justice Richards's judgment, we read: —"He had communicated with Chief Justice Draper, by whom the present case had been tried, and he (Chief Justice Draper) had said that if the respondent and the witness, Maddigan, had made the explicit denials . . . . which it appeared they intended making, he would have found for the respondent." But this denial "*not having been made*, he was obliged to decide against the respondent on the evidence." The Court, under these circumstances, granted a new trial. Now, let us turn to the *Globe's* travesty of the judgment in its leading columns:—"At all events, Mr. Chisholm has the satisfaction of knowing that five eminent judges *have accepted the statements* of himself and his friends in preference to those of the miserable creatures," &c. That is, the judges accepted statements, which were never made, but were "intended" to be made—a kind of acceptance which reminds one of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Attorney-General, who retracted a charge he was *going* to prefer. Comment is unnecessary, still it would satisfy a reasonable curiosity, if we could ascertain what ethical system it is that the *Globe* affects.

The cases under appeal we only notice for the purpose of exposing a misrepresentation and a fallacy. In the Muskoka case, a new point arose. Mr. Miller was accused of employing his supposed influence with the Crown Land Department as an engine of corruption. It was certainly a cheaper method of bribery than putting his hands in his own pockets, but whether it be less illegal to corrupt a constituency by wholesale than by retail, remains to be seen. It may be that there is a difference in kind between promising to secure the payment of an elector's claim by Government, after the claimant has pressed for it in vain, and the purchase of an elector by a ten-dollar bill, but we fail to see it. We all know that government supporters have "casual advantages" (*pace* Dr. Ryerson)—the price, we should call it, of their votes; but this is the first time we have seen them openly discounted in advance. It may, also, be one thing to promise a man employment oneself, and another thing to promise a number of men employment by the State, but the distinction is rather a fine one. At any rate, the point was new, and Mr. Justice Wilson, an exceedingly able, cautious, and painstaking judge, adjourned the case more than once, for consideration, as well as for consultation with his judicial brethren. At length judgment was given, unseating and disqualifying Mr. Miller, but with that evident reluctance every one would feel at being compelled to take so severe a step. Having faithfully performed his duty, the Judge remarked, "I, for one, shall in no way regret if the conclusion I have felt obliged to come to should not be the opinion of the higher Court." Every one can see, without a party commentary, the motive of the Judge; but this is what becomes of it after passing through the *Globe's* crucible—"most persons will share with Mr. Justice Wilson, in *a feeling of gratification*, if this decision is set aside." In other words, the Judge's absence of regret and party jubilation over a trumpery victory, are the same thing; and we are to believe that, for the first time in juridical history, a Judge will so far stultify himself, as to go into ecstacies over a proved error in deliberately and conscientiously formed opinion. The failure of editorial law in the North Victoria case was palpable, all the "eminent Judges" of the Appeal Court repudiating the amateur decision against Mr. Hector Cameron. Yet in the Muskoka case we have a luminous dissertation on the law of evidence, for the special instruction of the Judges, who are not supposed to know anything about it. Mr. Justice Wilson stated, in substance, that if the alleged attempt at bribery had been confined to one case, he might, by giving the respondent the benefit of a doubt, have acquitted him. The person approached might be unworthy of belief, or he may have misapprehended the respondent or the respondent, may have uttered carelessly words which his hearer may have strained beyond their intended meaning. But when other instances are adduced in evidence which, with the first, tend to one conclusion, as the radii of a circle converge upon its centre, the case becomes stronger as the instances are multiplied. No reasonable person will dispute the Judge's position for a moment; but the *Globe* does and exhibits its *penchant* for fallacy and sophism at tedious length. Of course the judicial *dictum* is distorted. The "cumulative principle," says the oracle, is "a novel proceeding, and in a matter involving what are practically penal consequences, will certainly provoke discussion" Then follows a new version of a plain and obvious maxim: "it seems to amount to the proposition that, if a man were tried for half a dozen murders, and by reason of conflicting testimony, or nicely balanced testimony, got the benefit of the doubt in all, he should be sentenced to be hanged, because putting all the doubts (!) together, they must be held to make up one proof." If this is the way the "unlearned mind" approaches questions of this kind, all that need be said is that it had better leave them alone. Nobody is obliged to expose his ignorance on any subject, and it is certainly better to hold one's tongue than to talk nonsense. A writer who talks of adding doubts together, to make a proof is capable of any vagary. Confining our attention to the case before us, it is sufficient to remark that there were not six charges or even two charges, but only one, that of corruption during a particular election. There was one offence, one indictment, one judgment, one sentence; moreover there was no "conflicting testimony," and no "nicely balanced testimony," for the facts relied on in the judgment were undisputed. The doubt lay here: had there been but one alleged instance of attempted corruption, to set against a canvas, otherwise pure and legal, the Judge might in charity have resolved it into a mistake. There are many ways of explaining away one ugly fact, but when it is reinforced by additional facts, all inculpatory, the case is different. One witness may have been convinced that a candidate desired to approach him corruptly and have been mistaken; but it is hardly possible that a number of witnesses could have fallen into the same error. To bring the matter more clearly before "the unlearned mind:" suppose that any one were to accuse the *Globe* of systematic misrepresentation, and to ground the charge on a dishonest use of quotation marks, a distortion of fact or a false statement of an opponent's position, it is clear that if the accuser relied upon an isolated case, some explanation might readily be found in typographical error, lapse of memory, or misunderstanding; if, however, the same thing had occurred a hundred times, there could be no room for doubt. Or if again a single reply from an opponent, which any fair man would publish as an act of justice, were excluded, it might be urged that it was crowded out, lost or mislaid; but when the same course has been pursued for years, we cease to devise excuses, and attribute it to its true cause—a settled system of injustice, reinforced by arrant cowardice. Most people are aware that "the cumulative principle," as applied to our contemporary, has long since afforded a correct clue to its character.

The rumours to which the *Mail* gave publicity for several days have been substantially confirmed. The Supreme Court appointments are definitively made, and the vacancies in the ranks of the Provincial Judges filled up. It appears to us that, as far as they are announced, these appointments will command universal approval. So far as Ontario is concerned, at any rate, they are unexceptionable. We do not think it would be possible to select a lawyer, either from the bench or the bar, who combines so many of the qualities desirable in a President of the Court, or whose elevation to that position will be greeted with so hearty a satisfaction, as Chief Justice Richards. As a representative of Equity Mr. Strong is not so well known to the lay community, but in the eyes of the profession he stands (possibly with the exception of Mr. Edward Blake) *facile princeps*. The name of Mr. Moss is mentioned by the *Globe* as the probable successor of Mr. Justice Strong in the Court of Appeal. If this probability becomes a certainty, we should be better able to congratulate the new judge if we could do so with unalloyed satisfaction. That he would prove an ornament to the bench there can be no question; yet his appointment would still be a matter of regret. The hon. member for West Toronto has been only a short time in Parliament, but he has given evidence of marked ability and aptitude for public life. Taking a manly and independent course on behalf of enlarged and patriotic views, it would be a misfortune if his political career were cut short by elevation to the bench. The way up is always open to a professional man of eminence, but it is not often that one in the prime of life has, to all appearance, so promising a public career before him. It would be much better to place Mr. Moss beside Mr. Blake in the Government, and, therefore, we hope the impression conveyed by the *Globe* is correct—that this appointment is still *in dubio*. Of the Supreme Court Judges from the other Provinces we are less competent to speak except at second-hand, but they are all men of recognised standing and ability, and will no doubt be acceptable to the profession and the public more immediately interested in their elevation. The other changes have not yet been authoritatively announced, so that it may be premature to express an opinion upon what may turn out to be mere speculation.

The Attorney-General has determined to establish a Ministry of Education, and named Mr. Crooks as the first occupant of the new office. The Chief Superintendent has for some years been urging the Government to take this step, and his importunities have at length been rewarded. There is much to be said for and against the measure, but, on the whole, Mr. Mowat seems to have acted wisely; at any rate it is too late now to discuss the matter. The appointment of Mr. Crooks we should consider a good one, if we thought he had backbone enough to hold his own with such a practised wrestler as Dr. Ryerson. If he consents to go down gracefully and acknowledge the chief to be a "a present deity," all will be well; but should he prove restive and recalcitrant, his life will be a burden to him. Power and responsibility would be so hopelessly involved in conflict that the present state of affairs in the Council of Public Instruction would be halcyon in comparison. Indeed, we know of nothing comparable to it, sacred or profane, unless it be the scene in Virgil:—

> "At, Phœbi nondum patiens, immanis in antro
> Bacchatur vates, magnum si pectore possit
> Excussisse deum."

Whether *antro* would represent the Normal School or the Government Buildings, or which would be the Sibyl and which Apollo, it is perhaps impossible to say. Mr. Crooks ought by all means to insist upon a clean sweep in the Department. No good can result from putting the new wine into old bottles, unless it be a good to have it spilt over the columns of all the newspapers in the country. If we are to have a Minister of Education, we do not want a Chief Superintendent, but a permanent Deputy Minister, tolerably amenable to reason and control. Dr. Ryerson has repeatedly expressed a wish to retire, and if he is still of the same mind, he should be dealt with liberally, as liberally indeed as is consistent with a due regard to the length of the Provincial purse. He deserves this at the hands of the Government in consideration of forty years' honest, earnest and untiring exertion in the cause of education. The country will certainly not grudge an exceptional retiring allowance under circumstances which cannot occur again. If an arrangement satisfactory to Dr. Ryerson be possible, it is important to have it concluded at once. The Department could then be placed on a footing with the other departments, the prospect of divided councils would be dissipated, and an aged public servant, who, with many faults, still deserves well of his country, would gain an honourable respite from labour at a season when it is at once meet and welcome.

In addition to the direct advantages we derive, or are supposed to derive, from the election law, there are indirect consequences which may or may not be an advantage—the frequency of bye-elections. There were several of these last month, but, as we anticipated, they have not materially altered the position of parties in the Assembly. Mr. Crooks found rest for his weary feet in South Oxford—a county which seems particularly fond of leading men, since it had returned Sir Francis Hincks, Mr. Brown, and Mr. McDougall, before it saw Mr. Mowat or Mr. Crooks. It would now appear to have abandoned tuft-hunting, and transformed itself into a refuge for the destitute. After the election, Mr. Crooks was received by his friends, who proposed to conduct him to his residence amid the flare of torches and the beating of drums. This appears to have incensed the members of the noisy brigade, whose delight it is to make every other night hideous with the wheezy fife and the badly-strung drum. A few nights before, Mayor Medcalf received a similar welcome without molestation. Probably the *soi-distant* followers of a monarch, who resolved to maintain "the liberties of England," thought the Crooks demonstration an outrage upon the Orange order and the Mayor, his civic robes and dignity; at any rate their ideas of liberty appear to be somewhat peculiar in their nature. They attacked the procession, broke windows and torches, and acted generally as brave defenders of the Protestant faith are expected to act. Few people would think of calling either the Mayor or Mr. Crooks a "conquering hero,' but if the friends of either of them desire us to "see" him in that light, and to tell us that he "comes" by cornet, ophicleide, sackbut or psaltery, we see no reason why any one should interfere. Rowdyism of this kind would never be thought of, if we were not pestered by organized gangs of lawless men and boys. In East Kent, South Essex, and East Peterborough, the position of parties was unchanged. In North Victoria, Mr. McRae, who was defeated by a majority of four, has gained the seat as an oppositionist by about sixty. In East Peterborough, the contest was a triangular one. Dr. O'Sullivan (Opposition), who is a Roman Catholic, was unseated on petition. His name has been freely used by the press of his party as a proof of their religious tolerance. Not to be outdone, the Reformers brought into the field Mr. Hogan, a co-religionist, and committed a blunder in doing so. The fate of Ald. LaRocque, in Russell, might have warned them that by securing one wing of their party they were tolerably certain to lose the other. John Knox and the Pope do not run well in harness together, a fact which Mr. Sargent knew and determined to profit by. Announcing himself as as Independent, his hope was to secure the seat on religious, rather than political grounds—in short to distance his opponents and gain the winning-post on the back of the great Protestant horse. The result was the election of Dr. O'Sullivan by a plurality of votes, —the actual majority of votes cast being divided between Hogan and Sargent. It does not follow, however, that the election would have terminated differently, if the member elect had had but one opponent. If Mr. Hogan had stood alone, a large number of the ultra-Protestants would have stayed at home; and had Mr. Sargent been the Government candidate, an equally large number of the Roman Catholics would have supported Dr. O'Sullivan. As the contest was actually conducted, there were two Reform stools, and between them the party came to the ground.

The Dominion seems to be afflicted just now with an epidemic of crime. Crimes of violence and fraud have been committed with alarming frequency of late. It would not be proper, on this occasion, to enter upon the subject at length. The public mind is sufficiently excited upon the subject already, and it would be unwise, as well as unjust to the prisoners awaiting trial, to pour oil upon the fire. Whether any particular person is guilty or not, is a question to be determined by a jury, and it is above all things desirable that jurors should approach each case on its own merits, with minds as unprejudiced as may be. There are three points, however, to which we may allude, because the prevalence of crime is a fact which cannot be ignored. In the first place, the agencies employed for the apprehension of criminals are notoriously inadequate. Of course, it is always open to the party press to assail those who are responsible for the police service, when they are supposed to be political opponents. It is always done in Toronto, and elsewhere also we doubt not. In this city we have as large, as well-conducted and thoroughly trained a force as can be had for the money. Yet, in the outskirts of the city, which are extending with great rapidity, whole streets are unpatroled—abandoned, in short, to burglars and ruffians generally. As the Duke of Cambridge said of the army, we may say of the police, if you want adequate protection, you must be willing to pay for it. Our detective force requires to be placed on a better footing; telegraphic communication should be maintained between the police-stations and the railway stations, and all the outlets from the cities. The suggestion by the *Mail* of a mounted police should be seriously considered, and as a temporary substitute for it, the serjeants should have horses at their command, and a force specially detailed for suburban duty at a moment's warning. The second point is, the propriety of over-hauling our criminal code, and revising our systems of punishments, so that the law may operate more powerfully as a deterrent than it does at present. Lastly, is it not time to consider whether the Extradition Treaty with the United States might not be extended so as to include a larger number of extraditable offences, such for instance, as breaches of trust, which are becoming alarmingly frequent? The facility with which the defaulter escapes is a direct temptation to crime. This is evident from the fact that one successful defalcation is a signal for the commission of half-a-dozen more. Slavery no longer exists to complicate the problem, and there ought to be no difficulty in inducing the Washington Government to agree to a comprehensive agreement on the subject. A good extradition treaty would do more to lessen crime than a whole army of police under present circumstances. The criminal who escapes from either country should be made to feel that to cross the lines is merely to go in bond, like goods *in transitu*, and that he is destined to pass again within the jurisdiction from which he has escaped.

The new phase upon which the Guibord case has entered seems to have aroused the liveliest attention in the United States as well as in Canada. The first attempt to bury the body, the disingenuous utterances of the Bishop, and the vigilant lawlessness of the ignorant and drunken defenders of Catholicism, we pass over as too generally known to need repetition. It is quite certain that Mgr. Bourget or Père Rousselot, by uplifting the finger, might have saved Montreal, and through it, the Dominion, from the disgraceful stigma which has been fastened upon them. The Bishop refused to remonstrate with the rioters; nay he has actually had the boldness to offer a qualified apology for them. The decision of the highest Court in the Empire has been defied by a miserable rabble, and the highest dignitary of the Church stands by and admonishes the mob in some such words as these: "My dear children, it is naughty to do that, but I cannot find it in my heart to blame you." It may be presumed that this is a salient example of what the Church calls the policy of "passive resistance."

It ought to be obvious to reasonable Roman Catholics by this time, that the hierarchy has not a logical leg to stand upon. There was not a pretence—for argument is out of the question where both law and facts are on one side—which was not torn to shreds in the judgment of the Judicial Committee. The Court did not even occupy its strongest ground—the actual *status* of the Church in Quebec. Had the Roman Catholic faith enjoyed simple equality with other voluntary religious bodies as it does in Ontario, the decision must have been the same. It is easy to suppose cases, which might arise in the Courts here, in which the civil rights of Protestants might depend on an interpretation of their ecclesiastical law. Archbishop Lynch, who is always a courteous disputant, evidently feels that the position of Mgr.

Bourget is untenable, since, although he has written a great deal on the subject, he systematically evades the real points in controversy. In one place he asks how Protestants would act if a Roman Catholic priest refused to bury a Fenian. All that need be said in reply is, that if the Fenian were legally entitled to interment, the law would insist on its being done. At the same time, it will be soon enough to discuss the question when it arises, which will not be yet awhile. A Church which must have given Christian burial to hundreds of Fenians since the organization of the order, is not likely to raise any difficulty about interring another. The Archbishop desires to know also, what is the duty of a Christian, in the event of the State passing or enforcing an unjust law. The question requires no answer *pro hac vice*, because it is irrelevant. The law administered in the Guibord case may be unjust or not; but it is of the Church's own choosing. As M. Doutre points out, the *Manuel des Curés*, sanctioned by Mgr. Bourget, distinctly affirms "No one can doubt that the common ecclesiastical law, which obtained in France before the cession of Canada to England, is the ecclesiastical law of Canada;" indeed the Quebec Courts have so decided in many cases. Archbishop Lynch is therefore estopped from pleading the injustice of the law, and he cannot possibly affirm that it has been wrongly interpreted. In France, the law was administered by the *Parlements*, excommunications were absolutely reversed by them, and priests thrown into prison and kept there while they proved recalcitrant. As a matter of indisputable fact, the Church in Quebec enjoys an amount of power and liberty now it never thought of asserting under the Bourbons. If a French Governor, or Intendant of the Louis XIV. type, were now ruling Quebec, the prelates would have found themselves interned in the Citadel, if they dared to interfere in politics, as they now do with impunity.

M. Doutre, in a letter to the *Globe*, summarizes the facts of the case, and applies the law with admirable clearness and conclusiveness. The cemetery is not the property of bishop or *curé*, but of the *curé* and laity together, forming a corporation. By the Imperial Act of 1774, the Church is empowered to exact the payment of *dimes* or tithes, and also such further rates as may be necessary to build and repair edifices, by process of law—a privilege enjoyed by no other Church in Canada. Having thus conferred a right, the State exacts a duty—the duty of applying the moneys raised and the property acquired for the benefit of the tithe-payers. If the Bishop takes it into his head to deprive a parishioner of his rights *proprio motu*, and in disregard of his own ecclesiastical law, the State has the right to interfere, and will do so. Joseph Guibord was a devout Roman Catholic printer, who had performed great services to his Church; but he was also possessed of literary tastes, and this led him to join the *Institut Canadien*. A time came when Mgr. Bourget fell out with this association, and complained of some of the books in the library. The catalogue was sent to him with a request that the objectionable books might be marked. This was not done, so little did the Bishop trouble himself about the matter; but instead of taking the course prudence and charity indicated, he threatened the *Institut* with excommunication *en masse*. An appeal was made to Rome, and in the meantime Guibord died suddenly, one of the last causes of anxiety to him being to learn how the Papal See had decided the question. Now, if there be any well-established principle in law, it is this, that *lite pendente*, while a cause is yet under adjudication, the appellant stands free from any penalty; yet, so uncharitable was the Bishop that he refused Guibord his rights as a Roman Catholic in good standing, and then bolstered up a bad case by an *ex post morte* decision from Rome. There is little doubt that if Guibord had lived, he would have bowed to that decision, unjust though it would have been. The Roman doctors, of course, settled the point on Ultramontane principles, instead of consulting what Mgr. Bourget himself has declared to be "the ecclesiastical law of Canada." By that law Guibord remained a member of the Church, and was entitled to Christian burial. Not having been mentioned by name, the major excommunication never attached to him, and by the law, civil and ecclesiastical, his *status* was unaffected by the bolt levelled at the *Institut*. The positions of M. Doutre are in fact irrefragable from every point of view, and Archbishop Lynch must know it, or he would have replied to the learned counsel's letter. We observe that the Quebec Courts have awakened to the fact that parishioners have some rights which a *curé* is bound to respect; for they have ordered a priest to baptize a child, nothwithstanding the orders of his superiors. One thing is certain, the judgment must be enforced, and the supremacy of the law vincacated at all hazards. The Bishop may curse the few square feet of earth, if he can derive any comfort from that harmless amusement. It may please him, and will do no harm to poor Joseph Guibord.

On the afternoon of Sunday the 26th ult., the supremacy of the law was challenged from another quarter. This being the year of the Papal Jubilee, the Roman Catholics of Toronto and elsewhere have been making what are called pilgrimages from one church to another, so as to secure the promised indulgence. They have conducted themselves with exemplary propriety, interfering with no one, and going about their spiritual business as unostentatiously as the requirements of the case admitted. All this they had a right to do under the law of the land, and therefore were entitled to protection by all the force at the command of the authorities. Whether the processions are wise or unwise, profitable or futile, is beside the question: the devout, at any rate, thought it right to obey their supreme pastor, and as they did so without interfering with the rights or disturbing the peace of their fellow-subjects, no one had the shadow of a pretext for molesting them. A mob of roughs, who have taken Protestantism under their especial patronage, thought otherwise. They are not very religious or very courageous. The bulk of them manage to walk in procession to church once a year—otherwise their devotion is scarcely perceptible, unless it obtrudes itself upon public notice in lawless assaults upon the rights and liberties of their neighbours. They have in fact reduced riot and lawlessness to a system, and it remains to be proved whether they or the law they outrage be the stronger. During the past few weeks no less than three wanton breaches of the peace have been committed by these fellows. The assault upon a returning excursion party was followed by the outrageous attack on Mr. Crooks' procession, and now on Sunday in broad daylight the same gang pelt with stones Roman Catholics and police, and fire pistols in the public streets in utter defiance of law and order. Of course we hear the usual excuses in the shape of cock-and-bull stories of an old woman insulting the guardians of our religion from a window, and of somebody else doing something similar at the entrance to St. Michael's. They only serve to show that the rowdies knew they were breaking the law and desire now to put the best face upon it they can. The riot was in fact planned on Saturday, and freely spoken of as an event likely to relieve the monotony of the Sunday. It is not our intention to waste indignation upon these persistent defiers of law and authority. It is surely quite as much as ordinary patience can bear to be pestered and annoyed by the execrable music with which they make day and night hideous from year's end to year's end. That nuisance may perhaps be endured, but when the quiet of our day of rest is disturbed by a set of scamps who care nothing for law or religion, it is time to call for stringent measures. The burden of guilt, when a breach of the peace is committed, rests with the rioters, not with those who are strictly within the broad tolerance of the law. Mr. Johnston McCormack and his friends may not think so, but their Protestantism has too much of Popery in it for our taste. We claim for Roman Catholics what we assert for ourselves, an absolute freedom of worship, and complete protection in everything not explicitly forbidden. What Roman Catholics would do or actually do in like circumstances is apart from the question; Protestants affect to walk with a higher light and a more generous temper, and they can best show their superiority by being faithful to the maxims of the Great Master. It has been said that many Roman Catholics are better than their creed, as many Protestants are worse than theirs; it rests with the authorities of Toronto to show that here, at any rate, in a preponderatingly Protestant community, we have no respect of persons in the application of liberal principles. The cry amongst the abettors of riot is—stop the processions, "because they may cause a breach of the peace:" a tolerant man—a Protestant indeed—would say punish violence and the peace will take care of itself. Toronto has suffered too long from this lawless rule, and it is time that something were done to end it at once and forever. Every concession is a triumph to organized rowdyism; and every triumph is a vantage-ground for fresh outrage. The only effectual method of dealing with the evil is, to use an Americanism, to "stamp it out," by rigorous measures of repression at the time and severe penalties afterwards.

We cannot afford to live under mob law; much less can we reproach the Guibord rioters, whilst law and order are, under peculiarly aggravating circumstances, boldly trampled under foot in the City of Toronto.

Outside the Dominion there has been a dearth of news this month. In the United States, the conventions have been busy in laying platforms and nominating candidates. As we remarked on a former occasion, the Democratic party is divided into sections, which may possibly re-unite next year, if their lust of office should prove strong enough in its cohesive power. For the present, the currency question has caused bitter disunion. In Pennsylvania and Ohio, the Inflationists have it all their own way; in New York, Massachusetts, and the Eastern States generally, the "platforms" of the party pronounce strongly in favour of "hard money." Governor Tilden of New York, a candidate *sub rosâ* for the Presidency, and Governor Gaston, of Massachusetts, are strongly and irrecoverably committed to the specie basis. It is difficult to see how they can possibly recant, should inflation carry the day this month in Ohio. If the Republicans of that State, stirred by the appeals of Carl Schurz and Senator Sherman, succeed in beating Governor Allen and General Cary, the West must succumb. Still it would seem from the noncommittal resolutions of Republican conventions in that region, as if the cry for "more money," by which is meant more assignats representing nothing, were too strong to be met boldly. The elections in Ohio, and later in Pennsylvania, may have an almost revolutionary effect on American parties. The question of a third nomination for Grant may be said to depend upon the result in these two States, and should inflation prevail, there seems nothing for it but a thorough disintegration of parties. General Grant is making a strong bid for support by an apparent change of front in Southern matters. The reply of the Attorney-General to Governor Ames' requisition for troops, seems to point in this direction. There may be, and no doubt are, other reasons for a refusal in this case; but the refusal is so phrased as to wear the appearance of a determined renunciation of interference in State affairs. Of course it may be all in seeming, or else the President has been compelled to consult expediency, rather than preference, as he has also done in parting with Secretary Delano. The remnants of the coalition of 1872 which supported Greeley have re-assembled, but they have no hold upon the pepple. The experiment tried at the last election was too disastrous to be repeated, and so the Liberals, as they call themselves, like the conies, are "a feeble folk," without any prospect of making strength out of their weakness. In another month or so a better forecast of the Presidential campaign will be possible: for the present all is chaos in American party politics.

The heads of the Imperial Government are still making holiday. The only official utterances since the prorogation are contained in the speeches of Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, the Secretary of the Board of Trade, and very injudicious speeches they were. It was most impolitic certainly, if nothing more, in a gentleman who has a good deal to do with merchant shipping under the temporary Act, to attack Mr. Plimsoll so virulently, and picture the hard treatment of ship-owners in such pathetic language. It is, to say the least, not reassuring to Englishmen, who fancied that Mr. Plimsoll's "romantic episode" had effected its object. Mr. Roebuck, that extraordinary Tory Radical, has also been delivering himself, at Sheffield, of characteristic platitudes of no great moment, except to Mr. Roebuck. Mr. Bright addressed a popular audience also, and his remarks are always deserving of respect and attention. It appears that he has been excogitating a policy for the Liberal party, which stands sorely in need of one. Having dipped his hand into the lucky bag, or perhaps more scripturally, cast lots, he has brought up the extension of the borough franchise to the counties, as a "plank" on which the demoralized forces may stand united. For Mr. Bright there is a singular want of earnestness and decision manifested in this speech. It is as if had said, "Here are a number of topics on which we may raise a popular cry, which would be the best? For myself, I have not much faith in any of them, but as we must have something to go to the country upon, let us toss up for it." Disestablishment of the Church was long since flung on one side as a bad card, and he evidently feels no interest in any of the other issues. Dr. Kenealy's success seems to have disgusted him with popular suffrage, and we are inclined to think that "the residuum" extended farther up the scale than he used to acknowledge. How the additions of many thousands of ignorant agricultural labourers to the electorate is to help matters, he does not explain; perhaps he hopes to bleach mud by the addition of mire.

There has, perhaps been enough said of the collision between the *Alberta* and the *Mistletoe*. Dr. Kenealy's friends have espied a new count in the indictment against royalty, as they would have done even if Prince Leiningen and his officers had kept a good lookout, which unfortunately they did not. The second jury has acquitted them of blame, perhaps more from a natural reaction of loyal feeling than otherwise. It is impossble to acquit the officers of either yacht, but a lesson may be conveyed by the untoward disaster to the minds both of the careless and the curious. The sinking of the *Vanguard* by the ram of the *Iron Duke*, is a disaster which will cost England half a million sterling. Here nobody was to blame apparently, but the fog; and singularly enough there is no mention of fog-signals being employed. The English papers are comforting the people with the assurance that the collision is a blessing in disguise, since it has proved that no ship can be constructed which a ram cannot destroy—a species of consolation which reminds one of Charles Lamb's Chinaman burning his house to roast a pig.

The political barometer of France has been gradually shifting about, from set-fair to changeable, and it is now very near to stormy. To begin with, the Reds are troublesome. Mr. Naquet, who seems to have assumed the mantle which is beginning to drop from Louis Blanc's shoulders, has denounced the Wallon Constitution. Of that M. Gambetta could afford to take no notice, and therefore took none; but worse remains behind. The plot for staving off the dissolution is beginning to take shape, and it is not a pleasant shape. *Le Courrier de France* and *Le Temps* have announced that the Government has determined to insist upon the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, and to abolish the *scrutin de liste*. Should M. Buffet persist in his resolution, a breach in the constitutional party would be inevitable. Even if M. Gambetta were willing to give in, this question could be of little service to the Government, for his influence and prestige would be gone. It is quite certain, however, that he will resist the plan to the uttermost, for he has repeatedly declared that he would sooner have no dissolution for a year, than give up the *scrutin de liste*. The reason is obvious. If the Government plan of voting for only one candidate be adopted, monetary and official influence will have full swing at the polls. The prefect, the banker, the Legitimist or Orleanist baron, would have it all their own way in the narrow constituency. Whereas, if every elector casts votes for all the representatives of a Department, the Republican feeling would make itself felt throughout. There would be no room for local influence. The difference between the two systems may be roughly put in this way. In the States, say in Massachusetts for example, each elector casts his vote for one representative in his own congressional district, that is the *scrutin d'arrondissement*: if the Constitution permitted him to cast his ballot for the entire congressional delegation of the State, he would enjoy the *scrutin de liste*. Now as M. Thiers remarked the other day at Geneva, the former plan is preferable, in a normal condition of things, because it brings the member in closer contact with his constituents. The present state of affairs, however, is not normal; the Republic has enemies on every side, and therefore local representation would inevitably injure the chances of its permanent establishment. For the present, therefore, he insists upon the *scrutin de liste*.

The movement amongst the Bonapartists may possibly cause some patching up of the compact between the Centres and the Left; but at present there seems every chance of a definitive break-up in the united party. Admiral de la Roncière, a pronounced Bonapartist, in command of the Mediterranean fleet, has created a sensation by a letter to a friend. In this remarkable epistle, that officer asserts the right of private judgment in the matter of allegiance in a way hardly compatible with his position in the navy. It is something novel to read from the pen of an Admiral in active service that he will "be the devoted servant of the Government of Marshal McMahon so long as he shall not be forced outside of the Conservative paths in which to-day he is concentrating his most ardent efforts"—in other words, so long as the writer pleases, and no longer. Of course the President had no course open to him but to supersede the outspoken

Admiral. The Bonapartists mustered strong at Arenberg. The principal business of the meeting was an announcement that the Empress had formally resigned the Regency, and that henceforth the Prince Imperial would assume the duties of his hereditary position, under the guidance of M. Rouher. The agitation for a *plébiscite* is to be kept up, and political warfare upon the Republic levied upon a grand scale. The Imperialists have no great hold upon the electorate just now, but it would be difficult to say what may happen in another half-year. If the schism in the Republican ranks should prove irreparable, the great mass of the people, despairing of a settled Government under the existing constitution, are exceedingly likely to throw themselves at the feet of Napoleon IV. Let them once be convinced that the Republic is unworkable and they will not hesitate to repeat the votes of 1848, 1852, and 1870.

King Alfonso appears to have made his throne tolerably secure. The cause of Don Carlos, making every allowance for studied falsehood and exaggeration, is obviously hopeless. Even his committees abroad are said to be imploring him to abandon the war. Catalonia is entirely in the hands of the Alfonsists, and only one stronghold remains to him anywhere—the town of Estella. The fall of Seo d'Urgel not only lost him his last hold upon Catalonia, but also the services of Lizzaraga, his best general. Officers and men are falling away from him every day, and the end cannot be far off. At Madrid constitution-mongering is the order of the day, and a new Ministry, mainly of the Liberal type, now advises the King. The Church has been making a desperate effort to prevent religious toleration; but the Government seems to be firm in its resolve to maintain freedom of worship. Rome must yield; indeed it is already doing so in its usually shabby way by sacrificing the Nuncio, really its mouthpiece, on the pretence that he has exceeded his instructions in the demands he made upon Ministers. Cardinal Leineove has been superseded by Mgr. Rapella, who is said to be a Liberal, and the honour and dignity of the Papal See will thus be saved.

The war in the Herzegovina goes on in a desultory way. If we may trust the Servian telegrams the tide has turned in favour of the insurgents. Whether this be so or not, it is certain that unless Turkey displays greater activity, or the Powers interfere in some more effective way than the Consular mission, Prince Milano, of Servia, will be powerless to keep his people from making common cause with the insurgents. The Porte declines to make any promises of reform until the rebellion is crushed—a very foolish piece of obstinacy, since the Turks never keep their promises at any rate. The insurgent demands are few and reasonable—That the tribute payable to Turkey shall be levied in a different way; that the evidence of Christians shall be taken in the courts; and that the police force should be recruited from among the inhabitants. These reforms are certainly not extravagant, and with the story of Turkish outrage lately unfolded to the British public by ex-consul Farley before us, the suggestion of them seems a great proof of moderation. Earl Russell's plea for the unfortunate people, and his contribution of fifty pounds, have been made the occasions for jeering by the *Saturday Review*, which just now enjoys the bad distinction of being the only reputable defender of Moslem barbarity. It even descends to petty misrepresentation of the veteran Whig's subscription, which was given, not, as the cynic falsely alleges, to aid the insurrectionists in the field, but to alleviate the terrible sufferings of the poor fugitives; including thousands of women and children who are ruined, homeless, and on the verge of starvation. The accounts which are given of the present state of the ill-fated country are heart-rending in the extreme; still the people do not appear to have lost heart or hope, and have resolved either to be exterminated or to lay down their arms with something more substantial to rely on than the Punic faith of the Porte.

BOOK REVIEWS.

VIEWS AND INTERVIEWS ON JOURNALISM. Edited by Charles F. Wingate. New York: T. B. Patterson. 1875.

This is a very provoking book in many respects. It contains a good deal of interesting information respecting American journalism, but this is spread over so large a space, that when the reader has waded through its three hundred and sixty pages, the first reflection which will occur to him almost inevitably will be that his time has been spent upon a labour which makes him no adequate return. Interviewing is itself an excrescence in modern journalism; it is annoying to those who are its subjects, and eminently unsatisfactory to the public. When, however, a large volume, like the one before us, is made up of "interviews," the task of its perusal is one that few would undergo, except in the execution of their duty. If Mr. Wingate had given us some account of the newspaper people and a condensed statement of their views on the present needs and future prospects of journalism in America, he might have produced a readable volume within reasonable compass. As it is we have the opinions of no less than twenty-seven writers spun out in a merciless fashion, helter-skelter, without system and without any attempt to frame a general *consensus*, or even to classify the conflicting views and strike a balance between them. That the opinions of editors such as Whitelaw Reid, Dana, Halstead, Marble, Curtis, and others, are worth knowing will be readily admitted; but there is no justification for presenting them in so chaotic a form as to leave no settled impression on the mind. The same may be said also of the reiteration again and again with a little variation in phrase of the same opinion. Moreover a great deal of mere padding in the shape of newspaper extracts—such as the pithy platitudes of Theodore Tilton about virtue and vice—might have been excluded with advantage. The modern art of book-making seems to us a great nuisance, where it is not an actual fraud upon the time and pockets of the public.

Having said thus much in dispraise of Mr. Wingate's book, it is only fair to say it contains many valuable hints for the elevation of newspaper journalism, offered by men of shrewdness and experience. We can only refer here to two points, on one of which there seems to be considerable difference, whilst on the other there is tolerable unanimity. The arguments for and against anonymous journalism are presented in various lights, though with little novelty or originality. It would perhaps have been difficult to say anything here on so well-worn a subject. The balance of opinion is clearly in favour of the existing system, and it appears certain that it will continue to obtain both in England and America. The other question is one of great moment, since upon its decision will depend the position of the newspaper press in future. Almost all writers who express an opinion in this volume are clearly convinced that the days of party journalism are numbered. They point to the fact, that as popular intelligence advances, readers are losing faith in the utterances of strictly party organs. The *Herald*, the *Tribune*, and all the ablest papers in the West and South have espoused the independent system, and adhere to it with more or less consistency. Partyism, there as well as here, has fallen into disrepute, and the newspaper press which clings to it through thick and thin has suffered in public estimation to an astonishing degree. There can be no doubt that the same is true of Canada, though we have not yet gone so far on the road to conscientious and independent expression of opinion as our neighbours. On this head there is no disagreement amongst the best American editors. They are all convinced that if the daily journal is to hold its own, it must cut itself adrift from party connections, and eschew entangling alliances with sinister interests of all sorts. There are many other topics touched upon, such as the proper price of the daily paper, the "dead-head" system, the true position of the advertiser, the insertion of special notices in the reading columns, &c.—all of them treated with sound and practical good sense.

THE WAY WE LIVE NOW. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.

If this novel had been the work of a new and unknown author, it would probably have been received with general applause. Coming from the workshop of a popular artificer, it has met with some adverse criticism, more or less deserved. An English reviewer has observed that Anthony Trollope knows how to write a novel only too well. He is an established favourite, especially in the boudoir, because he seems to have found the way to the universal heart of feminine humanity, mastered its mystery, and made himself acquainted with its likes and longings. Mr. Wilkie Collins has gone off into *bizarrerie* in character and plot, and there is no other male novelist remaining of the old school who can hold his own with Mr. Trollope. Mr. Black, Mr. Blackmore, and a few others who might be named, are of the rising type—a new school in fact, of which George Eliot is the master, as indeed she is like to be of good novel and romance writing for many years to come. Anthony Trollope has lost none of his skill; there are no traces of artistic decadence in the work before us, but he seems to have abandoned those fields in which we used to delight in his company in former years. The cathedral close and cloisters, the freshness of the country parsonage, have disappeared to make way for the vulgarities of the stock exchange, and the gorgeous show of the *parvenu* plutocracy. The cunning of the character painter is unimpaired; but there is an evident straining after incident in ephemeral topics of interest. The Foreign Loans Committee report has been utilized by novelists, as the Whitechapel murder by the reporters, and this is an obvious mark of weakness. Mr. Grenville Murray, in the *Boudoir Cabal*, and Mr. Trollope in the latest of his novels, both snatch at it with all the zest of a penny-a-liner. The *Saturday Review* attacked both fictions, but not, we think, on strong ground. The authors, in the Rev. Nonus Nines of the one, and Mr. Alf of the other trod, too sharply on the cynic's toes, and that would apparently account for his unwonted savagery. The character of Lady Carbury has been fastened upon as untrue to life, by an American critic of all others. He cannot believe that a titled lady could resort to her pen for support, much less seek to fill her depleted purse by unworthy angling for editorial support. It is always unwise in a foreigner to challenge the portraiture of a writer like Trollope. In his types he is never mistaken and should never be distrusted, unless upon incontrovertible proofs. Lady Carburys exist in English society, and it is to the credit of our novelist that he has contrived to soften the harshness of her character in that mysterious solvent, a mother's unselfish love of a worthless son. Mrs. Hurtle, a Western American, is perhaps the actor in the drama most offensive to the Boston critic; yet with Laura Fair in our recollection, it is hard to see why she should be called unnatural. It is no doubt to be regretted that novelists will insist upon selecting *outré* types of character like Mrs. Hurtle or Fiske, in dealing with America. Mr. Trollope certainly must have met in the United States many a noble girl and many a fresh and worthy type of womanhood about whom he might have thrown a glow of interest and sympathy. Travelling, as he did, through the large cities and along well-traversed highways, he may have missed the worthy side of home life in America. Still he has managed to enlist the reader on Mrs. Hurtle's side in the end, and there is not much to complain of. Mr. Melmotte, we suppose, may stand for a Baron Grant, who comes to grief at last. Roger Carbury is a very honourable squire, but we should say rather a disagreeable person to live with, and the Longstaffes are not "nice," though strictly conventional. Hetta Carbury is a brisk little heroine, of course pretty and lovable, with a dash of the cat in her, as all heroines must be to save them from insipidity. Paul Montagu would no doubt make her a good husband; there is little to be said on behalf of his head, whatever we think of his heart. We only wish poor Marie Melmotte had been tethered to a better fate, but we cannot have everything mundane our own way, even in novels. The plot the reader must discover for himself or herself. As we have already observed the craft of the workman is as deft as ever, and the book as a whole is as interesting as it is pure and unobjectionable in tone throughout.

EARTH TO EARTH; a Plea for a change of the system in our Burial of the Dead. By Francis Seymour Haden, F.R.C.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

ALTHOUGH the revival of cremation seems to have gained some footing in South Germany and Italy, there is no likelihood of its general or permanent success in Christendom. Appeals to ancient precedents will avail nothing as opposed to the general repugnance of modern society to the system. Its advocates have endeavoured to raise their hobby to the dignity of a fine art. They are fond of dilating upon the inoffensiveness of the crematory process, the thoroughness with which it performs its work, and the satisfaction it will be to sorrowing relatives to have the ashes of their deceased friends elaborately inurned as household treasures—comely additions in fact to our drawing-room furniture. All their efforts to convince will prove abortive; men will insist upon burying and being buried, and the only question is whether the present system of burial may not be so far improved upon, as to combine some regard for sanitary laws with a reasonable respect for prevailing opinions on the subject.

Mr. Seymour Haden, in this *brochure*, which is a reprint of three letters addressed to the *Times*, is opposed to cremation as costly, troublesome, and unacceptable. The writer remarks that there are 3,000 people dying in London alone every week, and then proceeds to say:—"Apart from the fact that this (cremation) is only another and a clumsy way of burying the body, I doubt a general acquiescence in such a mode of disposing of it, and fear that the tendency may be to preserve it, and that room must be found somewhere for the 3,000 urns or other vessels capable of receiving it. What are we to do with these urns? Are we to reopen our church vaults (happily closed, though still uncleansed) for their reception, or take them into our houses and move them with our furniture with every change of abode? How will our sons' sons, who have lost all interest in us, feel disposed to treat them?" &c. Mr. Haden, therefore, is an advocate of burial, and he lays down six propositions on the subject, which we venture to condense. The earth, he contends, is the natural destination of all organized bodies that have lived and that die on the earth's surface. The evils cremationists complain of are not inseparable from interment, but are wholly of our own creation. These evils are twofold—the preservation of bodies too long before burial, and the enclosing of them in thick wood or metal coffins, so as to exclude the "beneficent agency of the earth." Air, he says, merely decomposes, the earth resolves and assimilates, and, therefore, any attempt to exclude the latter is a vain attempt to resist a Divine ordinance, and a wanton injury to the health and lives of the community. The debt of nature is not paid in full until earth is returned to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust. In five or six years a body, interred in a natural way, would disappear, except a few crumbling bones and other dry and friable portions. Instead of doing this, our practice is to enclose the dead, and continue the process of putrefaction indefinitely to no useful purpose.

The plan of the writer is simply this, that if a coffin is used at all, "it should be of the thinnest substance," or "a coffin, the top and sides of which admitted of removal after the body has been lowered into the grave, or a coffin of some light permeable material, such as wicker or lattice work, open at the top, and filled in with any fragrant herbaceous matter that happened to be most readily obtainable. A layer of ferns or mosses for a bed, a bundle of sweet herbs for a pillow, and as much as it would still contain after the body had been gently laid in it of any aromatic or flowering plant for a coverlet—such a covering, in short, as, while it protected the body from the immediate pressure of the earth, as effectually as the stoutest oak, would yet not prevent its resolution." This new scheme has something reasonable as well as practical and sentimental about it, and may yet be realized in actual practice. Still it must not be forgotten that there is no subject on which men are more conservative in their notions, especially as it is bound up with confused notions of a religious dogma.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MR. GREG dons again the prophetic mantle and utters his Cassandrian message through the medium of the *Contemporary Review*. His article on the "Right Use of a Surplus" is not made up, however, of lugubrious prophecy of all that cannot be averted. On the contrary, it is, in the main, eminently practical and sound. The first reflection that occurs to the writer is that in every age there is some special duty prominently presented—some abuse to reform, or some danger to avert. The mischief is that the old evils and the old issues are perpetuated long after they have ceased to be of any importance. "The notions, the animosities, and the fears of the fathers are frequently transmitted to the sons, who live under the reformed *régime*, and have an entirely different set of dangers to contend against; yet they go on repeating phrases and formulas that have lost their meaning, fighting against antagonists that are dead and buried, or at least have become shadowy and insignificant, and pursuing objects that perhaps have already been pursued too far. The prevalent habit of mind, the direction or *set* of principles and maxims, survive the circumstances which were their origin and justification; and, like all such survivals, become noxious as soon as they cease to be useful. Weapons and tools should be religiously buried when they have won their victory and finished their work." Mr. Greg proceeds to show how this has been the case in financial matters, by giving a sketch of the monstrous abuses in expenditure, and the onerous and invidious system of taxation against which our fathers contended. Everything is now changed, wages are higher, food is cheaper, the incidence of taxation has been adjusted, every vexatious impost has been abolished, customs duties have been reduced to a minimum, and yet people are still crying for further remissions. The gist of the writer's complaint is that this cry is kept up by class or trade interests, and employed as an *ad captandum* appeal by politicians, when it has no justification. This position is fortified by an elaborate array of statistics. "We are," he says, "the richest nation on the earth, and yet we submit to be told by our orators in Parliament that we are not rich enough to discharge our duties, or to mend our social evils, or avert our coming perils. We find ourselves with millions of surplus revenue when our annual budget is unveiled to us—last year it was six millions—yet our constant question is not 'What best can we do with it?' but 'To what clamorous interest or class shall we give it away?'" Mr. Greg contends that the national prosperity now enjoyed by England will not, at any rate, may not, be lasting, and that, therefore, instead of following Mr. Gladstone's system of flinging away surpluses when the country can afford to spend them, and when it is their duty to spend them, they should be utilized now while we have them. There are six objects of expenditure which Mr. Greg regards as of immediate and pressing importance—the Army, the Administration of Justice, Irish National Education, the Reduction of the National Debt, Sanitary Measures, and the Relief of Local Taxation. He contends that if Parliament refuses to apply its revenue to these purposes now when the country is wealthy and prosperous, and taxation light, it will bitterly rue its so-called economy in the day of peril.

Dr. Carpenter's paper on "Ocean Circulation" is exceedingly instructive, as well as interesting, although, from its length, it is impossible to give an adequate idea of its contents here. The writer sums up the results of exploration in H. M. S. *Challenger*, and the U. S. steamer *Tuscarora*, with a view to substantiating the theory of deep-sea current from the poles towards the equator, and a return current in the reverse direction. By this means a never-ceasing circulation of the great seas is kept up and life rendered possible at all depths. It is noticeable that the old notion of the Gulf Stream as a modifier of climate in Western Europe is exploded without ceremony. The climatic influence of the main currents of ocean, both in the Atlantic and Pacific, is traced with great care. Professor Huxley meets another antagonist in the person of Lord Blachford, better known, perhaps, as Sir Frederick Rogers. The writer has very little confidence in the physiological method as applied to psychology. Preferring to rest entirely on what we, or more properly each *Ego*, know by consciousness or experience, he endeavours to follow in the path marked out by Descartes. The method need not be followed out here in detail. It may suffice to say that his lordship arrives at this just conclusion:—"In all this I seem to myself to have shown that the evidence of the sensitiveness of human beings is as conclusive as anything can well be, and that, with unimportant difference of degree, the evidence for the sensitiveness of animals is the same as the evidence for the sensitiveness of men other than ourselves." He denies, therefore, that a "dog is only a better kind of *marionette*," and demands the proof, if any, that he is. Then follows a rather slashing criticism of Professor Huxley, of which we must content ourselves with an example. Quoting a passage in the Professor's *quasi*-demonstration, in which follow successively the phrases—"it is a highly probable conclusion," "it is further highly probable," and as an inference from these premises, "We may assume, then," Lord Blachford parallels the argument thus:—"Remove from a piquet pack the diamonds and draw a card, 1. It is highly probable (in fact 2 to 1) that it will be a black card. 2. It is also highly probable (in fact 5 to 3) that it will not be a picture card. Mr. Huxley's conclusion would be 'we may assume' that it will be a non-picture card of spades or clubs—the fact being that the odds are 15 to 9 against its being so." Mr. Walter Edwards has a plea against the English Poor Law, and in favour of its early repeal. We observe that he is not aware that there are alms-houses supported by the State in New England, and that a system of out-door relief has been instituted, which places them in the same category with the English workhouse.

Three essays, or rather skeletons of essays, are published under the title of a discussion "On the Scientific Basis of Morals." Professor Clifford's part is, as he describes it, very "crude," indeed, we scarcely see how a thinker of his acuteness could have penned it, if he had thoroughly thought out his subject. His theory of the "Tribal Self" is a sort of fancy patchwork, for which Hobbes and Rousseau are mainly answerable, supplemented by touches from Darwin, Spencer, and Tylor. Bentham he repudiates altogether, and his derivation of Conscience, Right, and Responsibility are marvellous examples of imaginative skill. "P. C. W." replies, starting with a denial of the supernatural, of any essential difference between men and animals, and of any creator, and then he wants to know how the possible systems of ethics on this basis should treat a woman suffering with an incurable cancer. Should they nurse her, &c., for the remainder of her days? Should they leave her alone? Or should they terminate her existence? He then examines these questions by the light of these three theories:—the Mechanical or Automatic (Huxley's), the Utilitarian (Mill's), and the Perfectionist (Clifford's). His conclusion is that none of them can give a satisfactory answer, and that no answer is possible without a belief in the existence of an intelligent Creator, and in the spiritual part of man. Mr. Frederic Harrison, in the third part, is not at his best. He agrees with P. C. W. in the main, but objects to his Theism. Of Mr. Matthew Arnold's concluding paper in defence, we have no space left to speak. In this part he examines the Gospel of St. John, and deduces as the result the evidence that the *logia* or discourses of Jesus reported there are mainly his.

The *Fortnightly Review* opens with a readable paper by Mr. Horace White, giving "An American's Impressions of England." First impressions are almost invariably superficial,but Mr. White appears to have visited the mother-country with a better furnished mind than most of his fellow-countrymen who make the grand tour can boast. The tone of the paper is almost uniformly approbatory, except when he treats of the construction of railway carriages and luggage arrangements. England, the writer says, is "more republican" than the United States, because in it "public opinion acts more speedily, surely, and effectively." He does not favour universal suffrage, and thinks England has already gone far enough, if not too far, in the path of enfranchisement. Justice, he contends, is more surely and expeditiously administered there. The first cause assigned for this difference may be commended to the framers of the Supreme Court Act. It is that "English Judges are not concerned to determine the constitutionality of any statute," as American courts are. The latter "have to determine not only the interpretation of the law, but whether it was competent for the legislature to pass the law; and the legislatures, both national and state, have fallen into the habit of passing bills of a doubtful conformity to the constitution, relying upon the courts to correct their errors, if any—a habit which may be mildly characterized as slovenly,dangerous, and destructive of all sense of legislative resposibility. One-third of all the delay and expense of law suits (except those of a strictly common-law type) arises from the necessity imposed upon Judges of deciding upon the constitutionality of statutes." This does not offer a bright prospect to Chief Justice Richards and his colleagues, nor does it promise well for the future of Canadian legislation. In educational matters, Mr. White thinks England will eventually take the lead, and he regards the land system there as practically unalterable. The State Church he believes to be "tolerably well braced," that Dissent is making no headway against it, and that the New Learning is its only formidable enemy. The English landscape, sanitary reform, and the drinking customs, are made the occasion of some shrewd remarks—above all, he is delighted with the civil service system of England, which he contrasts with the party method of promotion in America.

Mr. Lyall's essay on "The Divine Myths of India" is the work of a writer thoroughly conversant with his subject. It must be read through to be properly appreciated, but its two main positions admit of brief statement. He maintains, as against Grote, that myths are never mere creations of human imagination, but are always founded on a substratum of fact. The other contention is that the polytheistic deities of India, at all events, owe their origin to apotheoses of departed men. The fashionable theory in comparative mythology is that all heathen deities had their origin in the personification of natural phenomena, either of matter or force. Mr. Buckle made a notable error when he stated that Greece deified heroes because nature there was on a small scale, whereas the Hindoo, overwhelmed by the vastness of the world, and the overwhelming power of the agencies at work on it, made gods of natural phenomena. Mr. Lyall says that the entire notion is a mistake. The Hindoo worships the departed great as gods, and then attributes to them famine, war, pestilence, or any other evil that afflicts him. The process is thus reversed, the phenomena are attributed to supernatural beings, not converted into such beings; and he further tells us that the practice is maintained in every part of India at the present day. Mr. Symonds, who has contributed so many valuable papers on Greek and Italian literature, contributes a sketch of "Sophocles" and his relation to Æschylus and Euripides. His analysis of the great dramatist's art is exceedingly lucid and thorough: but we are rather surprised to see that he apparently agrees with Goëthe's sneer at the dying speech of Antigone, in which we fail to see anything "bordering on the comic." Mr. Jenner's paper on "Women at the Swiss Universities," should be read by all friends of higher female education. It is a plain statement of the practical results of an experiment tried at Zurich chiefly, but also at Berne. The writer has the advantage of being able to produce the testimony of eminent professors in both universities, testifying unequivocally to its eminent success.

Mr. Morley continues his life of Diderot. The latest instalment covers the period of the Encyclopædia, and extends over forty-five pages. When completed, the biography will, no doubt, be published in a separate form, and should be carefully studied by all who desire to hear the other side of the question. Religious people almost shudder at the names of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and D'Alembert, whom they confuse with Robespiere,Carrier, and the headsman of the Terror. Mr. Morley's three biographies will enlighten them on the subject of the three philosophical masters of the eighteenth century. We need hardly say that the style of these works is eminently lucid and attractive, and that with the strict regard for truth characteristic of the author, no fault is extenuated, no paltriness ignored or glossed over with apologetic varnish. Probably the large majority of Mr. Morley's readers will differ from him *toto coelo* on religious and philosophical grounds, yet we believe they will freely acknowledge their indebtedness to him when they rise from a perusal of these works. Perhaps no work so little understood is so often stigmatized with opprobious epithets as the Encyclopædia. Morley gives an interesting account of the gigantic enterprise from the first—the accident to which it owed its inception, the difficulties it had to encounter from the fickle temper of the Government, the hostility of Jesuit and Jansenist, the defection of Rousseau, the imprudent publication, by Helvétius, of his work De L'Esprit, and finally the perfidy of the publisher, Le Breton. Through all these difficulties, Diderot struggled, even after D'Alembert had abandoned the work in despair. Mr. Morley admits that Diderot not only admitted but also wrote articles in which he did not believe. That on Jesus Christ was "obviously a mere piece of common form," and more than one passage in his article on *Christianisme* are undoubtedly insincere. So in his "more careful article, *Providence*, we find it impossible to extract from it a body of coherent propositions of which we could confidently say that they represented his own creed or the creed that he desired his readers to bear away in their minds." How far Diderot's disingenuousness may be defended in consideration of the perils by which he was environed is a delicate question in casuistry each reader must answer for himself.

The Conservative Government has won the hearts of the Trade Unionists by its Master and Servants' and Criminal Law Amendment Acts, and if a General Election were to take place just now, the Home Secretary's work would probably secure the triumph of his Government in spite of its many sins of omission; Mr. Henry Compton's paper on the "Workman's Victory," will be exceedingly welcome to Mr. Cross. It is laudatory throughout, yet a gentle hint is thrown out that something more is wanting to secure the complete adhesion of the artizans. A strong contrast is drawn between the sneering utterances of Mr. Bruce and Sir George Jessel and the substantial work done for them by the Tories.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

IN the October number of last year, we took the opportunity, presented by the opening of Mrs. Morrison's "Grand Opera House," of initiating a new department of this Magazine—that of "Music and the Drama." In that issue we took occasion to preface our notices of the local stage by a few words upon the functions of the theatre, and of that art which brings its lovers into that conscious pleasureableness, and that intelligent sympathy with each other, which none other can so effectively and universally create. On the present occasion, and at the re-opening of the Opera House for the new season, it may not seem out of place, if we say a word or two further on the theme which a year ago occupied our pen, more particularly with reference to those higher influences of the drama, as a recreative art and an entertaining educator, which may be made to emanate from the stage, and which may win for its future in our midst an existence fruitful in the moral and intellectual culture of its patrons. The play, when instinct with healthy life, and when under the direction of one whose taste is refined, and whose efforts are based upon the best traditions of the stage, is emphatically a source of innocent delight, and a means of agreeable instruction. In the delineation of character, in the play of motive and action, in the presentation of every gift of speech, every grace of action and deportment, every impulse to lofty thought and feeling, the acted drama presents a scope for their exercise and display, such as the art of neither novelist, poet, nor painter can give, and which may embody the highest efforts of each, and be a satisfying substitute for the deprivation of any, or all of them. As an antidote, moreover, to the over-slavish, and mercenary, commercial spirit of the age, and as a means of relieving the biting tedium of a period of business stagnation and money stringency, such as exists in the country at present, and of qualifying the otherwise objectionable results of over-carefulness for the "morrow of this life," it is an effective, happy, and legitimate factor. Still, as an important means in achieving these results, and as an entertainment which all can indulge in without regret, it is charged that it comes short of satisfying even the most well-disposed criticism, and fails in allaying the most rational and reasonable of scruples. Rare are the performances, it is said, that can attract an intelligent play-goer to witness them more than once, and that only at great intervals. Even where the best of plays are put upon the boards, there is that in their representation that offends the critical eye and ear, and presses home upon the spectator the impression, that his night at the play is a mis-spent evening. Faults in mounting, crudities in acting, deficiencies in support, and other depressing features reveal themselves, and that portion of an audience that can better employ itself than by sitting out a performance that grates upon the ear, and wearies the brain, quits the house disenchanted with its attractions, and worried by its shortcomings. The remedy for this is not far to seek. In a great degree it is a question of expense—and with an augmented interest in theatrical affairs on the part of the public, objections such as these would be removed.

In addition to an active enterprise in securing the stars of the theatrical world—and there should be no stint in the endeavour to bring them on the boards of the Opera House—one great requisite is an efficient and attractive stock company. The management last season was only fairly successful in regard to this essential. But its importance should be thoroughly appreciated. How often do we find a performance, clever and artistic in itself, dragging and palling by the utter inability of some of the actors to appreciate the points of the play represented or to apprehend its drift, and how more frequently do we find the good acting of some member of a troupe utterly marred by the *gaucheries* of one less gifted; and the pleasure thus received from the efforts of the intelligent and pains-taking actor thoroughly damped by the deficiencies of him who is otherwise. It is not the question of genius and inspiration in an actor that we are discussing, but the contrasts presented in the actor who has brought study, culture, refinement, and art to bear upon his work, and him who is utterly lacking in any of those requisites, and has yet to learn the very alphabet of his profession. But not a little of the responsibility necessarily falls upon the stage manager, whose duty it not only is to exercise a judicious supervision over the plays put upon the boards, but to see that they are properly mounted, their parts intelligently represented, and that the piece shall possess a symmetry and completeness, without which it must fail of its effect. It is not only that there shall be triumphs of acting, and successes in scenic display, but care should be taken that the atmosphere that surrounds and attaches to a play shall be preserved. Much of this is frequently lost in the mechanical style of the representation, and the play is made to fall from the standard of art to which it belongs, to that of a peripatetic show, to which it ought to have no kinship. Of course, for the sensational drama, these niceties of representation are not of so much consequence; but for the imaginative drama, they are prime requisites; and as they are absent or present, so the play may be said to be artisticly presented or otherwise. Another feature on the boards that may give pleasure or annoyance to the play-goer is the manner, the voice, and the bearing of the actor. On these again, much depends. A distinction of bearing and deportment, and an ease and self-possession of manner, contribute greatly to the impression created upon the spectator, and aid in no little degree, to elevate the play and impart an imposing effect to the representation.

But the pre-requisite of gifts is that of the voice, which in intonation and flexibility should be carefully sought for, of that which is pleasing in the one, and of variety and compass in the other. Nothing so much disturbs a house as to learn of the approach of an actor from the wings of the stage by familiarity with the defects of his voice. And on the contrary, there are few things more pleasing to an audience, than to listen to a well-delivered phrase, or a fine bit of declamation, in a voice that has not only power and pathos, but in a tone which is tuneful and agreeable to the ear, and that haunts the recollection, it may be, long after it is heard.

How far the management of the Opera House may be said to have selected its company, and placed its representations on the boards of the theatre, with a full appreciation of those requirements, in regard to the one and the other, which are so necessary to success, it is not, of course, for us to say. We have only to do with results; though, considering the experience, judgment, and energy of Mrs. Morrison, we should only be doing her justice in taking it for granted that her efforts to cater for the lovers of the drama in Toronto, have always been directed by that intelligent apprehension of the business of her profession, which has hitherto been her distinctive characteristic. Yet, it is not to be forgotten, that the drama in Canada is only in process of naturalization, and that it is but yesterday that we had a building worthy of being designated as a Theatre, or an Opera House. Moreover, there are few amongst us who can play the helpful *role* of a dramatic critic, and those who possess a sound judgment in theatrical matters, and who are capable of giving their opinion of a play without betraying the zeal of the partisan, or the gush of the youthful enthusiast, may be counted on one's fingers. To expect as yet, therefore, any very exalted standard of excellence, either in regard to the class of plays produced at the Opera House, or in the manner of their production, would be unreasonable; and to judge of the result here by comparison with the achievements of the London and Paris stage, would be a foolish injustice. Here we have no recognized class of play-goers, except those frequenters of the theatre that belong to the more frivolous and unemployed section of society, and the audience that is drawn from those visiting the city is as yet too small to be of much account. In the face of these facts, the sight that meets one at the play, and bearing in mind the large and continuous expense involved in the "running" of a theatre, is not only creditable in itself, but an achievement in the interest of the dramatic art in our midst that calls for the warmest commendation. At the same time, while we deprecate undue fault-finding, and are not unmindful of the inappreciation of such an enterprise as that of Mrs. Morrison, on the part of a large class of the community that ought to be interested in, and helpful towards such labours, we cannot but urge the management to greater efforts in increasing the attraction of the Opera House. A more ample capital should be at command if necessary, to secure first-class talent, and there should be no stint in the amount required to obtain the "stars" of the profession. Our observation of the large houses drawn nightly, through the lengthy engagements of Miss Neilson and Mrs. Rousby last season, would justify the statement that the public will appreciatively and adequately remunerate high-class talent. In may also be safely said, that the public will, on the admitted principle of giving value for a good article, give due support to those who merit it, and who are worthy of it. Let there be but the persistent effort in the higher direction we have pointed out, and though the labour may be great, the cost large, the sympathizers few, and the disappointments many, the final result can never be in doubt. Having extended these remarks beyond the limits of our space, and as the season has only just begun, we shall defer until our next issue to notice the plays that have so far been produced at the Grand Opera House, and our remarks upon the actors who have presented themselves.

LITERARY NOTES.

Readers of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY will, we doubt not, be glad to learn that arrangements have been completed, by which the publishers are enabled to offer *The Academy*, a literary weekly of the highest rank among London critical journals, at reduced rates, for Canadian circulation. It is arranged, also, to furnish *The Academy* to subscribers of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY, on the clubbing system, at a special price, to be posted (free) from the office of publication in London, direct to subscribers. Specimen copies, with quotation rates for single and club subscriptions, will shortly be sent from the office of THE MONTHLY. Messrs. Dawson Bros., of Montreal, the agents of *The Academy* for Quebec and Maritime Provinces, will extend the eastern subscribers of THE MONTHLY, the same advantages of clubbing with that periodical.

"Castle Daly, the story of our Irish home, thirty years ago," which appeared in *Macmillan's* Magazine, is now issued in separate form. The novel is written by Miss Annie Keary, and is said to be excellent both in manner and matter. Messrs. Macmillan have also issued a very interesting Scotch story, said to be written by the wife of an Oxford Professor, entitled, "The Harbour Bar."

Two new works of interest to the banking community are just announced, Professor Bonamy Price's treatise on "Currency and Banking," and Professor Jevon's contribution to the International Scientific Series, on "Money and the Science of Exchange."

A Canadian Edition will shortly appear of a new work by Miss Muloch, author of John Halifax, gentleman, bearing the title of "Sermons out of Church." A reprint of Miss Alcott's new novel, "Eight Cousins, or the Aunt-Hill," is issued by Messrs. Dawson Bros., of Montreal.

Messrs. Blackwood publish an interesting work, taken from *Blackwood's* Magazine, by Mr. Andrew Mercer, entitled, "The Abode of Snow," comprising the result of observations on a journey from Chinese Thibet to the Indian Caucasus, through the Upper Valleys of the Himalaya.

An interesting Report on the Geology and Resources of the region, from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, undertaken in connection with the British North American Boundary Commission, by Mr. George Mercer Dawson, a son, we believe of Principal Dawson of McGill College, has just been issued by the Messrs. Dawson, of Montreal. We hope to notice it at some length in our next issue.

Messrs. Walker and Miles, of Toronto, have issued a handsome folio volume, entitled, "The New Standard Atlas of the Dominion of Canada," which must prove of value for reference to all classes. The work is compiled from the latest official maps and surveys, and comprises a series of topographical, geological, and railway maps of the country.

A new work entitled, "The Dawn of Life," by Principal Dawson, of Montreal, is announced by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, of London. The work consists of an account of the oldest known fossil remains, and their relations to geological time, and to the development of the animal kingdom.

An original and important contribution on the subject of Secular Changes of the Earth's Climate, by Mr. James Croll, of H. M. Geological Survey, is to be published immediately by Messrs. Appleton & Co. The work, which is said to be one of the most philosophical contributions to the science of geology within the last century, is entitled "Climate and Time in their Geological relations."

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 8.] NOVEMBER, 1875. [NO. 5.

EXPERIENCES OF THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.*

BY JOHN CAMERON, ARNOTT, ONT.

"GREAT Lone Land" as applied to the Nor'-West is a misnomer, in that it conveys the idea of an empire of nothingness through whose amazing vastness the bewildered traveller might wander with the loneliness of a deserted Siberian miner. The Nor'-West may lack the hum of busy cities, the refining influences of a thousand triumphs of art; may be in blissful ignorance of the wonders of science: the musket and tomahawk may be better known than the pen and the printing-press; in short it may be a great "Undeveloped Land," but it is far from being a great "Lone Land." For no one can associate solitary sameness with the rejuvenating greenery of never-ending prairies; rocks streaked with mineral veins whose ruby crystals bespeak a Canadian Eldorado; waters teeming with sportive fish; woods with foliage of Brazilian richness; while in many places the whole air is resonant with whistling plovers, cackling prairie hens, cooing pigeons, quacking ducks, yelping foxes, growling bears, howling wolves, screaming hawks, and whimmering cranes.

Like everything else in the world, this region leaves different impressions on different minds. To one, its winter has a frigid coldness, with scanty fuel to give it warmth; its summer a torrid heat, and no shady groves to screen from the parching sun. He speaks of an Arctic December whose piercing frosts the warmest rays of June cannot overtake; of prairies—vast "muskegy" stretches with not even a spring to slake the traveller's thirst—whose monotony is relieved only by impudent gophers, and where black-fly bulldogs torment by day and mosquitoes by the million at night. He declares there is no society but that of ignorant half-breeds, scalping Sioux, filthy Crees, wild Saskatchewan traders, jealous Selkirk settlers, and Hudson Bay Company monopolists. He fears an isolation from the trade of the world, a glutted home-market, and the consequent commercial stagnation. He tells of a soil whose very fertility in some places makes it congenial to every noisome weed, while in others the glittering sand gives little nourishment to the sickly languishing grass that forms its thin covering. He laments the absence of thriving manufactories, wayside inns, schools, churches, and other concomitants of successful settlement. He dilates on a climate forbidding forever the pleasing orchard and its luscious fruits, and on a land where promising fields of waving grain supply sustenance for an army of grasshoppers.

---

* A Prize Paper of the University College Literary and Scientific Society.

His neighbour, however, sees in its sunny, though frosty winters, its bracing air and its dry, unpacked snow, a pleasing contrast to the blowing, drifting, freezing, thawing, raining season in Ontario. He is delighted to find, instead of the oppressive sultriness of a Canadian summer, a day tempered by the prairie breeze and a night sufficiently cold for a heavy blanket, and a sound sleep. He regards the prairie as smiling for the husbandman: its "muskegs"[*] as offering the choicest food for his stock: while its lawn-like evenness fits it at once for improved machinery, and tells him to dispense with muscle and farm with brains. When, at a depth of six feet, he finds the frosts of centuries, it may be, he is pleased to know that the shallowest wells may have an icy coldness, while on the surface his crops grow with surpassing luxuriance. He sees no scarcity of fuel, or fencing, or timber in general, when he contrasts the bluffs of Dakotah and the sparse woods of flourishing Minnesota with those of the Assiniboine, in some places twelve miles deep on one bank; the deeper and denser still, on the White Mud; the forests of the Dauphin Mountains; and the area stretching from Pointe des Chenes to Fort Francis, and thence, for aught he knows, to the North Pole. The half-breeds he regards as an inoffensive people; the Indians as cheap, though by no means unprofitable servants; the Hudson Bay Company as a boon to the country, in that though they have the power to monopolize, still they ask but reasonable rates for their stores, allowing at the same time a fair price for produce, and dealing liberally with industrious immigrants, not as in the early settlements in Ontario, where the petty store-keepers, charging two prices for inferior goods and worse whiskey, became the mortgagees, at usurious rates of interest, of the chattels of the struggling settler, and too often a sheriff ended the tale. He will tell you that the old settlers and half-breeds never dreamed of trying fruit trees, but that the young orchards of the Canadians[†] give abundant promise, a matter of no surprise in a land where plums, peas, blueberries, and (cheering fact for the Mennonite and lager-loving German), even hops grow wild; where onions are as large as fair-sized turnips here, with beets and potatoes in the same proportion, while the average yield of cereals so far exceeds ours, that even if the grasshoppers ate every third crop clean, the garners of the Manitoba husbandman would still be fuller than those of his Ontario cousin.

That pictures so unlike should be drawn will not seem so surprising when we consider the natures of the observers. The one, before he is satisfied, must thoroughly inspect the whole country; he takes nothing second-hand: if to-day disappoints, he hopes for a better to-morrow; he can dress with the best or travel the day long in his shirt-sleeves, with a pair of old trowsers and older boots, wading to the knees and even to the waist through marshes and "muskegs," his muddy and wet clothes drying with the sun as he marches on; then without undressing he rolls himself in his blanket and sleeps in the shelter of a willow-bluff, through the cold Nor'-Western night, defended by veil, gloves, and smudge from the ubiquitous mosquito, to awake with chattering teeth and stiffened joints, whose suppleness returns only with the warmth of the sun and the exercise of his onward tramp. He can enliven a social gathering with his presence, or ride, tailor-fashion, in a Red-River cart, dig for subsoil, or examine the survey stakes. He will dine on the best when it is at hand, but when he is on the prairie, on pemican and bread of his own baking. He prepares for every emergency. Immediately on his arrival in Fort Garry, he procures an Indian pony and cart, tent, frying-pan, camp-kettle, pemican, tea, and flour. Then with a few companions who share his expenses, off he starts on something like a grand pic-nicing excursion through a land where, at a trifling cost, he combines an extensive business-prospecting with a marvellous array of novel sights and charming scenes.

His gloomy neighbour, accustomed to the quiet of rural life, or to contented ease in a country town, or pampered, it may be, as a son of luxury—at all events his thinking never out of the routine-rut of the little circle in which he moved—is quite unprepared for the annoyances of extensive travel. The hardships of the Dawson Route sour him against the country before he sees it. On his arrival he finds money slipping through his fingers on every hand. Nobody knows him and he knows nobody. Parted as he is from his family, for the first time, perhaps, since he was connected with one, he is surprised to find how high a place they hold in his affections; home-sickness of the most malignant type attacks him, and the wretched stories of lugubrious fortune-hunters, who "loaf" at every corner, contribute to the dismal aspect which everything seems to wear.

---

[*] Muskeg, a swampy spot on the prairie.

[†] Settlers from Ontario and Quebec are called by the natives 'Canadians.'

But he must show something for his time. He prepares. His carpet-bag contains a supply of bread and cheese. At daybreak he starts. He is in fearful earnest. The sun rises. Already Winnipeg fades over the prairie. Eight—nine—ten—eleven o'clock. Still on he goes. No noontide nap for him. He waits just long enough to eat his frugal lunch, then onward he speeds. He leaves the trail. Now he stalks through prairie-grass, tall as himself; now in water and slush to the knees. His ardour begins to cool. Night comes. Wearied, he wraps himself in his blanket and falls asleep. His slumbers are not sound. In the visions of dream-land, ten thousand fairies, with sonorous voices, prick him with ten thousand tiny spears. Now he rushes naked through a forest of nettles, until in crazy agony he awakes to hear the diabolic revelry of a million mosquitoes and microscopic sand-flies as they drink in his life's blood. The night is spent in fighting the foe. Hundreds fall at every stroke, but hundreds more rush to their place with vengeful impetus. They take their flight not until the morning sun is high. But hands, face, body and head are as full of stinging sensations as ever, and a cooling plunge in the lake seems the only remedy for this cuticular pandemonium. He would resume his march, but his feet are a blubber-like mass of blister. Completely disheartened, as much by want of nourishing food (for between a buoyant spirit and a good dinner there is an almost necessary connection) as by the over-exertion of the previous day and the loss of rest at night, he limps his sad way back to Fort Garry; smothers his chagrin in a terrific "drunk;" then taking the most direct route to his old home, he figures as the man of travel, the oracle of his district, astounding the gaping rustics with stories of mosquitoes, 'many of them weighing a pound,' flies large as blackbirds, grasshoppers four feet deep on the ground and darkening the sky overhead, and things in general as in the gloomy picture above.

Allusion has been made to the Dawson Route. This, the present Canadian highway to Manitoba, irrespective of that crying necessity, a Thunder Bay and Fort Garry railroad, will always challenge the attention of the general tourist. To begin at Prince Arthur's Landing, the starting point of that tortuous route. To the left are the Kaministiquia, Fort William, and the Missions, with a history, a romance in itself; and McKay's Mountain, like a half-finished tower, rising in rugged, solemn grandeur; to the right, Current Rapids, where the river, placid as a mirror, all at once breaks into silvery foam down a thousand rocky steps, until its frothing is quieted far out in Thunder Bay. Then, stretching for miles to the west, is the gigantic mummy, known as "Big Injun," on whose prodigious, awe-inspiring form, fearful even in death, the red man still gazes with superstitious reverence. But the Big Indian sleeps on; his only covering acres upon acres of shrubbery, drawing sustenance from his carcase, and enveloping him in the morning in cerulean blue, changed at sunset, as if by magic, to a spectral grey. Then, in front are Pic and Welcome islands, and twenty-five miles out is that rocky speck, where from under the very waters of Superior, scores of busy men are taking the richest silver ore known in the annals of Canadian mining. The very dogs, with their bear-heads, lynx-eyes, wolf-ears, diabolical reveillé, and nonchalant yawnings, bear a part in the general interest. From Thunder Bay to Shebandowan is forty-five miles of the roughest, up-hill, down-grade, topsy-turvy country in which nature ever amused herself in combining the exquisite and the grotesque. Then begins a chain of thirteen lakes, linked by rocky portages varying from a quarter of a mile to four miles in length, the most interesting of which is Height of Land, where the water flowing into Hudson Bay is separated from our own lake system. To say they are all very beautiful were simply stale. Their scenery from first to last is a succession of the most startling combinations that the wildest fancy can conceive. Shebandowan and Kashaboiwe, where the panorama begins to unfold itself; Lacs des Milles Lacs, where are tall and slender birch of snow-white bark, and foliage of livid green, shading with an amber hue myriads of Selkirkan coves ; an endless variety of islands of romantic shape ; some extending for miles, and others like gems of green in a watery bed of crystal clearness ; some almost submerged, others towering boldly up by inaccessible cliffs ; some rocky, rusty and red, others clothed with a velvety verdancy ; here a marshy spot is rank with reeds and willows, there are tree clumps as if floating unfixed in the water ; now the boat scrapes the bottom, then in depths unfathomed ; in one place vegetation struggles for a foothold in the zig-zag crannies, in another runs out a long, dense, bushy line like a hedge-fence on the water : at one time you are on a rippling expanse, and again the branches overhang on either side : this looks like an aboriginal landing-place, yonder is a secluded inlet where pirates might hide—in fact in Lacs des Milles Lacs a world of surprising and pleasing contrasts seems to have epitomised itself. Then there is Lake Windegoostigon, nestling amid mountains up whose steeps the tourist is sure to go, though there is scarcely a friendly twig to help him up, and one careless step might send him hundreds of feet, with not even a projecting crag to break his fall, and no hope of ever rising from the fearful depths below. Up he looks. And up he goes! He will reach the top, where the white flags show where the fallen chiefs are ranged on high hemlock stumps in their birch-bark coffins, with pipes, tobacco, and implements for use in the happy hunting grounds. The perilous ascent is gained, and he gazes motionless as if their guardian spirits were hovering near, and then betakes himself to the amusement of detaching mighty boulders and sending them bounding and rebounding over the rounded rock with terrible momentum into the lake, with an engulfing splash that makes the very hills quiver. Hurrying on past the hissing rapids, *Maligne* in character as in name ; past Kettle Falls with their lion-like roar ; down Rainy River, with a scenery equalling the banks of the Hudson ; crossing the pea-soup water of Lake of the Woods to Nor'-West Angle ; then through seventy miles of tall tamarac, thick with a shrubbery bedecked with millions of wild roses, and at last the pretty village of Pointe des Chenes—and the long-looked-for prairie, in all its glory, unfolds itself to the view. Thirty miles further on is what three years ago was Fort Garry, containing a few houses all within a stone's cast of one another, but which has since developed, with a Chicago-like growth, into the "City of Winnipeg."

For the business man or intending settler the Dawson Route has few charms. He will have to drag out three or four dreary weeks, and if he persist in waiting until he gets his stuff along, he may be delayed forty-six days, as was the case with the Ralston Colony last summer (1874). He will have to load and unload waggons and boats at the portages (which of itself implies no less than seventy shiftings of boxes), and not only that, but he occasionally has to carry poles from the woods to the shore, then cut and load the wood into boats, row them to the tugs, and then pile the wood into the engine-room, before an *employé* will make an onward move, and even then, with a lazy reluctance. Then he can hitch himself and other unfortunates in an old Government waggon, and draw a team's load across a corduroy portage, or over a lengthy slide, with an occasional lift from a half-starved Ojibway Nitchi. Again, his boxes, whether they contain his Sunday's best or the little household souvenirs whose value no gold can measure, may be dumped into six inches of unbaled water, increasing in depth as a lake is crossed, so that at the portage he has to break them open and expose his clothing, books, and other valuables to the sun and air to prevent their becoming an odorous mass of mildew. And again, if by these delays his provisions run short, flour may be bought at the rate of one dollar for six pounds, a dollar and sixty cents for a loaf of bread, fifty cents for squares of gingerbread not the size of a man's palm, or from eighteen to fifty cents a pound for rattlesnake pork so salt and fat as to be absolutely uneatable to any one not on the verge of starvation. And then to stimulate him to inordinate activity in the lugging of boxes for which the transportation company is paid $2.00 per cwt. they will say that the next tug will be on hand in a few hours, and plainly give him to understand that if he be a good fellow, and chop wood, pile boxes, make a pack-mule of himself at the portages, row or steer a boat, and be surpassingly civil about it, he will, as an especial favour, get off on the arrival of the tug. "Anything to push ahead," says he, and with a vengeance he works till all is ready. The time comes round, but not the tug.

Later, still no tug. Later and later still, yet all is as before. Hours are passed in weary waiting, till at last she lazily heaves in sight, as lazily comes to shore, and then the crew, consisting of captain, fireman, and engineer, as lazily get all the passengers aboard. But still they wait. The hands take hours in cooking a simple dinner, or the engineer's lady is arranging her "fixins;" while the poor passenger and his baggage remain parching in the sun, or drenched with rain for want of tarpaulin with which the fireman has daintily covered his wood, and for the retention of which from the husbands of fatigued wives and the fathers of sick children, he brandishes a threatening axe, or intimidates by means of the savage Blackstone, one of the bloody heroes of the Minnesota massacre. But at Nor'-West Angle he expects his troubles to end. There, however, he may remain indefinitely, unless he can outbid all competitors in bribing the half-breed teamsters to give him a corner, failing which he may be grateful if he secures an ox-cart travelling at the rate of two miles an hour, or a team of Indian ponies which carry but three passengers, who have to walk every alternate mile for two-thirds of the way, or failing both, for aught the Company or the Company's officials care, he may walk the whole distance (108 miles), as dozens did last summer (1874). After all this he lands in Fort Garry, and learns, to his surprise, that his neighbour leaving Ontario ten days later and going by Duluth has arrived a fortnight ahead of him, his goods safe and sound, with no concern about them from the time they were bonded in Duluth till they were handed over to him in Winnipeg—all this saving of time and labour for the difference of fares—a difference for which the sound condition in which he receives his stuff repays him manifold.

As a commercial highway the Dawson Route will always be unsatisfactory, and the sooner a railway is built from Thunder Bay to Fort Garry the worse it will be for Yankee extortionists, and the better for Manitoba and the Dominion. But, even now, things would be greatly ameliorated were there proper governmental supervision. Were one or two inspectors constantly moving up and down the route, the lazy and indifferent *employés* being liable to a visit at any time, would, through self-interest, manifest some sense of regard for the convenience of travellers. Then, too, passengers should have some simple means of recovering damages for goods destroyed. As matters now stand, for an individual to sue the Company means little else than delay and expense. Every one is anxious to get settled. One hastens to the Portage; a second to the Pembina mountains; and another to the Saskatchewan, and so united action against the Company is almost impracticable.

The rapid rise of Winnipeg has been mentioned. Several other important towns are in their inception. Portage la Prairie in the garden of Manitoba, sixty miles up the Assiniboine; Westbourne on the North Saskatchewan trail, twenty miles to the north-west; Aytoun, in the Riding Mountain District; Morris, at the confluence of Scratching and Red rivers, near the Mennonite reserve, and at the junction of the Pembina R. R. and the south-western line through the Pembina Mountains; and Dufferin farther south, near the Emerson Colony. In other places mills and factories are being erected, nuclei, no doubt, of flourishing business centres. These can be seen for miles on the prairies; and from whatever direction approached, always seem up-hill. Close by will generally be found an encampment of Sioux, whose neat buffalo-skin tents form a striking contrast to the slovenly birch-bark wigwams of their Ojibway foes. The Sioux are from the American side, whence, after being participators in many a fearful massacre, they betook themselves to British territory, bringing with them what cunning and knowledge of domestic and agricultural arts they had acquired among the Yankees, to whom they bear an implacable hatred. They have sharply-defined intellectual features, and are singularly tall. They are no nuisance farther than that they will steal anything on which they can lay their hands. The men will plough, split rails, make hay, bind grain, while the squaws dig potatoes, tend stables, wash and scrub, satisfied with a little flour for pay. Some fear that their American atrocities may be repeated, but the Sioux are astute enough to perceive that in British territory is their only ark of safety, and that if they make enemies there they will be the Ishmaelites of the world. In this peaceful attitude there is friendship as well as policy. Hon. Mr. Ogletree, of Portage la Prairie, informed me that at the time of the Riel troubles, several hundreds of them asked for arms with which to fight for their "beloved mother in the east," as they call the Queen. The Ojibways, as a tribe, are inferior to the Sioux. They are short in stature, with broad fat faces, and as filthy as hogs. They are first found in considerable numbers at Deux Rivières, while at Maligne and Island portages they are more numerous still, and at Fort Francis, on the Minnesota boundary, they appear in hundreds. On the banks of Rainy River, as the steamers pass by, they come out to cheer, their full dress consisting of a pocket handkerchief.

The American and Canadian tribes of the Rainy region make a sort of annual pilgrimage to Fort Francis, where they perform the mysterious rites of their Paganism. To detail these, and the "medicine-men's" odd initiation, is beyond the scope of this paper. Their social customs, too, are on the whole rather curious. One, for instance, is that no Nitchi husband ever speaks to his mother-in-law. The Indian there, as elsewhere, is noted for his imperturbability and love of "skidewaboo." Such is his immobility that if you fire a cannon at his heels, unstartled he will say, "Ugh! white man know too much." For whiskey whole tribes bartered a season's spoils of furs and buffalo robes, and then perished in hundreds for the want of blankets and ammunition. American traders have stolen over with a barrel of fire-water and gone back with a fortune of furs, a thing, through the presence of the mounted police, now no longer possible. To such an alarming extent was this carried on that, during the year 1873, no less than 100,000 robes were smuggled across the lines. Little wonder, then, that there is not a buffalo within seven hundred miles of Fort Garry, although the natives remember when they fed in herds on the meadows between the Assiniboine and Lake Manitoba. The short, thick skulls, with horns inseparably attached, and the antlers a load in themselves and as long as a man, bleaching everywhere, but especially on the banks of the Saskatchewan, show how terrible has been the hunter's carnage. But though the buffaloes have disappeared and moose are few and far between, there is an abundance of shot-gun game; and two hundred miles to the north-west of Fort Garry are found considerable elk, foxes, black bears, and prairie wolves. Ducks are seen in great numbers, even in settled districts. Up Red River, on the Dakotah boundary, they are shot with revolvers from the passing steamers. West of Rat Creek there are dozens of them on every pond. At the Sand Hills, Pine Creek, one hundred miles west of Winnipeg, the willow thickets are alive with rabbits. All the lakes from Shebandowan to Manitoba and Winnipegoosis abound with pike, white and other fish, which in spring ascend the streams in myriads, even to the hay-marshes. Then, as the water begins to lower, the connection is shut off, and they are left floundering in the pools to be pitchforked out by the whites and Métis. Indeed, moving slowly along a lake's edge with a birch-bark and trolling line, hauling in a big pike or pickerel every ten minutes, at the imminent risk of upsetting at every pull, is among the most cherished experiences of the tourist. Prairie hen is the only game not sensibly affected by the presence of man. Shoot them down in hundreds, and their numbers appear undiminished. In June and July they hatch, and unless almost stepped on in their grassy nests, will scarcely be noticed; but on the appearance of the broods they are seen everywhere, and early in the frosty fall mornings they line the fences and outhouses so thickly that three and four may be brought down at a shot. Plover, too, is plentiful. I have seen a Sioux, by means of a mournful, chattering whistle, bring them from all directions, fluttering within pistol-shot of himself. Great white cranes, with black-tipped wings, are numerous around the Saskatchewan lakes; and the eyries of nest hiding eagles may be seen in the leafless tops of dead poplars on the Dauphin Mountains.

This part of what is now the Province of Saskatchewan, stands, in many respects, in marked contrast to Manitoba. Near the Red and Assiniboine rivers the prairie is one great level dotted with poplar bluffs, which, intercepting the view, make the horizon to appear as if fringed with a thin green line, leading the spectator to think there are woods ahead, but, rainbow like, it recedes as he advances. The grass on the arable land is about six inches in length, but in the hay-marshes it is from three to five feet. After the first crossing of the white mud, the poplar bluffs and oak ridges increase, and a somewhat sandy loam takes the place of the deep, black, Red River loam. After the third crossing, belts of timber and waving meadows alternate with narrow, sandy strips, extending north and south as far as the eye can reach. The most remarkable of these is the "Beautiful Plain," an old battle-ground of the Blackfeet and the Crees. Its average width is three miles. It is bounded on either side by woods, stretching for leagues as evenly as if marked off by a surveyor's line. But already the Dauphin Mountains are in sight. At first scarcely distinguishable from the clouds, then all the next day they appear with a lake-like blueness. Soon the prairie spots on their slopes become distinct. The tree-trunks and the streams gushing down the mountain side are next discernible. The Little Saskatchewan is reached. Beyond this is a prairie-roll, from the top of which you think you can get an extensive view. You ascend. But still another roll. Ascend that, and still a higher elevation is before you. And on you go, always hoping to reach the last, but only to find a tantalizing plateau still ahead. The Little Saskatchewan and the Riding Mountain streams have beautiful, gravelly bottoms, and swift, pellucid currents. The bed of the Saskatchewan has on either side a lovely flat, about one hundred rods wide, and marked off at every affluent stream by a poplar grove. This is enclosed by banks from three hundred to five hundred feet high, and so steep that the pack-horses of the traders and the surveyors have been known to miss footing, and, with their loaded carts, go somersaulting to the bottom, a mangled mass. On these high banks the prairie's beauty seems to concentrate itself. There stretches a series of the loveliest lakes, surrounded with grass reaching to the chin, and of a vivifying green. They are dotted with ducks of every colour, from the common grey to the glossy sky-blue, and so unaccustomed to being molested that you may come within a few yards of them, and unless you wound them, they will ignore your own presence as well as the report of your gun. Even the cunning fox and the cowering hare are tame through sheer wildness; they stare at you in mute and motionless astonishment until your rifle bullet ends their inquisitive gaze.

On the Seine, Red, and Assiniboine rivers all is different. Their waters, always working up the clay from the bottom and sides, are of a dirty yellow, and so "hard" that with all the soap in the world, you feel as if your face were being stroked with a wet napkin of coarse india-rubber. The banks are high, and not only perpendicular, but where the grass gives toughness to the surface soil, even overhanging; and as you stand on the brink and look over, you start back lest your footing give way, and you are precipitated from twenty to forty feet into the river beneath. If you succeed in getting out of the water and ooze, you may crawl under that overjutting bank for miles, before a friendly watering path will let you out to the prairie above. And then their serpentine crookedness! Two hundred and forty miles by land equals seven hundred and fifty by Red River, round whose points the up steamers, for the last thirty-six hours, do not pretend to turn. They run straight into the opposite bank, then allow the current to float the stern against the side, after which they back up, and then steam on to the next point, and so on to "Moorehead City," on the Northern Pacific R. R., a line extending some two hundred miles into Dakotah, and destined to be a formidable rival to our own much-needed Canada Pacific. From Moorehead, a cluster of small frame houses, dignified in true Yankee style, with the title of "City," this line runs eastward through Minnesota prairies to the "City of Brainerd," a mushroom town about the size of Galt, planted in the midst of woods, whose trees are scarce unsprung from the weight of lynch-law victims. Passing on eastward, the prairie and forest are exchanged for mountain and rocky pass. All at once your train slackens to a snail's speed. Has there been an accident? You look out. Your car seems to lose its equilibrium, and you almost feel yourself rolling over. You look again, and from your train, as if suspended in mid-air, you behold in succession, far below, crags, logs, standing trees, and down nine hundred feet, rushes the stream which, bearing on its bosom the commerce of a nation, pours the waters of a continent into the Gulf of Mexico. Passing a few more of those frightful ravines, you reach the "City" of Duluth, a town not the size of Port Hope, beautifully situated on a concave slope overlooking a lovely bay, divided into sections of mathematical symmetry by a succession of natural piers, which run out two-thirds of the way across, and are covered with trees and shrubs of luxuriant green. This place has a Greenland winter, but its four months of open water are so deliciously cool that it is fast becoming a favourite summer resort.

But to overtake all the points of importance in this brief essay were impossible. There are many, on each of which might be written a paper by no means uninteresting. That crisis in which an unprincipled adventurer was one day the absolute despot of a British province, the next a one-booted* fugitive from the avengers of poor Scott, whose only crime was gallantry, courage, British loyalty, and patriotic devotion; the half-breeds, owing their parentage to prairie Cree mothers and European fathers, and settled along the rivers, on farms of from six to twelve chains wide and four miles in length, a plan of survey by which one may, without a guide, explore the whole country, and be able without a compass to tell his direction and exact mathematical distance from any known place; prairie and bush fires so terrific that in one instance the inhabitants of a whole village had to take refuge in the watery galleries of a mine, while in others, "the blackened and branchless tree trunks are ghostly witnesses of a bygone vegetation;" an educational system, as yet imperfect, at the head of which is Manitoba College, from which two students have come to our own honoured halls,† and on the strength of which one of our graduates bears the title of "Professor;" the Hudson Bay Company, with their posts and trading system, exercising a sort of territorial jurisdiction over a region well nigh as extensive as the Russias of the Czar; an immigration of about forty males for one female, and the consequent scarcity of servants, governesses, and wives; a dignitary whose heart's dearest aim has been to build a French province in the Nor'-West, a project to which the present English-speaking influx will oppose a healthy counterpoise; a contemplated railway and telegraph system to Thunder Bay, on the south-east, to Pembina on the south, to Morris and the Boyne settlement on the south-west, and the trans-continental branch over the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific. In fine, in the words of Captain Huyshe—"the fertile prairie, spread out before the eye, smooth and green as a billiard table, and stretching away to the west, lacking nothing but the toil of the husbandman to convert it into fields rich with yellow, waving corn, and whose future inhabitant, looking out on his rich inheritance, one can fancy exclaiming:

"O'er the rich acres of our vast prairie,
Our hopes as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the heart can wish, the fancy roam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home."

---

* Riel lost one of his boots in his passage to the left bank of the Red River, when he fled upon the arrival of Colonel Wolseley.

† University College, Toronto.

AN APOLOGY.

YOU chide me, love, because my lips
Are silent now to song,
And deem that thus, in idleness,
I do my nature wrong.

Ah well! I little claim to share
The poet's sacred fire;
At best I can but echo notes
Struck by a stronger lyre.

In pleasant fields of poesy
  My frail and tiny shoot
Was planted, but it blossomed late,
  And scanty was its fruit.

Love was the power that made it live—
  That mingled thoughts of thee
With all bright things of earth, and filled
  Mine ear with melody

Unheard before and passing sweet—
  So sweet that I was fain
To utter with my lips the song
  That beat in heart and brain.

But all too soon Love's sky grew dark!
  A keen and bitter blast
Blew coldly on us, withering
  The blossoms as it passed.

The vision fair my eyes had seen,
  They now could see no more,
And silent were the happy birds
  That sweetly sang before.

And now, when Hope has cast her bow
  Athwart the mist of tears,
When, like a star 'mid darkness, glows
  The promise of the years—

E'en now the heart can scarce forget
  Its weariness and woe,
Or teach the voice to sing again,
  The songs of long ago.

Yet think not that I lightly hold
  The laurel leaves that twine
Round poets' brows—for thy sweet sake
  I would such wreath were mine!

It grows upon a lofty height
  My feet can never scale;
Yet may I gather at the base
  A flow'ret small and pale—

And send the off'ring, dear, to thee,
  As I have done erewhile,
Contented if it gain for me
  The guerdon of thy smile.

GAMMA.

LOST AND WON:

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

By the author of "For King and Country."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A CRITICAL DECISION.

"Pure with all faithful passion,—fair
With tender smiles that come and go;
And comforting as April air
After the snow."

GEORGE ARNOLD, of course, was especially eager to secure the return of the ministerial candidate, not only from old family traditions of that side of politics, but also from the strong personal interest he had in securing government assistance for the projected railway;—assistance of which he almost despaired if the candidate now returned should not be a "Government man." The surrounding country was by no means overlooked in the political consultations, and every available means of gaining the country votes was eagerly considered.

One evening a telegram reached Alan containing some business intelligence which he felt he should at once communicate to Mr. Arnold, so that action regarding it might be taken as soon as possible. He therefore set out to walk to Ivystone, for the first time since his sister's visit had come to an end. He had, thus far, kept his resolution very fairly, though not without some rebellious longings which it cost him some trouble to keep down. Mr. Mortimer was, he knew, still staying off and on at Ivystone, going on shooting excursions with the boys, and in general whiling away his time pleasantly as English visitors fond of sport could generally do very easily in the neighbourhood of Carrington. The rumours which spring up so readily in a small place where everyone knows everyone else, had of course very soon connected his name with that of Miss Lenore Arnold, and sometimes with that of her elder sister. Alan had, however, shut his ears against gossipping reports, feeling that the news would come to him quite soon enough when well authenticated, as he compelled himself to believe it would be ere long. But yet as he walked along the well-known road that led his willing feet to their destination, he began to wonder, with a throbbing heart, whether he should see her, whether she had missed him at all, as he had missed her society sorely; how far Mr. Mortimer had prospered in the wooing which he could prosecute without any remorse or misgiving.

Just as he entered the avenue a lady and gentleman on horseback cantered up to him from the direction of the house. The gentleman was Lionel Mortimer; the lady, Alan at first felt sure was Lenore, but as they drew nearer he saw that it was Renée, and Renée with a look of brilliant, yet softened happiness which lighted up her handsome face to an unusual degree. And Mortimer seemed very well pleased too, turning to his fair companion with a look of admiration which might mean a good deal more. It was not lost upon Alan, who wondered what it could all mean. Could Mortimer have transferred his allegiance so easily from one sister to the other, or had his admiration for Lenore's more ethereal attractiveness gone out before the more commanding beauty of her sister? Somehow the thought made his heart lighter: and yet he asked himself what was it to him even if this were the case? Would it make his lurking hope in the least more feasible, or in any degree justify him in seeking, even if it were possible, to draw one like Lenore away from her own proper position and natural surroundings? He could not reply to himself in the affirmative, and yet, notwithstanding, he felt it would be a load off his mind should he hear that Renée Arnold was likely to become Mrs. Mortimer.

On asking for Mr. Arnold, Alan was shown into the library, a small room opening off the hall, with a glass door on the verandah, which was open, and through which the sweet odours of mignonette and late flowers were wafted pleasantly in. George Arnold came to him at once, and after the business on which Alan had come had been got through, he went on rather excitedly to speak about the election. Alan said but little in reply to his remarks, knowing his strong leanings, and unwilling to come into any unnecessary collision. But when Mr. Arnold went on to say that in the interest of the firm every exertion must be used to bring about the return of Mr. Fulton; and that as Alan had, he understood, some influence in Radnor, he would expect him to use it on their side, Alan felt it was necessary for him to make a stand. He quietly, but as courteously as possible, explained to George that, as Mr. Dunbar was his friend, and as his conscientious convictions were all on his side, he could not possibly use any influence against him, but that he did not intend using any influence at all, as his friend wished that people, having heard his views once for all expressed, should be left to their own judgment respecting their votes.

George Arnold remarked that that was all very well for a Utopian dreamer like Dunbar, but would never go down with practical men; that as his election was in any case quite hopeless, Alan could be doing nothing unfriendly to him in securing the return of one whose election would advance the best interests of Carrington in general, and of their own firm in particular—in fact Alan's own interests; for if affairs prospered as the railway would make them prosper, he contemplated ere long offering him a share in the business. But in the meantime he did expect that Alan should do his duty by his employer, and that he should go out to Radnor and secure as many votes as possible for the ministerial candidate. A liberal supply of money would, he hinted, be at his disposal, to be distributed, as he should see advisable, to the best advantage in securing the needed support.

Alan replied that it was quite impossible for him to comply with this expectation. His principles were entirely opposed to such a mode of proceeding, even were it on the side he could conscientiously support. George grew excited. His usually good-humoured face grew pale and stern, and his hand trembled as he more peremptorily and irritably insisted on Alan's doing as he wished.

Alan still refused, quietly but determinedly.

"Then," said George, losing all control of himself, and his blue eyes flashing with passionate anger; "if you're so confoundedly obstinate, and choose to quarrel with your own bread and butter you must take the consequences! We must part."

"Very well!" said Alan, quietly. He had just self-command enough to restrain the expression of indignation which was thrilling through all his nerves at this unjust and humiliating treatment. But his face, too, grew pale, and he set his teeth to prevent the utterance of any words which he might hereafter regret.

"Good evening," he said, after a few seconds of silence, taking his hat and moving towards the door.

"Good evening," growled George; a chilling haughtiness contending with his passionate excitement. "You had better reconsider the matter before ruining your own prospects."

"Reconsidering could make no difference; I could not possibly decide otherwise;" Alan said, still endeavouring to veil his real agitation under a calm exterior, and with another "good evening," mechanically uttered, he left the room, Mr. Arnold making no movement to show him out. Alan could hear him pacing up and down the room as he went out.

As he walked slowly along the path that led through the shrubbery and flower-beds, trying to realize the shock which had come so suddenly upon him, he was startled by seeing a slight dark figure advancing towards him from a little side-path. His heart told him directly who it was; it almost stopped beating as he waited till she came up.

"Miss Lenore!" he exclaimed, half under his breath. "Mr. Campbell!" said Lenore, "I couldn't help coming to tell you how sorry I am for what my brother has said to you; I heard it where I was sitting on the verandah, and how rightly I think you acted. I most heartily sympathise with you in your refusal, and am so glad you did refuse!"

Alan could scarcely express his thanks for the unexpected sympathy. It seemed to lift him out of the mood he had just been in to a state of exaltation which excited him no less. Without knowing he did it, he took Lenore's little hand and held it in his own while he earnestly thanked her, and tried to express how great was his satisfaction in her approbation, whatever might be the result. All thoughts of his previous prudent reasonings were put to flight, and for the moment he felt only the delight of the sweet presence which had become dear to him. Lenore was the first to discover that he had taken possession of her hand for a longer time than was necessary, and quietly withdrew it, bidding him good-night. But the "good-night" was, somehow, a different one from any that had ever passed between them before, and notwithstanding the serious crisis which had come to his outward life, Alan walked home through the soft August moonlight with a lighter heart than he had had for many a day.

Little as Alan slept that night, and long as he thought the situation over and over, it was difficult for him next morning to realize that he was not to proceed as usual to the mills, to go through his usual daily routine. Instead, he walked over to Philip Dunbar's office to tell him of the changed state of affairs. Philip heard it with much concern, feeling as if he had, however innocently, been the cause of misfortune to his friend. He took it more to heart, indeed, than did Alan apparently, who rather surprised and perplexed his friend by the cheerfulness and equanimity he displayed in the somewhat serious situation.

"I would fain hope, Campbell," said Mr Dunbar, "that it may be made up yet. George Arnold gets over his passions after a while, and I think when he cools down he'll feel a little ashamed of himself, and also feel the damage he would do to himself and the firm by letting you go. In the meantime it won't do you any harm to lie quietly on your oars and take a rest; or if you prefer a change of occupation, you can help me by looking after a few things for me while I am going the rounds of these necessary meetings."

Alan willingly agreed to do what he could for his friend, and soon found both his time and his mind fully occupied by such outlying untechnical details of business as he was capable of managing for him, and with the interest attached to Mr. Dunbar's political engagements, and to the speeches he delivered at the various meetings in town and country where he had to address his constituents. These meetings Mr. Dunbar, in this respect differing widely from the other candidates, always endeavoured to hold at some other rendezvous than the taverns, which were the usual political meeting-places, with such results as might have been easily anticipated. Some of the men whom Ralph Myles had been watching with the deepest interest, trying to free them from the bondage which had been sinking them into wretchedness and degradation, fell back again under the new and urgent temptations to drink which they constantly encountered at these meetings.

The important day of the election drew near at last, and the tide of excited feeling raged higher and higher. Parties seemed to grow more desperate and unscrupulous as the crisis approached, and there were not a few collisions in which hard words and disagreeable insinuations were exchanged, and breaches made in close friendships which had taken long years to cement. Sharp personalities were perpetually indulged in, in the two newspapers, which, agreeing in nothing else, agreed in heaping abuse on Philip Dunbar, all the more virulent in tone, perhaps, because they had no real fault to find with him, and had to make taunt and invective do duty instead of charges against his character, personal or political. The editors, too, were ordinarily kind-hearted men, who, left to themselves, would in cold blood have shrunk from injuring any inoffensive individual. But, unfortunately, this sort of thing paid. It suited the taste of their subscribers, and they were not men enough to withstand the current and educate the people to a better taste. The distant city papers, too, the *Post* and the *World*, took up the refrain, and numerous and monotonous were the changes rung on the haziness, the Utopianism, the instability, the untrustworthiness and general delusion and incapacity of the man who would come out as an Independent candidate. Philip took it all very quietly, with a sort of amused wonder that a person who had hitherto gone on so quietly should have become so noxious and so formidable the moment he aspired to the very moderate honour of representing his country in Parliament. Nor was this the worst effect of the contest. In the fierceness of the contest honour and integrity seemed to be in a great measure lost sight of, and men who at another time would have scorned to do a dishonourable action, who would not for their own profit have deviated from honesty by a hairbreadth, were now, in the excitement of the moment, not ashamed to offer some inducement or equivalent for a vote, which, call it by what name they would, was nothing else than bribery. When this was done by men usually honourable in their principles, it may easily be imagined how far such men as Dick Sharpley would go in unblushing and open corruption, how far even George Arnold went, having no rigorous back-bone of principle to support him.

The polling was to take place on Tuesday. On the Sunday preceding a young clergyman, a stranger, preached in the church attended by Alan and Mr. Dunbar, which had for some time been destitute of regular supply, and for which this young man was supposed to be a candidate. He happened to be one of a constantly increasing number of ministers who look upon the pulpit not merely as a place in which to deliver desultory and vague theological essays, with too often but a slender bearing on the lives and consciences of their hearers, but as a place from which is to emanate a spring of spiritual life and influence that is to run through all the details of life; harmonizing and purifying them. He therefore considered it in no degree inappropriate to the sacredness of the place to allude to the approaching election, which was more or less filling and exciting the minds of almost all his hearers. He said not a word of the merely political aspects of the crisis, leaving those to more suitable seasons and better qualified speakers. But he said he felt it to be his duty to refer to the sacred duty which lay upon each man to exercise the right of his political franchise to the best of his judgment and under the approval of his conscience, uninfluenced by any selfish consideration or any excitement of blind partizanship. Above all, he appealed to his hearers not to bring dishonour on the sacred name of Christian to which they professedly laid claim, by indulging in the feelings of animosity and hatred which such excitements were likely to produce, and which were surely most grossly inconsistent with even the profession of being followers of Him who had enjoined upon His disciples as His last command, that they should "love one another."

The earnest, impressive words were such as might well have appealed to the best feelings of all who heard them, and to those of a few they did. But with many they only excited an irritation and impatience which found an outlet afterwards in indignant strictures on "parsons who preached political sermons;" and the critics on whose judgment depended in a great measure the choice of the man who was to fill that pulpit, oracularly declared that a young man who so imprudently meddled with things that were out of his line, and which he could not understand, would never do for them. The candidate had, in fact, ruined his chances. The people comprising that congregation—an exceptional one, of course—liked best theoretic discourses which did not disturb their equanimity, general truths to which they could complacently assent without feeling that they interfered in any way with their favourite courses of action, courses from which they felt that they neither could nor would depart; and they would esteem as most inconvenient a "religion" which should venture to interfere with them in so acting. It need hardly be said that Mr. Dunbar and Alan gave the "imprudent" minister a large share of their esteem and regard, and perhaps Mr. Dunbar dated a new grasp of the spirit of Christianity from that discourse. But as for substantial support this availed him little. It may well be, however, that, in the long run he did not suffer from his fearless discharge of what he felt to be sacred duty.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A COUNTRY POLLING, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"God blesses still the generous thought,
  And still the fitting word He speeds,
And Truth, at His requiring taught,
  He quickens into deeds.

"Truth which the sage and prophet saw,
  Long sought without, but found within,
The Law of Love beyond all law,
The life o'erflooding mortal death and sin."

AS the decisive day approached, the keenness of the contest naturally did not relax. Business seemed forgotten, and appeared to conduct itself in some mysterious manner, while shopkeepers and artizans were expending their time and energies in eager canvass or vehement discussions. The newspaper altercations waxed more and more violent, personalities more personal, repartees and epithets more forcible. Alan, who took the abuse of his friend much less lightly than did Mr. Dunbar himself, was, in an evil moment, goaded into making his *début* in print, in an indignant letter addressed to one of the papers, a rashness which he found reason to regret when he found that his defence only called down an additional torrent of vituperation on his friend, and ridicule on himself, which the anonymous writer, having no scruples as to such trifles as fairness and justice, could easily indulge. Philip, though inwardly gratified by the generous impulse that prompted Alan's ardent vindication, advised him to let the newspaper *mêlée* alone for the future, and treat the attacks upon him with silent contempt.

Some attempts were made to tie Alan down to remain in Carrington on the day of the polling, as his adverse influence in Radnor was feared by Mr. Fulton's party. He was made a deputy-returning officer; but, determined not to submit to any such checkmating, he paid the fine rather than forego the privilege of going out to Radnor to act as scrutineer for Mr. Dunbar. He had also, in virtue of the acres of rock and barren land on Deer Lake which he had inherited as his share of his father's property, a vote in a township still farther back, and this vote he was determined to give at any cost. He had, however, a more important part to play on the eventful day than he had at all anticipated.

Late on the preceding evening, Alan, having done justice to the supper prepared for him at Mapleford on his arrival there, was sitting in the midst of the little circle, composed of his mother, Jeanie, Miss Honeydew, and her *piquante* little American niece, Bertha, who just now formed the family in Miss Honeydew's cottage. The latter had utterly refused to allow Mrs. Campbell and Jeanie to seek any other home, declaring that she had never known how lonely her cottage had been in the old times, and that it would be the height of cruelty to her, now that her solitary existence had had so long a break in it, just to put her back again where she had been before. So, their scruples being set at rest, Mrs. Campbell and her daughter willingly remained in the quiet home which had become endeared to them by its associations with the father and husband who now no longer took part in their daily life, yet who never seemed far away from them there.

Alan's visits were always welcome events, bringing a breeze of stir and animation into the quiet feminine circle, which had few events to break its ordinary routine, and just now especially, when Carrington seemed the centre of interest to every man, woman, and child in the county. Alan had been answering all questions *con amore*, and telling all the latest news of the election, which, even here, was the predominant subject of interest, especially to Jeanie, whose flushed cheek and eager attention would have betrayed to a less preoccupied observer than Alan that she took a somewhat deeper interest in it than would have been accounted for by any desire for the success of her brother's friend.

Alan was in the middle of denouncing the system of mingled intimidation and bribery that was followed by Mr. Arnold and his party, the former of whom had threatened to discharge any of his workmen who should vote in opposition to his wishes, when a telegram was brought in. It was from Mr. Dunbar, informing Alan that he had just heard of a concerted plan for intimidation, and for compelling votes at the polling-place nearest to Heron Bay. If Alan would go there he might frustrate it, and another scrutineer would be provided for his intended post.

There was something in the idea of such a commission which appealed to Alan's adventurous Highland instinct, and he did not hesitate a moment. His mother was startled and alarmed, and visions of possible rough usage rose up before her, exciting fears which her son had some trouble in allaying, even with the assistance of Jeanie, who seemed perfectly fearless about it, and only eager that her brother should be on the spot, to guard the interests of Mr. Dunbar and of justice from such cowardly conspiracies.

A wild, somewhat inaccessible place, deep in the heart of the backwoods, had been fixed upon as the polling-place, from its being tolerably central for the people who lived at some distance back from the river. Alan knew that his nearest way would be to strike straight through the woods, by a path he had been wont to take in shooting expeditions; and he went off to bed as soon as possible to get some sleep before the very early start he would have to make in order to walk so far before the hour of polling commenced. He took the precaution of sending a message to Ben, at Heron Bay, which would be out of his direct course, asking him to meet him at the polling-place with two or three trustworthy comrades.

It was considerably before daybreak when Alan started on his solitary walk, fortified by a breakfast prepared by Jeanie's zealous hands. The waning moon was giving a faint light, just enough to enable him to distinguish the path he was following, when it struck in among the deeper shades of the forest. For a good while he followed it without difficulty or misgiving, but, by and by, an uneasy doubt crossed his mind whether he were still in the path to which he had been accustomed. The underbrush grew closer and more tangled: great fallen trees here and there blocked up the way, and he could only get on by clambering over them: and at last he began to see that all traces of path were lost, and to have serious doubts whether he had not been too confident as to his own powers of finding the way. He felt, too, a little out of breath with the violent exertion of jumping from log to log, clambering over unmanageable boughs and branches, and forcing his way through tangled bushes and brushwood, so he sat down on a moss-covered log that lay stretched along the ground, to rest a little and wait till the grey dawn, now just perceptible, should have cleared and defined the dim and shadowy outlines around him, and enable him to take, with a little more certainty, the bearings of his position.

While he was sitting there, tormenting himself with the fear lest, by this unexpected delay, he should make himself too late for the mission on which he had been sent, he started as he heard a faint sound in the distance, as of some one chopping off boughs from the trees. He listened eagerly to the sound, which was fast becoming more distinct as it semed to advance nearer. He could hear the rustle and crackle of branches vigorously pushed aside, then the sound of the hatchet exercised on a more refractory bough. Some expert backwoodsman, no doubt, thought Alan, one of the Heron Bay workmen, perhaps; now he would find a guide to set his mind at rest. While he was speculating about the unseen wayfarer, his doubts were set at rest by hearing a well-known powerful and melodious voice strike up an air very familiar to him, and he could soon easily distinguish the words of one of Ralph Myles' favourite hymns:

> "On eagles' wings they mount, they soar,
> Their wings are faith and love."

Alan started to his feet and rushed to meet Ralph, whose figure, hatchet in hand, was easily discernible in the fast clearing light.

"Why, Alan, old fellow, what are you doing here? The last place I should have expected to meet you," was Ralph's astonished exclamation in reply to Alan's delighted greeting.

Alan hurriedly explained his errand and his destination.

"Well, it's a most providential thing for you that I've fallen in with you," said Ralph, "for you have been going out of your way as straight as you could for the last half mile, and it wouldn't have been very easy for you to get back to it, especially without this trusty hatchet of mine. Now, I have to go just a little farther to see a poor sick woman who sent for me, and if you'll come on, and wait a little while till I have seen and talked with her, I'll pilot you on till we strike the right path again, farther along."

As the two walked on together, Ralph's hatchet and pocket-compass keeping them in the straight course, Alan found that his friend was quite cognizant that nefarious designs of lawless intimidation had been concerted, and that Ralph, like himself, was boiling over with indignation at the unworthy conduct of the instigators of such lawless conduct.

"In fact," said Ralph, "though I have been keeping clear of taking any side in the election, I intended being over at the polling-place myself, to exercise any influence I might have on the side of law and good order. I'm afraid, from all I hear, that your employer, Mr. Arnold, has too much to do with all this."

"He is not my employer now—I don't know whether I'm glad or sorry to say," replied Alan, and he proceeded to give his friend an account of the circumstances that had ended their connection, which Ralph heard with mingled concern and approval.

"Well, you did the only thing you could do, as an upright and honourable man," said Ralph. "And don't be concerned as to what is to come of it. That will be taken care of for you. When a man's motto is 'Trust in God and do the right,' he knows his sheet-anchor is a sure one! I congratulate you, Alan, upon being called to suffer for doing right!"

They soon arrived at the shanty to which Ralph's mission was directed—a little log hut of the rudest construction and with the roughest surroundings. A rudely enclosed potato-patch seemed the only evidence of any agricultural operations, and, early as it was, two or three half-dressed, neglected looking children were wandering about the little clearing—the eldest, a girl of some eleven years, being engaged in bringing water from the spring at some distance from the house. They had a wild, half-savage look, and scampered off like young deer at the strangers' approach.

Ralph went in, while Alan remained without, waiting. He could hear the poor woman's groans, and her fretful complaining tones, alternating with the cheering, soothing intonation of Ralph's voice trying to speak hope and comfort in circumstances as dark, perhaps, as an ordinary human lot can well be. When he came out Alan noticed there was the deep compassionate look in his eyes, so often visible in them when he had been contemplating human sorrow and suffering—the outward index of the spirit which, taking possession of his inmost heart, led him to follow in the footsteps of a greater Consoler in endeavouring to minister to the relief of the sufferers.

A tolerably clear path led from the hut onward, in the direction of the road, such as it was, from which Alan had wandered, and under Ralph's experienced guardianship they had soon reached it, though not without some scrambling over rocks and through boggy and marshy places, now and then seeing a harmless garter snake wriggle itself out of their way, while the birds were singing their morning song, and the squirrels were chattering in the branches overhead, and every now and then they heard the rustle and whirr of partridges among the underbrush.

Ralph had one or two other visits to make, which he could not neglect, and when he had seen Alan fairly on the straight road to his destination he bade him good morning for the present, promising to meet him at the tavern where the polling was to take place, and to do all he could to strengthen his hands in maintaining order.

When Alan arrived at the little tavern he found that, though he was in very good time, the ground was already occupied by a collection of very rough looking men, who were standing about in little groups, and whom the landlord was plying with whisky. Alan privately remonstrated with the man, representing the harm this must do, but the tavern-keeper had evidently got his instructions, and only replied roughly, that "he had better mind his own business."

Alan announced himself as scrutineer for Mr. Dunbar, and took his place beside the returning officer and Mr. Fulton's scrutineer—the third candidate not being represented.

The first six votes were, one and all, recorded for Mr. Fulton, Alan saw no reason to question them, though he had no doubt in his own mind, from various indications, that they had been bought. The seventh voter came in, looking frightened and nervous—a weak, bewildered-looking man. When asked for whom he wished to record his vote he stammered out, in his confusion, first the name of Mr. Dunbar, and then, correcting himself, that of Mr. Arnold. Alan's suspicions were aroused by this, and still further by seeing the heads of two or three ruffianly-looking loafers pushed in at a window, as if watching the actions of the voter. He followed the man as he went out, and taking him aside, asked him whether any intimidation had been used towards him. The man seemed afraid to give a direct reply; presently, however, he said in a low frightened tone, "If you want to know, just watch the turning of the road at the end of the house," and then, as if afraid to be seen conversing with Alan, he hurried away.

At the end of the house the road sloped abruptly down into a deep ravine through which led a narrow rocky path—almost a pass. Alan slipped quietly out, and climbing a rock at one side of it, which commanded a full view of it, he resolved to watch till the next traveller should come that way. He had not very long to wait. A man on horseback came in sight, picking his way along the difficult path. Immediately, about a dozen strong, rough fellows started out of various hiding-places, and coming forward, one of them seized the bridle of the horse, ordering the rider to dismount. As the horse was completely in the power of the man who had grasped its bridle, and who was evidently intending to annoy and excite the animal with a strong switch that he held in his hand, the rider had no choice but to comply. He was then asked, in no very gentle tones, for whom he was going to vote.

"Is that any business of yours?" said the man, endeavouring to maintain his liberty of action.

"Just this, that if you don't tell us we'll thrash you within an inch of your life!"

The man looked anxiously round the rough-looking mob. He could have made no resistance that would be of the slightest avail. How could his resolve and his courage stand out against such odds?

But before he could reply, Alan, unable any longer to repress his indignation, had exclaimed impetuously—"Men! how dare you interfere with a voter's freedom. Are you not ashamed of yourselves for such lawless conduct! If you don't desist I shall report you one and all!"

The men looked up in amazement at the unlooked for interruption. Most of them were Mr. Arnold's "hands" in the lumbering operations at Heron Bay, and knew Alan, by sight at least, from his occasional business visits. They might have been induced to pay some respect to his appeal but for the whisky which had already fired their brains and roused their latent brutality, so Alan's remonstrance only infuriated them.

"You'd better hold your jaw," one of them called out savagely, "if you don't want to be pulled down from there pretty quick."

Alan's blood was up, however, and he went on with an indignant remonstrance, reminding them that if they persisted in such conduct they would be exposing themselves to serious legal penalties.

The only reply was a yell of rage, as two or three of them rushed to where Alan stood.

"Give it to him." "Collar the fellow." with various profane ejaculations and savage threats resounded on all sides, as one proceeded to climb to where Alan stood, apparently quite ready to put their threats into execution.

He drew out a revolver, exclaiming—

"I don't want to use this, but you will advance at your own peril."

But his assailants seemed excited beyond all thought of prudential motives. Alan had promised both his mother and Ralph not to use the deadly weapon except in the last extremity of self-defence, but the affray was growing serious, and he was puzzled how to act, when, lithe as a panther making his spring, Ben sprang from behind at the throat of his nearest assailant, which he grasped with a firm and most uncomfortable gripe. The two or three men whom he had, according to Alan's request, brought with him, came forward at the same moment; and now that the party of the defence was so considerably reinforced, the assailing body recoiled a little from the attack, leaving their foremost man still helpless in Ben's powerful grasp.

But a new actor just then appeared on the scene, slowly and deliberately making his way down the steep and difficult path, and a strong, calm voice called out, "Let him go, Ben; I want to talk to you all a bit." Ben obeyed instinctively; somehow, few who knew Ralph Myles ever thought of resisting an order given in his calm, authoritative voice, which seemed to take compliance as a matter of course.

Ralph quietly advanced among the surprised and wavering "roughs," and taking a position as easy as if he were holding a familiar conversation with one of them, he calmly called them all by name, in a voice which, quiet and strong though it was, had yet a vibration of reproachful sorrow in it.

"Tom Hall, Joe Bennett, Sam Dawes," he said, going on till he had called each man by name. "What's this I find you at? Doing the devil's work. Is that what you've made up your minds to do then? Jim Larkins, have you forgotten already the good resolutions you made when I stood beside you over your dead baby? Sam Dawes, is this the way you mean to drive your dying wife into her grave? Now, just be quiet for a little. Here, we'll sing a hymn, first." And to Alan's intense surprise, he struck up, in the fine rich voice which was one of his greatest gifts, a touching, plaintive hymn—one of the simplest and most primitive, yet through which, both words and air, there throbbed the passionate expression of sin-bound, sin-burdened hearts, with an eager, earnest appeal for deliverance. To Alan's still greater surprise, two or three of the men joined in, as if compelled by an irresistible influence, while some of the others, who but a short time before had seemed more like infuriated wild beasts than men, were softened to such a degree that the very emotion seemed to sober them, and tears flowed down some rugged cheeks.

Ralph followed the hymn with a short, earnest prayer, during which the men stood still, in the awe-struck quietude which his arrival had caused, and then he gave them an equally short address, but forcible, intense in its earnestness, and couched in words so homely and direct that not a word fell short of its aim. He pictured, in vivid language, the wretchedness of that bondage to the powers of sin and hell which they were rivetting upon themselves; reminded them of the "old, old story" of One who, loving as He was pure and holy, had undertaken a life and death of suffering to save them from the abyss of sin and misery into which, notwithstanding His sacrifice, they were recklessly endeavouring to precipitate themselves. Then, changing his tone of solemn remonstrance, he went on to appeal most touchingly to their sense of common gratitude, asking how they could turn a deaf ear and a cold heart to so great love, proved by so immeasurable a suffering.

When he ended, it was evident that the victory was won—the victory of good over evil—for that time at least. The men silently walked away, two or three of those who were most completely sobered coming up to him to assure him that they would have nothing more to do with such "dirty work." And then Alan and he, with the voter, who had been standing by an astonished spectator of the scene, returned to the tavern, where the man recorded his vote for Mr. Dunbar, much to the surprise of the opposing scrutineer, who, not daring by any remark to betray his complicity with the conspirators, was obliged to content himself with angry and suspicious glances in the direction of Alan and his friend.

The day passed quietly enough after that, the poll being about equally divided between Mr. Fulton and Mr. Dunbar, with a few votes for the opposition candidate. But the *fracas* of the morning soon got wind, as well as Alan's share in it, and before evening a report of it had found its way to Carrington.

CHAPTER XXV.

GIVING AND GAINING.

> "In party's doubtful ways he trusts,
> Her instincts to determine;
> At the loud polls the thought of her
> Recalls Christ's mountain sermon.
>
> "How dwarfed against his manliness,
> She sees the poor pretension,
> The wants, the aims, the follies, born
> Of fashion and convention."

BY the time that the hour for closing the the polls arrived, Alan's impatience to hear the result of the election became very great and he gladly availed himself of a seat in the vehicle which was to convey to Carrington, from the nearest point whence a wheeled vehicle could start, the returning officer and Mr. Fulton's scrutineer.

It was some time after dark when Alan reached the inn, at the door of which the returns, so far as they had come in, were posted. It was much as he had expected, or at least feared. Most of the business population of Carrington, all the operatives with about a dozen exceptions, and all the officials had voted for Mr. Fulton. For Mr. Baker were recorded a tolerably large number of votes, including of course, all the enthusiastic oppositionists. For Philip Dunbar, some thirty or forty of the more thoughtful and independent of the town voters had recorded their votes. So large was Mr. Fulton's majority in the town and the immediately surrounding country, that his return must be looked upon as an accomplished fact, whatever might be the returns from the more distant polls.

Philip Dunbar met Alan with his usual easy composure and quiet smile.

"Pretty much as I expected," he said; "it was well I hadn't by any means set my heart upon it. But I would far rather stand as I do, defeated, and with a clear conscience, than have been seated a dozen of times with one case of bribery on it. Even if I never should get a seat, I shall always be glad to have had the opportunity of giving a practical testimony in favour of honourable dealing! But I don't despair of working it out yet in time!"

Alan was still standing in the lighted passage of the inn, talking to Philip and two or three of his more prominent supporters.

when George Arnold walked out of the bar-room, arm in arm with one of his political friends, both of them flushed and excited by drinking, for the present excitement had developed rather alarmingly George's tendencies in that direction. George had just been hearing a rather magnified and distorted account of Alan's part in crushing the attempted intimidation. As he came rather suddenly upon him in the doorway, his companion drew his attention, with a word or two and a sneering laugh, towards Alan. George's flushed face grew almost white with passion, and his blue eyes positively glared as they met Alan's. He walked straight up to him, and without a preliminary word, brought down his clenched hand with a stinging blow on Alan's cheek. Alan's amazement for the first moment arrested his indignation; then the fierce tide of natural anger at the unprovoked insult rushed fiercely through his veins. He clenched his hand, he would have raised it—but a better impulse spoke within him, and then, almost like the sudden appearance of her gentle self, came the thought of Lenore. No; cost what it might, he would conquer himself! He held the clenched hand down with all the force of his will, the nails pressed into the palms with the force he was exerting over himself, and quietly and fixedly returned George's fierce stare.

A murmured "for shame!" broke from the by-standers, who had witnessed the unprovoked insult with indignant surprise, and Philip Dunbar saying quietly, "Mr. Arnold, I think you will regret this," drew Alan's arm within his own, and leisurely walked away. They were immediately surrounded by some excited young men, who denounced in no measured terms George Arnold's ungentlemanlike conduct; for although the latter was certainly rather popular in Carrington—being looked upon as a "good fellow"—such a proceeding as this was, of course, beyond the pale of the toleration which his popularity could procure for him. Philip disengaged himself and Alan as quickly as possible from the eager, talking group, and the two walked silently homewards, hardly exchanging a word until they were about to separate. Then Philip said, as he pressed Alan's hand at parting:

"Alan, you behaved splendidly! I am proud of you. By your self-command you have put George in a far more humiliating position than if you had returned his blow. Then it would have been just 'a row between Arnold and Campbell.' As it is, you have put the matter in its proper light—an unprovoked assault, of which he will be ashamed enough when he comes to himself. I honour you more for your self-control to-night than for the pluck you showed to-day."

It was not often that Philip spoke so enthusiastically, and his friend's generous praise, conjoined with the approval of his conscience, made Alan feel more than repaid for his self-control and self-conquest.

Next morning, as Alan was preparing to go down, as usual, to Mr. Dunbar's office, a little note was handed to him. He had seen the handwriting before—not often—yet quite often enough to enable him to recognise it without difficulty. He opened it with a heart beating a good deal more quickly than usual. It ran thus—

"DEAR MR. CAMPBELL,

"I have heard about last night. I can't tell you how very, very much grieved I am; I heard, too, how nobly you behaved. I know my brother will be sorry when the excitement is over. In the meantime, I can only ask you to overlook and forget it completely. I am sure you are generous enough to do so.

"Yours most sincerely,
"LENORE A. ARNOLD.

"Ivystone, Wednesday."

It would be difficult to describe the pleasure with which Alan read this note—the more so that it came so unexpectedly. He could not restrain himself from kissing the signature, and keeping the little letter very near his heart all day—a very foolish fancy, some may think, for a sensible young man. Nor could he deny himself the satisfaction of writing just a line or two in reply, in a hand tremulous with the nervous excitement which he could not altogether restrain. And this is what he wrote:

"MY DEAR MISS LENORE,

"It *is* forgotten, and will be thought of no more. Many thanks for your kind note.

"Ever yours,
"ALAN CAMPBELL.

"Wednesday."

Whether Lenore received Alan's note with as much pleasure as hers had given him need not here be investigated. It may only be observed that it survived many more valuable epistles, and was occasionally re-opened and looked at in after years.

It so happened that Mrs. Junor, with an unaccountableness which sometimes characterized her actions, had fixed upon the very next evening for one of her little evening parties. Possibly she may have had some idea of healing breaches, for she was a politic woman, in intention at least, although her intentions were not always productive of the desired results. She still retained her favour for Alan, and her belief in his future prosperity, and she would have been glad to do anything in her power to heal the differences which the political excitement had caused, and secure a renewal of the connection between her son-in-law and Alan, without whose valuable and experienced assistance she rightly felt sure that George's business must seriously suffer. Her invitations had, however, been given previous to George's open insult, or even she might have felt hopeless of mending matters.

Alan, however, determined to go, partly to show that he cherished no ill-will towards the Arnold family and connection; and a good deal more because he hoped to meet Lenore. Her brother, he knew, he should not meet, as Mr. Fulton was that evening to entertain at dinner his friends and supporters at the "British Lion," and he felt an overpowering longing, to see Lenore and exchange a few words with her.

He went early. Mrs. Junor was "charmed" to see him, as well as inwardly somewhat surprised. He had to wait for some time before any one from Ivystone appeared, and had to endure his impatience as he best could.

"I'm afraid we shall have very few from Ivystone to-night," remarked Mrs. Junor to Alan, in her usual impressive and ingratiating manner. "George, you see, is engaged for the dinner this evening, and dear Addie is not very well, and hardly cares to go out without George. And Renée—well, I suppose we must not expect her, as Mr. Mortimer is expected home from a shooting expedition, and I suppose he will be too tired to come. You have heard of dear Renée's good fortune, I suppose, Mr. Campbell?"

Alan had not, and his eager, inquiring look showed a very special interest in the matter.

"Not heard of it? Ah! these elections, you see, throw everything else into the shade, or else her engagement would have been generally known by this time. The dear girl! I am so glad of her good fortune. Mr. Mortimer is such an excellent *parti*; has a beautiful estate—quite a little palace they say his house and establishment is; and then he is such an amiable, nice young man; and they are so attached," added Mrs. Junor, in a less enthusiastic tone, as if that were a secondary consideration.

Alan felt very glad, indeed, to hear of Renée's good fortune. Mrs. Junor went on—

"My private opinion is, from some little things I saw, that Lenore might have had him if she had chosen to encourage him. She was his first acquaintance, you know, and I rather think it was she who first brought him to Carrington. But then she never did encourage him, and Renée is far more suitable. Anything like state and grandeur is thrown away on dear Lenore. She is so peculiar in her indifference to it."

Just then the entrance of Lenore herself interrupted Mrs. Junor's conversational flow, and Alan was left to rejoice privately over the piece of news he had just heard. Lenore's eye caught his almost immediately, and there was a certain mutual consciousness in their meeting, and in the slight colour which flushed Lenore's cheek as she smiled her greeting, which seemed to add a secret and delightful charm to the pleasure which Alan always found in her society.

There was no opportunity for any private conversation during the evening, which passed as all such evenings do, though it did not seem to either Alan or Lenore just like an ordinary evening. There was an irrepressible sense of mutual confidence and sympathy, which found unconscious expression in involuntary modulations of tone, or in looks from which a hidden meaning could not be banished, when the chances of the evening brought them together, which made that evening, then and ever after, seem an enchanted time, standing out somewhat from the ordinary background of life. But the matter of the notes, and the circumstances which gave rise to them, had not even been alluded to between them when the party at last broke up. Lenore lingered behind the rest, waiting for the carriage which she expected to convey her home when it called for her brother at the "British Lion." Alan hoped in his heart that it would not come, and he waited to see.

"I don't think it can be coming," said Lenore, at last. "I think the man must have forgotten, and George has gone home without me. He never would remember unless Thomas did."

"Stay all night then, my dear," said Mrs. Junor, but Alan interposed, rather eagerly, that if Miss Lenore would allow him, and was not afraid of the walk, it would give him great pleasure to see her home.

"But it would be so far for you to come and go back," said Lenore.

"The walk is nothing for me," said Alan, with a smile, which told her plainly that he was sincere in speaking of the pleasure it would give him. She made no further objection, and bidding Mrs. Junor good-night, they set out together, Alan having first carefully seen Lenore sufficiently wrapped up to protect her from the slight chill of the September air.

"Miss Lenore, how can I thank you enough for your note?" said Alan, before they had left Mrs. Junor's house a hundred yards behind them.

"How can I thank you for your forbearance ——"

She did not finish the sentence. Perhaps the slight quiver in her voice would not permit, but it was not necessary. The silence was as expressive as words.

It was a pretty long walk, but neither of them found it so, though they walked slowly along the winding road, with the stars softly shimmering down above the tall trees, and the waning moon rising in the eastern horizon. Neither knew exactly how it came about. Perhaps the magnetism of the little hand that lay on Alan's arm was too much for his resolution; perhaps the secret consciousness between them must necessarily find expression in words. At all events, before they had reached the end of their walk, the barriers of Alan's reserve had been broken down, and Lenore knew, what perhaps she had before felt, that she was enshrined in Alan's inmost heart; while Alan, in return, knew that that which he had hardly dared to hope for was true, and that the treasure of Lenore's love was really his.

"And I may dare to hope to call you my own Lenore?" said Alan, marvelling at his own boldness, as they stood at the gate of Ivystone, prolonging the first sweet moments of certainty and mutual understanding, which neither wished to terminate.

"Yours now and for ever," said Lenore, in a low but firm tone, the tone of one who would not promise rashly, but who, having promised, would never go back.

They walked very silently up the long avenue, and parted almost where they had parted so short a time before, on the evening when Alan, thrilled by Lenore's unexpected sympathy, had, for the first time, almost unconsciously permitted himself to hope. But now the full certainty of each other's love and mutual confidence irradiated, with an unextinguishable sunshine, a path which they knew must have its perplexities and difficulties before it could conduct them to the issue they desired. Alan at last compelled himself to take a fond leave of Lenore, promising to see her again next day, and walked rapidly down the avenue with a heart so light, a happiness so intense, that it seemed as if no burden of care could ever be heavy again.

He had not left the gate of Ivystone very far behind, when he heard a crash on the road in front of him, and hastening forward, could dimly distinguish the outlines of a vehicle which had been upset just where a sharp turn combined with a slight unevenness of the road to make careful driving especially necessary.

As he came up, the presentiment which had already sprung up in his mind was fully verified. He recognised, even in the dim light, the white-faced black pony which had been so early an acquaintance, and which was very sensibly standing quite still, while its driver, Mr. Arnold's servant, was making ineffectual attempts to right the fallen vehicle. As Alan approached the man he could easily discover from the stupid manner in which he replied to his questions that he was in such a condition of intoxication as to make him anything but a safe charioteer; and Alan felt sure that George Arnold would never have entrusted him with the reins had he not been himself still further overpowered.

George's prostrate form lay quite motionless where he had fallen heavily, evidently not having been able to make any attempt to save himself. Alan anxiously raised his head, satisfied himself that he was breathing, though quite insensible, and then laid him gently down until, with such assistance as the man was able to give him, he had got the carriage raised into its ordinary position, the horse still standing with most commendable patience. Then, Alan, almost unassisted, succeeded after some difficulty in getting George's insensible form laid in the carriage, and, taking the pony's bridle, led it slowly towards Ivystone, the man, who was now tolerably sobered, following, evidently rather ashamed of himself.

Alan stopped the vehicle at some little distance from the house-door, while he went forward and rang the bell. It was answered by Lenore herself, the only one up in the house. She had gone into the library, where a fire had been burning as the evening had been slightly chilly, and had been standing over the still red embers dreamily thinking over the new happiness which had come to her, and over the possibilities that lay in the future ; wondering whether George could be brought to look with any favour upon an alliance which she knew could not, at first, be otherwise than most distasteful to him. Not that she felt herself called upon to defer to her brother's unreasonable prejudice in the matter, but that, like every true woman, she would wish to enter into the new relationship with the sympathy and approval of the nearest and dearest of her old life.

She looked startled at Alan's reappearance when she had expected to see her brother ; and her quick perception could easily read in his face that his reappearance had a somewhat serious cause.

"Lenore, dearest," he said, putting his arm affectionately round her, "you must try not to alarm yourself; but your brother has had an upset. He is not seriously hurt, but you had better go and prepare his wife while I have him brought in."

Lenore grew very white, but without a word she hastened to Mrs. Arnold's room to communicate to her, without alarming her unnecessarily, the sudden tidings. In the meantime Alan, with the assistance of Thomas, carried in George and laid him on a sofa, still quite stunned and insensible. Then, waiting only to speak a cheering word to Lenore when she returned, he jumped into the carriage and drove rapidly back to Carrington to find and bring back the doctor.

When he returned with Dr. Wilmot, they found George still insensible, though, under Lenore's quiet self-possessed direction, everything had been done for his comfort that was possible before the doctor's arrival. Mrs. Arnold had gone at once into hysterics, and Renée found enough to do in restoring her to composure, so that there was no one but Lenore to look after the chief sufferer. And the insight which her hospital visits in the south had given her into the treatment of wounds gave her a readiness and aptitude that did good service.

While Dr. Wilmot examined George's injuries, Lenore and Alan talked in subdued tones in the library, the former feeling, even in these anxious moments, the comfort and support of Alan's manly and tender nature. If anything had been needed to extinguish in his mind every spark of resentment against Lenore's brother, the sight of him now, a prostrate sufferer, would have done it, and added to his thankfulness that he had been able to restrain himself from returning the unprovoked blow. And the accident had riveted another link of sympathy and tenderness between himself and Lenore. At last, after what seemed long suspense, the examination was over, and Dr. Wilmot pronounced George's injuries, which were chiefly about the head, serious enough to require the greatest care, but held out good hopes of a favourable recovery. Alan remained in the house until the doctor's treatment had brought George back to at least a measure of consciousness, as much, the doctor privately told him, as could be expected at present, taking into consideration the combined effects of the fall and of George's previous condition of helpless intoxication. Then, taking leave once more of Lenore, with an irrepressible expression of his thankfulness that she had not been in the carriage, and had thus escaped almost certain injuries, he went home to rest after the excitement of an evening so eventful, and so full of momentous bearing on his future happiness.

(To be concluded in our next.)

"QU'APPELLE."

Inscribed, by permission, to the Hon. Alexander Morris.

IN Lac Qu'Appelle, the legends tell,
Of old a calling voice did dwell,
Which speaking to the stranger ear,
Awoke dismay and bred a fear—
This voice unseen and yet so near.

Where dwells the voice? The Lake is fair,
Yet coveteth more beauty rare,—
Doth rob the hill-sides of their green,
Their autumn tints and purpling sheen;
Then reacheth upwards to the sky
For changing hues which melt and die,
Tranquil repeats the every star,
Clasps shade and sunshine near and far,
Till wakes the wind each prize to mar.

'Tis like the heart of man—this Lake,
Which all things bright doth seek and take,
Which craveth every pleasure nigh,
And longs for those beyond, or high,
Till, roughened by some rising pain,
His fair delights take wing again.

So in the heart, as in this Lake,
A spirit-voice doth surely dwell,
Which ever to the ear of life
The lesson of that life doth tell.
Heed well each tone, 'tis Heaven's care.
And weep should it become more rare;
It is thy listening soul that hears
The unknown voice of kindred spheres.

Winnipeg.

F. L. HUNT.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS AND THE LAW OF LIBEL.

BY J. KING, M.A., BERLIN.

> "Before this century shall have run out, Journalism will be the whole Press—the whole human "thought. * * * Thought will spread abroad in the world with the rapidity of light. Instantly "conceived, instantly written, instantly understood at the extremities of the earth, it will speed from "pole to pole. Sudden, instant, burning with the fervour of soul which made it burst forth, it will be "the reign of the human word in all its plenitude; it will not have time to ripen, to accumulate into the "form of a book; the book will arrive too late. The only book possible from to-day is the Newspaper."

THESE are the words of Lamartine—a great representative Frenchman, and one of the staunchest friends of popular liberty that have appeared in modern times. They were written many years ago; they were true words when they were written, and they are becoming truer and more capable of fulfilment every day and moment of our lives. We are rapidly approaching the last quarter of the century in which Lamartine penned them, and, as we cast our eyes swiftly backward, how wondrous is the spectacle which this ceaseless progress of the power of the Press presents? "How noiseless," says De Quincey, "is the growth of corn! Watch "it night and day for a week, and you will "never see it growing; but return, after two "months, and you will find it all whitening "for the harvest. Such, and so impercep- "tible in the stages of their motion, have "been the victories of the Press." From small and insignificant beginnings it has gradually become that great engine of intelligence which, as Thackeray tells us in his "Pendennis," "never slumbers and never "sleeps, whose ambassadors are in every "quarter of the globe, whose couriers are "upon every road, whose officers march "along with armies, and whose ubiquitous "envoys walk into statesmen's cabinets—" suggesting, directing, and controlling the policies of nations and the destinies of the world. The newspaper press, especially, has, in our day, through the influence of education, commerce, and freedom, acquired a range and intensity of action unparalleled in history. Every day's occurrences are a living witness to the energy and extent of the influence which it exercises over human society in every stage and phase of its existence. The vast increase in the habit of reading is attended with a corresponding increase of publications of all descriptions, suited to every kind of taste, and every degree of capacity and intelligence. But, while every class of literature is supplied in amazing profusion, the extraordinary increase of political and of fugitive and periodical writings is a striking characteristic of the modern press, and certainly must be reckoned foremost amongst the means of that active and omnipotent sway which it exerts over the minds of so many millions of people. Profound folios may suit academic cloisters and the lucubrations of our Universities and higher schools of learning; but the full influence of free publications on the minds, manners, actions, and habits of men in social life must be almost altogether effected by the more rapid and lively appeals of reviews, magazines, and other similar periodicals, but above all of newspapers. The Monthly has now superseded the Quarterly, and the daily and weekly press rules the hour. The statistics of publication prove this incontestably. Not to speak of Great Britain and the United States, where the power of the newspaper may be said to be supreme, we find that in Canada the growth of newspaper literature has been something truly marvellous. Less than fifty years ago there were published in the old Province of Canada just nineteen newspapers, only six of which appeared semi-weekly. There are now published throughout the Dominion and in Newfoundland, which, we shall hope, will some day unite its political fortunes with our own, close on to five hundred newspapers and periodicals of all descriptions. In 1867, when Confederation was inaugurated, 14,000,000 newspapers were distributed through the Canadian Post Office alone; during the first half of the year 1873, the number was 25,480,000, an increase vastly out of proportion to the increase of population. The last two years have no doubt added largely to this immense circulation, and we can well believe that the impulse given to it will be materially increased, in the rural districts of the country especially, when the Government sees fit to abandon its restrictive policy towards the press, and the obnoxious impost on newspapers shall have been finally and forever abolished. But it is not merely in the mass of publication issuing from the newspaper press that this extraordinary change is seen: the advance and improvement in the whol quality of its productions are not one whit less remarkable. Any one who has even cursorily compared the newspapers of to-day with the corresponding publications of—say thirty years ago, must have been struck with the vastly superior information, the increased vigour of thought and style, the infinitely higher command of all the weapons of journalism, and all the means and appliances for producing effect on readers, and upon all those whose knowledge and opinions are derived by daily intercourse with the great newspaper world.

That so much power and activity should be unaccompanied by any tendency to transgression and excess; that so much of good and utility should exist without its leaven of evil and abuse, was more than could be expected. On the contrary, it was only natural that, as the energies of the engine became more and more developed, its dangerous tendencies must become more conspicuous, and of course call for adequate safeguards against a redundant vigour. While every one, therefore, must have been struck with the progressive influence and authority of the press in Britain and in this country, there is no person but must also have been impressed with the corresponding increase of appeals to the law against the mischief of its exuberance and licentiousness. Libel suits and informations, in Canada especially, are growing "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa," and every few months the public ear is arrested, and the public taste regaled, with reports of proceedings in which individuals, more or less obscure or distinguished, have come into our courts of justice to claim the protection of the law against the calumniators and censurers of their conduct. It is of the last importance, therefore, that this law for punishing and restraining the excesses of journalists and all other public writers should be fairly understood, and that the reasons which have determined it and the principles upon which these are founded, should be fairly stated, and, if necessary, freed from all misrepresentation. There is all the more necessity for this when we consider that, in libel suits and indictments for libel, as in all other controversies of a legal nature, public opinion is, generally speaking, divided. The alleged aggrievor, and the aggrievee, who alleges the grievance, has each his circle, wide or narrow as it may be, of friends and sympathisers, and, whichever way the complaint is determined, or whether it be determined at all or not, there are always some persons who are dissatisfied with the result, who are ready to exclaim against the process which has brought it about, or perhaps to condemn those learned but much abused gentlemen who are popularly supposed to be the authors and finishers of most of the iniquity that is in the world.

The English law of libel, on which our own is based, and of which it is in fact a transcript, is by no means an ancient law. On the contrary, it speaks little for the boasted freedom of Englishmen, and the progress of liberty of opinion amongst them, that the law, as it now is on their statute books, should have been the product of comparatively recent, and, at the same time, of slow and wearisome legislation. That it has an ancient origin, however, may be very safely assumed; but what that origin is, is a matter of pure historical curiosity. Whether it came to us from the Court of Star Chamber, or from the Roman Republic or Emperors, is quite beside the present enquiry. The claims of every law to the respect of those who live under it must rest on its operation and influence, rather than on any merit of pedigree; and the vices of its birth-time or birth-place are of slight importance if its actual condition and effects are found to be sound and salutary.

Libel has been variously defined. In the courts of this country the definition generally adopted is, that it is "a publication, without justification or lawful excuse, which is calculated to injure the reputation of another, by exposing him to hatred, contempt, or ridicule." There must be (I.) a writing; (II.)

an unjustifiable publication thereof; (III.) an offensive tendency to vilify or lower in public estimation; and (IV.) a malicious intent to produce such effect. Considered in the abstract, this definition may appear, perhaps, vague and unsatisfactory; but when applied in the concrete—when the particular writing is properly tested, and the question is to be decided whether that be or be not marked by the required characteristics—much of the difficulty vanishes; and, except where prejudice or partisanship warp the judgment, there are few cases wherein any two intelligent persons would long differ in deciding whether the libellous qualities are made out or not.

No publication, therefore, being libellous but such as is distinguished by all the above criteria, it is at once seen what a wide and multifarious field of free publication is left totally open from the restraints of the law. Here, as in England, the law applies only to written compositions. Words spoken, however defamatory and malicious, are subject to no criminal proceedings, though they may, in certain cases, be the subject of a civil action. Neither will the noxious or defamatory tendency of the writing alone constitute libel, where the circumstances are such as to negative a wicked or malicious, and to raise a presumption of honest and conscientious, motive, in the publisher; while, as we shall hereafter see, the publisher may establish a good defence by alleging the truth of the matters charged as libellous, and proving that it was for the public benefit that they should be published.

The procedure by which the law is enforced requires little explanation. Blasphemous, immoral, treasonable, or seditious libels, not being of individual application, can of course only be regarded as public crimes—the object of penal proceedings. Libels affecting individual character are also regarded as crimes, being *contra bonos mores*, and hostile to the peace and harmony of society, but, as they are injurious to individual reputation as well, the injured party may seek redress in a civil action for damages. All libels are thus punishable criminally; libels of a private character are, in addition, the subjects of a suit for private reparation. The criminal proceedings are either firstly, by an *ex-officio* information filed by the Attorney-General on behalf of the Crown, for libels on the Sovereign, her Representative, the Parliament of the country, or any other libels of a public nature, which that high public officer may think proper to prosecute; secondly, by a criminal information granted by the Court of Queen's Bench, at the instance of any injured party, on affidavits stating the publication of the libel, and asserting distinctly the informant's innocence of the imputations cast upon him; or thirdly, by an indictment, in the ordinary course, before a grand jury. The first mode is of course only resorted to against libels of a very grave public nature. The second is generally pursued in cases of libels on persons of some rank or station, or where the libel is of so flagrant a character as to call for an extraordinary interposition of the Court; for it must be observed that the proceeding by criminal information supersedes the office of the grand jury, and the party is called upon to plead, and held to bail, on the mere filing of the information, with permission of the Court, instead of the preliminary finding of a bill by the grand inquest. The third mode of proceeding is adopted in cases where neither the Crown interposes, nor the case is such as to be a fit subject for an application to the Court for a criminal information, and when the party prosecuting prefers this mode of avenging his wrongs to a civil action for damages.

Although, in this country, newspapers are extremely unsparing in their criticisms of the Government of the day, and individual Ministers of the Crown, it is many years since either the one or the other has stood forward among the complainants against journalists. This is due, in a large measure, to the very general acceptance with which our system of government is administered by men of all parties in the State, the general acquaintance of the people with the principles of constitutional rule, and the uniform forbearance shown all statesmanly efforts by those who, through the press, are the vigilant guardians of the Commonwealth. The circumstances would indeed be most extraordinary, which would warrant, in Canada, any prosecution, on the part of a Government, of a newspaper or any newspaper writer. Public opinion has been so thoroughly settled on this point, that it would not tolerate anything savouring of tyranny or persecution of a public journal, no matter how bitter, or determinedly hostile and uncompromising, its utterances might be against those who fill our highest offices of State. The time has long since gone by, and will never come again, when it will be a received doctrine in Osgoode Hall, as it was in Westminster Hall before the Revolution, that "no man may publish a writing reflecting on the Government, or upon the character, or even the capacity and fitness, of any one employed in it;" and when we shall have Canadian Judges declaring, as the English Judges of that day declared, that "to possess the people with an ill opinion of the Government, that is the Ministry, is a libel," and that "there can be no reflection on those who are in office under Her Majesty, but it must cast some reflection on the Queen who employs them." Such a doctrine would be manifestly irreconcilable with the interests of any political party which, being in power to-day, may be summarily ejected to-morrow. In the one case, the party wishes to retain the rich prize which it has secured, in the other, to regain what it has lost, and, in either case, its best and only hope is to prepossess the nation with a bad opinion of its adversaries. However far public opinion would sustain them, no Ministry could, with the leverage afforded by a few indictments for libel, ever hope to stop the torrent of free journalism under the secret guidance of even a weak and impotent, much less of a powerful, Opposition. Experience has shown Ministers and administrators that it is more expedient and agreeable to act upon the *lex talionis*, to select weapons of defence from the same armoury which has supplied their opponents, and to retaliate, whenever necessary, with criticisms as keen and trenchant, and denunciations as strong as those with which they are themselves assailed. Public measures, and the public characters of our statesmen, are now attacked with the greatest severity. There is the widest possible latitude to newspapers in everything concerning these, and, although there are occasional excesses in this way—excesses that, in the interest of journalism itself, are very much to be deplored—yet the mutual check which newspapers hold over each other, and the restraint which enlightened public opinion imposes on them all, will always prevent anything like newspaper despotism. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the average political temper of the Canadian people would be satisfied with anything different in the average political tone of the Canadian Press. They are themselves the best judges of their highest interests, and of the conduct of those to whom they are entrusted, and, so long as party feeling is kept at a white heat, so long as party energies have to be rallied and party zeal inflamed, so long will they look for powerful denunciations on the one side and powerful vindications on the other. The time is past, however, when the malignant diatribes of a Junius against regal imbecility, and the vile rancour and venal pen of a Swift towards a political party, can be made palatable by pungency of style and the popular sympathy called forth by State prosecutions. Gross and wicked attacks upon the Crown and the Government would not now be tolerated merely for the sake of their diction, and constitutional freedom has been so well ascertained, and is so thoroughly understood by all classes of our people, that the unwholesome stimulant to the most hateful kinds of political virulence now happily no longer exists. Still, it must be admitted, there is a wide margin for improvement, even in this respect, by the press of this country. There is a prevailing tendency to regard great public questions less from that elevated plane where alone their real excellences or defects are visible, than from that lower level where both these are painfully confused by the presentations to the view of matters purely private and personal which, whether true or untrue, are wholly extraneous to the subject of discussion. The imputation of base motives, mean intentions, and low designs and ambitions, is as frequent as it is uncalled for in the interests of truth and justice. Unhappily, it is sometimes difficult to discriminate nicely between the influences, on the national polity, of a statesman's known private character, habits, or disposition, and the influences which usually or naturally sway him in public life, and govern his actions there. Where he is foolish enough to allow the one banefully to affect the other, to misuse his official position for his own personal gain, or to permit the sordid interests of self to control those higher and all important functions in the discharge of which he is a trustee for the public, and the public alone, he cannot complain if the press treat him as a dangerous common enemy and employ weapons of attack not commonly used in party hostilities. There is, however, too general a disposition in Canadian journalism to see no virtues in eminent public men with whom it differs politically, to give them no quarter, and to hound them down with the meanest species of personal detraction. Because a man is selfish and grasping in his ordinary, every day business, it does not follow that he is or will be a grovelling self-seeker as a Minister of the Crown or leader of an Opposition. No man can rise to political eminence or distinction, in this or any other country, without having some capacity for government, and some qualifications for executive administration ; and he is fairly entitled to receive honour and credit for whatever good there is in him. Fox and Sheridan were spendthrifts and gamblers, and even worse than that, in private life, but, as parliamentarians, they pleaded eloquently for economy in the public service, and wise and constitutional expenditure of the people's money. Burke was a blameless citizen, but was guilty of many public blunders. In the incessant heat and passion of politics in Canada, we have been driven to forget this —to identify the statesman with the individual, minus his official dignity and responsibilities, and to deal with him, less in the one capacity than in the other. The press, we fear, has accustomed the popular mind, by far too much, to this pernicious and degrading system of political warfare. It cannot, therefore, in its mission as a popular educator, accomplish anything grander or more ennobling for the public mind and taste than thoroughly to dredge out these channels, too long choked with stagnant impurities, and fill them with a purer and more healthful stream of journalistic thought and sentiment.

An objection that has sometimes been raised against the law of libel as a whole is, that it is not defined, as the law is in regard to some other offences of a civil or criminal nature—that the various kinds of libel are not set down and enumerated in our statute book, and that the precise limits of the offence are so far unascertained. The smallest amount of reflection will convince any one that an objection more superficial could not be conceived. Those who have urged it must have considered very inadequately the peculiarly intellectual nature of the offence, and the very wide distinction that separates it from all ordinary delinquencies which consist in some physical act operating against corporeal persons or property. What definition could any law-giver devise to embrace and mark out every species of composition which may be a means of occasioning any one of the innumerable species of injury which the characters and feelings of men are capable of sustaining? Clearly, the only approach to definition which could be attempted, must be made with reference to the tendency and intention of the writing. To describe, or enumerate, or classify the writings themselves, by any other criteria, is obviously impossible ; and even taking this, the most certain mode of description which the subject admits, it is evident that the most elaborate efforts must end at last in a generality of description not less vague than that which our Courts from necessity adopt. It is easy for the definer to declare that every writing, imputing to any individual a legal crime, is libellous ; and he may extend the definition with certainty to every writing imputing any moral offence. But where will he discover the terms to mark out all the other compositions or symbols, which, imputing neither legal nor moral guilt, yet having, when wantonly published, a tendency to vilify, or render ridiculous, or provoke, the law wisely considers as fit subjects for punishment? But does any rational man suppose that anything is gained in point of certainty of reasoning, or security of freedom, by any such legislative definitions as these, or any others which could be arrived at, on a subject at once so subtle and multifarious? General definitions on moral and practical questions are, indeed, the least certain and most hazardous things imaginable ; and nothing is so easy as to stretch or contract them, in their application, for the admission or exclusion of any particular facts. Those, therefore, who reject any but a law of definition, must either be content to leave the transgressions of the press entirely without control, or they must admit the State for their critics as well as their rulers, according to Milton's phrase, and adopt the expedient of a preliminary censorship.

The fact is well known—for it is a fact of history—that, in Canada as well as in England, juries are, and have been for over eighty years past, the sole judges of the law as well as the fact in all civil actions and in all criminal indictments for libel. The law in that respect was first settled in 1792, by what is known as Fox's Libel Act—the same

Charles James Fox who, twenty years before, had spoken with such flippant scorn of the constitutional rights of juries, but who, rallied by Erskine in the forum and by Chatham in the Peers' House of Parliament, subsequently confessed his errors, and became one of the ablest and most courageous champions of popular liberty that have appeared in any age. But the struggle which culminated in Fox's Declaratory Act was a hard and desperate struggle, and vexatious, beyond all description, to the advocates of freedom of opinion and the friends of a free press. Trial by jury was the only security for that freedom, yet, for how many long and wearisome years was it found to have no place in the law of England? Until Fox and Erskine, with their matchless eloquence, and the mysterious Junius, with his thundering invectives, threw themselves into the arena on the side of truth and justice, *ex officio* informations for libel were levelled by the Crown with crushing effect against public writers, and the intervention of grand juries, between them and its vengeance, was unknown. The Courts were the ready and pliant instruments of the Government in the administration of the law. Petit juries, before whom an indictment for libel was tried, were steadily and persistently denied the right of judging of the criminality of the charge. They were required to pronounce merely upon the question of publication, and of the truth or falsity of the innuendoes or meaning put upon the statements alleged to be libellous, while the true and material issue, of whether the paper was libellous at all or not, was declared to be no part of their duty, and entirely beyond their jurisdiction. In the case of Almon, the London bookseller who was tried for reprinting and selling the inflammatory letter of Junius to George III., this outrageous doctrine was shown to have too many precedents, and was enforced with startling clearness by Lord Justice Mansfield, who presided at the trial. In the case of Woodfall, the original publisher of the letter, who figures conspicuously in those days, the same extraordinary rule was laid down His Lordship there told the jury that, "as for the intention, the malice, the sedition, or any harder words which might be given in informations for libel, public or private, they were merely formal words, mere words of course, mere inferences of law, with which the jury were not to concern themselves." But the jury, in that case, as in one or two others, very adroitly found the defendant "guilty of printing and publishing only." This was a result, however, that was seldom reached, for, generally speaking, if the jury itself was not packed by the prosecution, it was overawed by the presence and threatening appeals of the highest law officers of the Crown. That it might acquit was of course undeniable, but it was extremely difficult, nay, almost impossible, to secure an acquittal from any jury who were adjured and menaced by the greatest legal functionaries of the time with the consequences to themselves, to society and the State, of violating their oaths by disregarding the plain directions of the constituted oracles of the law. A doctrine so monstrous as that referred to, which placed such fearful restrictions upon the natural rights of juries, was clearly fatal to the liberty of the press. It was viewed with hatred and intense alarm, and was severely criticized and condemned by the friends of outspoken journalism throughout the kingdom. The popular cause, which at first was weak and wavering, became irresistibly stronger and more aggressive. Its friends in Parliament re-animated its friends outside, and they, in turn, made the whole country ring with the clamours of their agitation. Never had a law abler and more determined assailants, or vindicators more powerful. Both were tremendously in earnest, and each were foemen worthy of the other's steel. But the fetters which bound the journalist were already breaking. His claims received a fresh impulse and gained new strength from their espousal by many who, like Lord Chancellor Camden, were of high repute in English jurisprudence. Pitt said it was imperatively necessary that the practice of the courts, in trials for libel, should be made conformable to the spirit of the constitution; while those who saw that the liberty of the press would be placed at the mercy of the judges, steadily maintained that the doctrines thus enunciated were a dangerous usurpation of the powers of jurors on the part of the judiciary, and that the jury had a strict right to deal with the whole matter of the criminality or innocence of every defendant in a trial for libel, and to determine it, as they saw fit, according to the nature and circumstances of the publication.

The controversy raged for years with varying fortune; but at length found repose in the Act referred to, which has since been embodied in our own law. That Act declared that, in all trials for libel, the jury "may give a general verdict "of guilty or not guilty upon the whole "matter put in issue," and "shall not be required or directed by the Court or Judge" to find the defendant guilty "merely on "the proof of the publication" of the paper charged to be a libel, "and of the "sense ascribed to the same" in the indictment or information. Thus, at last, were the jury made the sole arbiters of every question of the kind that may demand enquiry and decision in our courts of justice. The wisdom and beneficent results of the change which was thus effected need not be enlarged upon. They are so universally felt and acknowledged that, despite the many amendments which, year by year, are being made in the practice of our legal tribunals, no amendment has been asked or attempted in the established practice of giving juries the largest possible powers with respect to the administration of the law of libel. Nor will there be any so long as the law remains in its present indefinite shape. The people of this country, who prize and revere the institution of trial by jury, should not forget that the very indefiniteness of libel has materially contributed to bring its practical administration so peculiarly within the jury's province. Had the law of libel been written and defined, like the law against forgery for example, there is little doubt that, to this day, the application of the law to the particular facts of each case would, in libel cases, as in the other species of offence, have remained entirely with the judge, instead of being, as it is now, vested in the hands of the jury. The case of libel would not have been made, indeed it would not have required to be made, an exception to the ordinary rule that the criminality or innocence of any particular act is the result of the judgment which the law pronounces on that act, and must, therefore, always be a question of law, and not a question of fact; and judges would probably have gone on to this hour requiring the jury to find a verdict of guilty on the mere proof of the publication of the libel, and on their being satisfied that the sense ascribed to it, by the information or indictment, was sound and correct. The jury would have thus continued to be now, as they were formerly, excluded entirely from one half of their present important functions—debarred altogether from pronouncing on the vital question in the prosecution, viz.: whether the writing complained of has or has not a calumnious or seditious character and tendency—whether it be or be not a libel. But the difficulty of dealing with so delicate a subject, and the great danger of entrusting the sole application of a law so indefinite to judges appointed by the Crown, were two reasons, at least, for legislative interference, and for occasioning the law to be what it now is. It was to guard against a judicial power so liable to abuse and suspicion, and the exercise of which, as we have seen, was attended with so much real danger, that the Legislature resorted to the only sound and satisfactory cure for the evil of a vague law, viz.—that of withdrawing its application from the judge, and leaving the whole matter, as Burke expresses it, "to the province of popular judgment." However anomalous, therefore, the extraordinary powers of a jury in libel cases may appear, the anomaly is in truth to be regarded as a wise and efficient compensation for the necessary uncertainty and imperfection attending the very best descriptions of this offence. Instead of striving at a hopeless remedy in metaphysical definitions and futile word catching, the legislature very properly looked for a practical safeguard in an impartial and popular application of the law. They thought it right that a penal rule, inevitably wanting the ordinary security of precise and defined terms, should be applied to particular cases by a popular, rather than a professional body—by a body whose constitution peculiarily guaranteed their independence and purity, and especially ensured public confidence, and whose minds were better fitted. by the absence of technical habits, for the determination of questions depending on plain sense and popular feelings. But though libel in this country, and in England, may thus be stated to be that, and only that, which twelve impartial citizens declare on oath to be libel, yet it is not to be supposed that all principles of law on the subject are superseded, and that juries can conscientiously decide upon the matter according to chance or caprice. On the contrary, the law gives all the assistance it can by laying down the broad characteristics of the offence: and it leaves the application of these general rules to particular facts for a jury "guided, but not governed" by the skilful directions of a judge. The judge has full discretion to give to the jury his opinion on the matter in issue as in other criminal cases; the jury, instead of passing generally on the whole matter, may render a special verdict, if they think fit so to do; and the defendant, if convicted, may move in arrest of the judgment of the Court on any reasonable or legitimate ground. And thus there is, with all the indefiniteness of the law itself, a large measure of certainty with respect to the procedure adopted in cases of libel, and every opportunity afforded, which justice can require, for having the law applied with integrity, and without that fear and reproach which caused so many evils, and excited so much deserved odium, less than a century ago.

According to the old common law of England—that is the unwritten as distinguished from the statutory or written law—it was immaterial, with respect to the essence of a libel, whether the matter of it were true or false. This may seem strange and incomprehensible, but, in the view of the criminal code, it was not devoid of reason and common sense. That code, it should be remembered, regards libel as a public crime, on the technical ground of its tendency to disturb the public peace, but in reality because the attack on reputation is so flagrant a private injury as to amount to a public outrage. Truth clearly may be, and often is, the most effective instrument of malice and animosity; and, so far as the disturbance to society and the inroad on public tranquillity are concerned, it is at least as likely as any falsehood to produce noxious consequences. Hence it was that the common law held that the truth was no bar, and not even evidence, in defence of an indictment or information for libel—that, in short, "the greater the truth, the greater the libel." This doctrine, that was, in a measure, unassailable, naturally gave rise to much controversy, and the aid of the Legislature was long unavailingly invoked against it. As to the civil remedy, there never was any question. The civil action being simply a mode of securing compensation to the private party for the damage done to his fame, which the law always protected as a part of his property, it was clear that, if the statement complained of were proved to be true, the party's claim to compensation failed. It was obviously consonant to justice that, where an innocent person was foully and maliciously aspersed, there should be a reparation in damages; while no rational man could contend that a knave should pocket money for the injury sustained by the exposure of his knavery. But the other proposition of the law, which made truth no justification or excuse whatever in a criminal prosecution for libel, was for a long time unquestioned, and, when it was at last attacked, found many able and warm defenders. Those who assailed it maintained that the law was wrong, not in saying that truth *may* be libel as well as falsehood, and, consequently, that it should never be *conclusive* evidence in favour of the defendant; but in saying that truth was *immaterial* to the question, and, consequently, not receivable in evidence at all. They admitted the force of the argument that libel was as apt to excite to anger and violence when it was perfectly true, as when it was a compound of falsehood. Indeed it might be more provoking, for, if a thief be accused of stealing, he is sometimes more infuriated than an honest man would be at the like accusation. The truth, in that case, is the principal source of the breach of the peace tendency. But, they asked, are men to be restrained in their written communications lest the mention of delinquencies should excite the wrath of the perpetrators? Is a fellow's choleric character to be a legal prohibition against liberty of publication as to his offences? Is a ruffian to walk through society wearing the mask of virtue lest the exposure of his enormities might put him in a passion? Villains are always enraged at the detection of their crimes, while those conscious of their own rectitude despise the calumny of the liar. If, they argued, the mere tendency to produce a breach of the peace were alone to render a paper a criminal production, surely a warrant to arrest, or an information or indictment itself, would be the most atrocious of libels, as nothing in those cases prevents the prisoner or culprit from assaulting his official calumniators, but a feeling of his own individual weakness. Why, too, should the criminal law put no restraint on spoken words, which create so large a number of those breaches of the peace that come under the notice of the public? Why allow men to call each other by the foulest and most opprobrious names in the language, without giving any remedy by information or indictment? Why, with like impunity, allow them to apply to women the worst epithets that Billingsgate ingenuity can invent? But the advocates for reforming the law went further. They went on to establish that, what was termed by the lovers of Star Chamber ethics, "the perfection of reason" had, in truth, nothing to do with reason in any state of perfection, and that it was reared up into its existing shape totally irrespective of uniformity, consistency, or the feelings or usages of mankind. They denounced it as a wild chaos of judicial *dicta*, founded on no general principle of right, reason, or conveniency, and as a medley of jarring and irreconcilable decisions. They showed how, in the formation of that portion of the law which related to the criminal process at the suit of the Crown, the wishes of the ruling powers, or, as they were called, reasons of state or state policy, were alone consulted. And to this they not improperly attributed the anomaly that, in civil actions, the truth justified, that criminal informations would not be granted, as they are still not granted, at the suit of one private party against another, if the court be satisfied of the truth of the imputation; and that, in informations at the suit of the Crown, no enquiry at all was admitted into the truth or falsehood of the libellous accusation. But, above all, they appealed to the provisions of the civil law, from which the greater part of our libel law is supposed to be derived, and showed that, under that code, the truth was admitted as a defence whenever the publication was advantageous to the community, and was not stated with any malicious intention of defaming. According to Justinian, the whole matter—"the truth and the whole truth"—was to be laid before the tribunal by which the civil or penal consequences were to be awarded. And this, it was contended, was what the law of England should do. The mere truth of the defamatory charge should not be a justification, but the entire case should be laid before the jury, and then let the proof of the truth be a defence or aggravation, according as they might regard it. This, it was alleged, would be a sufficient protection for private character; for as, in cases of seduction, an unsuccessful attempt to impeach the character of the victim is almost certain to increase the amount of damages to such an extent as to prevent parties from ever setting up such a defence unless they are certain of succeeding; so, in proceedings for libel, would the defendant be cautious of doing anything to excite the feelings of his judges against him.

The law reformers, however, were met with very plausible and ingenious opposition. They were told that, though they did not desire the free publication of all truth, yet, even if their milder innovations were adopted, the result would be that *all* truth in effect would be published, and that there would be an end to all practical responsibility of the press, except for the publishing of falsehood. If the truth were given in evidence as a conclusive bar, or only as one among many circumstances; if the libeller were to possess, in every case, the power of coming into Court, and reiterating his libel by production of solemn proof of his imputations; the result would be that indictments for libels of all sorts would be materially checked, and proceedings for libels of truth would soon entirely cease. Prosecutors would be deterred from a proceeding fraught with so much inconvenience and annoyance. They would not be induced from mere patriotic motives, and without much personal advantage, to come forward in courts of justice to front a battery charged with legal evidence of frailties and crimes, by the statement of which they were goaded into prosecution, merely for the precarious chance of making out a case of malice against the defendant. Any admission, therefore, of truth as evidence at all, would thus have the effect of admitting it as conclusive evidence; it would drive prosecutors from the courts, render the proceedings by indictment a dead letter as to libels of truth, and proclaim a virtual impunity for the publication of every thing not false, however useless, however defamatory. It was also argued that the truth or falsehood of the question, rightly understood and accurately stated, in no way affected it. The one or the other might be connected with it in a vague, lax, and popular sense, but neither tended to its *legal* determination and solution one way or the other. The tendency of the writing to provoke dissension, was independent of its truth or falsehood, since a person covered with true imputations was not less likely to take a turbulent revenge, than one of whom lies were printed. The maliciousness of the publication was equally unaffected, inasmuch as not only the truest statement may be sent forth from a malicious motive, but a false statement may be published under circumstances which neither in law nor morals imply malice. The law, therefore, was right in excluding the proof of the truth in these cases, on the principle on which it excluded all irrelevant testimony, viz.: that it not only did not prove, but did not tend to prove, the point in issue. It was also alleged that the law declaring truth to be a libel, did not prevent the freest and boldest censures of public rulers, and that the libellers of the Government, who had already suffered punishment, must have suffered equally as much had truth been a justification. It was not, they said, the canvassers of public questions and the assailants of public measures who desired the law to be altered, for these were writers who often did much good, and whose excesses proceeded from excusable causes; but it was the slanderers of private fame, the traffickers in individual vices and frailties, the inquisitors of domestic life, the foul-fingered gropers for details which ought never to meet the light—a class whose objects are in general mere malice and gain, and whose writings are scarcely ever attended with any advantage to society. In what way, it was asked, could the publication of vituperative and defamatory truths contribute to improve morals, check crime, or incite to good conduct? And if it did secure any one or all of these results, would the end be attained without counterbalancing evils and disadvantages which would outweigh the good effected? It would be quite impossible to draw a distinction between the different descriptions of these truths; and one great evil that would follow would be the publication of thousands of mere indifferent and innocent actions, which it would import nothing to the public to know, but which yet, for numberless reasons, might harass, and distress, and render ridiculous, many worthy individuals by their disclosure. Natural infirmities, harmless absurdities, venial weaknesses in private life, which often belong to the best and most exemplary men—nay, even private calamities and afflictions—would all be laid open to public criticism and curiosity, to the infinite suffering of the parties, and to the real prejudice and debasement of the public taste. Those, too, who were criminal in the eyes of the law, and who might be detected but untried, would be put upon their guard by an exposure of their criminality in the public prints, while the laxity of the law would be discovered to all others who were disposed to follow or adopt the same or any other species of wickedness and dishonesty. These exposures would, moreover, prejudice the cause of parties put upon their trial, and would have a detrimental effect on the general proceedings of justice by pre-occupying the minds of judges, jurymen, and witnesses with rumours and hearsays, the influence of which cannot be entirely guarded against, even by the most cautious and reflecting men. The press would thus, in a measure, supersede the regular legal tribunals, and have an arbitrary judicial empire of its own, causing infinite injury and mischief, in many cases, to persons entirely innocent. The publisher's judgment might be oftentimes based on mere reports, which he had no means of properly scrutinizing or authenticating, and so might anticipate the judgment of the Court, which would only award the calm and dispassionate sentence of the law on evidence ascertained in the most thorough and reliable way. In a court of justice innocence would be protected from danger by those strict forms and cautious rules, according to which guilt must be established. But the tribunal of the press, by admitting hearsay as truth, and whispers and rumours as proofs, would necessarily condemn the innocent almost as often as the guilty. The exposure of newspaper censors would also carry with it a diminished authority, even where it fell in a deserving quarter; but the sentence of a court carried credit on the face of it, and the individual there pronounced guilty would be believed to be so by the world. Neither was it advisable that a large class of vices and moral crimes altogether beyond the reach of the law should be handed over to the press for censure and castigation. All reasons which excluded certain offences of man against his Maker from the scope of human laws, existed, even more strongly, against their subjection to the irresponsible inquisitions of newspapers. The vices which laws failed to suppress, it was argued, should be left to education, to moral, intellectual, and religious habits in the community, to check, if not to eradicate. What the Legislature and the judge could not punish should be trusted to the pulpit, the school, the university, and, above all, the conscience of individuals, to prevent. The dread of exposure was at least as likely to produce hypocrisy as virtue, and a better foundation must be laid for morals than the "terrors of a literary police." The confusion that would follow in the discrimination of the various shades of morality and wickedness would be no less lamentable. No distinction would be observed by the strange, and hardened, and eager eyes of the underling feeders of columns, between the settled profligacy of the man and the rash error of the boy. The *locus penitentiæ*, which God, and nature, and society grant, would be cut off. He whom Wisdom would rebuke with kindness, and bid "go and sin no more," would be at once pilloried and branded, and turned out hopeless and callous to a world in which he would think every man's hand must be forever against him. If such a system were to prevail, the peace of families and of neighbourhoods would be perpetually agitated and harassed by rude intrusions on the sanctities of domestic retirement. Vindictive journalists would drag forth not only the smaller vices and venial frailties of individuals, but their innocent and indifferent actions—nay, even their misfortunes, their infirmities, and their sorrows—whenever these could be made the subject of a heartless and mercenary exhibition to the multitude.

Thus the controversy went on between the friends and adversaries of the law which declared that a libel was criminally punishable, no matter whether it was true or false. But the law reformers triumphed, and, in the year 1843, what is known as Lord Campbell's Libel Act was passed, securing all the substantial reforms for which they had contended. By that Act, of which the sections of our own statute on the subject are almost an exact copy, falsehood was made an essential element in the guilt of the defendant, and a severe penalty was annexed to the malicious publication, by any person, of a defamatory libel, "knowing the same to be false." It was also provided that "the truth of the matters charged as libellous may be enquired into," but that they shall not amount to a defence unless it was for the public benefit that they should be published. To entitle the defendant to give evidence of their truth, he must allege it in his plea of justification, as it is termed, in addition to alleging that the public benefit required the publication. Without such a plea, the truth of the matters cannot be investigated, but if, when it has been pleaded, the defendant is convicted, the court may consider, in pronouncing sentence, whether his guilt is aggravated or mitigated by the plea, and the evidence given to prove or disprove it.

The last important change in the English law of libel that has been engrafted on our own may be very briefly noticed. We have seen that the question whether a particular publication be so far noxious in its tendencies as to amount in the abstract to a libel, is a pure question of law. If, in that view, the matter be libellous, it is then a question of fact for the jury, whether it was maliciously published, subject, however, to the ordinary presumption of law, that, in the absence of proof to the contrary, every person intends that which is the natural consequence of his act. So, according to the old common law, publication by the servant is publication by the master—in that it is presumed to be with the master's assent, and equivalent to publication by him. The publisher was thus held criminally responsible for his servant's acts, unless proved to be neither privy nor assenting to the publication of the libel. Of course, so long as evidence of an exculpatory character was admitted no great harm was done, and the doctrine was at least defensible; but, in the case of Almon, the London bookseller, before referred to, and for many years thereafter, the judges refused to admit such evidence, holding that the publication of a libel by a publisher's servant—whose servant Almon was—was proof of his criminality. A greater hardship could scarce be imagined, yet, great as it was, this rule prevailed, and was the universal law of England down to the year 1843, when Lord Campbell's Act swept it at once and for ever off the English statute book. And now in Canada, as well as in England, whenever evidence shall have been given which shall establish a presumptive case of publication against the defendant, by the act of any other person by his authority, it shall be competent to such defendant to prove that such publication was made without his authority, consent, or knowledge, and did not arise from want of due care or caution on his part.

The material cumulative result of the two great Acts of Parliament referred to, viz., Fox's Act, passed in 1792, and Lord Campbell's Act, passed in 1843, was, for many years, the law of libel in the old Province of Upper Canada. In the other Provinces the law was, in some respects, different. But Confederation, which necessitated so many changes in the old relations of British America, necessitated changes in its system of jurisprudence also, for, on every such system, the peace, and welfare, and good government of every country must almost altogether depend. Ever since Confederation, therefore, our legislators have turned their attention, with diligence and success, to the work of assimilating and making uniform the civil and criminal laws of the Dominion. In the prosecution of this work they declared it to be "expedient that the "law respecting the crime of libel should, in "all respects, be uniform throughout all por-"tions of Canada," and this, "for the better "protection of private character, for more "effectually securing the liberty of the press, "and for better preventing abuses in exercis-"ing said liberty." The English law we have been reviewing was made the basis of this uniformity, and the Act which carried it out in this country received the Royal assent on the 26th of May, 1874, and is now the Act which embodies and governs the law of libel all over the Dominion of Canada.

One word, in conclusion, on the practical execution of that law. We have before applauded the wisdom of the Legislature which intrusts the application of so critical a code to the pure and popular tribunal of a jury. If our property and lives are safe in their hands, individual fame, "the outwork which defends all other possessions, and makes them all valuable," must equally depend for security on their verdicts. Journalists have reason to appreciate and value, perhaps more than any other class in the community, the time-honoured system of trial by jury; but journalists can never forget, and will always be willing to concede, that juries are invested by the law of libel with a two-fold trust; and that, while they are the guardians of all useful freedom of discussion, they are no less the constitutional safeguards on which society relies against anonymous detraction and ribaldry. It is with them to draw the line fairly between the legitimate uses and the pernicious misuses of authorship; and to remember that, whilst the press justly looks to them for defence against any undue or arbitrary aggressions, the public equally demands at their hands effectual protection against the invasions of those who would wantonly abuse the valuable immunities of journalism for the most cruel and wicked purposes. It is not less their duty to correct its abuses and rebuke its viciousness, than to respect its privileges, save its honour, and guard its legitimate exertions from obstruction. Injury and persecution, it must be said, are not always on the side of the press when it appears to plead at the bar of justice; and harshness and oppression are not the invariable attributes of those who may there be its accusers. There is a wide difference between animadversions, however severe, on the public conduct of public men, and those hateful inquisitions and despicable calumnies which hold nothing sacred in the dearest relations of their private life. Juries must discriminate between the two, and they must do so unbiassed by interested censure or suspicious eulogy, unswayed by insidious flattery or insolent intimidation. By the help of juries, the press has triumphed over all its enemies and antagonists, and is in possession of an authority and influence, daily increasing and immeasurably beyond anything that could ever have been anticipated. By their assistance it has won a great and splendid empire of its own. It is for juries now to defend society and individuals against the excesses of a triumph invaluable in itself, but indescribably perilous in its extravagances. They have saved a good, and brave, and fearless press from becoming a victim; let them restrain a bad, and debased, and licentious press from becoming a tyrant.

FROM PORT SAID TO SUEZ.

BY J. S. COWAN, TORONTO.

HE, who, setting sail from some dingy English seaport on a foggy day of October, is attacked by sickness in the Channel and a storm in the "Bay," is relieved when, about the eighth day out, leaving the rough Atlantic, he glides into the Mediterranean, through the Straits of Gibraltar.

Cold and sickness are left behind him; the climate becomes like that of an English spring, and, happily, no storm approaches to mar his enjoyment. Objects of interest on shore can now be viewed from the deck with no danger of suffering from a sudden chill.

In Spain, the snow-clad Sierra Nevada Mountains rapidly disappear, giving place to a lower range upon the coast of Africa. Algiers, like a white albatross, with outstretched wings, keeps guard upon its sunny bay. The great fish eagle wheels round the ship, till far beyond the land.

The deeply purple, many-plashing waters remind one by day of "That blind bard who on the Chian strand,"

> "Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee
> Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.'

The numerous lighthouses flashing on the coast, the lightning and phosphorescence that illumine sky and sea by night, recall to one's memory those "frequent fires," that lit Æneas to the love-stricken Queen, whose funeral pyre was about to prove a beacon, warning the traitor from the angry shore.

For nine days we steamed over this delightful sea; on the tenth morning, exchanging its clear azure for the muddy tide thrown far out by the mouths of the Nile. A little farther on we received our Pilot, who took us safely into Port Said harbour, guarding the entrance of the Canal As the vessel approaches, a well-manned boat shoots off from shore. The yellow quarantine flag and the scarlet fezzes of the crew make quite a pretty picture as she dashes alongside. The officer, making no difficulty about our "Bill of Health," bows himself politely down the ship's ladder, and we are shortly made fast to the buoys in the harbour.

As the steamer slows up to her moorings, crowds of native craft, laden with merchandise, swarm around her. Their industrious owners, by every available means, clamber on board. Tall Arabs, dusty from the desert, bring figs and dates from Upper Egypt. Turks, from the "Porte," bear the rarest eastern tobacco, tempting the smoker with every kind of curiously fashioned oriental pipe. Jews come, laden with beadwork of Smyrna, perfumes, ottar of Roses from Damascus, sticks that grew on Lebanon or on the banks of the Jordan. and were polished by the artificers of Jerusalem. Women of no particular nation come, bearing immense wicker baskets, the trays of which are full of curiosities suitable as gifts from gentlemen to ladies. Hence, many philopœnas of considerable standing have now a final adjustment.

In every quarter of the vessel one is deafened by the ceaseless jabber of broken English, the purport being—"Buy, buy; you are reech Engleesh lady—me poor Arab man." "Me one poor Turk." "Me Jew, me honest man. Oh, yes, sair?" All these itinerant vendors know well how to drive a hard bargain, as several of us learned by "sad experience dear."

The ladies, now flirting with fans, the gentlemen, brilliant in scarlet fezzes, began to fill the boats in waiting to take them ashore, and we soon had the satisfaction of setting our feet upon the sands of Africa. Here we were met by a dirty crowd of "touters," clamouring loudly for the privilege of conducting us through the wonders of Port Said. This little town, containing about five thousand inhabitants, is built in a corner of the desert. The streets are wide, paved in the centre with asphalt, bordered by the original sand. About the centre of the town there is a square, planted with trees and flowers, which are kept fresh and green by a little fountain. While sitting here, a bridal party, issuing from a neighbouring church, crossed in front of us. The bride—a handsome Italian girl—was dressed in white, and her long veil floated lightly in the evening air. Three couples walked behind in orthodox fashion, the rear being brought up by a few children carrying flowers—the effect of all being very pretty, and in keeping with the holiday appearance of the little square. The hotels, on either side, are pretty good, but somewhat dear. Following the continental fashion, the guests sit, for the most part, out of doors. At the northern extremity stand the barracks and hospital: the Mosque being near the latter. While standing in the vicinity, a devout Mussulman approached, washed himself, cast off his sandals, and placing his hand on his mouth and his mouth in the dust, prostrated himself towards Mecca, while the sun sank in the sea behind him.

The European market is full of delicious fruit, such as one sees in France and Italy. Large, luscious apples, Eschol clusters of grapes, and pears that melt in the mouth like a delicious ice. Wine-shops are abundant, kept by Europeans who are moderately well patronised, selling, as in France, a considerable quantity of absinthe. We tried a bottle of Muscat wine, which proved barely palatable

In the evening, a singing saloon is opened to an audience by no means select. Sailors, pilots, and stray male passengers are balanced by rather shady specimens of the opposite sex, the songs being somewhat in keeping.

To the European, the native Egyptian Bazaar offers the greatest attraction. It consists of a series of open booths, in each of which sits an Egyptian, behind the commodities offered for sale. The women are dressed, for the most part, in a sad coloured robe, all being closely veiled. The veil is made of dark blue cloth, about eighteen inches long, in the form of an isosceles triangle, worn with the base uppermost; down the centre runs a row of gold or silver coins. Several of the ladies, with a comical, half-defiant smile in the corner of their dark eyes, invited us to purchase their wares; but these seemed so filthily uninviting that we preferred the distant view to the near possession. I noticed that, generally, the finger nails of the right hand only were stained with *henna*.

Several of the coloured gentlemen evinced considerable taste by their profound admiration of a fair young English girl among our passengers. One swart Ethiop followed her closely with open eyes and mouth, until a gallant Colonel, with his umbrella, attacked and routed him from the field.

After dinner we had a row in the harbour, the moon, at the full, affording the most brilliant light. Shoals of flying fish rose around us, darting off like a flight of swallows, and plunging again into the sea. During the voyage many of these fell on board, always at night, being, like other fish, attracted by light. The first prisoners were carefully preserved in spirits: but as the captures became of nightly occurrence, a lady of a utilitarian turn had her *take* fried, and declared the flavour excellent. This eventually became the established rule.

When the flying-fish falls upon the deck, it raises a succession of flappings with its tail, uttering at the same time a pensive twitter, possibly due to the escape of air from the swimming bladder. Our second officer could exactly imitate these two sounds. Sometimes when the nights were dark he would creep behind a coil of rope, and carefully reproducing the notes, draw a knot of curious passengers to his vicinity. Upon one occasion, having secreted a large fish, he pitched it straight in the face of one of the eager searchers. Of course we all believed it had flown on board. The *ruse* was eventually discovered, and the culprit paid dearly for his practical joking.

At six o'clock on a beautiful November morning, we began to steam slowly up the Canal. Every one now-a-days knows that M. de Lesseps is the engineer who accomplished this mighty "ditch," pronounced impossible by Sir R. Stevenson. One authority, affirming that the two seas were at a different level, proved that locks could not be constructed in the shifting sand. M. de Lesseps held that all connected seas are at the same level, and that therefore he would find no need of locks. Another declared the sand would fall in as soon as thrown out! The sand was thrown out and remains out still. A third believed that the terrible simoom would, sooner or later, deposit a few hummocks of sand in the channel, effectually preventing navigation, and probably enclosing some unfortunate vessels in the midst of the desert. To each and all of these suppositions the existence of the invaluable canal is the fittest answer. It runs through Egypt a distance of eighty miles, having a variable width of fifty to eighty yards, and a depth of twenty-six to thirty feet. The water is beautifully clear and full of fish. Along the bank run a pipe of fresh water from the Nile, and a line of telegraph wires. The former supplies the different stations, the latter transmits the order to these stations—or *gares*—instructing the keeper to allow a vessel to pass, or to detain her moored until another has passed from the opposite end. The canal is thus worked without fear of collision, in the greatest safety.

Before quitting the harbour a pilot comes on board to regulate the speed and steering. The speed being only four knots an hour, one has abundant time to observe the country through which he is passing. From one end to the other there is nothing but sand. A dead Arab, with bleached hands, floated past us towards the north, the current at this extremity being subject to the wind, as the Mediterranean is a tideless sea. About five miles beyond Port Said the steamer bumped heavily upon the bank. This happens pretty frequently, especially to a ship that slowly answers to her helm; and, on these occasions, there is a danger of swinging right across the canal, a mishap that might possibly break a fan of the screw. This casualty, however, did not happen to us; the mariners are proverbially dexterous with ropes and blocks, and we were soon again under way.

The lagoon that skirts Port Said lay upon our right. Its surface was white with an army of snowy pelicans, millions strong, drawn up in line of battle. They regularly changed flank as we approached, wheeling right and left upon the centre, keeping up their dressing perfectly. On the outskirts of this vast host, hover, by way of camp followers, large flights of wild-duck and golden plover, and the pilot informed us that the shooting in this neighbourhood is excellent.

Although it is the month of November the thermometer at noon stands at 72° in the shade. A light southern breeze, however, is blowing, keeping us quite cool under the awnings, yet—

> "As day increased from heat to heat,
> On stony drought and steaming salt,"

there arises on our left the persistent mirage, proving very troublesome and even dangerous to the eyes. Every one believes the mimic sea to be a beautiful inland lake. There are the green islands lapped by the rippling wavelets, with the sunshine and shadow of some past summer afternoon on the heathery bank of a Highland loch. "Quite a fairy lake," we say, clustering to the vessel's side, "but oh! so trying to the eyes." Here are two cases already in a fair way to require the doctor. The Pilot and Captain, —two old canal birds—warn us of our danger, and not before it is time, we leave off gazing at the phantom lake.

We are now far past the lagoon, and the banks, where there has been a cutting, are bare sandy hillocks, but in other places quite level with the desert. Occasionally we pass a swarthy Arab in a long white shirt. He throws his arms over the firelock slung behind him, staring calmy after us till we are out of sight. A wounded pelican floats past, and three Arabs have stripped on the bank preparatory to swimming for it. Their physique is splendid; recalling an observation in one of Lady Duff Gordon's inimitable letters:—"The young Arabs are as handsome as John of Bologna's Mercury, with divine legs."

Frequently a small passenger steamer flashes merrily past, its crew in red *fezzes* or *sola-topees*—the Indian sun helmet. One is waiting now for the letters, and the signboard on the bank,

"HOTEL
DE LA POSTE.
R. QUERZOLI."

surmounts a pretty little cottage, surrounded by plantation trees and evergreens. On the opposite bank stands Kantara, a hot looking little village of new houses, containing also a hospital.

At sunset we are made fast to one of the numerous *gares*, no night traffic being allowed on the Canal.

After dinner, four of us, arming ourselves with breech-loaders, went off in pursuit of game. The moon was full, and the dry atmosphere of the desert rendered everything beautifully distinct. Along the bank, at a mile's distance, stood a little wooden kiosk, erected for the Empress when she opened the Canal. We toiled on through the deep hot sand, towards the little eminence, and on reaching it beheld a silent village, stretching dimly across the desert. Fancying we saw a pariah dog sheltering himself in a shady corner. I proceeded thither, alone, to stalk the ignoble game. The dog, however, proved a delusion and a snare. Anxious, however, to discover whether the silent village were inhabited, I passed through the unechoing street, and on reaching the farther extremity, raised my piece and fired. The noise soon brought a crowd of brown-faced Arabs, unarmed and curious, about me. None of them could speak either English or French. One tall, noble-looking fellow, in a richly embroidered robe, with a silk girdle, was pointed out as the sheik. Another approaching said, inquiringly "English?" and upon my answering in the affirmative, said "buono," the whole of them seeming to be much delighted. Signifying to the sheik my intention of retracing my steps, he, along with his dusky retinue, kindly escorted me. On reaching the kiosk, we frightened an innocent pair, who had come thither on a private flirting expedition. These happy lovers thought us a company of nomadic Bedouins, come for the purpose of kidnapping the lady. A tender clinging, therefore, round the neck of the gentleman—who was a young missionary—meeting from him with the warmest vows of protection, formed such a pathetic tableau that even the grave Arabs were visibly affected. Affairs were in this state when the first officer arrived with a boat's load of passengers to inspect the kiosk. One young gentleman, of a sentimental turn of mind, had with him a concertina, with which he made "music on the waters." On reaching the kiosk, a young lady, discovering that it had an excellent wooden floor, induced the concertinist to play a set of quadrilles, which led most of the party to engage in dancing. The clergyman and his charge, however—whether believing dancing to be sinful or not I didn't enquire—kept by me, and being joined by another young lady, we accompanied the Arabs back into the village. The sheik stopped suddenly before a large house, and, after a brief consultation, having opened the door, ushered us into a lofty hall, the walls of which were adorned with fresco paintings, and the tables with antiques and eastern arms. After passing through several rooms, he threw open a pair of noiseless doors, drew back a curtain that hid a garden, planted thick with palm and cypress, and heavy with the perfume of flowers. So sudden had been the transition from desert to fairyland, that it brought to our memories "the golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid." In the middle arose a fountain, whose high-flung waters sparkled like diamonds in the moonlight, filling the quiet air with softest music :

> "A noise like of a hidden brook,
> In the leafy month of June,
> That to the sleeping woods all night,
> Singeth a quiet tune."

Every object was in most perfect harmony the eastern foliage, the stately Arabs, "the rich, the balmy eve." It seemed so like a dream, that one lady proposed screaming to prove that we were actually awake. The sheik employed a different method to make our situation appear more real. While sitting beside us in an arbour, he gave an order to one of his followers, who had grouped themselves picturesquely round the door. The man withdrew ; returning quickly with a bottle of wine, four wine glasses, and a silver lamp, all of which he placed on a raised dais at one end of the arbour. His master knocked off the neck of the bottle, poured a little of the wine—Madeira—on the floor, and filling the glasses, invited us to drink. After helping the ladies, we presented a glass to our courteous host : but "true Mussulman was he and sworn," raising the glass and bowing to the ladies, he set down the wine untasted.

After walking through the garden, we were conducted through the interior of the mansion, being surprised indeed to find each room fitted up somewhat magnificently in European style. There were baths and bedrooms, with every requisite appointment. Cool mats were upon the floors, and the beds were hung with the graceful mosquito net, giving to each room that faint hint of the East, so attractive to the curious western eye. Before leaving this Arab gentleman, he culled a bouquet for each of the ladies, then, escorting us to the door, he wished us "*bon soir*"—evidently the major part of his French. I went back with money in my hand, at sight of which our stately friend drew himself stiffly up, and gravely smiling, waved it away. We were somewhat late in reaching the ship, picking up by the way a party of fellow-voyagers, sitting gypsy-wise, round a fire on the sand. To them we told our tale, which would scarce have gained credence, had not our companion, the clergyman, vouched for the truth of every incident. One old infidel declared it a mere Arabian tale, like those—

"Told to save her pretty head,
By Scheherazade in bed."

Eventually, however, our adventure became the envy and delight of the whole of our fellow passengers. When the ladies retired, several of us bathed in the Canal. The water is quite warm, and, from admixture with the "Bitter Lakes," extremely buoyant. Swimming is thus comparatively easy, even to the uninitiated. One man who couldn't swim a stroke fell overboard, but managed to struggle to land; while those who sprang from the rail, a height of 16 feet, came to the surface with surprising ease and swiftness. During the night several of the ladies were bitten by mosquitoes.

By six on the following morning we were again under way, reaching Ismalia in about an hour. It is a pretty little town, clustering round the western shore of Lake Timsah, through which the Canal passes. Here the Khedive has established a military college, and there are several elegant chateaux round the shore of the Lake.

The French pilot now left us, his place being supplied by a modern Greek. Not by any means like to the son of Peleus—swift-footed Achilles—but a dark, dapper, little fellow, dressed in modern French style, with a daring pugree twisted round his jaunty hat. He did not prove a very skilful pilot, running us several times upon the bank. On one of these occasions, while we stuck fast, a blind beggar approaching, whined for alms, and it was quite surprising with what facility he picked the money out of the wet sand.

A long caravan of heavy-laden camels is often seen crossing the desert. Passing a bridge of boats, an opportunity was afforded us of observing more closely this peculiarly eastern cavalcade. One half had already crossed the bridge and erected their black tents on the opposite side. The weary, dusty camels lay stretched upon the sand; the women sat in the doors of the tents; the men were busy unbinding the unladen packs, some standing on the bank, leaning on the long firelock that is slung behind them on the march. Across the breast of a camel lay a little dusky Ishmaelite, apparently asleep. On the other bank stood the laden camels, each with a driver at its head, ready to cross as soon as we had passed through. They were probably in transit from Cairo to Damascus, or some other ancient city. How weary the poor beasts seemed to us at ease under the awnings, their masters meanwhile looking on, calm and silent, as the great ship ploughed past with fret of steam and noise of laughter. Sometimes a fisherman is descried upon the bank, with patient hook, waiting for a nibble.

About mid-day, we reached the "Bitter Lakes," through which the vessel is allowed to steam at full speed. The Captain had a bucketful of the water drawn up, in order that the ladies might have the pleasure of tasting it. To encourage the feeble-hearted, he took half a tumbler-full himself, pronouncing it delectable. I would, however, advise no lady passing that way to try the experiment. How the waters of the Dead Sea taste I know not, but, in several instances, those of the "Bitter Lakes" acted as a speedy and potent emetic.

When within a few miles of Suez, the vessel had the misfortune to bump, swinging with the receding tide of the Red Sea diagonally across the Canal. All that man might do could not move us till the morning tide. The Captain was furious; and if modern Greek be a vehicle capable of conveying expletives, be sure that the Pilot sent the souls of many heroes to Hades, a prey to dogs and all unclean birds. The passengers went down and vented their pent-up wrath upon the dinner. Thereafter, everyone, landing, proceeded to the nearest *gare*, kept by a young Viennese. Here some of the younger members enjoyed an excellent night's dancing, while others, proceeding across the desert, returned with huge crystals of crude nitre, that are scattered about in this region in great profusion.

With the morning tide the vessel swung clear of the bank, and about eleven, a.m., we cast anchor abreast of Suez at the upper extremity of the Red Sea.

No sooner was the vessel moored than tribes of the "children of Israel" began to board her, to spoil the English, as formerly they spoiled the Egyptians. About mid-day, a Royal Yacht, with a Russian Prince on board, sailed past us, receiving a salute of twenty-one guns from two Egyptian ironclads anchored in the harbour. The Egyptian mariners, in scarlet fezzes and white trousers, manned the yards, all the vessels in the bay spreading their bunting. It was a very lively scene, rendered all the more enjoyable by the splendour of the weather.

There are two harbours at Suez, one for

men-of-war, the other for merchantmen. Modern Suez is being constructed round them, on land reclaimed from the sea. The ancient village stands at the end of a range of low, red hills, about a mile and a half from the shore. It being too hot for walking, one is forced to take a donkey, crowds of which are always standing ready saddled, with the boys playing beside them. No sooner has a party landed than it becomes a prey to these young Arab thieves. Each one swears by Allah that his donkey is the best on the stand, the others being mere broken-kneed impostors. The curious inquirer, if not a knowing one in donkey-flesh, is startled to find that all the beasts, like their masters, have a vile habit of praying by the highways, with face or tail to Mecca. It is better to make this discovery before starting.

After much yelling, stumbling, tail-twisting, and energetic exercising on the donkey's back with a thick stick, young Selim, or Said, or Mohammed at length lands one among the mud houses, and narrow, crooked streets of Suez. Here a dragoman, speaking very broken English, endeavours to force his services upon the traveller. An hour may be profitably, although—on account of the filth and odour—not pleasantly, spent in riding through the bazaar, surveying the different nationalities that frequent it, and listening to the ceaseless Babel of those who buy and sell. Persians, Arabians, Jews, Turks from the fleet, Egyptians, European and American sailors, officers *en route* for India and returning, Hindoos, Negroes, and Lascars, all mingle together in the little square. The Europeans are buying goods from the East; the Orientals those of Manchester and Birmingham.

Jewish merchants abound in Suez, so that, riding through it, one has an excellent opportunity of contrasting the elder with the younger son of Abraham. Ishmael tall, flashing-eyed, straight-limbed, merry, and free; Isaac, cringing, cheating, supple-tongued, the slave of a bargain. Great was the difference between the brethren, when the Egyptian bondwoman—a veritable *mater dolorosa*—"sat her down over against Ishmael, a good way off, as it were a bowshot: for she said, Let me not see the death of the child. And she sat over against him, and lift up her voice and wept." But the superiority at the present day lies so clearly upon the side of Ishmael, that one would prefer rather to have departed with Hagar into the Wilderness of Beersheba, than to have remained with Isaac in the tent of Sarah.

We returned to the ship before sunset, having been informed that there was a risk of being "knifed" after nightfall. Two servants of the Peninsular and Oriental Company had been killed the previous week, but the murderers had never been discovered. They were probably far away in the pathless desert before the search commenced.

Early on the following morning we steamed down the Red Sea. The hoary mass of Sinai, gloriously crowned with moonrise, stood up, rugged and awful, upon our left. We passed the palm-marked wells where Moses halted the Israelites; lost sight of land; panted through the hot day, and by night slept well, beneath the Southern Cross

TWO LIVES.

"What is there between us,
Hid in either heart,
That, as Love draws nearer,
Bids us stand apart?

"Does false pride in silence
Seal our lips around,
So that Love is deafened
By the lack of sound?

"Speak, my own, my dearest!"
—Answer came there none;
There was naught between us,
And my bride was won.

* * *

"What is there between us,
Why are we so dumb?
Long for joy we've waited,
Now our joy has come:

"Speak my own, my darling,
Sitting at my side!"
—"There's a kiss between us,
Nothing else beside!"

* * *

"Is there aught between us?
Have I thought or said
Anything to vex you?
Better were I dead!

"O my wife, my darling,
I am full of dread,
Put the grief behind thee,
Count the words unsaid!"

Came the answer gently,
"Husband kind and dear,
There was naught betwixt us,
Trust me,—but a tear."

* * *

"Is there aught between us,
Partner true and tried,
Is there more between us
Now that you have died?"

—"Only this between us,
That our hands unlace
(Fold mine on my bosom)
For a little space.

"Only that from silence
Comes an awe and dread,
Dropping on mine eyelids,
And my weary head."

—"Sweet my love, so be it!
Can I grudge thee rest,
Or shall true love tremble
At its final test?

"How can *we* be strangers?
Why should I despair?
When there's naught between us
But this breath of air!"

Barrie.

F. R.

FLOSSY VENNER.

LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY MISS FARMER, WOODSTOCK.

I.

ONE fine morning in September, loveliest of Canadian months, saw me, Flossy Venner, preparing to start on a leaf-gathering expedition : equipped in a rough boating suit of dark blue flannel, made after a fashion which has since come into high favour, but which would then have been voted "decidedly queer." No matter, it was convenient, and what did anything else signify in that wild backwoods neighbourhood? I remember thinking as I put on my tarpaulin hat, and threw one glance at the cracked mirror as I left the room, that I looked as much like a boy as a girl, except for my wild "mane" down my back.

Now, to get my leaves, I had made up my mind that I would take my own skiff, and push about among the islands with which the bay was studded—islands great and small, lofty and low, rocky, woody, ferny; the place of all places, for such expeditions as the one I was now bound on. No thought of danger entered my head; from my childhood I had been accustomed to roam about alone, unwatched and unfettered—free as air. Except for a few Indians in the spring, sugar making, and sometimes fishing or shooting excursionists from the town on the other side, our lake was lonely and deserted as heart could wish. To-day, I cruised about for hours, sometimes landing on a rocky point or sloping, turfy bank, gathering the treasures of blood-red oak, or scarlet and gold maple leaf, of fern and moss, until my spoils nearly filled my tiny skiff, and trailed over the gunwale into the water. The afternoon was waning, and the distant islands and shore were shrouding themselves in purple haze. How gloriously the sun-light steeps yonder orange and crimson grove, the swinging boughs dipping into the clear water, glassy-smooth, unbroken by a ripple! What a weird mass does that great craggy rock form, deep in shadow! And oh, *what* a flaming bough! That at least must be gathered : and I shoot across the "narrow inlet still and deep," and pulling close into the shadow of the great rock, against its rugged side, begin to strip off the maple-leaves, whose gleaming hues had attracted me. There were so many of them! They were perfect, like vivid jewels in their deep, pure tints. Impossible to leave one! So I gathered them leisurely, balancing myself in my cockle-shell, and beginning to sing :

"I know a maiden fair to see!"

half unconcious that I *was* singing, until as I raised my voice at the last—

"Beware, beware! she is fooling thee!"

I was startled by a sudden clapping of hands, and a man's voice, as it seemed, close to my ear, exclaiming, "*Brava! brava!*" I gave a jump, which nearly had the effect of precipitating me, leaves and all, into the water, and snatching the oars, pulled off from the dangerous neighbourhood.

As I did so, a figure stepped forward from among the rocks and tangled branches above the scene of my vocal performance, whence it had doubtless beheld my manœuvres for some time past. There seemed nothing very alarming about him—for it was a *him*—after all. A tall, youngish, moustached man; gentleman evidently—despite his rough, careless dress, a rod on his shoulder, and a pipe in his mouth!

Now, I had read many novels, and even, if it must be owned, concocted many a romance on my own account, in which I had fancied myself placed in all sorts of wild and perilous circumstances; meeting with strange adventures, and mysterious beings with "melancholy eyes," "an air of settled gravity," enveloped in "ample cloaks," and in short provided will all the stock-in-trade of regular first-class heroes of romance. But now, this individual, so suddenly encountered, had nothing mysterious about him that I could see. Where was the romance of tweed knickerbockers? Where the mystery of a fishing rod? Fancy a hero with a pipe!

"Excuse me," said the individual, removing said pipe and lifting his hat, "I am afraid I startled you just now?"

I continued staring at him—breathless.

"I'm awfully sorry, but upon my word I couldn't help it. I was leaning against the rock, when you began to sing, and really could not move till you had finished. I was just wondering what had become of my boat, which I left fastened here to that stump, but which you see has disappeared. Perhaps you have seen something of it?"

I had recovered my breath by this time, and managed to intimate that I had seen nothing of the boat in question. As I spoke he swung himself down to the water's edge, and scrambled to the broken, jutting rocks beyond.

"There she is!"

I looked in the direction indicated, and there sure enough was the boat, carried by the current across the inlet, and caught in the boughs of a half-submerged tree. How it had hitherto escaped my notice I can't tell. Its owner looked doubtfully from his property to me, and seemed puzzled.

"Can I get it for you?" said I politely, feeling quite sure that I could do no such thing.

"No, you would not be strong enough—it would not be safe. Won't your skiff hold two? or would you mind lending it to me for a few moments?" he said, with such a pleasant smile that I suddenly discovered he was quite handsome.

"It will hold two very well," I said, pulling close in, so that he might get on board, which he did very cleverly, though his weight made the gunwale sink nearly to the water.

We exchanged no more words until the disentangling of his boat from the snags and boughs was safely accomplished. Oars and all were safe and sound. As I saw him about to step from my skiff to his own I cried—

"Oh! if you do that we shall upset. I *know* we shall! I will pull round the point and then you can land."

"*I* will pull round the point if you like, and you shall hold the tow-rope if you will be so kind, but I'm not going to let *you* pull *me* any more you know." He smiled again but looked so determined to have his own way that I gave in and seated myself ignominiously in the stern, half-buried in the glowing leaves (which had suffered a little in all these manœuvres), and feeling like a "Lady of the Lake," only my *incognito* was evidently much better acquainted with oars than James Fitz-James was.

"I was not aware that nightingales were to be found in Canada," said he gravely. "Pray are there many in this neighbourhood?"

"Oh yes," said I, "and mocking birds too!"

He laughed, and sent the boat flying through the water with his long firm strokes. Rounding the point was one thing, landing was another. What did he mean to do? I suppose he read my thoughts, for he said, "I am going to show you our camp, if you will allow me. It is just here."

And so it was, for round a second point was a lovely little bay, with a beach of silver sand bordered with emerald turf, on which was pitched a good-sized tent facing the water. In front was a blazing fire, before which a rough-looking man in his shirt-sleeves knelt, broiling fish on the coals; beside him a young fellow, also in shirt-sleeves, but with a cigar in his mouth, lay stretched out at full length, his hands beneath his head, and his eyes fixed on the smoke curling upwards to the purple hazy sky. It was a pretty scene altogether, backed by the glorious many-tinted woods, and with the sparkling, transparent, rippling water for a setting.

The recumbent figure lazily rose as we appeared, but looked then as much astonished as if his friend had brought back a mermaid or a Dryad from the woods.

"Why, Dalton!" he cried. "Why Dalton!" with an expression of blank amazement on his fair boyish face.

"All right, Charlie," said my friend, with a nod. Then—as he ran the boat's head to the beach: "I'm awfully obliged to you, I'm sure. I wish you would let me pull you ashore?"

But I expressed my perfect ability to pull myself, in such a fervent manner, that he said no more than

"Good-bye ; thanks for your song as well as your help." and lifting his hat, with his peculiar bright smile, he stood on the bank watching me until I turned the point out of sight.

I said nothing of my adventure when I got home, though I thought of little else all the evening. As I sat at tea with my uncle, he suddenly looked up and said :—

"Were you on the lake to-day, Flossy? You had better not go there again—just at present that is. Max told me to-day that a large party of the officers of the 210th are expected down on a shooting and fishing expedition this week, and as they are to camp on the islands it won't do for you to go there. He said, in fact, that some of them arrived yesterday, but I have heard no guns as yet."

I was glad that he did not ask me any more. Somehow or other I felt an unconquerable objection to talking of my new friend. The 210th! I remembered now that I had seen the figures on some gun-cases and portmanteaus piled up by the tent, though I had hardly noticed the fact at the time. I knew the regiment was quartered at Fairville, for Marian had mentioned it in her letters. "Dalton!" That boy called him "Dalton." Well, I should never see him again, never—that was quite certain. Uncle James would never let me stay with my half-sister Marian, much as she wished it. He had never forgiven her husband for being a Roman Catholic, and would allow no intercourse between us except by letter. They were in Europe, too, now, and likely to remain there for some time. "Don't be a little fool, now, Flossy Venner," said I sternly, calling my unruly imagination to order, as I stood on the verandah trying to make out the whereabouts of my afternoon's adventures among the myriad islands of the bay.

Ah me! little I thought, that mellow autumn evening, as I watched the long shadows stealing over the lake while the sun sank slowly, a ball of mighty fire, in the solemn west, and the evening star shone out faint and clear, and a silver veil seemed to fall tenderly over hill, and wood, and water—little did I think that within one short week my kind uncle would be dead and gone, myself homeless and almost alone in the great world! I found kind friends, though, in the persons of my dear old governess and her husband; with them I passed four tranq months, when the return of the Graham and a warm, loving, peremptory summo from Marian, brought me to Fairville—m future home.

II.

THREE days of quiet, if quiet it coul be called, which seemed to me one endless day of "millinery and dressmaking," "trying on," "fitting," "choosing and orde ing;" in all of which my part was chiefly a passive one. I was not allowed to show myself once in the street, or in the drawin room when strangers were there, during thos three days; for which reprieve, however, I was not sorry. Marian, in the meantime sought to excite my curiosity by her account of amusements and distractions to come. She would say in her cool way :—

"You are quite a little beauty you know, Floss, or rather you *will* be when you are properly got up. Do you mean to say that you've never tried plaiting your hair, or pu ting it up somehow? Always worn that mane down your back? Absurd! Come here, Jeannette, we must find out what style will suit Mademoiselle best. *I* think the 'Gainsborough' in front, decidedly—but we shall see!"

So between them I suffered a slow martyrdom. I am sure that the number of times my unfortunately abundant locks were puffed, and curled, and braided up into every imaginable sort of structure, passes my powers to tell. Crimping irons luckily I escaped, since it was not in the power of art to trim locks into tighter waves than those nature had arranged for me. At last, after many trials, they let me alone, it being obvious that the more my head was tortured out of shape the worse I looked; and it plainly appearing that neither the "*coiffure à la Grecque*," "*à l' Imperatrice*" nor "*à la Pompadour*," to say nothing of that of "*à la Marie Antoinette*," or "*à la Josephine*," was the one, as Marian said, "to suit my peculiar style of beauty." At last the eventful evening came when I was to make my first appearance before the Fairville world, the occasion being the large dinner party in our own house. Marian was determined that I should "make a sensation," and I, for my part, had no objection, if it could be managed; only I much doubted my own powers in that line.

"Come and admire yourself, my dear!"

I was rather startled at my own appearance. Could that dainty damsel, rising, as it seemed, from a snow-wreath, crowned with pearl-wound braids of chestnut hair, be indeed the old familiar "Floss," whose shabbiness I was used to, but whose new finery I "had not proved?"

I shall never forget that dinner! In the first place, I had a presentiment that I was going to meet my friend of the boat again. I knew the 210th were still in Fairville, and that some of the officers were very intimate at the Grahams'; and I had not forgotten my adventure on the lake that September afternoon, though more than four months had gone by.

Man after man, old and young, married and single, appeared: were introduced to me one after the other; but my friend was not among them. It was a sort of "state dinner;" so colonels and their "*ladies*," majors and their "*wives*," etc., according to the ungallant gradation, together with several members of the government, leading men, and leading women too, composed the company.

"Whom do we wait for?" demands Mr. Graham.

"For Major Carr. Oh, here he is! Just in time, major!" and Marian turns to greet with her most bewitching smile and *empressé* manner the new comer.

"Major Carr, my sister, Miss Venner. Flossy, this is our great friend, Major Carr. You know his name well, I'm sure."

I raised my eyes to find them met by those of my friend of the knickerbockers and fishing rod. Yes, there was no mistaking those eyes, and that well-knit, athletic figure. He bowed as to a stranger, but I felt that he looked at me hard, and my cheeks grew hot. The mysterious rustling and pairing off took place at once, so no more words passed between us. As luck would have it, I was placed at table exactly opposite to Major Carr, and his attention to his dinner and his neighbour (a very pretty, silly little woman, wife to the second major of his own regiment) did not prevent his eyes from travelling over the ferns and crystal, fruit and silver, between us, pretty frequently. My neighbour on one side was a vapid young man, with high shoulders and a Roman nose, who asked me if I admired Tennyson, then began to quote "Maud," and choked—partly from emotion, I suppose, partly from soup; but the catastrophe prevented his making any further efforts at entertaining me. On my other side was old Colonel Maur, far too much engrossed with the good things before him to pay any attention to me. So it happened that I caught the major's eye two or three times, and every time I blushed like the little fool that I was. On the lake, in my skiff, I was quite at home. "My foot was on my native heath, and my name was Macgregor," so to speak. But here I was quite out of my element. "That woman's hair is false, I know. What big eyes she's got, and how she does roll them up at him. He seems very well satisfied with them. I wonder what they're laughing about." At this point in my reflections, my *vis-a-vis* looked up suddenly, and I felt "caught." By the time the ladies retired from the field, I felt ready to cry from weariness and vexation.

In the drawing-rooms things looked quite as new to me. Several young ladies and gentlemen had arrived for the "evening," and to them I had to be made known as Mrs. Graham's sister, and to endure the keen scrutiny of female eyes, criticizing my dress, manners, and appearance—taking stock of me, as it were, and considering whether or not I should prove a formidable rival. The two Miss Grants, tall, bony girls, with very low dresses and hay-stacks of tawny hair, voted me "a doll," I was sure; and I have always suspected that it was to me old Lady Race referred by the epithet "minx," which expressive word I caught as I passed the sofa where she was wagging her head in emphatic murmured conversation with Mrs. Kimberly; the two double chins and twin ostrich feathers of the dowagers giving the effect of perfect unanimity.

The large double room seemed quite full when the gentlemen appeared from the lower regions, a gorgeous assembly in my eyes. The girls well-dressed, well-looking, for the most part; with the indescribable air that town-bred girls always have, and which seems to give them such an advantage over their country cousins. The men, irreproachable in attire, eye-glasses and moustaches pretty much alike—only in voice was there any difference between the Englishmen and the Canadians, and even in that respect not much, since what is popularly styled the "Haw-haw," or "Dundreary" intonation seemed to be considered the thing by both countrymen.

We had music, of course—duets by young ladies, with treble very high up, and bass very low down; tremendous solo by a stout lady, concluding in crashing chords that fairly startled into silence all the tongues which had wagged steadily throughout the fifteen pages of chromatic fireworks; and then a feeble song by my fair friend with the high shoulders and Roman nose, in which he expressed his passionate desire that some young woman would "weep o'er his grave," which I sincerely hoped she wouldn't do. Presently I find myself being escorted to the piano by Major Carr. It was Marian's doing, I thought; they had been talking apart for some time.

"Give us 'Beware, Beware!' Miss Venner, if you know it," he says, not looking at me, but turning over the music lazily, "it is such a favourite of mine, and I have not heard it for ages—not since last September," with a sharp glance at me.

"Oh, Floss! sing 'Bird of beauty!' it suits your voice so well," cries Marian, from the fire side. Glad of the suggestion, I dash at the notes, feeling an odd sensation as if I should like to run away. My voice trembles for a bar or two, but I speedily forget myself in my music, and finish amid a dead silence, broken presently by universal bravoes! Among the group round the piano, I recognize the "boy" whom I had seen in his shirt-sleeves that September day. The major, leaning over the piano, says in a low voice, "*Won't* you sing me that song, Miss Venner? I think you would if you knew———," without finishing the sentence, he draws back and leans on the piano again, his handsome eyes seeking mine with a look that sets my cheeks blushing again. Luckily or unluckily, I possess the feminine faculty of "seeing without looking," and at this moment I intercepted a significant smile between two of the adjacent men, which expressed plainly what I did not care to know. Major Carr was evidently considered an "old hand."

"Oh, certainly, I don't mind singing it if you like," and so I sang again that memorable song, sang it better than usual, with a defiant feeling at my heart, and a longing to let "that man" see that I was a match for him. What business had he to look at me like that? "If he thinks he can take me in with his nonsense he is mistaken." I decided; and getting up from the piano, walked over to Marian, deaf to all entreaties for "one more." Marian received me with an approving smile, and made room for me beside her.

"No, she shall not sing another note to-night. No, indeed, Major Carr, you have no mercy. Besides, we must hear *you* again, Miss Jones, etc., etc."

"Who is that gentleman crossing the room—the one with the fair hair—the one who looks like a boy?"

"That? Why that's Major Carr's younger brother, the ensign, Charlie. *His* name is Dalton."

III.

NEXT day, the day after the party, I sat at the piano in the dim, half-lit, further drawing-room. Faint sun-set gleams struggled through the ferns and lace of the window, fire-light leapt and quivered through the gathering shadows. Dreamily my fingers wandered over the keys; softly the wailing notes of the grand "Adelaida" flowed from my lips. I stopped, and heard a sigh behind me—it was Major Carr. When I looked up suddenly, he was smiling—not the old smile, but a bright mocking ray, that seemed to rouse every spark of "deviltry" in my disposition. He sat down and looked at me leisurely, as I swung to and fro on the music-stool.

"All alone, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, Major Carr," said I, without lifting my eyes.

"Mrs. Graham's rooms are not often deserted at this hour."

"Marian has just gone out," plaiting up my crape frills diligently—"but several people have been here this afternoon."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, your brother, Mr. Carr, was here a *long* time."

"*Indeed!*"—with a different accent—"do you two get on well?" He said it as if we were two little children.

"Oh, splendidly!" I said, looking straight at him. "Splendidly! he is so nice! and his voice just goes with mine."

"Charming!" says my lord. "Did you ever see your favourite 'Beware!' arranged as a duet?"

"Oh yes" said I, "and I prefer it so."

"Why, pray?"

"Oh, I think it generally suits both parties, don't you?"

"No. You see, Miss Venner, your charming sex don't require much warning as a rule. They have an innate suspiciousness about them that enables them to keep their young affections under complete control, and they never allow themselves to like any one, till they are pretty sure of his prospects, intentions, income, and so forth. Now, we unfortunate men are not so sensible, and go blundering along without thinking, till—success! we're hooked, and then, perhaps, flung back into the flood, to sink or swim, as the case may be!"

He said the last words with a bitter emphasis, quite different from his first sarcastic, bantering tone. He saw my wondering looks, for he laughed, and changed the subject. For an hour or more he sat there, I perched on my music-stool, and I am bound to say that he made himself agreeable. We talked of books and people, music and society—very pleasantly could he talk when he liked, and refrained from that sarcastic half-patronising tone that that I objected to so much. I was quite sorry when Marian appeared.

For the next fortnight I saw the Major and his brother every day. Sometimes the former was *nice* to me, and then I liked him —sometimes he talked sarcastically; sometimes gloomily: sometimes he teased and laughed at me, till I hated him; but he never fell into the vein that had puzzled me the first night. One evening I was at a little dance, a small "slow," at the house of an intimate friend of my sister. I had been dancing with Charlie Carr, three dances running, I am ashamed to say. Major Carr was there, but he had not spoken to me the whole evening. I ran up stairs to arrange something about my dress, and when I came down the hall was empty, save for the Major, who was lounging near the door-way, looking at the dancers. He turned as I came up, offered me his arm, and as I took it, led me to a little alcove near the conservatory, where we sat down. "Is he going to speak to me?" I wondered. Presently he asked me if I had enjoyed myself. "Pretty well!" I said.

"Only pretty well? Have you not received admiration enough, little Miss Vanity?"

"I am *not* vain," I said indignantly—"and not so very little either."

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," with much gravity. "I forgot that you *never flirt!*"

"Well, I don't" I said. "And in the first place, I don't think I know how."

"Child! every woman can flirt. It is your nature."

"You don't know anything about my nature! and I don't see what right you have to say, 'every woman,' as if you knew."

"Child, I bought my knowledge dear, and—"

"I don't care! and I am *not* a child!" and I started up to go away, furious with him and with myself.

He stopped me, held my hand firm, and with his old kind smile;

"Don't be angry! Why are we always quarrelling?"

"Let go my hand, please! I don't want to quarrel, Major Carr, but you always tease me."

He looked amused, but held my hand fast.

"You should not be so easily teased. It is an irresistible temptation."

I struggled and got free. "Let me go! I *won't* be treated so," and seeing I was really angry, he tried to smooth me down, but I tore past him, and caught Charlie's arm, crying, "This is our dance, Mr. Carr!" without looking at his brother, who soon after appeared, devoting himself to one of the young ladies with "hay-stacks," as Marian called them. Charlie took me home, and his brother performed the same kind office for Miss Hay-stack—without our having exchanged another word.

I remember tearing my hair out of my head by energetic combing that night, and then pacing up and down my room, restlessly, crying out over and over again: "I hate him! hate him! Why cannot he let me alone? Marian says he never loses a chance of seeing me, but he treats me like a spoilt child, and I *won't* stand it! I *don't* believe him—he thinks he can do as he likes, but he *shan't* make a fool of me!"

So next day, when he called, I received him calmly, unsmiling; when he tried to banter me on my bad temper. I turned a deaf ear, and at last he formally apologized for his rudeness, and took his leave of me with cool politeness. After that, we were very polite and distant. I flirted with Charlie, and we were seen everywhere together. People began to talk, of course. Marian laughed, and so did Charlie and I. Major Carr never alluded to the subject before me, and avoided being alone with me I thought, though he came to the house as usual. I watched him often, talking to Marian—oh, pleasantly could he talk! Never did his manner to other women take that teasing, patronising air—"That is only for me!" I thought. But I sometimes caught myself wishing for that same teasing tone again—anything but this stately, frigid, distant style; though it was all my own fault. I cared nothing for Charlie Carr, but pretended to prefer his society, partly from pique at his brother's tone, partly because I really found him amusing: no one could be for long in Charlie's company without hearing something of his brother—his hero and theme constantly.

It was the day of the weekly sleighing party—a bright February afternoon, "the last of the sleighing," everyone said.

"Just look at Dalton," said Charlie Carr, as he gathered up the reins for a start. I was his companion, as usual, in the perfect little Russian sleigh; and as the horses tossed their heads in the air, every bell jingling, and dashed ahead, I glanced over my shoulder and saw the major with his most "*soigné*" air disposing the robes round pretty Mrs. Smythe.

"Good old fellow, Dalton is, though he does make such an idiot of himself with that woman, Miss Venner."

"Well?"

"Now don't annihilate a fellow, but what *is* the split between you two?"

"Really, Mr. Carr, I don't understand you."

"I mean ——"

"Oh, never mind, I don't think we need discuss Major Carr at present. Where are we to refresh to-night?"

"At the Old Barrack," said Charlie, though he looked at me rather wistfully for a minute; and so we changed the conversation.

I was standing at the window, looking out on the great, shadowy Barrack yard. This Old Barrack, I must explain, was in use, but called "the Old" in contradistinction to the Cavalry Barrack, known as "the New."

Claret-cup had been disposed of—champagne, coffee, and bitter-beer—there was a lull in the proceedings, and a debate was in progress as to whether it would be advisable to return home at once, or prolong the entertainment by an impromptu dance in the large and comfortable rooms of the gallant major, who had placed them at our disposal for the evening. Yes, there he was, of course, doing the fascinating to Marian and two or three more, declining to give his vote either way.

"No, no, ladies; do as you please, but don't ask me to be responsible. Snow? no, I don't think it will snow. Dark? oh, no: lovely moon! Late? Cold? Anything else? Please yourselves, but really you ought to make up your minds."

"Major Carr wants us to vacate his apartments as soon as possible, evidently," said one.

"He has never forgiven you for stepping on Dash's tail last time," said another.

"He is growing misanthropical—is not that the word? What can be the reason?" said Mrs. Smythe, trying to look very significant and mysterious.

"Well, I *am* getting rather ancient, certainly. Here's Charlie growing to years of discretion, and beginning to consider himself quite grown up. It is nearly time for me to be vacating my post of tutor and bear leader, and set him up on his own account."

"Or with a wife to complete his education," said Mrs. Smythe, glancing at me, as I felt sure.

"Oh, Mrs. Smythe, look here! Such a sweet picture of Dash!" cries a young lady from the other end of the room, where she is inspecting a volume of sketches.

"Major Carr, you must show Flossy your sketches," says Marian, calling me from the window, as the portfolio is produced. Very spirited and true the contents were—water-colours and crayons: groups of Indians, deer, dogs, little "bits" of rock and water, wood and sky, all free and life-like. I had never heard him speak of drawing. Exclamations of "Charming!" "How sweet!" "Oh, do look, Mrs. Graham!" resounded: the major meantime standing by stroking his moustache, and looking bored. Marian held the portfolio on her knee, and handed the sketches about one by one.

"Oh, what's this? I never saw it before!" she cried, lifting a loose sheet and looking quite startled. He made a quick movement as if to take it, but stopped short. It was a water-colour sketch, more finished than most of them, of a hazy landscape, water, and autumn-tinted leaves, part of a boat forming the foreground, with a girl's figure in a boating-suit, sailor hat, and floating hair, rising out of a heap of autumn leaves! The brown eyes looked up with an arch expression, the lips parted as if speaking; and beneath was written "Beware! Beware!"

It was criticised and admired. Only Marian said nothing, but looked at the artist keenly.

"By Jove!" said Charlie, also scrutinising his elder brother: but that exclamation is his usual comment on all occasions.

"Why, it's the image of Miss Venner!" cried Mrs. Smythe.

"How strange!" and "Dear me!" said one and another.

"Hair and all," added Sophie Grant.

I stood as in a dream, living over that by-gone hour on the backwood's lake, half expecting to wake and find that I had been dreaming all the intervening events and scenes, not daring to raise my eyes for a while: then as the group dispersed I did so, to find them met by those of the artist, wearing the mocking triumphant smile I had learnt to know so well. That look seemed to turn me to stone, and then a wild defiant feeling came over me, and I felt ready for any desperate act. Going down the narrow stairway, I found myself the last lady; who was behind, I did not know until I felt a hand on my arm detaining me behind the rest. I looked up. To my surprise Dalton Carr's face bent over me, and he murmured very low, without looking at me:

"Will you drive home with me? I have something to tell you."

"Indeed! I shall return as I came, thanks," I answered in my usual tone, with my nose in the air; and I swept on with an air of supreme disdain—but all the same, all the same!

What passed between Charlie and myself that evening I cannot tell; I hardly knew where I was, or what I was doing. Once I remember, as poor Charlie began some remark, I exclaimed, "Oh, don't talk, please!" and I remember my voice rang sharply on the air, as my companion relapsed into snubbed silence. I remember, too, the wild, unearthly beauty of the winter landscape, the long lines of the snowy hills, the murmuring and moaning of the dark pine-woods, the deepening tints of the purple sky, and the slow, silver light, brightening gradually as the solemn moon sailed up and up, and night settled more deeply on the land. Ring-ting-ting! ring-ting-ting-ring! Peace, peace! and peace comes not, summon her as we will!

* * * * * *

"Good heavens, Floss! what do you think?"

Marian bursts into my room next day, as I was resting, after a very restless night.

"What on *earth* do you think? Major Carr—here is his note—ordered off, called off, I should say, to England. Family business, he says—see!"

"Yes, I see. Very sudden, it seems, does it not?"

"*Very* sudden. Charlie brought the note. He says a telegram came last night while we were at that place. Something about a will or something, he says—one would think there need not have been such haste—not even coming to say good-bye—starts in ten minutes, Charlie says! Really men are *too* queer!"

"So that is it!" I think, as the door closes. "He need not have been alarmed, I should not have thrown myself at his feet! There are plenty more men in the world, and, thank God! I am not one to break my heart for any man. Oh, I hate him!" and to prove it I bury my face in my pillow in a storm of tears. "Little fool," you say? Granted, my worthy friend, but I was only eighteen.

IV.

IT was the second day after Major Carr's abrupt departure: late in the afternoon I sat by my dressing-room fire—dreaming—not happy dreams either. I felt as if ten years at least had gone by since I came to Fairville. Something had gone out of my life—something, call it trust, or faith, or what you will, that is the bloom on a young life, and that once gone comes not again. Presently I started to my feet and tossed back my head. "Idiot! do you mean to sit here all day?" Down stairs I marched. The drawing-room doors were shut—the house seemed asleep. I stole into the little drawing-room, went towards the piano, and had seated myself before I was aware that the next room was tenanted; the murmur of low voices reached me through the heavy curtains dividing the apartments. Voices—whose? I listened and caught my own name. It was inexcusable I know—my cheeks burn still when I think of it—but I listened. Marian's voice now.

"I really cannot advise you, Mr. Carr. You must use your own judgment. She is very young—"

"Yes, I know, and so am I," broke in Charlie Carr's eager tones, "but what does it matter? You know what I have—and all—and I ain't an extravagant fellow—and I'm sure I could make her happy—if only you think she likes me a little." He waited a minute, then went on:—

"I always thought you knew it was Dalton, but he has gone off and never said anything, and of course, if she had cared for him he wouldn't have—and—and—Oh! Mrs. Graham *won't* you help a fellow?

"My dear boy, you must help yourself. You have surprised me very much, and I must say I think you are both too young. How can a boy like you know his own mind?" However, after a great deal of coaxing she gave in—at least I suppose so, for at last I had come to my senses and fled.

"Flossy, Flossy!"

Marian, bending over me in the firelight, half-laughing, half-doubtful, has just told me of Charlie's visit and its cause. I buried my face in my hands, and then in her lap.

"Flossy! what is it? Not—not—surely you don't—"

I looked up suddenly:—"Is he gone?"

"Charlie? No. He is down stairs. But dear, have you considered? Don't—Oh! there's no hurry!"

"I will go down, please."

"But Flossy, I thought—"

"I am going, Marian." And I went.

And three days after, all Fairville was talking of "Miss Venner's engagement."

"All very fine, my dear," remarked Mrs. Grant to her eldest daughter, "all very fine; but if the Major had not been wise enough to take himself off in time, *he* would have been the happy man, take my word for it. Pity he did not carry his brother off with him!"

* * * * *

It is again the next day but one. I am alone, brooding over my bed-room fire, gazing, gazing into the embers, gazing—but seeing nothing; at least nothing like coals and flame; but many and varied scenes, strange and vague figures; events dimly shadowed forth.

"A letter, Miss," and the door closes again.

I take it up; the large square envelope, the heavy seal (instead of the usual monogram) are peculiar. I know the square, firm writing—it is Dalton Carr's.

The letter dropped from my fingers; I could not make up my mind to open it. Strange, wild thoughts came crowding into my brain as I looked at it—what could Dalton Carr want with me? The post-mark was Quebec. Twice I fingered the seal once I had nearly thrown the thing bodily into the fire; at last I opened it with a jerk It began abruptly:—

"You will be surprised at receiving a letter from me, but my sudden departure has left me no other resource than writing what I would have said to you the other night, had you given me the opportunity I asked for. Yet I think what I have to tell you can hardly cause you much surprise, as you must have seen long since what I have not tried to disguise—my deep and passionate love for yourself."

I dropped the paper from my hand—the room seemed to whirl round with me. After a while I picked it up again.

"Of the difference in our ages," it went on, "I am painfully aware. I am a battered man of the world,—you little past childhood. But in spite of this disparity in age, I know that in tastes and mind we are akin—*I know* I can make you happy, and I know that you can confer on me such happiness as I never thought to call mine. Once—long ago—I knew one towards whom I felt what I then thought was *love*—now I know the difference, and that you are the only woman who has had my whole heart."

He finished by telling me that his departure had been utterly unexpected by him, and that, when the business which called him home (some dispute about a will to which he was an executor) should be finished, he intended immediately to return.

"That is, if you recall me Otherwise I shall care little what becomes of

Your's till death (if so you will),

"DALTON CARR."

Over the next hour I must draw the curtain. Reader! It is long years ago now, and the hand of Time has well nigh smoothed away the pain, but never while my footsteps walk this earth can I entirely forget the bitter, unavailing misery that bowed my head that night.

V.

IT was summer-time again—hot, burning June weather. The scene, a watering-place on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, now well known, but then little frequented, where the Grahams had a summer residence—a large, low, square house, with a verandah running round it, and broad eaves that gave a comfortable, old-fashioned air to a modern building. It stood high on a rocky promontory or platform above the *sea*, as we called it by courtesy. In front, the ground sloped in irregular terraces and rocky stairways to the beach; behind, and forming a protection from the wind, rose a second ridge, wooded, and sweeping round in a half circle that completely shut off the view on that side, and hid the road and other houses. On the very highest point stood a small stone summer-house, or observatory, as we called it, also facing the sea, and whence a most magnificent prospect rewarded the adventurous climber to such windy altitude.

Below, the muslin curtains swayed back and forth in the warm breeze; the green venetians tempered the sun-rays to a grateful half-shadow; the matted floors and light furniture suited well with the general character of the place. On the verandah swung a hammock, in the hammock swung Charlie Carr, smoking as usual. Rising from a low chair within the window, and flinging down my book, I sauntered out into the light.

"Where are you off to, Floss?"

"Oh, nowhere—in particular."

"It's too hot to walk yet, but if you're going—" and he rose lazily and threw away his cigar.

"Don't disturb yourself, pray," I said, and I felt how hard my voice rang, "I would rather be alone, *much* rather."

"All right," said Charlie, turning off; but I caught his half-sigh, and the look of pain that was common enough now on his once jolly face. Poor Charlie! I hated myself as I took my way over rock and mossy steps to the shore, and sought my favourite seat. A ledge of broken, jagged rocks, covered to the summit with low, tufted shrubs and stunted firs, jutted out into the sea, ending abruptly and steeply in a sharp crag rising high out of the water. At the extreme end was a second rock completely separated from the mainland, though the dividing *crevasse* was not more than a couple of feet in width. I used to jump over the deep narrow passage, and sit sometimes for hours on this queer solitary perch, watching the daylight decline into gorgeous sun-set, and the orange, and purple, and gold, and crimson fade away into the brief twilight, and that into the moon-lit or murky night.

"Oh, what a relief it is to be alone!" and I threw myself down on my favourite seat, and gazed off into the sun-set sky, with feelings almost of happiness. *Almost!* Quite happy, I do not think I had ever felt since that winter morning that seemed so long ago, when Dalton Carr went away; and with the blind, passionate impatience of youth, I quite thought that I should never feel happy again. And it added to my own trouble that I had only brought sorrow and chagrin to Charlie and that day by day the shadow on our lives seemed to deepen, and neither of us had the courage to attempt its removal. I often wondered whether Charlie would not have broken off the engagement between us, but for the talk and scandal such a step would have caused; and as for me—I *could* not do it! No, not though I knew myself miserable, and thought of marrying my betrothed with no other feeling than one of horror and dread. I had been trying to make up my mind to free us both from the entanglement into which we had so thoughtlessly entered; trying, I say, for some days past; but that very morning Charlie had received a letter from his brother from Fairville, whither the Major had just returned; and my mind was in a fresh tumult. He had come back then! *He*—the man I loved and feared, whose first and last letter was at this very moment resting on my heart. Oh, what was I to do? Charlie had no suspicion of the real state of affairs—that was evident. He only thought, poor fellow, that he had failed to make me love him as he loved me—or *had* loved, for I thought even that over now. He avoided me, if anything, of late! However, I could not take the initiative now, if ever it had been possible. Dalton Carr was in the country, might be with us any day; his letters were friendly and brotherly as ever—no trace of any feeling of pique or wounded pride. And to break my engagement now, would be to subject myself to a suspicion which I vowed should never be excited on my account.

"To bear is to conquer our fate!"

We shall see, I thought—but—poor Charlie

The air was still—not a breath stirred. The purple shadow was deepening over sea and sky. The young moon floated in the soft light, and one star twinkled over the horizon. I rose to return home, and as I turned I saw two figures descending the rugged path-way to the shore. One was Charlie: I could tell that even by this uncertain light—but the other? I felt my very heart stand still, and my senses reel. Yes, there could be no doubt—it was Dalton Carr.

I walked steadily to meet them, though feeling thankful for the twilight, and I held out my hand, saying in a quiet voice:

"Welcome, Major Carr."

Charlie looked quite his old self, his joy at meeting his brother sparkled in his eyes and flushed in his fair, boyish cheeks. All the way home he laughed and rattled, and as the Major talked away quite in his old manner, my comparative silence was not observed; but my heart swelled with indignation as I listened—

"His indifference is positively insulting!"

Oh, Flossy Venner, what a little fool you were, to be sure! But my feeling of pique stood me in good stead, and enabled me to throw off all embarrassment, and contribute my share to the general conversation, even to sing at Major Carr's request, more than once during the evening.

I must pass rapidly over the next few days. During their progress I seemed scarcely my very own self, even to myself; every moment I had to keep guard over my face, voice, and manner, lest they should betray something I would fain have concealed; and I hardly knew whether the Major's off-hand, indifferent manner, when in my society, or his frequent and prolonged absence, caused me the most mortification. Charlie and he took long walks together, and scoured the country on horseback. There seemed no cloud betwen them. In the evenings we all boated, drove, or rode together as before; Dalton sometimes remaining at home, but generally joining our party, when he would devote himself to Marian as of old, Charlie and I appearing, no doubt, to fill our part as engaged lovers quite *en règle*, though sometimes hardly a word would pass between us for half an hour at a time. Charlie seemed otherwise quite his old self; but one thing I noticed, he never kissed me in his brother's presence, nor, indeed, at any other time since the latter's return, but once. I remember the occasion well. I was reading in the drawing-room one afternoon alone, when Charlie entered the room hastily, with his hands full of papers, his hat and riding-whip. His entrance startled me, and I jumped up.

"You there, Flossy? I beg your pardon. I didn't know."

"Is anything the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, I was just going to ride with Dal, and here comes this note from Mrs. Forsyth, saying that she wants this thing back at once, and it's all ——"

"What thing?"

"Why—'Elliot Grey'—in 'Rosedale,' you know—I was to have played the part in the Forsyth theatricals next month, so I got the score from her to learn the words, and never thought about returning it; and now it's all upside down, knocking about among my things, and two pages so torn and grubby that I don't like to send them to her, and Dal's waiting, and ——"

"There, there," I said, laughing outright at his troubles. "Give the thing to me; I will put it right for you. I have nothing else to do," I added, seeing his surprised glance, and feeling rather ashamed that he *should* be surprised at so simple an offer.

"But I don't like to bore you—dear," he added the last word hesitatingly.

I felt myself colour up, and answered that I had nothing else to do, should be glad of employment, etc.; and as I looked up at him in speaking, he suddenly threw his arm round my shoulders and kissed me twice, then left the room suddenly, as he had entered, leaving me perplexed and disturbed at his strange demeanour.

* * * *

That very evening I was sitting alone, as usual, on my favourite rocky throne, watching the sunset, when I heard footsteps coming behind me along the ridge. I sat quite still, and waited. Was it Charlie? Something said no, and when Dalton Carr's voice beside me said, "Good view from here," in his usual cool tone, I felt no surprise.

"Very—particularly at sunset," I replied, wishing my hat was on my head instead of on the rock beside me.

"I have observed that you think so, so I felt sure of finding you here."

"Indeed!"

"Yes—I—look, Miss Venner," throwing himself down beside me. "I have something to say to you that concerns us all, *all*—and you *must* listen. Sit still," he said, and laid his hand on my arm as I was rising hastily. I obeyed, but he looked out to sea without speaking, for some moments.

"You never answered my letter!" he said, at last, looking straight into my face with keen scrutiny.

"Major Carr——"

"Hush! I am not going to distress you—what is done is *done*. But for my brother's sake, as well as my—your—own, I demand the reason of your conduct."

"I don't understand you."

"You must then. With what feelings I left for England you know. With what feelings do you suppose I read the news in Charlie's letter, which reached me within a week after my arrival in England? However, I blamed myself alone *then*—blamed my own conceit—blamed Charlie—Heaven forgive me—blamed every one but *you*. At last, I taught myself to believe that I was glad for my brother's sake—glad that he would be happy, and fancied that in time I might—would, learn to look on you as a sister, and forget the past. But on my return here—good heavens child! don't you see what you are doing? You don't care for that boy—you don't even pretend to care for him—and he! You are driving him wild! Break off this unlucky engagement before worse comes of it."

"Major Carr" I said, and I rose and stood before him. "How *dare* you talk so to me? *You* to upbraid my conduct—what has been your own? Think of the position I was in—the—No! I will not make any defence—if I have been to blame so have you—doubly! As for my engagement, it is not for me to break it off—and I will do no such thing. Until he releases me I am bound!"

"You are? Then allow me to return you this letter, which I believe you lost last night."

I looked—it was *his* letter—the only love letter I had ever received. I had indeed dropped it the night before, and been in great trouble in consequence.

But what must he think of me? I could not raise my eyes—my heart seemed to stop beating—oh! if he would not look at me!

"Don't you wonder where I got it?" He was standing beside me now, and there was a ring of positive amusement in his voice. I was too angry and hurt to speak.

"Charlie gave it to me to-day."

"*What?*"

"Take care—" and he caught my arm as I sprang dangerously near the edge. "Yes, Flossy, so it is. Charlie knows all, poor boy! But he has made up his mind to take what seemed to us both the best course—and—here is a note from him. You will not see him again—he has just started for Fairville, and means to apply for leave for three months."

The note contained but these words—

"Good-bye, dear Flossy. You never cared a button for me, I know. I know *now* who you do care for—I saw you drop the letter—forgive me—it was disgraceful, but I was so wretched! I read it. I did not know what to do—so I gave it to Dal. If I have blundered as usual, forgive me—and Flossy—good-bye."

It would be difficult to express my state of mind on reading this hurried, blotted epistle. Shame, sorrow, joy, pride, and embarrassment held me by turns. Anger rose at last, as I realized my position.

"Really I must admire the delicacy and consideration for me, you two have shown, sir!"

"Don't blame Charlie at least" he said, with a vexed look. "He was quite bewildered with trouble and anxiety when he left, and only desirous that your feelings should be spared in every way."

"And now?" I said. "Can you not see—" but I could say no more, and I covered my face and sobbed.

"Flossy, Flossy, hush! for mercy's sake—oh, my poor little darling what have I done?" and he held me so close that I could not choose but hide my face on his arm—his shoulder I did not come near by inches!

* * * * *

You must not suppose that we were openly engaged all at once—that I was handed from one brother to another as unceremoniously as if I had been a basket or a bundle! Marian would have been horrified at such want of propriety, if no one else would. But by degrees it came to be understood that my fate was to be the Major instead of the Ensign; and by the time the engagement was announced, Charlie was on his way to Japan, and Dalton was making arrangements for retiring from the service; so that there was less excitement than I had feared over my change of destiny.

Did Charlie wear the willow for ever and ever? By no means—he married a sweet young English girl, only a year or two after his brother had filled up the measure of his folly (in the estimation of the Fairville matrons) by marrying me.

Marian and her worthy husband flourish.

Dalton and I? We are very happy, and his favourite song is still, "Beware! beware!" his favourite season that of the gold and crimson Autumn Leaves. Need I say more?

HARTZ REMINISCENCES.

BY A. M., BERLIN.

FEW nations, perhaps none, have so rich a treasury of legends and ballads as the German. Every ruin, nay, almost every mountain, is surrounded with a mysterious, romantic veil, which can be lifted by the gifted hand of a "Sountagskind"* only, at midnight, when the moon stands highest.

It is a predominant trait in the German character, this love for the romantic supernatural. One would think they had imbibed it from their earliest infancy; and it is not to be wondered at, for if you step into the *Spinnstube*, on a winter's evening, you will be sure to hear the grandmother, behind the great stove, relate to her breathless audience of spinning village-beauties, tales of good Count Otto, and how the people prospered under him, until he left for the Holy Land, where, valiant knight as he was, he greatly distinguished himself, while his steward oppressed the people, and spreading the report that Count Otto had been slain, endeavoured to gain his mistress's favour. Or when you meet the miner coming from his work, it does not require much persuasion to induce him to tell you legends of dwarfs and monks, who assist the diligent, sober miners in their work, or fill their lamps with oil that will never be exhausted, but who note down every profane word uttered in the shaft, until a day of reckoning.

But an endless number of tales is at the command of the mountain shepherd; and no one relates them with so much reverence and awe, as he. Nothing used to give me greater delight in my college-days, which were spent in the Hartz Mountains, than taking my knapsack, mountain-staff, and that constant companion of the Germans, the pipe, and sallying forth up the mountains, to hunt up my Arcadian friends. Receiving from them a couch on the soft, fragrant grass, a piece of bread and cheese, and a glass of milk, with a well-related tale of yonder castle, I was set at rest with all the world, from Euclid and Cæsar down to the principal and masters of our college.

Occasionally I met a shepherd, who required to be drawn out; but a pipe of tobacco generally worked wonders; if, however, this proved unavailing, I took refuge in my last, never-failing resource, namely, ridiculing their stories, calling them superstitious nonsense, and the old mountaineer would not be one of his tribe, if he would not warn me not to talk about things which no man has yet ridiculed with impunity; and after a number of examples had been brought forward to illustrate how rash it is to doubt the existence of ghosts and goblins, it was no difficult matter to lead the old man to the cause of the destruction of Castle

---

* Sountagskind (Sunday-child), a child born on a Sunday, or as it is termed, the Lord's Day, and supposed from that circumstance to be endowed with peculiar faculties.

Hohenstein Ilsenburg, and the ghost which nightly haunted the place.

Most numerous are the legends of the Kyffhauser, and none I found more interesting, because they illustrated to me the strong love of my countrymen for a united Germany, which for centuries has been burning, sometimes almost extinct, sometimes shooting forth in bloody flames in the hearts of the Germans.

The legends of the good Emperor Frederick Barbarossa have been handed down from generation to generation, showing that the memory of the good dwells with the people, for to this day, the mountain-shepherd will tell the weary traveller, who demands his hospitality, of the prosperity of Germany under "*Friedrich der Rothbart*," as he was called on account of his red beard; how justice was administered, and foreign countries were compelled to do homage; how the arts and commerce were protected, and feudalism weakened. No proud baron dare to oppose his humble subjects; in short it was the golden age of the empire which found its termination when Friedrich, in a war of the holy cross, was drowned, while crossing a river in full armour.

Every one who has buried a friend will understand the feeling which prompted the Germans to say that Barbarossa was not dead, but had returned to the Kyffhaüser, his favourite place of resort during his lifetime, to sleep there in a vault, and arise some day in great state to make Germany again a great country, united under his powerful sway. But although he is waiting for so lofty a mission, he still deigns to take notice of the griefs of the humblest peasant, and condescends to assist them, if deserving help, but makes every oppressor of the poor tremble, for the Emperor is sure to punish insolence committed against the defenceless. The following story which was related to me by an old shepherd, strongly illustrates the regard in which the great Emperor is held:

"In a village on the foot of the mountain on whose summit the Kyffhaüser is built, or rather is decaying, lived an orphan, a Sunday-child, who, on account of her beauty, kindness, and industry, had won everybody's good will. Although hers was no easy lot, she was gay and joyous as a lark, rising as early as the birds to spin and weave till dark night; and, indeed, she might well be happy; for was she not betrothed to *Hans*, the shepherd on the neighbouring estate, the handsomest and best fellow on this side the mountain? And had not the *Herr Amtmann* promised to give them a cottage in the spring, that they might get married? What did it matter then if she had to work a little hard; in spring Hans would be hers, and how he would open his eyes when he would see the stock of linen she had been able to lay up for herself! How slowly the winter dragged by! But spring came at last, and with it—not the pealing of the wedding bells and a happy and contented lot—but a time of misery and sorrow for poor Gretchen. The *yunge Herr*, the son of Herr Amtmann had returned to his father's estate, and pursued Gretchen with an attention which was degrading and dishonourable. Since Gretchen would not listen to him, he had Hans discharged, and all hopes of the lovers ever being united were forever blighted.

With sad hearts the two lovers walked one Sunday afternoon, hand in hand, from the village, trying to console each other, and not heeding their way, found themselves, at the setting of the sun, in the neighbourhood of the Kyffhäuser. At the foot of the mountain was a great door, which Hans had never seen before, wide open, and a beautiful Princess, with blue eyes and long golden tresses, inquired what brought them to the mountain.

Gretchen, trembling, related their sorrowful tale, which was occasionally interrupted by Hans, when it was necessary to put the baseness of the *yunge Herr* in the proper light. The Princess deeply sympathized with them, and invited them into the mountain, promising to lay their case before the Emperor.

Fearlessly they followed her (for a sad heart knows when it meets real sympathy) through a long passage, dimly lighted, until they reached a large hall. Around a marble table sat the Emperor, with his vassals, all sleeping. Having been called by the Princess, the Emperor kindly nodded, and asked the usual question, whether the ravens were still flying around the mountain; having been answered by Hans in the affirmative, he sighed: "Then I have still to sleep another hundred years." When the Princess had laid the case of Hans and Gretchen, with Herr Amtmann, before him, he ordered a dwarf to light a fire and brew a storm; but the Princess he requested to prepare a banquet for the whole of the subterranean household, for Gretchen's wedding should take place that very day, the Emperor taking it upon himself to give her away in marriage. They consequently were led into a large hall. Innumerable lights gave a festive appearance to the gorgeously decorated room; gentle voices, accompanied by soft music, chanted the marriage chorus; and an aged monk, with long silvery white locks, performed the service as prescribed by Holy Church, the Emperor himself giving away Gretchen to Hans. After they had partaken of the bounties of the banquet, they were led by the Princess into another room, where they were lulled to sleep by heavenly music.

The next morning the Princess, having in vain urged them to stay altogether, led them through the passage, by which they had entered, out of the mountain; but told them that in case they should like to return, the door would be open till sunset; then taking a fond farewell, she handed each a large gift of money, and went back into the mountain.

Hans and his young wife were so taken up with their good fortune, that they had no time to perceive the change which had taken place in the country since yesterday. New houses had sprung up, none but strangers met them, as they approached the village, and everybody looked astonished to see them, and, indeed, quite a large number had collected around them before they knew it. At last, since nobody could give them satisfactory answers to their numerous questions, they were brought to the aged minister of the parish. Here they were informed that they had been this very day a hundred years in the mountain, and that they were recorded as dead, the writer of the village chronicle presuming that they had sought death by committing suicide in a fit of despair. All this was faithfully entered in the chronicle, along with the fact that on the same day they had disappeared, a terrible storm had consumed the whole estate of the Herr Amtmann, in which the *junge Herr* found his death.

Hans and Gretchen then told their story to the old minister, who duly wrote down every word in the chronicle, where it can be read to the present day by any one who doubts the veracity of this tale. Then, seeing that they had nothing in common with the present generation, they determined to return to their friends in the mountain.

Many an old shepherd has seen Hans playing in the long summer evenings on the flute, his faithful Gretchen sitting beside him. Some day they will come in the train of Emperor Frederick Barbarossa down to the valley. But that will be a long while yet, for still the black birds of misfortune are flying around the Kyffhäuser.

CANADIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

(*Written for Music.*)

I.

THOU whom we all adore,
Gathered from many a shore,
One heart though many a tongue,
To Thee our prayer is sung;
Grant us prosperity,
Honour and liberty,
With true nobility;
Long may our motto be,
Honour to Canada.

II.

May race dissensions all
Fade as our leaves in Fall;
May laws and manners grow
Pure as our ice and snow;
Last-born of nations we,
Our flag, from sea to sea,
Inwove with mightier fold,
Shall yet, through all, uphold
Honour to Canada.

Ottawa.

F. A. D.

CANADA'S ALTERNATIVES.

BY ROSWELL FISHER, M.A., CANTAB, MONTREAL.

ASSUMING that an Imperial Federation has been shown to be impracticable, the questions, what should be our present policy, what do history and the stream of circumstances indicate as the probable alternatives which the future has in store for us, are not slow in arising.

Mr. Drummond, in the May number of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY, seems to have given expression to the answer which the majority of sober men in the country give to the first part of the question. Leave well alone, is the truest, as it is the easiest policy for us to pursue at present. But as there are nearly always two ways of interpreting every rule, so there are two ways of letting well alone. There is the old, lazy, stupid policy of *laissez faire*; the policy of assuming that things will go on indefinitely in the future as they have done in the past, or, that if they do not, it will be time enough to consider change when it is imminent. On the other hand, there is the policy of letting alone till we are ready to carry out a desired, or at least inevitable, change for which we shall have had full time to make our preparations in such a manner that the revolution, when it comes, will take place with the least possible disturbance, and will afford the greatest prospect of lasting gain.

The former interpretation is generally that of the Party Politician, of the so-called practical man, and of the pessimist; the latter that of the statesman, the thinker, and the optimist. This is the reading which it is for us to adopt.

Probably the simplest method of indicating what kind of change is desirable or inevitable, and how we are to prepare for it, is to show why any immediate change would be fraught with danger to the republic.

There are three courses which can be conceived as not impossible for Canada to enter on at once or at a very early date; the tightening in some direction of our connection with Great Britain and the other Colonies; the declaration of our Independence; and Annexation to the United States. The first could only be in the direction of an Imperial Federation, which has been shown to be impracticable as a durable condition. The third, very few Canadians believe would be for the advantage of the country, or, in any event, desire. There remains then, the second for consideration. Why should we not declare our Independence to morrow? No one who knows British opinion will doubt that the mother-country would give us her blessing, and tell us to depart in peace.

Apart from the fact that there are still too many Canadians, who are first British and then Canadians, and who would successfully oppose any such action, there are generally two answers given. The most obvious and general is that of Mr. Mathews, who argues that we should be a new example of the old story of the wolf and the lamb, or, to use a more appropriate metaphor, Canada would be a veritable dove, which the American eagle would, on the slightest pretext, seize in her remorseless talons and devour. The second answer is more vague, and probably often includes the first; it is, in general terms, that we are too helpless to stand alone. This might be interpreted to mean that, as Mr. Mathews says, we should be overpowered by external force, or that our inherent weakness is too great for us to stand without strong support, or perhaps from both causes combined. In the one case we might be likened to a tree planted in such a position that, whatever its vigour, it would be blown down by inevitable gales; in the second to a sapling not sufficiently rooted to stand without the support of a stake; or, possibly we might be in the unfortunate position of a rootless sapling in a fatally exposed situation. Taking these answers in their order, let us examine their validity.

Mr. Mathews argues, very strongly, that

let Canada grow ever so fast, she will, from her position and resources, always hold much the same relation, in point of population and wealth, to the United States as she does to-day; and that therefore she will never be able unaided to defend her national existence against that power. It is hardly possible to deny the truth of this argument. Mr. Mathews then quotes Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, to the effect that war and conquest decide all great questions of Politics; and further, cites certain great contests as showing the certainty of the United States undertaking to conquer Canada. He fails to perceive that in all the cases cited except the last, religion and race, which are not factors in the present case, occasioned the contest; and in the last instance, the American Civil War, Mr. Stephen's governing clause, *a great question of Politics*; viz. slavery, came in. But Mr. Mathews has not shown that any great political question is certain or even likely to arise between the United States and an Independent Canada. It is probable that all the questions which are likely for the future to arise between the two countries, will be directly or indirectly commercial questions. Commercial questions, however, have rarely, if ever, given rise to wars, and are still less likely to do so in the case of nations intimately related by ties of race, language, literature, and intercommunication. It must be further borne in mind that, other things being at all equal, Democracies are less likely to be agressive than Monarchies, Federal than centralized Democracies. This arises from the great variety of interests among the governing powers, which renders it difficult for any question, not threatening the national existence, to interest all classes and sections of the Democracy sufficiently to induce them to undertake the burden of a costly and stubborn aggressive war. On this point, however, Mr. Norris's arguments as to the probable policy of the United States, read by the light of its past and present conduct, are sufficient to convince those who believe in a gradual progress in national morality. Nothing short of actual experience will convince those who believe that for all time a big nation must eat up a little one, if not prevented by outside force: or, at any rate, think that the United States is, and always will be actuated by a spirit of pure *chauvinism*.

So far from the United States certainly conquering an Independent Canada, it seems to me no impossibility that they, for the sake of getting Great Britain out of this continent, would, jointly with that power, guarantee our Independence, on the understanding that all questions between the United States and Canada were to be referred to European Arbitration, and that Canada was to be at liberty to join the United States if she so wished. However this may be, it is by no means a self evident proposition that Canada would fall a speedy victim to the selfish greed of a rapacious neighbour. But allowing that no actual force was used, is there no other danger of annexation? Is it not probable that the Americans, for the sake of having the whole continent, north of Mexico, under one government and one commercial system, would offer us such material advantages as the price of our annexation, to be alternatived with the most rigorous exclusion from their markets and carrying trade on our refusal, that it is doubtful whether our desire to develope a different, and as we reasonably believe, better stamp of Democracy would be strong enough to resist the prospects of wealth thus held out to us? Certainly such a policy would be more natural than an aggressive war. Even, however, if our autonomy were in no danger from the bribes or the threats of our great neighbour, it is by no means certain or even probable that we should ever be in a position to declare our Independence with any chance of permanent success. Our fatal weakness consists in the fact that, between the different Provinces which constitute the Dominion of Canada, there are still questions likely to arise which might break up our union. In other words, the feeling of *Canadianism* is not yet sufficiently strong to override all conflicting local feelings and interests.

Let us take some illustrations of the difficulties which would be likely to arise between the provinces and the nation, from recent instances in our history, all of which are yet unsettled. Canada being independent, and British Columbia not satisfied in regard to the Pacific Railroad, what would prevent her seceding if her demands, however unreasonable, were not complied with? This would, perhaps, be no great loss, but suppose a second New Brunswick School law case were to come up, and that the national overrode the local legislature on a question held by the latter to be exclusively provincial, is it not likely that the province so overruled would withdraw from the Federation; peaceably if possible; if not, by taking up arms in defence of what it considered its liberties? Time, it is true, is marking out more clearly the spheres of the central and provincial Governments and the home; but it is just time which is asked and which is necessary. As regards the English provinces, the necessary time gives promise of being short, but it is otherwise with the Province of Quebec. Here we are brought face to face with a problem of the utmost importance to our future existence, and one which most, if not all, party politicians, and even writers, are afraid to touch; yet it must be faced and overcome, if we are ever to become one people. In the Province of Quebec, lying between the sea-board and maritime provinces and the west, there are over a million of people alien to the majority of the other provinces in race, language, laws, and religion. Here we have no inferior race to consider, but one which has long vaunted that it leads the van of civilization, and whose traditions are cherished in our midst; a people growing rapidly in numbers, and extraordinarily jealous of their rivals and tenacious of their individuality.

So far from there being at present any tendency towards an amalgamation of the races, intermarriages are more than ever discouraged; and since the creation of the Quebec Legislature, and more especially since the close of the Vatican Council of 1870, the French majority in that province have, by their legislative and individual action, persistently shown that they are at least as little in harmony with their British fellow countrymen as they were a hundred years ago. This is written from no feeling of national hostility, but because it is a fact—a fact so portentous to the future of the country that its influence can hardly be overrated: and yet some of those who are party leaders, and in the highest official positions, consider it politic, in speeches uttered not only in Canada but in Great Britain, to refer to the Province of Quebec as the fortunate country, where the French and English races dwell together in beautiful harmony. The contrary being the case, as has been stated above, let us suppose a Guibord case to arise in a newly-created independent Canada; and that a similar decision were given by the Supreme Court at Ottawa as was given by the Privy Council, what would be the probable result? It is difficult to say; but it is only too probable that open defiance to the judgment would follow. If this were considered impolitic, is it not probable that at the next meeting of the Quebec Legislature a bill would be passed by the majority placing the Roman Church in that province without the jurisdiction of the Civil Courts? And if such a measure were disallowed at Ottawa as being without the province of the local parliament, is it not possible, nay probable, that the majority of that province would secede from the union, on the ground that their liberties were overruled by an alien majority? Would such a secession be peaceably allowed? Would the English speaking provinces submit to the establishment of a hostile state which would be in possession of the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and of the great ports of Quebec and Montreal, with their wealthy populations of English speaking people? Certainly not. Then we should either have a repetition of the Civil War in the States, or if the majority in Quebec were convinced of the hopelessness of force, there would be a lasting sore established which might at any time prove fatal to the union. But this and kindred cases of a religious nature are not the only evidence of a want of harmony or union between the races. During the Franco-German war, the sympathy of the French population of Quebec with the French, and their chagrin at their defeat, were much stronger than we should expect, as the mere traditional sympathy for a kindred race. In the face of these and other similar facts, it is not too much to say that at the present time, and for some time to come, an independent Canada would possess in itself the strongest elements of its own dissolution, quite aside from any foreign hostility. These facts and arguments, as has before been said, are not brought forward to stir up ill feeling between two people living under one government, or to draw invidious distinctions between French and Saxon, but to show that race and ultramontanism combined have produced, and are producing, a want of harmony between the two peoples which it would be absurd to overlook in attempting to forecast the political future of the country. It follows, then, that our union with, and, to a certain extent, subordination to Great Britain are, and for some time will be, our only safeguards against internal rupture. Assuming that it has now been shown that the immediate or early severance of our ties with Great Britain would be dangerous and probably fatal to our national existence, not so much from external force as from our own want of cohesion, the question arises as to what we are to do, so far as we may hope consciously to shape our destiny. Are we, expecting to continue indefinitely connected with Great Britain, to pursue the policy of *laissez faire*, or, shall we consciously prepare for a future which may be distant, but which no patriot can deny to be desirable—a future which will see us an independent Canada, possessing a strong and lofty national individuality of our own. Though it is easy, in view of the goal to be reached, to make a rhetorical appeal to the people to put themselves in training for such a future, it is not so simple a matter to point out the method to be pursued; consequently, the following course is not dogmatically put forth as the only one, but that which, on a review of the past history of national development, taken in conjunction with our present situation and circumstances, seems to promise the most reasonable chance of success.

It is believed that we should, as quickly as possible, assume a position of national self-respect, in regard to the both United States and great Britain. That in regard to the latter power, we should, moreover, from time to time, as circumstances may point out, endeavour to come to some more definite understanding as to our inter-relationship, any modifications being made rather in the direction of freedom than in that of closeness. The following agreement is proposed as that which would probably secure both to Canada and Great Britain the greatest advantages, at the least possible cost. Great Britain would still appoint the Governor-General, by which we should be saved from Presidential elections; would act as inter-provincial arbitrator, with power to carry out her decisions by force if necessary; by which we should be saved from secession. Great Britain shall also defend Canada from any external attack, but in all cases between Canada and the United States and Great Britain and the United States, both Canada and Great Britain shall be proportionately represented in the consequent negotiations; as a corollary of which Canada would undertake her full share of the burdens of any war with the United States Canada to have full control of her finances, including tariffs. In the case of a foreign war, other than American, Canada to close her ports to the enemy and encounter what marine risks might ensue. This may be said to be practically the situation at present, but it would be well, in the interests of both Canada and Great Britain, that it should be more clearly defined. If it be asked what Great Britain would retain or gain by such an arrangement it is easy to reply. She would, at little risk and no cost to herself insure one enemy the less; in case of foreign wars, our ports would be closed to her enemies, and in the case of a war with the United States, she would gain or keep an ally, ever growing stronger, and retain in her own hands our ports on the Atlantic and the Pacific, as a base of operations against the ports and marine of that power.

In regard to our home programme, our course is more difficult to carry out, but none the less clear. We should, as soon as may be, endeavour to settle definitely the respective spheres of the local and national legislatures, and also all questions of an inter-provincial character. Furthermore, the English speaking population, without distinction of party, should on the proper occasions, temperately, but none the less firmly, give the majority in the Province of Quebec to understand that the formation of an exclusively Gallic and Ultramontane State on the North American continent, whether as a Province of Canada, as a State of the United States, or as an independent State, is, and must remain, an impossibility. Having on this point done our duty we, the English inhabitants of Canada, must by our consideration and fairness, show our French countrymen that in continued union with us is their best chance of preserving what is best in their national characteristics, and for the rest we must leave the solution to time, with the hope that increased development and education will soften and finally rub out national and religious differences.

Further, individually and nationally, we must so shape our growth and course, keeping what is best, throwing off what is worst, in the qualities of the different people from which we are sprung, to form in the future a nation, at once united and strongly marked, which shall not be British, nor American, but something different, something better than either—in a word, Canadian.

We will not, we cannot, always remain tied to Great Britain; therefore it is on pain of producing a national individuality at least as strong as, and not less worthy than that to our south, that we can hope for a national future. If we cannot do this we have no right to live, and in the struggle for national existence we shall inevitably go down before a stronger, a more worthy than we.

This then should be our policy: to retain a modified connection with Great Britain till such time, which time circumstances must determine, as we shall have had a fair chance to develop a superior national individuality, when it will be for the interests of both Great Britain and Canada that we part in friendship and good-will.

These our alternatives. To develop such a nationality; or to gain strength and growth by absorption in a stronger and a better nation. The former alternative is to be attained in spite of difficulties so great that their successful solution must make us one of the finest nations in the world, and therefore we should strain every effort not to fall below the highest possible destiny which the future may have in store for us.

The year nineteen hundred will probably see our future fate settled: the answer to the problem therefore lies with the present generation.

THE MAPLE IN AUTUMN.

BY W. E. W., LONDON, ONT.

THE leaves of our noble maple
Are changing to yellow and red;
Silently falling, one by one,
Like tears for a lost one shed.

Cov'ring the earth with a carpet of leaves,
Rustling along the street,
Trampled and shattered, while drifting along,
By heedless passing feet.

And are we not falling one by one,
As the winter of life draws nigh?
Like the leaves of the once green maple,
We all must wither and die!

But spring time will follow winter,
The leaves will be green again:
And after our bodies have crumbled to dust,
Our souls will live and reign.

GRECIAN ARCHITECTURE.

BY SERTANGO, STRATFORD.

ONE of the most glorious fruits of ancient Greek civilization was that noble architecture which, for more than two thousand years, has excited, by its unsurpassable excellence, the enthusiastic admiration of every lover of the beautiful.

Unlike other legacies received from antiquity, this is one which we moderns have had to accept and utilize precisely as it has been bequeathed to us. We could not—cannot—without marring, attempt to alter or improve the petrified grace and majesty which constitute Grecian Architecture. There have been, indeed, many attempts of this nature, but all have signally failed ; and the modern world has been compelled to acknowledge that a portion of the ancient, although lacking the intellectual stimulus derived from the numberless magnificent triumphs of Science and Art in our own day, had attained, far back in the vista of many ages, a degree of excellence in this respect beyond which we cannot go, and which, in our human judgment, may be termed perfection.

Pure Grecian Architecture was, and is, divided into three different kinds, termed Orders : the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian. It is proposed to consider the striking characteristics of each : and as these are found in the column, the principal part of the Order—which consists of the column and its entablature—my observations will refer chiefly to that.

To begin with the Doric, the oldest of the Grecian Orders, and that which has been employed in the erection of some of the most splendid edifices of antiquity. The Doric column is remarkable for the relative shortness and sudden tapering of the shaft, and for the severe simplicity of its capital, which consists of a square tablet (abacus) imposed on a flat, elliptical moulding, beneath which are from three to five channels (canales) and a small moulding, which forms the junction of shaft and capital. In some of the earlier examples of this Order, the length of the shaft was only seven-and-three quarter modules, or semi-diameters ; but this was afterwards increased to twelve ; and in some of the best examples we find it even a little more. The Doric column was, by the old Grecian architects, always erected without a plinth or distinct base of any kind ; but this was introduced by their successors, and is now generally adopted. On the head of the capital, which, by some writers, is spoken of as a distinct part of the Order, being considered separately from the shaft or column proper, rests the architrave, or first member of the entablature ; above this is the frieze, or sculpture-bearer ; which, in its turn, is surmounted by the cornice, the last of the three chief divisions of the entablature. I say *chief*, because these parts are themselves subdivided in each of the Orders, in all three of which, however, the grand divisions are the same ; that is to say, commencing from below, the base of the column, the shaft, capital, architrave, frieze, and, lastly, the cornice. As might have been expected from a people whose architecture displays such a fair sense of congruity, the entablature of the Doric Order harmonizes admirably with the shaft and capital of the supporting column. Less ornate than the Corinthian, it is yet not quite as simple as the Ionic, which depends for not a little of its effect upon the relievos in the frieze ; while, in the Doric, this expanse is adorned with triglyphs, which, while they present the sameness characteristic of the *unsculptured* Ionic frieze—the cornice over which is devoid of the carving that, in the Corinthian, relieves the simplicity of an entablature with a frieze of equal blankness—nevertheless do not in any way impair the aspect of strength and majesty for which this Order is so noticeable. The beauty and grandeur of this Order of Architecture is to be seen still in some of those monuments of ancient Greek skill and genius.

which have happily survived the ravages of time and the violence of barbarian destroyers, and in which we shall find these principles of just proportion and congruity embodied—petrified. as I have said—for the admiration and instruction of, in this respect at all events. a far less happily gifted people.

One of the finest examples of Doric architecture is afforded us by the world-famed Parthenon. or Temple of Minerva. which crowns the Acropolis at Athens. Notwithstanding the injuries which modern vandalism has inflicted on this magnificent structure, it still presents, to the eye of the cultivated observer, a truly grand and imposing spectacle, as his glance wanders over its sadly mutilated glories; its lofty columns, its noble pediment. and the numerous melancholy attestations of gothic barbarity that lie thickly strewn around. Who is it, with aught of enthusiasm in his soul, with any love for the noble and the beautiful, would not experience, when gazing on this glorious relic of a glorious past, the mingled emotions of pride and sadness—pride in the genius and power of our race; sadness for the degeneracy of a mighty people—which filled the soul of Lamartine when, visiting Athens, he sat for hours before the temple, and saw in his fervid fancy the mighty fane as it appeared on the great festivals in the days of its pride, perfect. undisfigured; with the long procession of warriors. priests, and hoary philosophers; the majestic matrons and the beauteous maidens of Greece; intoning the choral chant. and sweeping on to worship at the thrice-holy shrine of the blue-eyed Minerva? Few are the gentle souls. to our thinking, who would not feel with the Historian of the Girondists, when musing on the summit of the Acropolis.

Best example of the Doric style as the Parthenon undoubtedly is, there are. nevertheless, other ancient edifices belonging to the Order, both in Greece and elsewhere, which were its not unworthy rivals in point of architectural excellence. One of these noble Doric fanes is to be found in the Theseion or Temple of Theseus, that renowned, if apocryphal. Grecian hero. Another magnificant Doric structure, even now, is the Temple of Poseidon, or Neptune. at Pæstum, on the Italian coast, some fifty miles south east of Naples. This grand edifice is the sole vestige remaining of the Greek colony by whom it was erected nearly two thousand years ago. Notwithstanding that it has none of the undying memories. the thrilling associations, which surround the Parthenon, yet does this ancient temple of the ocean-god powerfully impress the spectator of least susceptible soul. Standing, as it does, in the midst of a drear and desert tract of country, and far removed from any object that. by its superior magnitude and close proximity. would have a lessening effect upon its colossal presence. this immense structure suggests to the mind an idea of Titanic might, of more than human power. The traveller gazes, awe-struck. upon the towering columns of the peristyle, soaring far up into the blue sky, and crowned by the wide and massive pediment. and involuntarily he exclaims, "Truly there were giants in those days!" And, certainly, one might not unreasonably think this. So vast an edifice, noble and perfectly just in its proportions, as this temple is. appears to us puny builders of modern days. as if it must have been the work of men of giant stature. and correspondingly mighty minds. And. after all. this conjecture may yet be proved not altogether incorrect.

It is thought by most who think at all on the subject, that the Greeks derived their ideas of Doric architecture from the Egyptians; and beyond question. the most sceptical dissenter from this theory must acknowledge a wonderful resemblance of form and proportion between the massive Doric columns of Pæstum and the stupendous pillars to be found in some of the Egyptian temples. These columns at Pæstum are six feet in diameter at the base. and nearly thirty feet high.

The Ionic column is much more slender than the Doric. while its capital is more ornate; the shaft is invariably found rising from a distinct base. The length of the column was. and is, sixteen—sometimes eighteen—modules. The shaft is separated from the capital by an astragal moulding: and this capital consists of. first, commencing from below, an astragal moulding. above which is a fillet adorned with the well-known egg and snake-tongue carving; over which is the channel (canalis) from which spring the large volutes that are so prominent a characteristic of this Order. Immediately above these volutes is the entablature, whose ample, unbroken frieze is well adapted for the reception of sculpture; a remark which applies with equal force to the Corinthian. The simplicity of the Ionic entablature has been already mentioned; in this and all other respects it appears to the spectator to be in perfect keeping with the pillar. The Ionic style is remarkable for its grace and majesty, but has not the robust aspect of the Doric.

This Order was a favourite with some of the master-minds among the Greek architects, and fortunately for us who follow in their footsteps, some fine examples of their labours in this style are still extant. Of these the Erechtheum and the Temple of the Wingless Victory *(Niké Apteros)* are, perhaps, the most worthy of notice; and well do both edifices merit the encomium bestowed upon them by nearly all the travellers who visit Greece. One of the most famous structures ever raised by man for the worship of the Unseen belonged to the Ionic Order; and from its size and splendour was justly considered one of the Seven Wonders of the World. I allude to the great Temple of Diana, at Ephesus; whose destruction has conferred an unenviable immortality upon the madman by whom it was burned.

The last and most beautiful of the three Greek Orders, the Corinthian, is remarkable for a column still more slender than the Ionic, and for the elaborate style of the capital. This capital is very rich in its decoration; and is said to have been suggested to the inventor, Callimachus, by a votive flower-basket, partly hidden amid the leaves of an acanthus, and placed on the grave of a Greek maiden, in accordance with one of the graceful and touching customs of this poetical people. The capital consists of first and lowest, a calyx (or cup) with indented edge, and surmounted by a double row of leaves; over which, at the corners, are small volutes. The spaces between these were sometimes filled up with two others, represented as intertwining, and sometimes by the decorations. The Corinthian column, like the Ionic, is always found provided with a plinth; and, like the shaft in both the preceding Orders, is in the most perfect congruity with its entablature.

One of the most interesting remains of Corinthian architecture is the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates, which is also known as "Demosthenes's Lantern," although the evidence that the great orator neither dwelt nor wrote in this beautiful structure is unquestionably conclusive. The portico of the Pantheon, at Rome, is another splendid example of architecture in this Order. But the grandest Corinthian edifice of antiquity is considered, by many connoisseurs, to have been the vast temple of Jupiter Olympus, at Athens. Some idea of its immense magnitude may be obtained from the fact that the fluting of the enormous columns would each contain, with ease, the body of a full grown man! And the entire temple was constructed on a scale proportionally gigantic. Even in the present day its ruins excite the amazement of the traveller. They attest such boldness and beauty of design, and such success in its realization, that the spectator, looking at the vast and noble columns yet remaining erect, and the enormous fragments of the entablature, is literally lost in admiration and wonder. If we leave Greece and direct our course to Syria, we shall there also find grand Corinthian remains. Let the wanderer visit Baalbec; let him gaze upon its lone and mighty ruins, not merely during a first visit, but during many; let him above all bestow his attention upon the magnificent Temple of the Sun; and then let him confess the immeasurable superiority of these ancient builders, many of whose works appear to have been intended to outlive old Time himself, and to witness at least the dawning of Eternity.

These three kinds of columns, then, with their corresponding entablatures, constitute what architects term the Greek Orders. Even at this day, so distant from the dates of their perfection by the master-minds of Hellas, we still take these three styles unchanged as we have received them from the past as our unerring guides, our best models, when we are about to erect any edifice which we wish to see constructed on the principles of *true* beauty and majesty. We have, indeed, other Orders to select from: the Tuscan or Roman Doric, the Composite, the Gothic, and others that might be mentioned; but while fully conceding the numerous beauties that exist in some of these, there are, in all probability, very few who would not place the Greek Orders at the head of all styles, ancient and modern.

But it is not alone to the intrinsic merits of the old Hellenic architecture that we are to look for the cause of that enthusiasm which the temples of his gods excited in the mind of the Greek worshipper. There were other circumstances which had no little influence in producing this feeling; and one of the most important of these was the site of the edifice to which he went to pray. The Greeks were a people who, to their passionate love for the beautiful in art, added an equally passionate admiration for that in nature. And no wonder. With all its subtlety and power, the old Greek intellect was eminently poetical; and to the æsthetical faculty of that wondrously gifted race Nature appealed for admiration with all the mute eloquence that lay in the thousand glorious productions of her hand, with which she had so lavishly endowed their country; the purple mountains, the bold and towering cliffs, the laughing rivulets, the groves and sweet sequestered vales; all of which yet remain to delight the eye of the traveller, be he native or alien. And to these beauties must be added a sky of glorious blue, rarely hidden by clouds; and a sun whose warm golden beams diffused then, as now, a delightful temperature through the calm and crystal atmosphere. Dwelling in a land like this, under such a heaven, when the Greek architect meditated the erection of some grand edifice, and particularly a religious one, his exquisite sense of the beautiful and congruous led him to choose a site where such natural features as vale and mountain, rock and river, grove and emerald greensward, were so disposed as to harmonize perfectly with the addition which he was about to make to the landscape. The great Doric temple, grand and imposing in its severe simplicity, the graceful and majestic Ionic edifice; and the rich and beautiful Corinthian, were, on this principle of congruity, always placed amid scenes which enhanced their grandeur and their beauty to a wonderful degree: while they, in turn, by testifying to the genius and presence of man, gave an additional charm to spots which, however beautiful in themselves, had previously lacked the interest derived from human associations. Thus we find the Parthenon at Athens rising in ruined grandeur from the brow of the lofty and precipitous Acropolis, with a noble and diversified landscape stretching far away on three sides of the view; on the fourth, the blue and gently-heaving sea; while at the foot of the bold rock, under the benign but stern, steel-blue eye of the mighty goddess herself, nestles the fair and famous city, the eye of Greece, immortal Athens! still beautiful though changed, and looking bright and *gaillarde* under the unclouded Grecian sun. Again, where could a more fitting site have been found for the erection of the temple whose remains give a name to Cape Colonna? From the ruins of this edifice we can see, even now, how well the perfect structure harmonized with the lone and stern grandeur of this famous promontory. That well-known, oft-quoted line of Byron's—

> "Place me on Sunium's marbled steep"—

refers to Cape Colonna; which, as I have said, owes this latter name to the fact of its being crowned by the columns of the ruined temple. Sometimes, in visiting one of these noble relics of a by-gone civilization, the traveller pursues his way for a considerable distance through gorges and difficult passes of the most rugged nature; when, suddenly, he finds the rude track on which he has hitherto journeyed debouch into a lovely valley, covered with a sward of velvet softness, and rivalling the emerald in hue, through which runs, sparkling in the sunshine, a cool, pellucid brook, pursuing its sinuous course between banks laden with flowers, until, shimmering like a silver riband, it disappears in the far distance. The traveller sees the green and sunlit sward, shadowed here and there by groves of venerable trees, beneath which recline, perhaps, the shepherds and their timid charges, grateful for the sheltering boughs that protect them from the fervid beams of the day-god; and lo! at the valley's farther end, its white columns, slightly yellowed by time, gleaming in the brilliant light under the cloudless blue of the Grecian sky, there rises before his enraptured eye the object of his arduous journey. The air is laden with the fragrance of wild thyme; the busy bees go from flower to flower with gentle hum, and plunder them of their hidden treasures; while on either side, and trending away until they become blue in the distance, the encircling hills uplift their wooded summits. Amid scenes like this, scenes of quiet beauty and repose, the Grecian temple, erected for the worship of some favourite rural deity, potent and all-benign, often reared its sculptured pediment and marble columns.

In the present day, while we copy the magnificent works which the architects of ancient

Hellas have bequeathed to posterity, and while we are scrupulous in realizing their ideas of beauty and proportion in the employment of stone and marble, why is it that, doing all this, we do not a little more, and take yet another lesson from men whom we admit are reliable guides in this respect also, viz., the art of keeping our great public edifices in harmony with their surroundings; instead of erecting them—as we often do—upon sites which seem specially selected for the purpose of detracting from any merit which the buildings may happen to possess? Far different was the action of the old Greeks, and their close imitators, the Romans. They knew better; and while the magnificent ruins which stud the classic lands of Greece and Italy are ample and convincing evidence of the æsthetic genius of the ancient architect, the scenes amid which their works arise, where but little altered by man or time, are no less fitting memorials of the critic's keen perception of congruity.

CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN THOUGHT.

BY REV. G. M. GRANT, HALIFAX.

I HAVE to thank LAON, not only for the general tone of his rejoinder, but for taking up the three divisions of my article in their order. He has thus made it easy for readers to judge between us on each of the three points raised, and I am quite willing to abide by their verdict. Little additional need be said; yet as I have spoken but once, and then more as a protest than in the way of positive answer, I may be permitted a few words of reply to "Proofs and Disproofs," and with these to close the subject, so far at any rate as I am concerned.

I. LAON claims that he did not misrepresent Moody. I believe that he did not intend to do so, but we are apt to misrepresent men whom we do not understand. His interpretation of the sermon on "Human Instruments" is proof sufficient that he does not understand Moody's language, just as his reference to the Deluge proves that he does not understand Scripture language, nor even what is meant by a literal interpretation of Scripture. He "honestly thinks" it to be Moody's view that "the beasts from the four quarters of the globe came trooping into the ark," because he knows "how literally Mr. Moody interprets the Bible, and how he despises scientific objections." Is it necessary to point out that if any one interprets the Bible literally, he will not speak of "the four quarters of the globe" in describing the Deluge? You may *infer* that the beasts came from the four quarters of the globe; just as you may *infer* that St. Luke did not know that there were parts of the world beyond the Roman Empire, because he says that a decree went forth from Cæsar "that all the world should be taxed;" but both *inferences* would be unwarrantable. If the writer of Genesis had spoken of the four quarters of the globe, the language would have been unintelligible for thousands of years. The language of the Bible was, of necessity, adapted to the mental condition and knowledge of the particular age to which particular parts were addressed. Even in this learned age, we speak with the vulgar and think with the wise. We all speak of the sun rising and setting, without imagining that we teach that the sun goes round the earth.

But enough on this. LAON may not consider this a "signal, decisive, and unquestionable instance of misrepresentation." Only a bungler gives such instances, and I do not consider LAON a bungler. He knows that misrepresentation insinuated in the tone and spirit of an article is infinitely worse than that which is contained in detached sentences. And, to use his own illustration, a man may have ten talents without two or three of them being necessarily bigger or more "signal" than the others. I abide, therefore, by the instances already mentioned, and refer readers to my former article.

II. In entering upon this division, LAON says that I "wander away very surprisingly from the rich mine of misinterpretation furnished by the article, to delve in a letter," &c. This is extraordinary. Had the letter been on some other subject, or even an additional contribution of his to the same subject, the language might have force. But what can it mean when the letter was written avowedly as an explanation of the article, in answer to a misconception of the principal term and the main object of the article? In my criticism, I had regard to his own explanation. If this is "wandering away very surprisingly," I plead guilty.

On this division, what is his rejoinder? Substantially, the reiteration that there is "one department of thought from which candour and intellectual honesty are all but totally excluded;" and in proof he cites admissions from theologians as to "the very considerable prevalence of tortuous, if not positively dishonest, methods of reasoning in theology," the prevalence of false logic, of "party efforts to wrest the meaning of Scripture to different sides," &c. No one denies that theologians have thus erred; but if this is enough to prove his point, then it would be easy to prove that candour and intellectual honesty are excluded from every department of thought. Nay, more, according to the importance of the department, according to the degree that it affects human interests and destinies, we expect to find developments of passion and party spirit, with all their baleful consequences. In every department man advances slowly, not only because of his ignorance and the difficulties of the subject, but because of his prejudices, his one-sidedness, and the demand made on him for false logic by his interests or his passions. Every advance in science has been delayed by crude theories obstinately clung to, false reasoning, and bitter personalities. Modern instances lie provokingly at hand, but instead of mentioning them, let us go back two centuries. When the Royal Society was established to search for truth according to the new experimental philosophy, instead of in the old trivium and quadrivium laid down in the four Aristotelian modes, endless were the misrepresentations of the opposing school. The Aristotelians were determined to keep the boundaries of knowledge at the limits laid down by their great master. In criticism, so universal is the influence of feeling and party spirit that the very utility of criticism is doubted. The great Bentley was made to appear no scholar by a Boyle and "the Bees of Christ Church." Tasso was goaded to madness by his critics. Dr. Johnson describes the Samson Agonistes as "a tragedy which ignorance has admired and bigotry applauded." When we come to politics the case is worse, for as the interests are more personal and pressing, the passions excited are more vehement. Voltaire says, "So violent did I find parties in London that I was assured by several that the Duke of Marlborough was a coward, and Mr. Pope a fool." Read our newspapers, and if we believe both sides, there is no such being as an honest statesman, and no such thing as political morality. What is the explanation of all this? Not that there are no scientific truths, no canons of sound criticism, no patriotism nor honourable political life. No, but simply that men are imperfect, and that we must always distinguish between the advocate and the cause. In every department good work is done, despite the errors of partisans and the zeal of fanatics. Juries have given ridiculous verdicts, and men who speak in haste have thereupon demanded the abolition of juries—hitherto without success, I am thankful to say.

What is the conclusion of the whole matter? Deal with theology as with other departments of thought. When the theologian errs, correct the error; and make the correction as knowing that you also are liable to err, and that Christianity is so vast and many-sided that it is little wonder if the best of the sons of men should apprehend and reflect it imperfectly.

But LAON is impatient. If a man differs in opinion from him, let the wretch be summarily executed, for he must be dishonest as well as in the wrong. I cite two cases under this division.

(1.) The treatment of the Parable of the Unjust Steward is a painful reminder of the light and reckless style of the first article. As helps to the true understanding of the

Parable, let me point out, in passing, that the rascal had been a rascal during the whole of his stewardship, but that, recognizing the inevitable, he had added to his rascality shrewdness, foresight, and the determination to secure himself; that the *shrewdness* and self-regard, and not "the *crime* is represented as actually receiving praise" of his master; that the master as well as the steward is "a child of this generation," seeing things from one and the same standpoint; and that the Pharisees, when they heard the Parable and its lessons, *derided the Lord Jesus, because they were covetous.* (2.) "I maintain," says Laon, "that to retail as sober facts of history the capture of Jericho . . . . does insult the intellect of the present day, and that the marked avoidance of such themes by the higher minds among the clergy shows that *they know it.*" The italics are his, and they insinuate volumes. If the higher minds among the clergy do avoid such themes, could *they* not assign a more honourable cause? Would they not say, the Revelation of God teaches by a history extending over 4,000 years; there is an unity of religious doctrine running all through it, but there were "sundry times and divers manners," and also a growing light and beauty. Each age and country has its own standpoint; we should lay most stress on the Scripture truths that are in accordance with *our* standpoint, and when we refer to what is out of harmony with that, it is always necessary to compare carefully the separate part with the surroundings of that part. Such reference to "the misty annals of a world long lost" requires effort on the part of speaker and hearers. Those parts of the Bible were written for the infancy of the world. They are still the delight of children, and grown men delight in them when they have imagination to conceive the surroundings. True, the nineteenth century does not readily believe in a miracle. But, suppose we reject the miracles of the Bible, do no difficulties remain?

III. Under this division of the subject, Laon's language was, that if the teachings of the Revivalists be true, "then all that we dignify by the name of modern culture is a damnable illusion and fraud." He announced to the multitudes that they must choose "between doctrinal Christianity on the one hand and free thought on the other." I assumed in my answer, and he has not corrected me, that this meant that modern thought and Christianity were contradictories, that rejoicing in the one was incompatible with rejoicing in the other, and I called for proof. In the rejoinder, he represents this as a formal challenge for proof "that the current of modern thought is flowing away from Christianity." Well, that is certainly a milder statement than his first. Some people may suppose that the current of modern English thought is flowing away from monarchy; but that would not be the same as a call upon Englishmen to choose between being thinkers and monarchists. However, coming to the position taken up in the rejoinder, what is the proof offered? A series of acknowledgments from seven or eight Christian writers. These may be met in two ways. Analyse each quotation, give the context, and show its exact force. I recommend that way to my readers. It will give them some good reading, and show them how highly developed is the art of quotation-making. But I am unwilling to leave the subject without saying something positive concerning it, and will therefore—as a more satisfactory way to all parties—indicate briefly what opposition there is, and what there is not, between Christianity and modern thought. The virulent war that has raged round "culture" has so sectarianized a very good word that I do not care to use it exclusively. Mr. Frederick Harrison runs a-muck at it, and declares that "the very silliest cant of the day is the cant about culture;" and John Bright defines it oddly enough as "a smattering of the dead languages of Greek and Latin."

What, then, are some of the relations of modern thought and Christianity?

(1.) Whatever antagonism there is between the two, is not confined to *modern* thought. There always has been, and there must necessarily be, opposition between the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christ; and this opposition will show itself in literature as well as in life. Laon assumes that this opposition is more pronounced in modern literature than in the literature of former times. I believe, on the contrary, that modern literature, taken as a whole, has borrowed more from, and assimilates more to, Christianity than that of almost any other generation. On this, let us listen to Miss Dora Greenwell, in the passage quoted by Laon. Why did he not give the sentence before, or the sentence after, her lament over the respectful denial of Christianity, as a power in the popular literature of the day? Here is what she does say: "From age to age, false witnesses have risen up against Christ. . . . . But the day of insolent derision is over." Then comes the sentence quoted by Laon. And then—"Our age has nothing in common with the degrading scepticism of the past century," &c. Is it possible? Laon quotes "from unexceptionable witnesses, who express, with a precision that leaves nothing to be desired, the present relations of literature to religion." And the point to be proved by him is, that the present relations are more antagonistic than those of the past. But the actual contention of the witness is, that the present relations are less antagonistic than those of the past. Verily, there is an art in quotation-making!

From the days of Barabbas, upward and downward, there has been opposition between the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christ. "We preach Christ crucified," writes St. Paul, "to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness, but to us who believe, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God." Follow the stream of time, and has it not been always the same in one form or another? To the judicious Tacitus, Christianity is a thing detestable, filthy, and flagitious, and Christians are rightly condemned, not so much for the burning of Rome as for being the enemies of mankind. To Martial, Christianity is only *superstitio malefica.* In the second century, philosophic Pliny barely tolerates, and the "good Aurelius" bitterly persecutes Christ. Is it necessary to enlarge; to speak of Julian's days and of the Renaissance; of the seventeenth century in England, of Toland, Tindal, Woolston, Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, Boyle, Collins, Lord Herbert of Cherbury; of the illuminati in Germany, and the universal and hideous unbelief in France, in the eighteenth century? Laon cites Walter Scott and Dickens. Let me simply ask him, does he consider their writings more anti-Christian than the novels of Smollett and Fielding, that our great-grandfathers read?

Does this opposition come out in scientific works? It should not, for science has a field of its own, and there is no provocation—for the heart is not enmity against science, neither indeed can be. That it ever should have appeared is the shame of theologians and of scientific men. Doubtless the Bible was once supposed to cover a large area of scientific and other fact which progress in knowledge has caused us to relinquish. That this has been done slowly, is the fault of both sides. "The mediæval error of making the Scriptures an universal authority was a mistake, not of theology but of science; which then thought that it had found a short road to physical knowledge in assuming as Divine dicta on that subject any Scriptural expressions which seemed applicable" (*Quarterly Review*, January, 1875). Many theologians have shown an absurd dread of science. Many scientists have shown an unwise hatred of Christianity. But there are auspicious signs of a better spirit and a new era, for proof of which I may refer to the latest edition of Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," and other authorities almost equally high.

(2.) The opposition between supernatural Christianity and true human thought is not fundamental, and it must therefore eventually disappear. The opposition springs from the evil in us, and therefore the more that man attains to true culture, the less will it be. Christianity teaches that human nature is fallen, and it comes to us with a new force, a new life. The sin in us—which is really a foreign ingredient—predisposes us to reject the gift of God. Instead of repentance, we manifest haughty defiance; instead of humility, pride; instead of faith, unbelief; instead of the cry of want and weakness, self-sufficiency. But the more that man comes to know himself, the more will he see that he needs Christ. Therefore we recognize as coadjutors, rather than antagonists, all those men whose works are beneficent to man in any department, though their creeds, like Carlyle's, square not with that of any of the existing churches. Terence could say, *Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.* Our view of man is wider than Terence's, and we say the same. I do not call Carlyle "doctrinally sound." I dislike the expression. It identifies faith with one of our little systems, and that is the root of Pharisaism, persecution, and unbelief. Beneficent work, though chiefly as a Jeremiah, one of God's pullers down, has Carlyle done. For when we cannot plant until we destroy, the man who roots up is as real a benefactor as the man who comes after him to sow. True, the best benefactor is he that leads us into the Holy of

Holies. But we are thankful even to him who leads us into the outermost court, provided that he does not set up there an altar to Baal. Once there, neither the honest guide nor the seeking disciple is far from the shrine.

(3.) The opposition is not mutual. Phases of thought or thinkers may set themselves against Christianity; but the spirit of Christianity is never opposed to true thought or culture. Fourfold is the source of Revelation, says Schlegel in his "Philosophy of Life"—Nature, Scripture, Conscience, and Universal History. From those four fertilizing streams does the soil of the soul receive higher truth. Christianity accepts all four, and thus puts right the centre of man's being, heals its diseases, and hallows all its activities. Scepticism rejects one of the four, and therefore does not get from the other three the good they are calculated to give. Those four sources agree in one, though it is not every one that sees the glorious unity. As history goes on and man makes new conquests, Christianity makes new advances. It is woven into the texture of each new generation, woven into the fabric of society, and more and more deeply into humanity. Each advance is preceded by an apparent defeat, caused by the ever new wine of the Spirit breaking man's old bottles. Were Christianity only a creed or catechism, man would outgrow it. But it is a force—ever living, indestructible. The object of this force is to assimilate to itself all true elements in human nature, to develop character to all its rightful issues, to make us men of culture by making us "perfect even as our Father in heaven is perfect." The spirit of the world rejects this transforming power; but the spirit of denial is met and conquered by the spirit of truth,—the spirit of hatred by the spirit of love.

The opposition, so far as it is genuine, springs from the impatience of man. A one-sided culture revolts against coarse conceptions of the truth, forgetting—as a writer in the *Nation* puts it—that "even the same belief, and one productive of the same practical results, will take a simpler and coarser form in the uncultivated than in the cultivated mind." Culture sometimes restlessly rebels against any authority, and demands that it be a supreme law to itself. Were the claim allowed, true culture would soon perish. Christianity claims paramount authority, but this authority is not a yoke from without, but a law within, submission to which is true freedom. That these revolts do not indicate any real opposition on the part of Christianity to culture is proved by the world-historical fact that the highest developments of man have occurred under Christian influences. The Christian believes that "one thing is needful:" and, absorbed in this one thing, he, like Novalis, may find his faith "a foe to art, to science, even to enjoyment." But we have also been taught to "call nothing common or unclean." We believe that every creature of God is good; that the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord. Redeemed and free, life is an infinite blessing. Contradictions have vanished. All things are gathered together in one, even in Christ, and we are Christ's. Therefore, with St. Augustine, "we love God, and do what we please."

One word in conclusion to Laon personally which I trust he will take, not from the Church minister, but from the brother-man. The real point with you is not whether the current is flowing to or from Christianity. You plant yourself squarely on the side of scepticism. Well, suppose that we reject the Bible, that we relegate it to the limbo of heathen mythologies. What then? What have you got to offer instead? O man, be very sure that thou hast found a life-boat, before thou causest others to make shipwreck.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE public mind has been strongly and painfully impressed of late, by the appearance of what may be termed a criminal epidemic. It is only to be regretted that impressions of this kind seldom persist long enough to be of permanent value to the community. Popular feeling is excited with ease, but permanently influenced with great difficulty. Indeed it would almost appear that the lasting effect stands always in an inverse ratio to the force and violence of the excitement. A startling crime, or a series of startling crimes, makes at once a vivid call upon general notice, and this is stretched to the highest point of tension ; but the appeal is answered by the feelings, and not by the intellect. Hence the results are transient and unsatisfactory. The momentary panic over, the occasion passes by unimproved, the causes of the outburst remain unexplored, and the evil is permitted to work out its own cure—which it never does. Here as elsewhere, the law of stimulants obtains : temporary excitation, painful or pleasurable, leaving its subject languid, quiescent, and unfit or indisposed to put forth any salutary effort in the end.

That the Dominion has suffered and is still suffering from a visitation of crime, appalling in character and widespread in its area, is unquestionable. From Halifax to Sarnia, at any rate, we have been made too familiar for months past with the story of crime. There have been crimes of violence, crimes of craft, crimes of fraud : offences against the person in every form, from assault to murder, including offences against women, equally varied in character ; offences against property, as larceny, robbery, burglary, forgery, and embezzlement ; offences against the rights of others, combining, by a happy irony, riot and assault with a high regard for religious faith—Protestant or Roman Catholic. Moreover, as if to give additional zest to these lawless orgies, not only have classes, genera, and species been fully represented, but there has also been a startling variety of motive and circumstance in the individuals of each species. So thoroughly does the air seem pervaded by the miasma, that if the dangerous classes had assembled in convention with their more subtle brethren, for the purpose of providing select and assorted samples of every crime in the calendar, it may be doubted whether they would have been so successful as by these isolated and sporadic efforts.

Such being unhappily the present state of the case, the first duty seems to be, to seek some clue to its causes. Those philosophers who regard morals as stationary, and prove by statistics that we have, age for age, an equal amount of crime *per capita* always with us, resolve the matter into a law of nature or, at least, of sociology. Extraordinary outbursts of crime occur with wonderful regularity, but these, it is contended, do not affect the results taken over long periods. Mr. Buckle adduced figures to prove that the same percentage of people commit suicide every decade or so, and that the law held good, not only of self-destruction *per se*, but also of its means—drowning, poisoning, hanging, or shooting. Now, if this theory covers also the *rationale* of crime in general, it must tell most discouragingly upon every effort or hope for the amelioration of the race, and Mr. Darwin's law must be extended so as to cover two "survivals"—one of the fittest, and the other of the unfittest it is possible to imagine. It may be the fact that some of the causes of crime recur periodically ; if, for example, as seems likely, times of financial depression are more or less regular in their appearance, then we have one cause of crime which will also appear regularly. Therefore, for the removal of this antecedent, we must look not so much to the jurist as to the economist.

It is the fashion of the day to seek in one factor the solution of every calculation, however complex and abstruse. In social phenomena, men are readily beguiled into this easy path, because it saves the trouble of careful thought and patient analysis. In the case before us, the briefest attention to facts will show that the prevalence of crime is due to no one cause, but to a multiplicity of causes, some of which are within our power, and others beyond it. The varied character of the offences committed of itself precludes the admission of any single agent, as adequate to produce the terrible aggregate. It is unquestionable, for example, that intemperance is one of the chief causes, or occasions, at any rate, of crime in its most repulsive forms. Its influence is not calculable with any degree of preciseness, and all attempts to apportion its share in the social malady are but wild guesses. When public speakers tell us that two-thirds of the prevailing crime is directly produced by drunkenness, there seems no reason why they should have chosen that proportion, rather than three-fourths, four-fifths, or nine-tenths. There are no reliable data for such a calculation, because not only are the motives for a particular crime often complex in their nature, but the character, the antecedents, and surroundings of the criminal are usually involved in obscurity. In taking this objection to the statistical method of temperance warfare, we have no desire for a moment to underrate the terrible effects of this social scourge. It is all-important, however, that those who are animated by the laudable desire of stemming the torrent should not overstate its violence, or magnify the woful mischief it has wrought. These unhappily need no exaggeration; and therefore exaggeration will almost certainly do more harm than good. The naked truth is far more effective by its own repulsiveness than it can possibly be, when tricked out in the adornments of an inflated and tawdry rhetoric. Of the magnitude of the evil, there can be no question. It presses upon the public ear and eye from every side: in judicial charges, presentments, newspaper reports, and in the sights and sounds of every-day life. On this we need not insist, for it is indisputable: but there is one feature in the case which seems to have escaped attention, although it is of no slight importance in its bearing upon the punishment of crime. The law refuses, and rightly, to admit drunkenness as a plea in mitigation; yet there can be little doubt that the average juryman has a higher law of his own on the subject. That this is the case will be evident to any one who considers the tactics of counsel for the defence, who are generally supposed to be shrewd enough in presenting their strongest points. Now, although they may allow that the excuse of drunkenness is invalid in law, and will probably say so, yet they none the less press that excuse upon the attention of the jury, trusting that it will work its usual effect there. In a majority of cases it actually does so. There seems to be a notion that jurors ought to be governed by a sort of rude equity of their own, according to which the rigour of the law may be softened as caprice or circumstances suggest. This element in the question ought to be taken into account by those who place their reliance on drastic laws of suppression, because it indicates a *vis inertiæ* of public feeling which might prove fatal to the enforcement of such laws. The fact, however, remains that intemperance is a fruitful source of crime, and unfortunately a steady and constant one. It should, therefore, be the object of serious consideration, although, for our present purpose, its very uniformity in action excludes it from the catalogue of extraordinary causes in any sudden and violent outbreak of crime.

Of the latter, many readily occur to the mind, apart from those which arise from the mere increase of population and wealth. The criminal class in Canada has enjoyed exceptional advantages of late in the way of recruiting. Since the surrender of Lee, American society has been flooded with idlers and vagabonds, a large proportion of whom have been transformed, with more or less speed, into law-breakers. The supply of rascality having largely exceeded the demand across the lines, a portion of the surplusage, increasing year by year, has overflowed into the Dominion, until even our rural districts are covered with tramps eager for "business." Moreover, immigration has introduced another stream, on which has floated hither a most unwelcome class of settlers from Bethnal Green, Whitechapel, and Wapping. Many of them already belong to the guild of crime, and many more are in that border-land of unsettled boundaries between indolence and crime. They cannot dig and, although they are not ashamed to beg, they speedily discover that mendicancy is not a paying occupation. Superadded to these sources of mischief is the spirit of lawlessness manifested by large numbers of our indigenous population. Insubordination to authority, begun, there is reason to fear, in disobedience to parental rule, has been gradually working its way amongst young men in cities. Hundreds of them, who are reckless and lawless by training and habit, are even now hovering over the brink of the gulf. If not yet criminals, they are the materials of which criminals are made. No one can pass along the principal thoroughfares of Toronto, especially on Sunday evenings, without asking himself, as he is jostled about through this seething mass of vagabondage, what is to be the outcome of all this? What will be the probable future of these rowdies, male and female? The riots of September 26 and October 3 were merely organized demonstrations of this class. In American cities generally, the same phenomena are observable, under the same conditions—the only difference being one of name and style. The opportunity of breaking the quiet of a Sunday afternoon in the name of religion was too tempting to be foregone; lawlessness found its pretext, and did not fail to make the most of it. The plea was transparent enough; for those who break the Sabbath in order to preserve it, and find arguments, if not sermons, in stones, are sure to find other vent for their depraved passions, when the theological door is closed against them. Rowdyism is bad enough, we may again remark, without being armed with the advantages of organization, and upon their heads rests a heavy responsibility who have established, encouraged, and defended nurseries of lawlessness, Protestant or Roman Catholic, which, under the pretence of helping God's truth, are rendering essential service to the devil.

It would be instructive to ascertain how far extraordinary developments of crime synchronize with periods of financial depression. It is quite certain that the scarcity of employment which attends business perturbations has a marked influence on the *morale* of the community. That it contributes its share to the present trouble is highly probable; still it may be doubted whether actual want has of itself caused much of the prevailing crime. The Roman poet places at the vestibule of his inferno, *malesuada Fames ac turpis Egestas*, but, in this new country, the suasive power of hunger must, to have any effect, act upon natures already predisposed to receive it, and poverty is deemed disgraceful chiefly by the embezzlers and the forgers—the *élite* of rascaldom. At the same time, it must be admitted that want of employment is of itself a sore tempter to that "mischief," which we learn, on the high authority of Dr. Watts, is prepared by no less an employer of labour than Satan himself.

Finally, what can the law do by way of prevention or punishment in repressing crime? We use the term law as synonymous with authority generally, and, in this sense, what it does do may be instructive. It pretends, especially in our cities, to provide a police and detective force for the protection of the people, and utterly fails to do so with any show of adequacy. It places upon the bench stipendiary and other magistrates, without supplying them with any clear method of procedure. Owing to the laxness of their summary jurisdiction, these officers sometimes give comparative immunity to crime, and at others punish it with merciless and unjustifiable rigour. Chaos reigns over the whole system; punishments are uncertain, and offenders are bailed when charged with crimes which are not, or ought not to be, bailable. And, as if the avenue of escape by "straw bail" were not wide enough, jails are maintained, from two-thirds of which any prisoner, seized with a passion for travel, may indulge it at will. But what need of heaping fact upon fact? Is it not notorious that our entire punitive system needs overhauling from top to bottom? What the law can do is, first, supply what is defective and replace what is rotten; secondly, reform its code of punishments so as to include corporeal chastisement in a large number of cases; thirdly, it can make punishments certain on conviction, by limiting the jurisdiction and controlling the caprice of magistrates; and, fourthly, under a new treaty of extradition it can prevent a vast amount of crime, by throwing down the wall of protection which shelters the culprit from outraged justice.

The abortion and infanticide cases which have recently been brought to light have had the effect of calling public attention to the unsuspected presence, to an alarming extent, of offences against chastity. The subject is of too delicate a nature to be handled thoroughly in these pages, yet it is too important to be entirely ignored. Recent events have served to arouse the public mind more thoroughly, because the amount of misery known to be wrought by this species of immorality is not only appalling in itself, but indicates a far darker mass concealed and unknown. In the excitement of the moment, it has been proposed to make seduction a criminal offence, and, under the circumstances, we are not surprised at the proposal. Of the offence itself, in its aggravated form, it is impossible to speak in exaggerated terms, and it would be well if those who may possibly fall its victims were forewarned in time by their natural counsellors and guides. Still we think the objections to the measure suggested are grave enough to insure its general rejection as definitively as it has already been rejected by jurists. In the first place, there are two parties to the offence, to one or other of whom the major share of the guilt must attach; yet if the act were made a crime, the one would be placed in the dock with closed mouth, and the other in the witness-box to tell any story taut enough to stand the ordeal of cross-examination. The second objection is that, under one name, the proposed crime would include an infinite number of shades in guilt, from the highest culpability to sheer weakness in yielding to temptation. What comparison, for example, can be made between the villainy of a *roué* who lays siege for months to unsuspecting virtue, under promise of marriage, as one of the monarchs of the reigning house is said to have done, and the frailty of the man who is unable to resist improper advances, or who falls a victim to the wiles of a designing *intriguante?* Now, between these extremes there are many grades in wickedness; and yet not only is it proposed to treat them all alike, but to let one party, perhaps the guiltier of the two, tell the story to suit herself, and carry a jury with her if that story be only a colourable and consistent one. Again, every one knows that charges of this nature are even now trumped up for purposes of blackmail: every one acquainted with the working of affiliation orders knows what use is made of that system; every one familiar with the history of civil action for seduction will recognise the danger at which we are hinting—a danger which, even in this mitigated form, has caused weighty authorities to propose the abolition of that form of action altogether. In one way, it is true, the threat of punishment might bring about marriage; but it might also superinduce some dark plotting to secure an eligible party who could not be brought to book without being taken at a disadvantage. Readers of Massinger will remember Sir Giles Overreach's advice to his daughter, previous to the arrival of the noble suitor. Under the proposed measure, we might realize in modern life a new way, if not to pay old debts, at least to facilitate matrimony. Whilst, therefore, we thoroughly applaud and sympathize with the motives of those who have suggested this addition to the catalogue of crime, we cannot but think that they have done so without duly considering the difficulties and dangers in the way. To us it appears utterly out of the question, in whatever light it may be regarded.

Arthur Davis and his wife have been found guilty of the murder of Jane Gilmour, and are now lying under sentence of death. There is no need for a recital of the facts in this melancholy case. It is the old story of a poor girl fallen from her high estate, and seeking to hide her shame from her father and the world. That she should herself have sought the abortionist under whose hand she perished is in the highest degree improbable. Miss Gilmour had lived the greater part of her life in the country, was modest and decorous in her behaviour, and could hardly have known the nature of the operation or its danger; still less is it likely that she could without prompting have so readily found the man who would perform it. There must be another wretch who is still at large, and whose name may never be revealed. What his feelings may be when he reflects upon the ruin he has wrought, it is idle to conjecture; the probability is, that he has passed that stage when conscience ceases to be either a burden or a consolation. The poor father, whose sorrows found vent in Court, claims our deepest sympathy; his anguish must be poignant indeed, for it is unrelieved by any soothing and compensating memories. All is dark behind him, and nothing is certain but his daughter's shame and ignominious death. It is impossible to refrain from asking how it came that this man Davis was permitted for so long a time to outrage the law with impunity? The authorities and the medical profession were cognizant of the nefarious trade he was plying: why was he permitted to run on thus to the end of his tether? He has done so at last, but we have to thank his blundering for it, and not the doctors or the police. As for the case which has wound up Davis's business, nothing further need be said, for it carries its own terrible moral with it. There still remains a question which has excited already an angry and rather unseemly discussion—should the sentence be carried into effect? The discussion we call unseemly, because, on one side at any rate, it is conducted with an undisguised thirst for vengeance. Journalists have a duty to perform to the public, and it is often, as in this case, a disagreeable one—unsought for, and discharged with reluctance; but volunteer correspondents, who, without having the slightest responsibility in the matter, rush into print as the hangman's body-guards, are something worse than contemptible. If a feeling of humanity leads an outsider to suggest any plea in mitigation, he is at liberty to do so; but the interests of justice and public morals may be left with safety to the care of cooler and wiser heads. For our own part, in looking at the subject, we can discern a marked difference between the man and his wife. Of him we prefer to say nothing; but in her case it may be well to inquire how far the ends of justice could be injured by a commutation of sentence. The particular offence of which Mrs. Davis stands convicted is to be taken by itself. Newspaper rumours, other alleged offences, and the violent philippics of Crown counsel against her, must be cast to the winds, and the question approached exactly as it would have been by a jury brought from the moon, who heard nothing but the evidence adduced at the trial. Now, we are not about to impugn the integrity of the jury; indeed, from the manner in which the Crown presented the case, it is difficult to see what other verdict they could have given, unless one of absolute acquittal, which would have been unquestionably a wrong one. Moreover, not satisfied with undue severity when he spoke of the wretched woman, Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie took a most reprehensible course when he made an extra bid for a verdict of guilty. He must have felt that his case needed propping, at least as against Mrs. Davis, when he could stoop to eke it out with the extraordinary remark that, although sentence of death were passed, "it was not necessary" that it should be carried out, for the Crown might exercise the prerogative of mercy, as it had done in the case of Dr. Sparham, of Brockville. What, we should like to ask, had the jury to do with that? Simply nothing; but the making of the observation has introduced a painful doubt whether the jury would have convicted Mrs. Davis but for what they may have accepted as an assurance from the Crown's legal representative that her life would be spared.

We take it that men are almost universally opposed to the execution of women, excepting when the guilt is peculiarly atrocious, and the evidence of it unexceptionably clear. This feeling may be styled misplaced sympathy, or mawkish sentimentality, if you choose, but it has for its basis the inmost heart of man—the strongest part of him,—his affections, and the tender memories which are entwined about them. Now, in the case of Mrs. Davis the matter appears to stand thus:—Her guilt, from whatever standpoint the evidence is viewed, can hardly be called atrocious in any proper sense of the word. Malice, certainly, was absent; and although the law implies it, human feeling has a right to be heard in mitigation of punishment where actual malice was wanting. It is conceded that Davis did not intend to kill his poor victim, but he certainly knew that the operation might prove fatal. Now, even supposing the wife to have been present and accessory, there is in her case a still weaker case of intent; indeed, there is no proof that she had any idea that there was danger at all. Now, when we consider how frequently a wife yields to the stronger will of her husband, and places implicit faith in his representations, we hardly think it can be said that, in the worst aspect of the case, this woman's offence can be called "peculiarly atrocious." What, then, shall be said of the evidence? Is it quite so conclusive as to carry the mind away with it when the question lies between a woman's execution on the scaffold and her immurement for life? That she was an accessory after the fact is unquestionable, and she should, therefore, be punished severely for it. The instinctive desire to save Davis is no plea in extenuation; not even a wife's affection could justify her in acting the part she acted on that Saturday night. But the crime of which she has been convicted is that of being an accessory before the fact, and of that crime the evidence adduced at the trial is supposed to have convicted her. To our mind there was considerable room for doubt in the premises. That there were indications amounting to probabilities we are free to admit; from a chain of these probabilities was woven a strong presumption, and that is all that can be said. The evidence, short, was not even circumstantial, but inferential only, and the inference was drawn from a purely hypothetical state of the facts. We are firmly convinced that if the minds of the jury could have been relieved of the unconscious bias occasioned by fact or rumour extraneous to the case, they would have acquitted Mrs. Davis of the more serious offence. This will be apparent if we put it in this way: Suppose that Mrs. Davis had been married only a fortnight before Miss Gilmour's death, what proof would there have been of her complicity in the operation? None whatever, save that she was an inmate of the house; and that is, in reality, all the legitimate evidence now against her as an accessory *before* the fact.

We have, of course, the usual display of cant employed on the side of severity. There is plenty of sympathy with the prisoners, it is said, but none with the victim. We are not aware that any one can be said to sympathize with either Davis or his wife: pity may possibly be felt for them, and there may also be an anxiety that justice should pause and consider before it executes an extreme and irrevocable act. With the afflicted father every one sympathizes deeply; but to talk of sympathy with the poor girl, who is far beyond human sympathy or help, is to talk nonsense. It is urged that punishment should be certain, and upon that we have ourselves insisted: but there are several other certainties to be desired. The certainty of guilt, as well as the circumstances under which it is committed, is one; and the certainty that juries will convict is another. Now, to inflict the highest penalty of the law in cases where a less severe punishment would meet the requirements of the case is to present juries with a motive for acquittal; and it may well be that the taking of this woman's life, under the circumstances we have indicated, may incline juries to refuse to convict when much guiltier women are on trial. If these two certainties be wanting, what will become of "the certainty of punishment?" On the whole, with due submission to the Executive, we venture to express a hope that mercy will be extended to the female prisoner, as well for the reasons we have urged, as because we believe that to be the course which will commend itself to the public mind long after it has ceased to be fevered with excitement and overwrought by indignation.

The task of reviewing the month's politics is so dreary and uninviting that we are almost inclined to shirk it altogether. Never, perhaps, in the history of Canada have public affairs been in so shabby and pitiful a plight. If it were likely that the meeting of the Provincial Parliament would afford any relief, would it had commenced! There is little hope, however, from that quarter; the next session will, no doubt, be as the last, and "more so." It will be some diversion, no doubt, to witness Mr. McDougall pounding Mr. Mowat, and Mr. Cameron pecking at Mr. Crooks. Still it will be a Barmecide feast at the best, where the viands, were they not of the air, must be supplied by the imagination. The London *Spectator* unconsciously depicts the wretched state of Canadian politics when it says:—"If party spirit would disappear with party principles, some compensation might perhaps be derived from the diversion of national energy into unforeseen channels. But there is no reason to expect any such result. Experience shows that party spirit never burns more fiercely than when the only distinction known to the partisans on each side is the distinction between the colours of their badges. The rivalry of blue and yellow will arouse as much enthusiasm and as much hatred as the disestablishment of a church or the enfranchisement of a nation." This description, *mutatis mutandis*, may answer, so far as it goes, for the condition to which Canada has been educated by parties without principles. But it is not complete in two respects. To begin with, Canadian politicians are not so easily satisfied with mere names or colours. They are a "spouting" race, to use a Carlyleism, and where principle is not at hand they are compelled to take refuge in personality. It taxes the abilities of a clever man to talk to any purpose about nothing: and, as a general rule, our politicians are not clever men. Hence, each year, and each month even, brings forth its crop of slanders and personal abuse. Then it must also be added that not only are parties here absolutely without distinctive principles, but there is not the slightest prospect of any arising. A cloud above the horizon, though not larger than a man's hand, would give some prospect of relief, but the sky is beautifully clear, or would be so but for the dust caused by insignificant caracollers in the public arena. There is only one issue we know of that might possibly divide parties, and that is precisely the one with which the politicians are playing fast and loose—the fiscal policy of the Dominion. Nor is that all, for now even the *ad captandum* cries which sound in lieu of principles are dying away in the distance. What has become of the party of purity, we should like to know? If the Opposition party were unimpeachable witnesses we should suppose that the factions had changed places. It is actually asserted that the unofficial chief of the Government side himself made the discovery that the best way to put down bribery and corruption is to acquire "lots of money." The London letter-writer was a plagiarist or else he was indiscreetly blabbing the secrets of his party's esoteric morality. It is related of Governor Marcy, of New York, that when reproved for uttering the famous maxim "to the victor belongs the spoil," he answered that every one recognised the principle and acted upon it. To which the retort was made—"Certainly; but no one was fool enough to put it into half-a-dozen words before." Perhaps the partisan who indited the celebrated invitation to John was also foolishly garrulous rather than profoundly original.

The charge against Mr. Brown is, that during the obstinately contested elections of 1872, he wrote a letter to the Hon. Mr. Simpson asking him to be one of a few outsiders willing to subscribe money to defeat the Government candidates in East and West Toronto. This letter Mr. Brown publishes in *extenso* in the *Globe*—a point certainly in his favour, because it is completely at variance with the usual practice of his paper. The hon. gentleman appends an explanation to the effect that the fund subscribed amounted to only $3,700, and that this was collected only to cover legitimate expenses; and he further divides that sum by eighty-two, the number of the Ontario constituencies, to show how insignificant was the portion that fell to the lot of each. Now we do not intend to close the case abruptly as it stands, because all is not before us. There is at present neither the entire indictment nor the entire defence. At the same time it may be as well to examine this "big push" letter in connection with Mr. Brown's apology, and then, if possible, enter a provisional or interlocutory judgment upon it. We shall state in order the exceptions we take to the defence, numbering them for convenience sake. 1. There were not eighty-two contested elections in Ontario in 1872. 2. We are told that the entire fund amounted to $3,700. What fund? Was it the fund which constituted "our strength expended in the out-counties and helping our city candidates?" Or was it the "big push" fund merely, raised in haste at the last moment? How many funds were there, all told, and does the $3,700 mean one, two, or three of them, or all taken together? 3. It is scarcely credible that the sum named could be covered by such phraseology as a "grand stand" and a "big push," otherwise Reform steadiness and power of shoving must be exceedingly feeble. 4. The letter speaks distinctly of East and West Toronto, already aided by a portion of "our strength," as the places requiring further attention; is language of this kind ever employed when "legitimate expenses" are in question? 5. How does it come that any legitimate expenses remained unprovided for so late as August 15th that could not have been met by the candidates or their party? 6. Is it compatible with the theory of the defence to speak of "half-a-dozen" as the pecuniary salt of the earth who alone "could come down handsomely?" Or could "legitimate expenses" have been referred to in the words "we have all done that we possibly can do, and we have to ask a very few outsiders to aid us. Will you be one?" 6. Is not the true purpose of the fund betrayed in passages Mr. Brown did not italicize —"it is hard to work up against the enormous sums the Government candidates have in their hands," and again, "we could carry all three divisions easily but for the cash against us?" 7. In fine, would not any outsider, who read the letter dispassionately, conclude that the only construction it could bear is this, that Mr. Brown wanted Mr. Simpson's assistance in fighting the devil with his own weapons. ?

Such is the conclusion to which we have come *ad interim*, simply because we cannot find a more plausible or reasonable one. So far, however, from adopting it with avidity, we do so with reluctance, and shall reverse our judgment with unfeigned pleasure, if we can do so sincerely. It will be no agreeable moment for any friend of the Dominion, should it ever arrive, when the truth dawns upon him unmistakably that all politicians are alike corrupt, and that both parties have vied with each other in "debauching the constituencies." Especially will it be painful to find that Mr. Brown, who at the time he penned the Simpson letter was inveighing against Governmental corruption, was himself a sinner: nor will it be forgotten that, in the very next year, should the present charge be substantiated, in 1873, when Mr. Brown was putting Sir John Macdonald on the pillory for receiving money from Sir Hugh Allan and spending it in bribery, he had within him the guilty knowledge of his own bribing back with money obtained by solicitation from a Bank President in quest of increased Government deposits. If all this be true what a melancholy hue it imparts to the political outlook. Yet even the corruption of both parties would not be so overwhelming, were it not for the sickening Pharisaism of one of them. If the standard-bearers of "purity" are themselves impure, whom can we trust? The man who is thankful that he is not as other men are, has assumed the responsibility of a great reputation, and his fall will be proportionably heavy. The future will doubtless settle the question one way or other: meanwhile there is at present room for neither faith nor hope in party politics, and scarcely for charity—no room for anything but a sullen brooding upon the vanity of all earthly things. *O curas hominum! O quantum in rebus inane.*

During the contest for West Montreal, a cause for controversy arose to which a factitious importance has been attributed, it may be presumed from lack of more profitable subjects. At one of his meetings, Mr. White criticised the policy of the Premier in the purchase of steel rails for the Pacific Railway. He contended that they were purchased at a disadvantage in a falling market, and long before they would be required. In doing so he mentioned one purchase from, but really through, Messrs Cooper, Fairman & Co., of Montreal, a firm in which Mr. Charles Mackenzie, the Premier's brother, was a partner—in fact a "sleeping partner." Mr. White protests that he laid no stress whatever upon the relationship—his object merely being to show that the Premier had made a costly and improvident bargain. It is to be regretted that the matter did not rest here; election speeches pass for very little, and it would have been better if a question which is not important in itself, and apparently incapable of solution if it were, had been dropped pending the canvas. The Premier, however, naturally chafed under the charge of nepotism, and met it at once in a curt and rather angry letter, in which Mr. White was accused of "deliberate falsehood." Now we must confess that we cannot see the propriety of this utterance: indeed, we have very grave doubts whether Mr. Mackenzie did not seriously compromise not only his personal dignity, but the dignity of his position, when he penned it. The facts of the case might well have been left to the firm and to the Premier's brother for elucidation, for no light was thrown upon them by the letter. To it the public are indebted for nothing except some objurgatory phrases, rather un-Premier-like in their character; and if official reticence had been observed, no damage could possibly have come to the Premier. Even had the charge been less trifling than it was, silence and patience were obviously imposed upon him by the position he occupies. Having been charged with "deliberate falsehood," Mr. White produced his proofs, still protesting that he had been forced into an unwelcome position against his will. It turns out apparently, for it is by no means clear, that Mr. Charles Mackenzie was not a partner when the commission for the rails was earned. There seems no reason to impeach the veracity of Cooper, Fairman & Co., and they assert as a matter of fact that that gentleman had previously withdrawn his capital. Yet to the outer world, informed only by the registration records, he was published as a partner, and remained so until after the rail contract. Mr. White, therefore, was not guilty of "deliberate falsehood," because the facts as recorded sustained him. The discussion has been a profitless one throughout; the Conservative chanticleer, indeed, has flapped his wings and crowed lustily over an imaginary triumph, yet it might have been as well if he had waited until his feathers were thoroughly dry after the rough cleansing of two years ago.

The Province of Ontario has also made

a small contribution to the common stock. It is alleged that during the recent election canvas in West Wellington, Mr. Hay, M.P.P. for North Perth, at a meeting in Mount Forest, made a corrupt bid for the support of that place. He is reported to have said that he had been requested by Mr. Mowat to inform them that if Mount Forest supported the Government nominee it should be made the county town. Several persons, including a reporter, assert positively that Mr. Hay did make the announcement in explicit terms: the hon. member, on the other hand, denies the charge, particularly that part of it referring to Mr. Mowat. The Premier has hitherto, very properly in our opinion, preserved strict silence upon the subject. Between Mr. Hay and his opponents there rests a question of veracity yet to be tried; as against the former there is the ugly fact that while Mount Forest gave Mr. McGowan a majority of 223 in January last, it gave him but one at the recent election. On this particular case we have nothing more to say now; but it seems necessary to enter a strong protest once more against any attempt to bribe the people by the promise of Government favours. Personal bribery has received a check, but it is by no means extinguished, and yet before this work is half done we have a rival form of corruption set up of a more subtle nature. The result will be, as an English journal observes, that "the candidate who spends his own money freely will find himself hard pressed by the candidate who is willing to spend the nation's money still more freely, and gratitude for bribes already reduced into possession will be balanced by hopes of 'concessions' still to come." A more thoroughly vicious system could hardly be devised than this new bribery by wholesale, and yet, whether the Mount Forest speech be a case in point or not, there is reason to fear that it is rapidly coming into fashion. The electorate is hardly prepared, it may be hoped, to see corruption come in at the window, after what has been done to keep it out by barring and bolting the door.

It is to the credit of the politicians that they have recognised ungrudgingly, and at once, the excellence of recent judicial appointments in Ontario: Chief Justice Harrison and Mr. Justice Moss, carry with them to the bench the unanimous approval, we believe, of their profession, and the entire confidence of the people. Of their eminent fitness there is no room for question, and we beg to express the hope that they may long adorn the positions they have so deservedly won. The vacancy in West Toronto has, of course, afforded scope for the usual amount of party wire-pulling. The candidates announced at length are Mr. J. B. Robinson, and Mr. John Turner, either of whom would be well qualified for the honour. Each of them possesses some characteristic traits of character which would be of advantage to his opponent. Personally, however, there is not much to be said against either of them. It is noticeable that the everlasting "Family Compact" again figures on the stage. There is no use striving to be rid of it; it haunts us like a familiar spirit, although it has been laid and exorcised again and again. If people would only investigate the matter, they might readily discover that the "Family Compact" is not a real spectre of the good old sort, but a factitious one, like Mr. Pepper's ghost, got up to order. Now, as between the candidates, we incline to Mr. Turner, and we do so because he possesses special knowledge on commercial and financial subjects. When it is considered that these subjects are rapidly becoming of paramount importance, the propriety of having a large mercantile representation at Ottawa will be readily conceded. For this reason, we advocated Mr. John Macdonald's election; for this reason, we desire to hear of Mr. Thomas White's return in Montreal, and Mr. John Turner's in Toronto. There is one good point which is common both to Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Turner — they have opinions of their own and dare to avow them in spite of the organ. It will be a sore disappointment if either of them should ever be discovered on his back in the sawdust, trailing the *Globe* upon the soles of his feet, for the admiration of the world.

We take pleasure in recording the safe arrival from England of their Excellencies, the Governor-General and the Countess of Dufferin. During the vacation his Lordship has laid Canada under fresh obligations by the lucidity and force with which he described her resources, and unfolded the story of her progress. Unlike some of his predecessors in office, he did not leave the interests of this country behind him when he left its shores; on the contrary, every opportunity that presented itself to him of pressing its claims was embraced with generous eagerness. Having already written, at some length, upon his Excellency's addresses in England, we have nothing now to add except our testimony to the pleasure and satisfaction with which they were received throughout the Dominion. The enthusiastic welcome extended to Lord Dufferin on his accession to the Government, at a time when he was untried and comparatively unknown, has been amply justified by the event. His Lordship's first step was to make himself personally acquainted with the nature and resources of the country, and with the habits and dispositions of its people. This was accomplished by the laborious progress from Halifax to Windsor, still remembered as the latest event of importance in many a country town. During the political *bouleversement* of 1873, his Excellency had the opportunity of proving his capacity as a constitutional ruler. Some little restiveness was manifested by each of the factions successively: but both would now admit, cheerfully we believe, that the country was piloted through a trying and rugged crisis with dignity and credit. Those who have any acquaintance with Canadian history are aware that Lord Dufferin was exceptionally fortunate at that time, if we may attribute to fortune what was due, for the most part, to a clearer insight and a broader *savoir faire*. Political crises, like epidemics, obey the law of periodicity, and therefore we may reasonably hope to be spared another during the current decade. In that case, Lord Dufferin will have peace during the remaining years of his term, and both their Excellencies will leave behind them grateful reminiscences of their residence in our midst.

It is a gratifying duty, sometimes incumbent upon the chronicler, to record fresh evidence of advancing civilization. Such a duty we have now to perform. Every one interested in the matter—that is to say, all who have hearts to let, unfurnished, must have observed that the matrimonial market is not so brisk as it might be. Now that state of society must be pronounced bad in which all the young women who desire to get married are denied the opportunity, and all the young men who ought to marry are not shamed or forced into the noose. As an axiomatic principle of ethics, we may assume that to be unassailable. In England—the realm of the gloomy Malthus—there may be reasons for and against "the happy state;" but here there is no excuse—for the most orthodox Malthusian may marry without fear of any consequences to the community. Five times the number of marriages now solemnized in Ontario might be contracted, and there would yet be room. Such being the case, it becomes the obvious duty of the philanthropist "to fly a kite," speaking financially, in the matter of matrimonial investments. A city contemporary, with characteristic love of his kind, has opened a matrimonial agency of a novel description. In London, Hymen has a special organ, of which Cupid is reported to be sub-editor, especially devoted to that branch of social arithmetic known as "pairing." One editor, or one of his correspondents, was canny enough to play with the subject for a while as if it were a trout. Column after column was filled with letters from "young men and maidens," expatiating on the desirability of marriage and the difficulties in its way—the latter being, we grieve to say, chiefly financial. The moral of the correspondence, so far as we have read it, appears to be, that in matrimony, as in politics, what is chiefly required is "a big push." In short, that his general eligibility being guaranteed, there is no reason why any one should stand shivering on the brink of perfect bliss. One thing at first surprised us, and that was the absence of any mention, either eulogistic, or cautionary, or Welleresque, of widows. It seems hard that they should be left out in the cold; but are they? We think not, for the simple reason that they do not wander up and down, in a dazed way, blinking for husbands like owls at noontide. They will not be found trolling in the muddy waters of journalism, nor will the class they are seeking, those—but it must not be said in English—*qui crustis et pomis viduas venentur avaras*. To return to our contemporary, it may be at once admitted that had he been a match-making mamma he could not have concealed both point and barb more artfully. At length, however, there appeared an advertisement, headed "Marriage Correspondence," from one of the letter-writers—the first of them, if we remember right—which opened our eyes. "Artisan," the advertiser, who must be an artist also if he concocted the scheme, desires to correspond with two of the lady letter-writers—the one living in the city, the other in the country. If both should answer the summons of this amorous swain, we foresee a difficulty. He cannot marry them both, certainly, without endangering his liberty: but there is nothing worth mentioning to prevent his making love to them both at the same time. Still there is a kink here which it is difficult to disentangle. At all events, he is the first candidate for Benedictine honours who can boast that he has made love *at* a girl in a letter to the editor, and the first also to suggest marriage to two girls in one advertisement. It is generally said to be better for a man to be off with the old love before he is on with the new; but here is a Lothario who desires to be on with two new ones simultaneously. Without mentioning Captain Macheath's name, but taking another tack, we venture to hope this new Cadensis will not make shipwreck of his hopes with Stella and Vanessa. The *Globe* deserves well of all bachelordom and spinsterdom, and should succeed beyond its hopes in the new Matrimonial Agency.

The State elections supply the only topic of interest from the United States. In those already held the Republicans have carried the day, and the bubble of inflation has collapsed—at least for the present. The Ohio election was the chief cause for solicitude, owing to the desperate efforts to carry it on the platform of "more money." Governor Allen, whose name stood at the head of the Democratic "ticket," had boasted that he would secure a majority of fifty thousand, and at an early period it did not seem improbable that he would do so. Economic intelligence, however, prevailed in the end, and the Hayes ticket was elected. This fortunate issue was principally owing to the indefatigable exertions of Carl Schurz, the ex-Senator from Missouri, who laboured unceasingly amongst the large German population of the State. The defeat of inflation in Ohio has had a marked effect upon the prospects of the Democracy in Pennsylvania, where the next important election will be held. The party is beginning to shrink from the prospect of another defeat which would be still more disastrous. The inflationists are less outspoken and defiant than they were this time last month. They evince a desire to cover up the deformities and crudities of their scheme with specious phrases of limitation and concession; indeed, if hard pressed they will, no doubt, repudiate it altogether. The currency question will not enter into the contest in New York, and the Governor's term does not expire for a year, so that the elections in that State would excite little interest were it not for the schism in the Democratic ranks of which we spoke some time since. So far as general results are concerned, it may be safely averred that should Pennsylvania go with the Republicans—and it will almost certainly do so—Grant's game is up and there will be no third term. Senator Cameron, the leader of the party in that State, has positively asserted that the Republicans there will be no parties to Grant's re-election under any circumstances. If the two great States had been secured by the Democrats, the re-nomination of Grant would have been inevitable. There is no reason to think that the Greenback party has been broken up; it has received a serious check, but with average powers of recuperation it may possibly present a very strong front at the Presidential election of 1876.

European affairs are remarkably dull, even for vacation times. In England, public men, following the established practice, are airing their eloquence in the Provinces. Of the Ministers, Mr. Cross and Lord Derby have delivered notable speeches. The Home Secretary is evidently making heavy bids for popularity with the Conservative working class. Having introduced and pushed through the most Radical measures of labour reform, he is now striving to "educate the party," or rather to enlighten them on the subject of popular instruction. He informed his constituents that they must be prepared to see the standard of primary education considerably raised, and he had even the boldness to announce that school attendance would soon be made compulsory throughout England. Lord Derby's review of foreign affairs, if not striking, was re-assuring. The war with China, which has been so much feared, is deferred; in the matter of Herzegovina, the noble lord's caution has restrained him from being of any active service; *au reste*, there is peace everywhere. One of the worst blunders committed by Mr. Disraeli's Government has been the now celebrated Admiralty circular concerning fugitive slaves. It seems difficult to conceive what motive Lord Derby or Mr. Ward Hunt can have had for taking so thoroughly un-British a step in the interest of slave-holding. The Foreign Secretary, in his Liverpool speech, protested that these instructions did not bear the construction popularly put upon them; that the traditional policy of England had undergone no change; and that, in point of fact, the circular meant nothing. If Lord Derby and his colleagues really intended no alteration in England's attitude towards a vile traffic, especially hateful to a country which has made many sacrifices, pecuniary and other, to clear its skirts of all complicity with the hated thing, why were the instructions issued at all? If the Admiralty meant nothing, why could it not be content with saying nothing? As it is, Mr. Disraeli's Government have been compelled to bow to the storm of public indignation, and annul the circular under the euphemistic turn of phrase "suspending" it. The "romantic" episode of Mr. Plimsoll was nothing compared with this, since all that was there chargeable to the Government was a sin of omission; here, on the contrary, there was a wanton and flagrant assault upon the national conscience at one of its most sensitive points.

The Continent is tolerably tranquil all over. The Herzegovina trouble will probably be terminated, under the direction of the Great Powers, by an arrangement which Turkey will observe or not as suits her. The patching up of the decaying system can only be temporary, and the sick man must go to pieces at last. In a few days the French Assembly will come together for the last time. M. Buffet will keep his promise to the ear and break it to the hope. The dissolution will be ordered in due course; but the talons of the Radical eagle will be clipped by the *scrutin d'arrondissement*. Under the benign influence of prefects, Orleanist or Bonapartist, the edge of the Republican knife will be dulled, and France stand pledged to Conservatism, ready for a new second of December when the man and the army are ready. M. Léon Say, the "Whiggist" of the Cabinet, as he has been aptly called, got his colleagues into trouble by an indiscreet speech, in which he was showing the MacMahon hand rather too freely and ostentatiously. The Premier was compelled to disown these utterances, and M. Dufaure must have been terribly shocked. In the end all was well, as it usually is in France, by hook or by crook. In Germany there is nothing of note to record, save the Emperor's visit to Italy. There are some signs of a *rapprochement* between Bismarck and the Vatican—not cordial of course, but workable. The Chancellor begins to perceive that he made a great blunder in declaring war against the Church, and the Church has also learned that the pretensions of Gregory VII., Innocent III., and Boniface VIII. are not suited to the time in which Pius IX. has lived so long and so comfortably.

BOOK REVIEWS.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION: Report on the Geology and Resources of the Region in the Vicinity of the Forty-ninth Parallel, from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, with Lists of Plants and Animals collected, and Notes on the Fossils. By George Mercer Dawson, F. G. S., Geologist and Botanist to the Commission. Montreal: Dawson Brothers, pp. 387.

It would not be possible, without extending our notice to altogether undue length, to give anything like even the briefest abstract of the material exhibited in this valuable and interesting Report. Probably no Report amongst the many which have been issued as to the Geology and Natural History of British North America, interesting and important as these are, contains a greater accumulation of scientific facts within the same space, or is more conspicuously the outcome of genuine and long-continued scientific labour. Mr. Dawson, if comparatively unknown before, may be congratulated on having raised himself by his present work to the first rank of geological observers, where he may fitly take place beside his distinguished father.

The field-work, of which Mr. Dawson's Report forms a permanent record, covered in extent a region stretching from the Lake of the Woods on the east to the Rocky Mountains on the west, lying in the neighbourhood of the forty-ninth parallel, which forms here the boundary between the Dominion and the United States. Covering, as it does, a space so vast, it has necessarily resulted that much of the geological work is of a general character, and that plenty of room has been left for detailed observation as regards minor features at a later date. It is marvellous, however, that so many minutiæ of observation should have been jotted down in the arduous and almost continuous travelling required by the exigencies of the Boundary Commission.

In the words of the writer, "The main geological result arrived at is the examination and description of a section over eight hundred miles in length, across the central region of the continent, on a parallel of latitude which has heretofore been geologically touched upon at a few points only, and in the vicinity of which a space of over three hundred miles in longitude has—till the operations of the present expedition—remained even geographically unknown. In working up the geological material, I have found it necessary to make myself familiar with the geological literature, not only of the interior region of British America, but with that of the western portion of the United States to the south, where extensive and accurate geological surveys have been carried on. It has been my aim to make the region near the boundary-line as much as possible a link of connection between the more or less isolated previous surveys, and to collect, by quotation or reference, the facts bearing on it from either side. In this way it has been attempted to make the forty-ninth parallel a geological base line with which future investigations may be connected. The matter contained in the special preliminary Report on the Lignite Tertiary Formation, published last year, has in this final Report been included, in so far as necessary to complete the general section on the line."

We cannot do more here than simply indicate the nature of the more important subjects dealt with in this able and exhaustive Report. The mere enumeration of these, bald as it necessarily is, will afford convincing proof, not only of the wide scope of the enquiry conducted by Mr. Dawson, but also of the extent to which the general reader, the professional geologist, the naturalist, the botanist, or the intending settler may benefit by his labours. After a short but comprehensive account of the general physical geography and geology of the region surveyed, the special work of the Report is commenced by an account of the geology of the Lake of the Woods, the rocks surrounding which are almost exclusively Huronian and Laurentian. An interesting section is devoted to the structure of the Rocky Mountains in the vicinity of the forty-ninth parallel; and the following five chapters are concerned chiefly with a consideration of the largely developed Cretaceous and Tertiary formations, which extend from Pembina to the Rocky Mountains. Under this head, much interesting information is given as to the composition, economic value, and geological age of the so-called "Lignite-bearing Formation," and as to the exact position of the line—much less defined in the New World than in the Old—between the Cretaceous and Tertiary systems. The next two chapters deal with the glacial phenomena and superficial deposits of the region surveyed; and, though glacialists are hardly likely to accept some of Mr. Dawson's theoretical views on this subject, all specially interested in this department of geology will gladly avail themselves of the mass of facts here carefully stored up. The two concluding chapters of the Report are those which will most deeply interest the general reader, concerned, as they are, with an exhaustive discussion of all the points connected with the capabilities of the region for purposes of permanent colonization and settlement. The author treats here of the areas capable of cultivation or the reverse, of the rain-fall, the water-supply, the climate, the meteorological conditions affecting farmers, the "locusts," the supply of timber, the causes of the absence of wood on the prairies, and, indeed, of almost all those points which an intelligent settler in a new district ought to care to know—and it may be added that he treats of all in a thoroughly scientific spirit.

The Report is completed by five appendices, dealing with the flora of the region, the terrestrial and fresh-water Molluscs, the Butterflies and Orthoptera of the district, the Vertebrate fossils, the fossil plants of the Lignite Formation, and the igneous dykes and veins of the Lake of the Woods. In the preparation of these, the author has been indebted for assistance to Principal Dawson, Prof. Cope, Mr. Scudder, Dr. Carpenter, Prof. Macoun, and other well-known naturalists.

In taking leave of this admirable Report, we need only add that its value is much enhanced by a general geological map of the country in the vicinity of the forty-ninth parallel, and by numerous sketches, sections, and plates of fossils interspersed throughout the volume, or collected at the end.

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE WORLD; a Simple Account of Man in Early Times. By Edward Clodd, F.R.A.S. London: Henry S. King & Co., 1875.

THE CHILDHOOD OF RELIGIONS; embracing a Simple Account of the Birth and Growth of Myths and Legends. Edward Clodd, F.R. A. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1875.

It must often have been a subject of regret to those who desire the issue between science and religion to be contested in a rational way, that no plain and untechnical statement of all that science claims to have established has hitherto been put forward. The primary step towards convincing an opponent or being convinced by him, is to have some clear and adequate idea of the positions we propose to combat. There are two obstacles in the way of any treatment of the subject which would be at once elementary and comprehensive. The vast extent of the subject is the first giant in the path. To obtain any notion of it, the general reader must labour through a course of study which is an effectual bar to any thorough acquaintanceship with it, at the outset. One has only to turn to the appendices to Mr. Clodd's second work to gain some idea of the intellectual labour to be undergone. For most of us there is not the leisure, and to more the requisite patience and perseverance for the task. In the case of orthodox people, there is an additional hindrance. They do not read the works of antagonists, and have little idea of the immense labour and the earnest and honest thought expended in observing, collecting, and collating facts which they involve. The works of apologists are no doubt perused with avidity, but they do not fairly present the position of antagonists, not so much because their authors are unfair or disingenuous, as because they are not thoroughly acquainted with the subjects they treat, and have very imperfectly grasped the gist of the great matters in dispute. What was most wanted was a clear, succinct and comprehensive statement of the scientific side in a controversy which is growing in moment day by day, and it is because Mr. Clodd appears to have performed the task intelligently and well that we commend his two little works to our readers. It is quite possible that the majority of them may rise from their perusal unconvinced by scientific argument, but they can no longer plead ignorance of its scope and force. In one of his prefaces our author remarks: "The question which forces itself upon all who are interested in the education of the young, is that they shall be taught regarding the relation of the Bible to other sacred scriptures, and to the declarations of modern science where they fail to harmonize with its statements; and it is as a humble contribution to the solution of that question" that these volumes have been written. The time has surely arrived when those of us who have a firm faith in Theism, in man's immortal destiny, and in the essential truths of scriptural religion, should be prepared to face the perplexities which crowd upon the horizon and threaten to overwhelm our cherished beliefs; at any rate, whether we can face them or not, it will be quite as well that we should know what they are. It is much to be regretted that even when science preaches to the eye from the printing presses of every civilized nation, the pulpit is dumb because it knows little or nothing of the foe it should encounter. When references are made to rationalism or pure unbelief, the mere mention of names jumbled together, under the general caption of atheists or sceptics, is supposed to be an evidence of adequate knowledge. It is nothing unusual to hear Voltaire, Spinosa, Mill, Diderot, Darwin, Paine, Huxley, and Spencer mentioned in close connection, as if they were merely negative quantities in some imaginative equation, where x is not only unknown but unknowable.

In order that religion may regain its lost ground, it must first reconnoitre thoroughly the position of its foes. It must not look through the field-glass with a bleared eye; and it is of no use to undervalue an enemy's position or his force now that men are in the thick of the fight. The policy of Fabius Cunctator will no longer serve; and apologetic to be serviceable at this crisis must be straightforward in method, founded, that is to say, on a thorough understanding and a fair statement of every difficulty to be encountered. Above all, we must not seek to deceive the rising generation; we may bury our own heads in the sand if we like, but we cannot by so doing blind the eyes or quiet the minds of those growing up around us. Kindness never appears nearer akin to cruelty than when it seeks to quench the spark of inquiry in the murky pool of credulity.

Believing, as we do, that physical science has almost attained the point when it may be, without exaggeration, called self-intoxicated, it appears all the more necessary that we should sift out and treasure up the vast wealth of knowledge we really owe to it, and to fling its foundationless hypotheses to the winds. To do so intelligently we must know its claims, and be prepared to examine them rationally and fairly as its masters expound them.

Mr. Clodd is no atheist and no disbeliever in any sense. He would probably class himself with the Broad, or Liberal, section of the Church of England; and those who will take the trouble of reading these interesting little works at our recommendation, may find many statements at which they may demur, but nothing strained, nothing disingenuously or offensively put. It is not our present purpose to enter the field of argument, vast and important though it is, opened up in these volumes; it must be sufficient to indicate briefly their contents. "The Childhood of the World" is, perhaps, too simple in style for the adult reader, but there are many grown people who would perhaps be the better for the information it contains. It embraces a lucid statement of the scientific theory of evolution in the civilization of man from the primitive stage of savagery. The use of fire, cookery, the plastic arts, the invention of tools and weapons of stone, bronze, and iron, language and writing, calculation, and the development of all that is man's distinctive work as contrasted with the beast's, are briefly but comprehensively treated. Then follows a second part, more fully treated in the other volume, on religious myths, fetish-worship, polytheism, nature-worship, dualism and pure theism, with the cults which arose from them. "The Childhood of Religions" is an elementary treatise, also; but its style, easy or readable though it be, is evidently intended for children of a larger growth. It embraces, in a brief space, a carefully drawn sketch of all the great religions of the world. We have the legends about the creation, about the history of mankind and the early races, placed in juxtaposition with what science claims to have discovered on the same subjects. Following it are unfolded, in seven chapters, the character of the great races in matters of belief—the Aryan, the Hindoo, the Persian, the Buddhist, the Semitic, and the Mohammedan creeds. Finally, a chapter is devoted to the relation Christianity bears to to the heathen lands, and its position as a theology. The appendices which refer the reader to more copious sources of information, are invaluable to the student. As may be gathered from what has been already stated, it is not probable that if we had entered into detail we should be found in agreement with the author on all points. His little volumes are, however, none the less valuable on that account. He possesses a wonderful power of condensation, and an equally valuable facility of expression which make them at once interesting and instructive.

SERMONS OUT OF CHURCH: by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c. New York: Harper Brothers. Toronto and Detroit: Belford Brothers.

With some minds it is the fashion to deplore that what is termed "Modern Culture" is in these days altogether uninfluenced by religious thought, and reveals in its current expression nothing of the spirit of Christianity. This volume of lay sermons by Miss Muloch, doubtless, will be admitted to be a remarkable exception to this statement; and that on the part of one of the most esteemed and influential of our modern novelists, there is here, at all events, evidence that her thought and writings are largely leavened by the influence of Christian teaching. But admitting that this inference in the present instance is correct, is it a matter for congratulation alone that such a book as this is written, and that by a non-clerical writer? Is there no alloy that mingles with our satisfaction in finding that such truths have to be presented as they are here by a lay writer, and that such Sermons as these are only heard "*out* of Church?" Our authoress says in one of these Essays: "It is one of the trying things of going to church, that whatever a man says one must hear him: one cannot stand up and contradict him." And is it not this that is the trouble with most of our Sermons *in* the Church—with our religious writers also, and with the Christianity they would seek to make current in the literature and culture of our time—that we are impatient with it all—that we hear it unacceptedly—that we would, in great measure, contradict it? Hence comes, in great degree, the repression of its discussion in intellectual society, and its non-intrusion in our healthful literature. So much of it is irrational; so much of it sectarian; so much is ignorance; so much is humbug! But with a religion that is not rabid, fanatical, nor intolerant; with a Christianity that is free from corruptions, human in its sympathies, wise in its charities, and all-embracing in its provisions—disentangled from the warpings of dogma, and disenthralled from the fetters of a creed—it is this that must win its way in the world, making it helpful to humanity and honouring to the Deity. Let the pulpit see to it, else its influence, sadly waning as it now is, will utterly fail as a power or a force in the world. The Church, as an organization, has need to stir itself to retain its hold upon the people. Already the thought and influence of the age is coming from the press. "Sermons" are being preached "out of church;" and such Sermons as these are that lie before us—kindly in their aim and loving in their spirit—are of the material that the preachment of the coming time is, we hope, to be made—discourses full of wise lessons, embracing a creed without its dogmatic form, and a gospel purged of what the mind revolts at. There is much in the world for a true Christianity yet to do—much that Sermons of the right sort may yet accomplish—much that wise truths, accurate thinking, rational interpretation, and earnest, manly piety may yet achieve. But let such volumes as the present have their field; be sent on their mission; and we have faith in the result—faith that their words will touch the large human heart of mankind, and that their spirit will call forth many a responsive amen! We have but space to indicate the subjects of Miss Muloch's texts, referring the reader to the volume for the pleasure and profit he will experience in its perusal. These are their titles:—What is Self-Sacrifice? Our Often Infirmities. How to Train up a Parent in the Way he should go. Benevolence or Beneficence? My Brother's Keeper. Gather up the Fragments.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE few half-notes left by Bishop Thirlwall are somewhat disappointing, because, although they justify the general reputation of the great prelate, they only nibble, as it were, at the edges of current matters in controversy. There are six of these "Notes on Contemporary Questions" in the October *Contemporary*, of which the first, fifth, and last are interesting enough, but hardly satisfying. Mr. Murray's paper on "The Etruscans" is instructive, since it touches upon a somewhat obscure subject and throws no little light upon it. The vexed question regarding the origin of the Etruscan population and the source of their art is treated intelligibly and with skill. Mr. Hall contributes an essay on the changes proposed by Continental Powers in the usages of war, especially as they would affect a maritime Power like England. He is of opinion that the set of general opinion is so strongly in favour of a modification in the maritime code that England will be compelled, sooner or later, to yield to the demand. "West Indian Superstitions," by Mr. Branch, is an entertaining sketch of the negro side of the credulous in its vulgar forms. There is nothing of the higher mythical type about them. They are, for the most part, silly and puerile, yet there is a certain interest attaching to them when they can be distinctly traced to their origin. To quote one passage only :—"Such, for example, is the belief about a parson's giving a vessel a bad passage a superstition that has evidently sprung from the bad results of Jonah's presence in a certain vessel. An old West Indian skipper once told me that he had remarked that if you carried more than one parson at once you were all right. The old fellow thought that one acted as an antidote to the other. 'The trouble is when you have *only* one, sir,' he said to me; 'no matter how favourable the wind has been, it is sure either to go dead ahead or to fall off entirely.'" Mr. James Gairdner, of the Record Office, in "The Historical View of Miracles," treats of an absorbingly interesting subject in a common sense way. His paper is directed against Hume's celebrated essay, especially in its main thesis—the antecedent incredibility of miracles. He urges that if we were to reject everything which is *à priori* improbable, history could not be written, and the ordinary faith on which we are compelled to act in daily life would fail us. "It is the function" he says, "of history to determine the truth of miracles, as of other things, not from *à priori* considerations of any kind, but by a genuine philosophical inquiry, in every case, into the value of the testimony. If David Hume really treated the history of England, even under the Tudors or the Stuarts, in harmony with the principle he endeavoured to establish in his famous 'Essay,' I maintain that on that very account the work would be altogether valueless : for the principle must have inevitably led him to prefer testimony which was probable in itself, to other testimony which was not so probable, without inquiry into the characters and motives of the witnesses." Mr. Innes contributes a very able paper on the European Church question. It is a defence of the Italian policy as distinguished from the German, to which the writer is strongly opposed. Believing that Count Bismarck has made a great blunder, he recommends a revision of German policy touching the Church. The general drift of the essay may be gathered from a sentence or two : "No doubt the way to cut the German knot which has occurred to most thinkers throughout Europe is simple disjunction of Church and State. Let Prussia take the same relation to the Church of Rome as is held to it by England or by the American Republic, and what further difficulties can there be? I have had many occasions to point out that this mere severance is not an end of all strife; and that so long as Church and State exist in the world, however separately, questions will arise which will force the recognition of the one upon the other—a recognition which may be occasional merely, but which may also be systematic. But the excellence of the Italian theory, which we have seen above expounded by the Minister Vigliani, seems to me to be that it is universal—equally applicable whether the Church is established or not established, endowed or not endowed. In either case, the position that the State meddles with the Church *only to civil effects* promises important results." Canon Lightfoot concludes his review of Papias's testimony to the authenticity of the Gospels, in reply to "Supernatural Religion."

The *Fortnightly Review* is rather barren of interest this month. The opening article, by Mr. Hubert Richards, on "The Church of England and the Universities," is a good one, because it sketches in a kindly spirit the record of reform, and suggests its extension without any dash of iconoclasm. A recently published collection, in three volumes, of Wordsworth's prose works has afforded Mr. Dowden an opportunity of giving a readable paper upon the Poet of the Lakes. Mr. Sayce's "Ramble in Syracuse" is a pleasant bit of mingled travel and history, and Prof. Hunter's account of "Poor Relief" abroad is a timely contribution on a hotly contested subject. Mr. Saintsbury's monogram on Charles Baudelaire is interesting as a tribute to genius employed sometimes in a rather doubtful way. The writer compares him with Swinburne, whom he no doubt resembled in some respects. His best defence is not the essay, but its motto : "*Ce Baudelaire est une pierre de touche : il déplait invariablement à tous les imbéciles.*" Mr. Scot Henderson gives a short but effective criticism of Mr. Lewes's "Problems of Life and Mind" under the title of "Reasoned Realism ;" and General Strachey contributes a very readable paper on the present position of Physical Geography as related to the other branches of physical science.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. Collins, of Glasgow, have completed their series of Educational Atlases by the publication of a Library Atlas for general reference, consisting of a hundred maps of modern, historical, classical and astronomical geography. The work is prefaced by a lengthy descriptive treatise, copious index, &c., and its value and accuracy is amply vouched for by the names of the learned scholars which appear on the title-page—Drs. Schmitz, Bryce and Collier.

"Our Place among Infinities" is to be the title of Prof. Proctor's new astronomical work.

A third series of Dean Stanley's "Lectures on the Jewish Church," is announced by Mr. Murray among his forthcoming publications.

The same publisher is about to issue a selection from the late Mr. Grote's posthumous papers, edited by Prof. Bain, under the title of "Fragments on Ethical Subjects."

A volume containing three essays on the grounds of religious belief, by Mr. Stanley T. Gibson, B.D., entitled "Religion and Science; Their Relations to each other at the Present Day," is announced by Messrs. Longman ; also a work on "Some Questions of the Day," by the author of "Amy Herbert,"—Miss Sewell.

Prof. Longfellow's new work, "The Masque of Pandora, and other Poems," is among the list of forthcoming books.

A translation into French of his Excellency Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes" is being undertaken in Montreal on behalf of his Lordship's many admirers in the Sister Province.

Miss Warner, the authoress of "Queechy," and "The Wide, Wide World," has recently been staying at Montreal, with the object of securing an English copyright for her forthcoming work, "Witch Hazel," by writing the closing chapters, and making an affidavit of residence on Canadian soil.

Principal Dawson's new work, "Life's Dawn on Earth," just published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, of London, will be introduced to Canadian readers by Messrs. Copp, Clark & Co., of Toronto.

M. Taine's new work, "A History of the French Revolution," is being translated for immediate publication in London.

Messrs. James Campbell & Son, of Toronto, have just issued a School History of Canada, by Mr. J. Frith Jeffers, B.A., of Picton, which we shall notice critically in our next issue.

Sir John Byles, the eminent legal authority on the Law of Bills of Exchange, &c., is said to be writing a work on "The Foundations of Religion in the Mind and Heart of Man."

Messrs. Harper Bros. have just published a somewhat curious contribution to English Literature and Language, in a work by a Professor of a Southern University, entitled "The Might and Mirth of Literature." Its sub-title explains its scope in some degree, though the novelty of the production can only be apprehended by its examination—"A Treatise on Figurative Language, with Discussions on the Fundamental Principles of Criticism and of the Weapons of Oratory."

A novel by Joaquin Miller is about to appear in London, under the title of "The One Fair Woman." A reprint of the author's recent Poem, "The Ship in the Desert," has just been issued in Boston.

A further new novel by Anthony Trollope, bearing the title of "The Prime Minister," is announced by the novelist's publishers.

A new work by Thomas Hughes, the popular author of "Tom Brown's School Days," on "The Economy of Thought and Thinking," is nearly ready for publication.

New works by two notable authoresses, Hesba Stretton and Mrs. Charles, the author of "The Schonberg-Cotta Family," are announced. A new poem of Whittier's, entitled "Mabel Martin," is to be produced in handsome form for the approaching holiday season.

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 8.] DECEMBER, 1875. [No. 6.

CANADIAN CULTURE.

BY PROFESSOR J. E. WELLS, WOODSTOCK.

YOUNG Canada is fast putting away childish things, and assuming the attitudes and tones, and to some extent the responsibilities, of nationality. She aspires to become a power in the world, and to take rank one day amongst its most enlightened and progressive peoples. This form of statement, whose truth is doubtless in inverse ratio to its originality, is not intended to commit us to any particular solution of the prematurely vexed question of the future relations of the petted colony to the indulgent mother state. But the fact does surely devolve upon every patriotic citizen the duty of studying closely the tendencies of this critical period in his country's history, and of inquiring anxiously what is to be the distinguishing type of the developing national character. The features of our progress most strongly marked as yet are, it must be confessed, mainly of a material cast. The growth of our commercial marine, the multiplication of railways and other means of internal communication, the development of various sources of wealth in soil and mine, in river, lake, and forest, and the steady influx of a hardy and intelligent, and to some extent homogeneous population, may certainly be accepted as good pledges of rapid increase in the physical elements of power. So, too, the gradual giving way of the cramping fetters of sectionalism and partyism, as petty local interests are submerged in larger issues and politics broaden into statesmanship, we hail as at once a promise that this material growth will not be stunted by lack of the fostering care of economic science, and a prophecy of a steady development of the political elements of power and prestige. But Canadians, it is hoped, are not the people to be satisfied with either or both these types of national greatness. They inherit to little purpose the blood and the traditions of the races from which they spring, if they do not cherish a higher ambition, if their aspirations do not embrace better and nobler ends than those which in themselves do but tend to luxury and effeminacy on the one hand, or to arrogance and warfare on the other. True, the order of Nature must be followed. The purely physical processes come first and demand the first attention. Bone and muscle and nerve fibre must be developed as the necessary antecedents of brain power. But it should not be forgotten that these derive their chief value from their relations to that brain power of which they are the indispensable, but, as every day's observation shows, not the *sole* condition.

We do not always, perhaps, fully realize that national *character* is just as real and positive a fact as personal character, and one just as largely dependent upon determinable influences—just as easily shaped and modified, not to say moulded, by agencies under human control. As in the one case so in the other, there are certain inborn traits and tendencies, and certain predetermined surroundings and influences, which together rough-hew the outlines. But there is none the less in the growth of the one, as in that of the other, the plastic stage during which every new contact and association without, and every new thought and volition and impulse within—all alike controllable by the choice of the subject—is little by little graving and remodelling those changing features of the man, or the nation, which in their turn are, under the very process, gradually hardening into inflexibility.

Nor does the analogy stop here. Every one who has come to years of maturity knows something, probably, of a kind of transition period—a crisis—in the individual life, when there is a strange, often sudden, awakening from the day-dreams of youth into an intense consciousness of real life, with all its actualities and possibilities. The mental energies are aroused to unwonted activity, new aspirations are enkindled in the soul, larger purposes begin to take root; in short, the whole life is stimulated and the whole man stirred by impulses deeper and mightier than any before known—impulses which soon either ripen into fruitful activities, or wither away in a more cowardly and inglorious lethargy.

Through such a critical stage we seem to be just now passing in our history as a people. The tendencies of our development are not yet fully settled, nor is its goal clearly in sight. Questions involving issues almost vital to our future well-being are still coming to the surface. The elements of our nationality, so recently in a state of upheaval, are gradually settling into position and solidity. Customs and institutions and modes of thought and feeling which will have much to do in shaping our destiny for all future time are just now crystallizing into shape. In short a thousand exigencies, springing out of our new relations, remind us how large are the possibilities within our reach, and how truly the current decade constitutes for us a crisis in which we

"May rise on stepping-stones
Of our dead selves to higher things."

What, let us then ask, is to be the intellectual character of the typical Canadian one century or five centuries hence? The present tendencies of our Christian civilization are manifestly towards rivalry in the arts of peace, the pursuit of science, the culture of mind. The happy day when national duels will come to be regarded by civilized peoples as being as truly barbarous in themselves, and as utterly worthless for the decision of questions of *right*, as personal duels, may be yet far in the future, but it is, it may be hoped, approaching. Even now, military prowess is no longer admittedly the highest, much less the sole, standard by which to measure a nation's greatness; while even the same prowess is itself, year by year, becoming more and more a question of skill and intelligence, of scientific knowledge and mind power. Hence, every consideration, the most selfish and the most elevated alike, urge those who have something to do—as what citizen has not?—with shaping the course of events in this our formative stage, to use their endeavours to secure and foster the very best agencies for the promotion of a thorough and widespread mental culture. Nor is our infant horoscope without some combinations full of promise in this respect. The Canadian people are descendants of some of the most intellectual races of the world. They have free access to the literary stores of both hemispheres. Situated well up in the temperate zone, their climatic conditions are such as have usually proved most favourable to mental as well as physical development. The main question, and that which we propose to discuss briefly, is whether and to what extent provision is being made amongst us for that culture and that stimulus which are the most indispensable conditions of large intellectual growth and achievement.

The question of our Common and High Schools we do not propose to touch, not because these appear to us to have already reached the highest pitch of excellence, but because there are many indications that they are just now being subjected to a healthful and hopeful scrutiny. It is always a good omen to see the stage of self-complacency passing away, and a sense of dissatisfaction setting in and begetting enquiry and candid criticism. Judging from many indications, the people of Ontario (our system of education being provincial rather than national, our remarks will primarily regard this Province) will no longer be content with the assurance, however often or loudly reiterated, that they have a Public School system second to none in Christendom. The question is being asked, to what extent all this immense and well-adjusted machinery is under the control of high intelligence; whether a living soul informs and energizes every part of the vast system; or whether too large a part of what is proudly pointed to as mind culture, especially in the earlier stages of our educational processes, may not, after all, prove to be little more than lifeless, mechanical routine. We are fain to draw a hopeful augury from the starting of such inquiries. They seem to foreshadow a good time coming, when the trustees of our town and village schools will no longer think it either humane or wise to send forth a single youth or maiden, as a kind of forlorn hope, to struggle single-handed—one against a host—with the powers of juvenile ignorance and depravity, or to entrust the earliest and by no means least important stage in the formation of the young Canadian's mental habits to the care of such professional talent as may be commanded by a pittance of twenty or forty dollars per month. Will not both parents and trustees sometime learn that it *pays*, even from a ledger point of view, and pays a hundred-fold in regard to all the higher ends in view, to employ the best talent and the best culture to superintend even the initial processes of mental training? Or shall we be obliged to wait until parents themselves are induced to try the experiment by a generation of trustees appointed *ad interim* by some more competent method?

Perhaps it would be premature, and so scarcely fair, to pass judgment upon the efficiency of our provision for higher education by any results as yet manifest. Ontario is still too young to have much of a record of intellectual achievement. Learning and culture are trees of slow growth. Not only time, but wealth and leisure are necessary conditions of their fullest development. The laws, too, of supply and demand are operative here no less than in other spheres of human activity, so that it would be idle to expect the rich products of patient thought and profound research so long as the public demand for such commodities is wanting or extremely limited. Hence, by the conditions of the problem, we are forbidden to seek as yet any very large results of Canadian scholarship embedded in a Canadian literature. And yet, after making all due allowances, may there not be some ground for the suspicion which is beginning to find expression, that our intellectual growth is scarcely keeping pace with our commercial and industrial progress? Canadian ships, freighted with the products of Canadian industry, are to be found floating in almost every sea. How many foreign nations know anything of Canadian thought or scholarship? To what department of mental toil shall we turn for evidence of original work or highly developed power? How many native-born and home-educated Canadians have widened the domain of Science, enriched the galleries of Art, found the clue to an intricate maze in history, turned, or even tinged, the currents of philosophic thought? How many are our native poets, orators, statesmen, with more than local reputation or influence? Intense mental activity is one of the phenomena of the age. Bold speculation and fearless investigation abound. No truth in politics, morals or religion is too well established, or too sacred to be ruthlessly overhauled and re-examined; the most venerable creeds and dogmas are vehemently attacked and as vigorously defended; in short, no question affecting human life in all its various phases, or human destiny with all its solemn issues, is taken as settled, or left in abeyance. And the appeal, be it observed, is made in every instance, to an extent probably never before equalled, to dispassionate, trained, and disciplined reason. This ferment of thought, however we may sometimes fear its temporary effects upon a weak, half-rooted-faith, is, in itself considered, a hopeful omen. Whatever tends to raise the thoughts of a class, or a people, from the low average range to a higher level, to beckon them aside for a little from the temple of Mammon, to make them feel that man cannot live by bread alone, can scarcely fail to exert, on the whole, a salutary influence upon life and character. If even a few minds in a community are raised for a little above low and selfish ends, the average of thought and morality in that community is raised higher in proportion.

Now it can scarcely have failed to strike the student of these signs of the times to how small an extent our Canadian thinking has been affected. The great waves raised by these cross currents of thought on the other side of the Atlantic dwindle to the merest ripples before reaching our shores. Whether we take platform, or pulpit, or press, for our tests, the feebleness of the thrill with which the Canadian mind responds to the electric flashes of higher thought from older lands, would seem to indicate a comparatively low degree of intellectual vitality.

We turn for a moment to view the question in another aspect. Brain power is a thing of culture. The native mental energy must be developed and stimulated by vigorous and continued training before it can rise to the height of lofty arguments and far-reaching issues. And this higher mental culture must have breadth or extent of surface, no less than depth. In other words, the *number* of those enjoying it is a factor of no less importance in the intellectual product than the thoroughness of the culture itself. May not this truth be liable to be sometimes overlooked when we are disposed to point with complacent pride to the high *status* of our Provincial University, with its one College? No matter how able the Professors, how extended the curriculum, how rigid the examinations, so long as but a very small fraction of the population are able or disposed to avail themselves of the advantages offered, the intellectual standing of the people, as a whole, can never reach a very high grade. Other things being equal, it is clear that the greater the number of those in any country who receive a broad culture the higher will be the average of its scholarship, the wider the diffusion of high intelligence, and the greater the probabilities of cases of individual pre-eminence.

We had proposed to collect for this article statistics to show the number of Graduates in Arts from the various Universities of the Dominion, and especially of Ontario, during the last five or six years. But further reflection convinced us that such a table would afford no reliable basis for an estimate of the state of higher education amongst us. Its value for practical purposes would be rendered about *nil* by two facts, viz.: the broad and manifest difference on the one hand in the value of the degrees themselves, according to the mode of bestowal and the amount of real mental training represented; and, on the other, the existence here and there throughout the land of colleges, neither possessing nor desiring the power of conferring degrees, whose work, nevertheless, falls in extent but little, and in thoroughness not at all, below that of the smaller denominational Universities. But we think most of those who have given attention to the subject will, on a survey of the whole ground, be ready to admit, without statistical verification, that the per centage of our young men at present receiving a really liberal and thorough mental culture is not such as to assure us of Canada's early admission into the first rank of nations, as classified on the basis of intellectual development. Especially will this appear when it is borne in mind how many of those who do pass, partially or wholly, through our University courses belong either to the class of those who are reading solely with a view to some chosen profession, or that of those who, without any genuine love of culture or of knowledge for its own sake, are merely "cramming" under the stimulus of some prospective prize; both of which classes will, as a rule, stop short in the pursuit of liberal culture as soon as the special end has been attained. Of course we do not deny that both these classes of students are numerous in every country, but we fear that, in the hurry and bustle of this western world, the temptations to rush prematurely into active life are greatly strengthened. And this suggests a kindred fact which seems to us to go far towards justifying the fear that the foundations of our future intellectual life are not being laid sufficiently broad and deep. We view with alarm the facilities afforded for short cuts into what are termed the learned professions, and the numbers of our young men who are but too glad to avail themselves of those facilities. Take for instance the medical profession. Whether we regard the vast range of the field of study and the subtle and intricate nature of the phenomena it presents, or the weighty responsibilities resting upon the practitioner in view of all the solemn interests at stake, we should say that here at least is a temple of science whose doors must be forever barred against ignorance and superficiality. And yet which of us has not been time and again startled, on meeting some one whom we may have known two or three years before as a stripling of very modest, if not meagre, mental resources, at having an M.D., and possibly half-a-dozen other strings of cabalistic capitals flaunted in his face? Nor are indications wanting on the part of candidates for the legal profession, the approaches to whose *adytum* have hitherto been better guarded, towards the same degenerating policy. The bearing of these and similar tendencies—to say nothing of other results of a still more serious nature—upon our theme is manifest. The probabilities of the ranks of truly eminent men—those men of surpassing mental and moral power whose mission it is to use from above the levers of ennobling thought and stimulating example for the elevation of the masses—being largely recruited from these sources are diminished just in proportion as the standards of entrance in the professions are lowered. To those who agree with us in believing that the wisest motto for the young country that would cherish a truly noble ambition is "the highest possible culture for the largest possible number," such considerations as the foregoing will probably seem to justify the conclusion that we ought not yet to be willing to "rest and be thankful." If we can as yet point to but the most meagre products of Canadian thinking, if the really thorough training our institutions afford is limited in quantity by the smallness of the numbers availing themselves of it, if much that passes for higher education is unworthy of the name, and if even the badges of professional rank are no sure guarantee of well-trained intellect or sound learning, the practical question is, What can be done to improve our standing in these respects? We stay not here to argue the case with those who think our supply of educated minds already ample for our real wants. Many, we are aware, are ready to deprecate any large increase in the number of our college-trained young men. A "practical education" is, they tell us, "the demand of the age." They point with dismay to the crowds already jostling each other on the thresholds and in the lower stories of the professions, and cite our attention to the swarms of educated poor to be found clamouring for a morsel of bread in older lands. We write for those who regard education as a thing of intrinsic value, quite apart from its relation to any special occupation. The mistake made and the false impressions conveyed by those who seek exemption from honest toil on the ground of superior mental acquirements are due not to education, but to the want of it, or of that sterling common sense which is its essential substratum. The notion, however prevalent, that the development of brain power—of genuine thinking capacity—can possibly of itself unfit a man for success in any sphere of honest labour seems too absurd for serious refutation. The presence even now, here and there among our yeomen and mechanics, of a man of broad culture, fitted thereby not only to excel in his own chosen industry, but also to enter, in his leisure moments, avenues of pleasure and recreation, elevated far above the reach or conception of his uneducated fellows, is of itself a standing refutation of so mistaken an opinion. This class a true patriotism will seek to enlarge to the utmost possible extent, inasmuch as every additional young man going forth to his life-work, of whatever kind, with a well-stored and cultivated mind, raises the average of Canadian intelligence, and so strengthens the barriers against the onflow of ignorance and its attendant vices.

How, then, are the best facilities to be afforded, and the most powerful legitimate *stimuli* applied, for the accomplishment of this desirable end? We advocate no large increase in the expenditure of public money for the purposes of higher education. The tendencies of the thinking of the day are rather against such a course, on the grounds both of political economy and of abstract justice. A question of principle, of *right*, is now being raised in regard to the use of the money of the whole people in the establishment and support of expensive institutions, whose advantages can at best be enjoyed, directly at least, by but a small fraction of the whole population. "Should not all higher education," the masses are beginning to ask, and the inquiry will, doubtless, ultimately become emphatic, "be left, like other luxuries, to be furnished by private enterprise, and paid for by those who can enjoy it?" The question belongs manifestly to those economical and ethical planes where mathematical lines and tangible walls of partition are impossible. But it is becoming increasingly evident that the legislative wisdom of the future is to find its legitimate sphere not so much in doing or in providing, as in giving impulse and direction to voluntary effort.

We advocate then not any new scheme, or stupendous outlay, for the promotion of Canadian culture, but more direct and earnest effort to reduce to practical working the scheme we already have on the statute book—a scheme whose wise foresight impresses us the more deeply the more closely we study its provisions. Even so long ago as 1861, we find a carefully elaborated plan, in which provision was made for a Central University, which was to be simply an examining and degree-conferring body, whose Senate should "have power to establish a common curriculum of study for all affiliated colleges," to "appoint examiners and provide for payment of the same," to make provision "that the University examinations of candidates shall be held in the respective colleges, where also the degree shall be conferred," "that all students who have passed the examination of the Senate, and graduated in their respective colleges, shall be entitled to rank as graduates of the University," &c. Such were some of the recommendations of the Royal Commission whose report was made the basis of legislation in respect to our collegiate system. Can any one doubt that could they have been put in practical operation our higher education would now be in a much more advanced state than that in which we find it? To what extent have they been reduced to practice? Let our Toronto University with its *one* college, and our public denominational colleges with university powers, answer. Except in reference to that one really efficient college the plan has, up to the present time, resulted in manifest failure. We are far from wishing to disparage our denominational institutions, as will presently appear. But it would be strange indeed if, with all the advantages of a comparatively magnificent endowment, and consequently a comparatively large and talented staff of lecturers, and with its fine buildings, library, scientific apparatus and other appliances for its work, *in addition to other advantages to be presently referred to*, it could not successfully claim to be far in advance, in regard to the extent and thoroughness of its course in Arts, of those institutions whose sole dependence for support is upon the voluntary contributions of those specially interested in them and their work. That these latter, however, are by virtue of their very dependence, and all that it involves, in possession of exclusive compensating advantages, which the state cannot afford to dispense with, we shall attempt to show.

Without inquiring too closely into causes, except in so far as may be necessary in seeking the remedy, we wish to ask, Is there no means of converting the failure of the affiliation scheme, in the past, into a large success in the future? We frankly confess that we are not sufficiently well acquainted with the *minutiæ* of subsequent legislation and management to enable us to discuss confidently the historical aspects of the question. If, however, any reasonable and persistent effort has ever been made to bring about a real affiliation of the various denominational colleges, we have been unable to learn the fact. On the other hand, we strongly suspect that a principal cause of the want of progress in that direction has been the tacit assumption, which has sometimes found expression, that it was only by the multiplication of colleges supported and controlled by the State, like that in Toronto of which we are all justly proud, that the work of our Provincial University can be enlarged. This is, we conceive, a fatal mistake. The true policy, and that clearly contemplated in the report from which we have quoted, is to encourage and stimulate to a healthful competition those institutions which have been already, or may be hereafter established on voluntary principles. The arguments in favour of *one* such central college as that in Toronto, well equipped and endowed at public expense, to operate as a model and a means of maintaining a high standard of excellence, are many and convincing. It renders a full curriculum and rigid examinations possible. But to attempt to multiply such, so as to meet the wants of the various localities and of the growing population of our great Province, would be to impose upon the people a burden as unnecessary and impolitic as it would be useless. The system of denominational colleges is too deeply rooted in the practice and in the convictions of the majority of our people to admit of their being supplanted by any State institutions, however numerous or excellent. The soundness of this system we are not now discussing. The fact which we wish to emphasize is that these colleges, however despised, have, by virtue of their origin and nature, points of contact with the minds and hearts of the people such as no State institution can ever have. They take hold upon the sympathies, they live on the affections of their patrons and supporters. The mass of religious people will not be persuaded that the principles of Mathematics or Greek, much less of Metaphysics or Natural Science, can be set forth in neutral tints. They refuse to believe that any man possessing mental weight and calibre sufficient to fit him for the position of lecturer in a college of high standing can possibly divest himself, if he would, of such an atmosphere of influence as must, however unconsciously inhaled, operate powerfully upon the susceptibilities of the admiring student, whose mind is just in that formative stage which renders the college years the very pivot of the intellectual and moral life. Hence the importance, in their estimation, of placing the young during the period when the mental habits are most plastic, and the tendency to hero-worship the strongest, under such *positively* religious influences as can, in their estimation, be secured only in institutions under denominational control.

Again, the State college cannot compromise its dignity by canvassing for students; nor has it, indeed, any special motive for so doing. The denominational college, on the other hand, has its agents, official or unofficial, constantly in the field—ministers, subscribers, patrons, students, the *esprit de corps* of the latter being usually one of the strongest props of such institutions. One of our leading dailies quoted recently, with strong approval, some of the arguments of the President of Cornell University in favour of State as opposed to denominational colleges, in which he dealt with especial force upon the fact that large numbers of the graduates of the latter class of American institutions go to the celebrated European Universities to complete their education. Granted. But how many of those young men would have ever attended either an American or a foreign State University but for the impulse given and the intellectual thirst excited through the medium of the denominational college? How much of the best scholarship and most vigorous intellect in the United States—and in Canada, too—has been drawn forth from remote hamlets and "back-woods" farms by the far-reaching magnetism generated in the close contact of those little colleges with the minds and hearts of the common people?

We believe that the readiest and best means by which the higher mental culture of our country can be made at the same time more widespread and more thorough would be found in a *real* and *practical* affiliation of the different colleges scattered over the country with Toronto University. Can the denominational institutions be induced to enter into such a scheme, voluntarily resigning their vested rights and university powers? Perhaps not. But has the attempt at such a compromise ever been seriously made upon any basis that could possibly be accepted? No return to any mode of subsidy or State endowment is either possible or desirable. Hence, the contest must necessarily be somewhat unequal between a college sustained on purely voluntary or self-supporting principles and one liberally endowed from the State exchequer, *even if the latter were as completely separate and distinct from the examining and degree-conferring body as the former.* How could it be supposed that any institution could even attempt such a rivalry so long as the examiners of the central university were all, or any one of them, connected with the teaching department of a particular college. We hope that it is unnecessary to add that, in making these remarks, we repudiate utterly any feeling in the least degree unfriendly to the University College, or any intention of casting the slightest imputation upon the honour or fairness of any such examiner. We refer simply to the well-known, undeniable advantage the candidate at a competitive examination must derive from a lecture-room familiarity with the mental modes and idiosyncrasies of his examiner. We are glad to learn that for some time past the practice to which we refer in the choice of examiners has been largely modified in the direction of discontinuance. But we should be trebly glad to hear of an earnest effort being made upon the basis of the entire disconnection of the University and its examiners with any teaching institution, and other reasonable concessions, to bring about such an affiliation as that contemplated in the earlier history of the University. The statesman who shall accomplish such a result will gain an enviable immortality in the annals of his country and the hearts of his countrymen. We shall merely add that could but an instalment of success be secured at first, could but two or three institutions be induced to enter heartily into the plan, the scheme must win its way to gradual victory. The superior *status* of the graduates of such an university could not fail to act as a powerful loadstone upon the ambition of the young man seeking literary culture. Moreover, growing colleges which have not yet sought university powers, and new ones yet to be founded, would doubtless readily and gladly fall into line, until our whole Province should be girded with a cordon of strongholds worth more a thousand-fold than any military defence. A high authority has proposed a solution of the problem by the voluntary removal of the denominational colleges to Toronto, there to form the *nuclei* of a second Oxford. The idea is ambitious and attractive, but to the mind of any one who will seriously consider all the sacrifice it would involve on the part of those who have struggled long and expended much in the erection of expensive buildings and the generation of powerful local associations, manifestly impracticable. Moreover, deeper reflection will, we think, convince most persons that, on the whole, for many reasons to which we have not space even to allude, *decentralization* is the wiser and more hopeful policy.

We can barely allude to two closely related topics, which we had intended to treat more fully. Complaint is often made of the dearth of *original* work on the part of Canadian students in all departments of science and literature. This dearth must naturally continue until its causes are removed or mitigated. One of the most effective of these causes is, doubtless, the lack of the pecuniary conditions of leisurely investigation, and the rush towards "practical" ends, which is so characteristic of the time, and especially of this continent. The talented and successful student who has been chafing for the goal of his university career recognises no inducement to linger in academic groves. In most cases he has not the means of doing so. The pressure of necessity is upon him, or the spirit of the day urges him forward, and he hastes into some kind of active life, or some course of special technical preparation for it. In either case his nascent love of investigation and of truth for its own sake is soon overborne and swallowed up in the vortex of stronger, if less unselfish and elevating, impulses. In how many cases might these tendencies be counteracted, greatly to the advantage of Canadian culture and sound learning, could but some prizes, in the shape, say, of means for a few additional years of independent and more leisurely research in some chosen field of study, be offered as a reward of special merit! Could not funds be obtained, either from public sources or, much better, from the philanthropy of wealthy citizens, for the establishment of something akin to the fellowships of the great English universities? Modifications and adaptations to meet our special circumstances could easily be made, and such conditions annexed as would best secure the end in view, the promotion of Canadian scholarship. Who amongst our men of wealth and public spirit in Ontario will transmit his name to posterity, as the founder of the first fellowship in connection with our Provincial University?

Mr. W. R. Greg, the modern Cassandra, discovers one of the most dangerous of the "rocks ahead" of the British ship of State in the great and growing discrepancy between the intelligence and culture of men and those of women. It is to be feared that this danger is not wholly the creation of a gloomy fancy. Whatever exception may be taken to the foregoing views in regard to the higher education of our young men, we feel persuaded that very few who have given any attention to the subject will deny that our appliances for securing any really high and thorough culture of the feminine moiety of Canadian intellect are sadly inadequate. We invite the sceptic, if there be such, to a study of the *curricula* on the one hand, and the *registers* on the other, of our Ladies' Colleges and Seminaries. These institutions, we are glad to see, are increasing in number and improving in efficiency. Still what active mind, accustomed to substantial viands, can study the workings of the greater number of these institutions, and analyze the mental pabulum promised or supplied for our sisters and daughters, without suffering the pangs of intellectual hunger by proxy. The whole subject of higher education for women was so fully and ably discussed in an article in the February number of this magazine, that we gladly refrain from enlarging. We simply touch the subject as one which in our opinion stands in most intimate and vital relation to the future well-being of our country.

Indeed we more than question whether any very high intellectual attainment is possible for a people so long as everything approaching thorough mental development is tacitly withheld from one half its population, and that half the mothers and wives and sisters of the coming race. We introduce the subject here mainly in order to ask the attention of those interested to one practical suggestion. Might not some immediate and most profitable use be made of the powers entrusted by recent legislation to the University Senate, in respect to competitive examinations for ladies? Surely it is not thought necessary to defer action until, from the intermittent courses of lectures being delivered to ladies in Toronto, shall have been developed an institution coördinate with University College. This is highly desirable, and we hope for its early establishment. But why wait for this, when their are high schools and seminaries here and there throughout the country, ready to provide facilities for all lady students who are ambitious of something better than the old prescriptions, as soon as the needed inducements are offered? But the supply can only be proportionate to the demand, and both need healthful stimulus. How could such stimulus be more easily or effectually applied than by the establishment of a series of written examinations, not at first too severe, under the auspices of the Provincial University, and open to all comers; the successful candidates to be awarded graded certificates under the seal of the University? Sound scholarship for women would thus receive a recognition and an impulse which would be immediately fruitful. With a judicious selection of subjects, conformed as far as expedient to the first stages of the University course in order that existing facilities for instruction may be to some extent utilized, with a moderate prize list to commence with, and with some just recognition on the part of our Public School authorities of the value of these certificates to lady candidates for teachers' licenses, a very few years, we doubt not, would prove sufficient to arouse a vigorous competition. Hundreds of minds now languid for want of adequate inducement to exertion would be quickened to healthful activity. Ladies' seminaries and colleges would, in self-interest and *con amore*, adapt their courses to the new requirements, ambitious lady teachers and private students would fly to their text-books, and a generous rivalry in a worthy and ennobling pursuit would crush out in many a noble nature the early buddings of that pitiful devotion to idleness, finery, small-talk, and frivolity, which otherwise so soon ripen into purposeless and life-long insipidity.

A LEGEND OF ROLAND.

BY E. C. R.

Bulwer, in his charming "Pilgrims of the Rhine," gives the following description of the scene of the Legend of Roland:—"On the shore opposite the Drachenfels stand the Ruins of Rolandseck—they are the shattered crown of a lofty and perpendicular mountain, consecrated to the memory of the brave Roland; below, the trees of an island to which the lady of Roland retired rise thick and verdant from the smooth tide. Nothing can exceed the eloquent and wild grandeur of the whole scene. That spot is the pride and beauty of the Rhine. The legend that consecrates the tower and the island is briefly told, it belongs to a class so common to the Romaunts of Germany." Bulwer then gives a short sketch of the legend, which is embodied in the following lines:—

BY the Drachenfels' high mountain,
On the blue and castled Rhine,
Stands there many a mouldering ruin,
Many a pilgrim's ancient shrine!

All are mouldering, all are crumbling
Into ruin and decay;
There the bats fly round at evening,
And the rooks caw all the day.

But when midnight's hour hath sounded,
Then the Spirits leave their lair,
Who, in ages long departed,
Lived in stately splendour there:

Mailéd knights and high-born ladies,
Sweep across the marble floor;
And the clang of arms resoundeth
In the courtyards, as of yore:

Plumed and crested are their helmets,
And their swords are keen and brave;
Then the music proudly swelleth,
And their lofty banners wave.

But one face alone is missing,
One is absent from the Hall.
Where art thou, O Beauteous Maiden?
Fairest thou among them all!

Looks a window from that castle,
On the blue and winding Rhine,
On the Drachenfels' high mountain,
On the hills all clad with vine:

At that window stands a maiden,
Watching sadly night and day;
And her brow with grief is laden,
For she mourns for one away.

And the shadows fall around her,
But she heedeth not the gloom;
And her eye hath lost its brightness,
And her cheek its early bloom,

Watching for the white ship's pennons,
Fluttering in the sudden gale:—
But the river floweth onward;
Up the stream no ship doth sail.

Now there rides a mounted courier
Up the steep and rugged hill:
"Speak! What tidings dost thou bear me?
Answer! be they good or ill!"

"He is dead!" the courier answers;
"All thy watching is in vain;
On the field of battle fighting,
Was thy hero, Roland, slain."

"He is dead!" the lady answered;
"Let his death then be my doom;
And my life and woes be buried
In the convent's living tomb!

"In the cloister's holy shadows,
There alone shall I find rest;
And among those saintly sisters
Shall my weary soul be blest."

Now the solemn rites are ended,
And the Church's aid invoked,
And the vestal vows are taken,
That may never be revoked.

And they chant the *Miserere*,
And they sing the solemn prayer—
When the clang of arms resoundeth,
Songs of triumph cleave the air.

Who outspeeds those stalwart horsemen?
Who so proudly rides ahead?
"It is Roland! it is Roland!
Hath he risen from the dead?"

"I have fought and won your battles,
I have come to claim my bride!"
All the knights beheld in silence,
And no human voice replied.

Then he drew his blood-stained falchion;
But the gentle Abbess said,
"In this cloister's peaceful shadows,
Unto thee thy bride is dead.

"Through long years she waited for thee,
But her watch was kept in vain,
Till at length the rumour reached her,
That in battle thou wert slain.

"Then to higher aspirations
Turned her spirit in its grief;
And in Holy Church's bosom
She hath sought and found relief.

"Nought avails it now to sorrow
O'er the irrevocable past;
Look upon her through this grating,
Let that farewell be thy last!"

Sternly, sadly, then spake Roland,
To the nun he spake with pride:
"I will never look upon her,
Since she cannot be my bride!"

But he built the lordly castle
That looks down upon the Rhine,
Where in Nonnenwerth's still cloister,
Wept his lady at her shrine.

From those lofty castle windows
He would gaze in mournful gloom,
On the monastery's turrets,
On his lady's living tomb.

But that castle now is crumbling
Into ruin and decay;
There the bats fly round at evening,
There the rooks caw all the day.

LOST AND WON:

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

By the author of "For King and Country."

CHAPTER XXVI.

FIRE IN THE WOODS.

"I shall know by the gleam and glitter
Of the golden chain you wear,
By your heart's calm strength in loving,
The fire they have had to bear."

ABOUT a fortnight after George Arnold's accident, Lenore was seated at work beside him one afternoon—the first on which he had been allowed, as a convalescent, to leave the bed to which he had been kept a close prisoner, and sit up, or rather recline, in an easy chair at the window. It was an exquisite September day; the air soft, balmy, with a sort of hazy golden lustre about it peculiarly softening and idealizing. The rich blossoms that still brightened the flower-beds with a blaze of colour seemed all the lovelier because they must, ere long, be cut down by the blighting frosts; and yellow butterflies darted hither and thither over the parterres, and through the vine-trellises, where the yellowing leaves already showed in contrast to the fast purpling clusters that loaded the vines. George looked out with a rather languid enjoyment on the soft autumnal beauty that lay outspread beneath the open window. His face had come to wear a gentler, more softened expression during his illness, and another influence had come still further to soften him—the arrival, namely, of a tiny son and heir, born about a week after its father's accident, and which, though so tiny as to require the utmost care, was yet prospering so as to do great credit to his numerous and assiduous nurses. This small individual, wrapped in his richly embroidered blanket, had just been carried in to be exhibited to his papa, who felt rather exalted by the possession of his new dignity, and Lenore fervently hoped that this new responsibility might be a turning point for good in George's too "easy-going" life.

Lenore had taken the favourable opportunity of George's softened mood to bring forward the subject of her betrothal to Alan, which he had willingly left to her tact and discretion to introduce. George heard it with a clouded brow, though without the ebullition of passionate displeasure which she had dreaded. He said nothing for some time; then he began, moodily enough—

"Well, of course you have a right to please yourself, though you can't expect me to rejoice in it exactly, or to commend your taste. There's your money, too; it will be confoundedly hard to realize yours and Renée's too, out of the business, in its present condition. However, I suppose I must make the effort, come what may, even if it cripples us irretrievably!"

"George, I care very little about the money," Lenore said, "and neither, I am sure, does Alan. That can wait your convenience, and we are not in any hurry."

"Well, that's more than Renée ever said, and Mortimer seems just as stiff about her getting every penny of her's right off, as if he hadn't a shilling of his own in the world. I expect somebody's been putting mischief in his head about the business. That would have been all well enough, if I hadn't been laid aside in this provoking manner. I suppose everything's been going wrong while I have been away."

"George," said Lenore, rather timidly—dubious as to the effect of the communication—"when you were laid up so completely, Addie begged me to ask Alan to take charge of the business till you should be able to go about again, and he has done so."

George's brow contracted, as if with physical pain. He did not speak for a few minutes, then, with a heavy sigh he half muttered—

"Seems clear I can't get rid of the fellow, at all events! Since that is the case, Lenore, suppose, instead of trying to realize your money just now—which, I don't mind telling you, would be a serious thing for me—suppose I put it down to his account and take him into partnership?"

Lenore's face brightened at once. "Oh, George!" she exclaimed, "just the very thing I was longing to have you do. It would be so nice!"

"But would he agree?" asked George. "Mind, you mustn't expect me to go and make a humble apology. I know I did treat him pretty badly, but it isn't in my line to go and say I'm sorry."

"But you are sorry, George dear," persisted Lenore, "and I am sure if I told him so, he would never think of it again."

"Well, you can try to arrange it if you like. If you settle the matter, I'll get the formalities arranged as soon as I'm able," said George, languidly, with a weary sigh. "I must say," he added, "that you are not very ambitious, when you might have been Mrs. Mortimer, of Mortimer Hall."

Lenore coloured, and laughingly put her hand on her brother's lips, saying that he "had talked quite enough for one day;" and then, with a restlessness which she could not control, she hurried down into the open air, to watch from the lawn the sun setting in a crimson lustre through the thickening haze, and to think with grateful gladness how brightly the way seemed opening out of her perplexities.

Alan, meantime, had been faithfully transacting the duties of the business, which he found had got considerably into arrears during his own absence from it. By dint of great diligence, for which he felt fully repaid by Lenore's smiling thanks when they met, he was getting the tangle somewhat straightened, and feeling the burden of responsibility a good deal lighter.

The excitement of the election had almost died away, though it would be long before its effects were completely obliterated. Previous to Mr. Fulton's departure, the rejoicing Carringtonians, feeling secure now of their railway, had a grand *fête*—getting their new member to turn the first sod, while beer flowed in profusion, to signalize the event by tempting back to habits of intoxication a number of the men whom Ralph Myles, assisted by Alan, had been trying hard to recover from its slavery and degradation. Alan sorrowfully marked one after another, who had for some time been manfully trying to resist the temptation, staggering homewards after the day's celebration.

Then there had been a grand triumphal procession to escort Mr. Fulton to the railway station on his departure. Mr. Dunbar and Alan both watched it, somewhat sadly and cynically. If only all that rejoicing had been over the return of one really determined, in all honesty and sincerity, to seek the best interests of his constituents—to legislate for the real welfare of his country—then both felt they could have rejoiced in spite of defeat. But when they thought of all the hollow pretence, covering the grossest selfishness; of the political chicanery, misnamed public spirit and patriotism; of the determination to uphold the party, happen what would to the State; both felt heartsick and hopeless as to the political future. So many noble aims and purposes disregarded and likely to remain so, while individual or party ambition was to hold the first place as a motive of action! So many desirable reforms and improvements that might be accomplished, while the minds of those who should accomplish them were filled only, or chiefly, with party bickerings and political animosities!

On that particular September day, when Lenore held the above recorded conversation with her brother, Alan had gone out to Mapleford, where he was to dine and then go on to the mills at Heron Bay, to arrange for some additional lumber which he required to have sent on, in order to fill a large order that had just been received. Philip Dunbar had, somewhat to his surprise, offered to accompany him, and on the way had confided to him, what Alan, with a brother's blindness, had not discovered, his attachment to Jeanie, which he had made known to her by letter, receiving a reply which had made him eager to go and have her consent ratified *viva voce.* He had, perhaps, been encouraged to proceed to this step, by being made a confidant of Alan's new happiness. The news, though it took Alan by surprise, gave him almost as much delight as his own newly found and cherished hopes; and the two friends found the drive a very pleasant and short one, as they discussed, with mutual congratulations, their prospects of domestic happiness, which made the political defeat, Mr. Dunbar said, seem a very small matter indeed.

One thought only arrested Alan's enthusiastic pleasure in the unexpected tidings, the inward wonder how his sister's strong religious faith would harmonize with Philip's sceptical tendencies. The latter divined the perplexed feeling by Alan's look and a half-uttered sentence, and set his mind at rest by telling him, in a few words—for he was not inclined to enlarge upon his most sacred feelings—that a great change had been gradually passing over his thoughts on these matters. This, indeed, Alan had half suspected, at times, from various slight indications, such as his friend's greater willingness to accompany him to church, his manner of earnest attention while there, and other signs which he had noticed in silence. Jeanie's strong, unconscious influence, but still more, Ralph Myles's earnest downrightness and intense realization of the faith he professed, and the strong white light he had thrown into Philip's conscience by holding up to it the ineffable purity of the Divine Ideal, had shown him, by degrees, that there were many things not included in his philosophy, that he had never really comprehended either Christianity or himself. In the light of a purer ideal, he could see how far the cynical spirit he had fostered was removed from the divine requirement of love for his brother; and the cold indifference with which he had repelled the thought of the Higher Love which had at last touched his heart, he now saw, with an intensity of self-reproach, to be the darkest ingratitude. Seeing himself thus, in what was to him altogether a new light, he could feel without any exaggeration that he, Philip Dunbar, needed the purifying faith he had despised, as much as any of the miserable and degraded around him, for whom alone he, in his self-sufficiency, had thought it adapted. And the conviction had brought him a happiness and peace and a new impulse for life and work which he had never known before. Of this he told Alan something briefly, quite enough, however, to enable him, from his own experience, to understand it all.

The day was, as has been said, a soft, hazy, autumn one, very like an Indian summer day had it not been so early. Both Alan and Mr. Dunbar had been noticing, as they approached Mapleford, the gradually increasing haziness, even smokiness, of the atmosphere, and were speculating as to its cause. Fires in the woods had not then been so disastrously prevalent as they have since unfortunately been, and it was not for some time that the true cause of what they at first attributed to the state of the atmosphere occurred, as it did at last, to Alan.

"There must be a fire in the woods somewhere," he exclaimed, as, at a turn in the road, the light breeze which was blowing brought towards them a slight access of the prevailing haze, with a faint odour as of burning pine-woods far away.

"Of course! that's just it," Philip replied. "If we hadn't been so preoccupied," he added, smiling, "that explanation would have occurred to us before. I hope it isn't anywhere near Mapleford," he said, noticing the anxious look in Alan's eye.

"Oh, no! it isn't in that direction; I'm a little afraid 'tis near Heron Bay, though: at any rate, I'd like to push on and see," and he touched his horse with the whip to urge him to a faster pace.

As they approached Mapleford, Alan met a farmer who told him that the fire was within a mile or two of the mills at Heron Bay, and if the present direction of the wind continued, it might come into rather alarming proximity. Alan decided to go straight on without stopping at home, even for a moment, as he felt he might be of use in an emergency, and Philip, with praiseworthy self-denial, agreed to accompany him.

As they rapidly drove along the road to Heron Bay, the increasing density of the smoke, and even a perceptibly greater degree of heat told them of the nearness of the fire, and now and then they even thought they could distinguish the distant roar, which any one who has once been in the vicinity of a fire in the woods can never mistake. At Heron Bay Alan found the workmen in a state of considerable excitement. The fire, they said, was only about a mile distant, and the wind was blowing it straight down upon them. It was only within the last hour or two that they had become seriously alarmed, and no one seemed able to organize any vigorous preventive measures. Alan and Mr. Dunbar urged them to immediate action, and offered to head a band of volunteers to go forward to meet the fire, and endeavour, by chopping down a belt of wood in its course, to stop its progress by lack of aliment.

A strong band of men was soon mustered, including all the hands about the place, and an additional supply was hurriedly sent for from Mapleford, who, when they arrived, proved a valuable reinforcement. They went as far as it was possible to go with safety, until the hot breath of the fire fiend, and the dense volumes of smoke, and the hissing sound of the flames, and crackling of falling boughs, and crashing of great trees, warned them to approach no nearer. They worked as hard as men could work, plying their axes with unflinching zeal and industry, stimulated by Alan's vigorous example, and by his judiciously applied stimulus of offered reward. He felt that the destruction of the mills, and the valuable timber stored at Heron Bay, would be so serious a loss to the Arnolds as almost to involve their commercial failure; and he was resolved to allow no effort to be spared in order to avert such a calamity.

But, fast as the men worked, the fire seemed to approach faster still. They were almost stifled with its hot breath, and blinded by the smoke, and one by one retreated before its violence, declaring they could stand it no longer. Alan worked in the forefront of the battle with an energy that seemed almost superhuman. The excitement of feeling how much was at stake seemed to render him almost insensible to either fatigue or suffering. Philip watched him anxiously, fearing lest he should seriously injure himself, and repeatedly begged him to retreat. But he was determined to make the breach in the destroyer's way as wide as possible before he gave in.

As the sun set and the dusk drew on, the scene became indescribably grand. The line of blazing, hissing fire became brilliantly visible behind the dark forms of the intervening trees. They could see one woodland giant after another catch the fire on its far-stretching branches, which blazed and crackled, like forked lightning, against the sky, and tossed showers of sparks like fiery crests around them, spreading the flame in every direction. At last, the little advance party had to quit their perilous outpost and retreat to a distance, to watch whether the breach they had made would do anything to check or divert the progress of the fire. Alan had previously sent a large detachment of the men, who had declined to continue working at the outpost, to take every precaution, by keeping the buildings and piles of lumber thoroughly wetted, to prevent their taking fire from the showers of sparks that fell so thickly around. The little fire-engine at Carrington did good service in accomplishing this important end.

Alan was almost in despair when he saw that the fire seemed ready to overleap the breach which had cost them an afternoon's labour, as if it were an interruption of the most trifling account. Those beautiful woods must go, then, he thought sadly, involving an immense loss in that alone; and if they went, not their most strenuous exertions could save the mills and lumber yard.

But just as his discouragement had reached the lowest ebb, the wind changed. There could be no mistake about it; the sparks and the billows of red smoke had changed their direction, and, instead of bearing right down upon them, were spreading away diagonally—towards the creek. The breach would stop it now! There was no fear of that, when the added force of the wind was removed; and when the fire reached the creek it would be fairly brought to bay. Alan watched for some time, scarcely daring to trust his sight, till he saw the other side of the belt a long line of smouldering red embers—the fire heading decidedly in the direction of the creek, in which it must find an effectual check. Then, when the intense strain on mind and body was so suddenly and entirely removed, Alan, for the first time in his life, fainted completely away.

Philip Dunbar had him at once conveyed to Mapleford, after restoratives had brought him back to consciousness, leaving him, however, in a state of complete prostration, so that the first meeting between Jeanie and Philip, as plighted lovers, took place, strangely enough, under almost the same circumstances as that of Alan and Lenore. But in this case their fears were not seriously excited, nor, indeed, did they know at first how severe were the internal injuries which Alan had sustained from breathing so long and unremittingly the heated air, in spite of the precaution they had all taken of binding a wet handkerchief over mouth and nose.

Philip went back to Carrington early next day, and of course went at once to Ivystone to report what had happened—the fire being then almost burned out—and to add to his report a reassuring message which Alan had sent to Lenore.

But, in spite of the message, it need hardly be said that Lenore's uneasiness was seriously excited; and as Philip hinted that nothing would be so likely to restore and rouse Alan as her own presence, she was soon on her way to Carrington. accompanied by Dr. Wilmot.

Alan's recovery was not a matter of a day or two merely, as he had at first hoped. The heated air he had inhaled so profusely had affected his lungs, and he continued to suffer from pain and prostration for many days. But. cheered by Lenore's society and loving ministrations. he did not find his illness a dreary time; indeed, he almost congratulated himself upon it, as being the cause of his seeing so much of his betrothed, and learning to know and appreciate her better even than he had done before. For the exquisite tenderness of Lenore's loving and sympathetic nature never shone so brightly as in a time of suffering or sorrow.

One day during his convalescence, a time enjoyed doubly both by himself and Lenore, Jeanie came in, with a little parcel in her hand, which, with a somewhat mischievous smile, she handed to Alan, asking whether he remembered the "white squaw." Alan almost started when, opening the parcel, he recognised the moccasins and card-case given him by Ben's grandmother so long before, and recalled the varied associations which the sight of them brought so vividly back.

Lenore knew all Alan's history long before this time. He had kept nothing back from her, and they had had plenty of opportunity for going back over the past, which seemed now so confusedly mingled with the present. He told her now the history of the old squaw's parting gift, and insisted on Lenore's trying on the moccasins. They fitted her little feet to perfection, and Jeanie told Alan, laughing, that it was well the prince had found Cinderella at last, to which Alan replied with a retort that forced Jeanie to a blushing retreat.

That winter Lenore's friends remarked what dainty embroidered moccasins she wore, and her odd Indian card-case became the theme of a good deal of remark, since she would use it instead of her own pretty little mother-of-pearl one. But there were other things observable about Lenore that winter that were more noteworthy still. There was in her face and manner a brightness that did not use to be there; the expression of her dark eyes was not so wistful: her movements had a spring and energy about them that they were not wont to possess. She continued well and strong too, though she did not go southward; and, with the exception of one or two trifling colds, her continued health justified Dr. Wilmot's permission, somewhat reluctantly extorted, to remain at home.

Miss Honeydew, who was in the secret of the engagement, was completely won over by Lenore's devotion to Alan during his illness, and was compelled to give in her cordial approval of Alan's choice somewhat in spite of herself; for, having failed in her first attempt to induce Alan to turn his thoughts in the direction of Mary Burridge, she had been indulging in a pleasant little dream of making up to her favourite for his first disappointment, by providing him with a sweet and by no means portionless little wife, in the person of her niece, Bertha Honeydew. But, like many a similar matchmaker in intention, she found herself frustrated once more, and submitted with all the better grace that this time even her sharp eyes could find no fault in Alan's choice.

As for Mrs. Campbell, she already loved Lenore as a daughter, and Lenore clung to her as one who had long sorely missed a mother's affection.

CHAPTER XXVII.

RESULTS AND CONCLUSION.

"Ah! who am I, that God hath saved
Me from the doom I did desire,
And crossed the lot myself had craved,
To set me higher?"

As may easily be supposed after the events narrated in the last chapter, there could not be much further difficulty in the way either of the recognition of the engagement of Alan and Lenore, or of the proposed partnership. George Arnold could not refuse to thank Alan most heartily for the exertions to which he owed so much, since, but for the vigorous measures he had taken, it was hardly probable that even the change of wind would have saved his property. The thanks were not, it is true, given with the best grace in the world, and the first interview was rather a constrained and unpleasant one for both parties ; but, for Lenore's sake, Alan would have gone cheerfully through a much more embarrassing meeting.

It was, however, thought to be both the pleasantest and the wisest arrangement that Alan should reside at Heron Bay, taking charge of the mills there, which were fast rising in importance; so that now he would unexpectedly be able to embody, in tangible form, the very "castle in the air" he had once built, under very different circumstances, at Heron Bay

Renée Arnold's marriage took place during the winter with great pomp and circumstance, as became a bride who was to be the lady of an English manor. Half the girls in Carrington envied the fortunate bride, and could talk of nothing else for weeks than the rich trousseau — partly ordered from Paris—and the magnificent wedding presents that came from the bridegroom's English relatives. They wondered, too, whether Lenore were not a little repentant, if, as rumour said, she might, in the first place, have secured so brilliant a match ; which only proved that they could not in the least sound the depths of Lenore's heart, or know how heartily content she felt, when she officiated as one of her sister's bridesmaids, that she was the betrothed of Alan Campbell, not the bride of Lionel Mortimer.

The other wedding, at which Lenore officiated in the same capacity two or three months later, was very different as to external pomp and ceremony, but certainly not less happy in its quiet simplicity. And when Philip Dunbar brought home his wife from their short wedding-tour, to brighten, with a sunshine the more precious that it came so late, his formerly lonely home, neither of them, in the tranquil happiness of their quiet domestic life, found any room for envy of Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer, then making an extended Continental tour ; though Philip playfully promised his wife that they should yet, some time or other, go together to visit the old lands which her imagination had often wandered over, and which she still sometimes longed to see with her bodily eyes.

In June came the well-remembered Fenian raid, alarming enough at the time, though its sudden collapse makes it assume rather insignificant proportions now that it is viewed as a thing of the past. It was with a throbbing anxiety which she never forgot, that Lenore saw Alan depart at the head of a detachment of the Carrington volunteers, which was ordered to the front—in a most trying uncertainty whether he might not be going direct into active service. But even if she could have done so, Lenore would not have sought to keep back her betrothed from the duty he owed to his country ; and with a half murmured "God bless and keep you, dearest!" she saw him depart, as many another Canadian did at that crisis, taking his life in his hand. in order to defend his country againat a foe whose quarrel was not with Canada, but England.

It may be remarked, in passing, that Mr. Richard Sharpley displayed "the better part of valour," by remaining quietly at home as chairman of the Carrington Home Defence Committee—a post which, considering the remoteness of that place from the frontier, could scarcely be regarded as one of extreme peril.

However, those troubles happily passed over with a comparatively small amount of bloodshed, only costing the lives of some half-dozen brave Canadian volunteers ; and Alan returned to find the happiness of the tranquillity that succeeded the excitement only enhanced by the passing cloud of anxiety.

It was in the golden September days of that summer that Lenore Arnold became Lenore Campbell, and Alan and his wife took possession of "Forest Lawn," as they called their new home at Heron Bay, a pretty, tasteful, brown cottage with a wide verandah, built upon the green slope which Alan had fixed upon, on the day of the picnic, as so charming a situation for a home. Most of the large forest trees have been left, and form behind the house a protective belt, screening it from northerly and easterly winds. In front, a sunny, green lawn, dotted in course of time with bright flower-beds and shrubberies, extends down to the blue lake lying calmly, with its islands, below. The wide verandah, with its lovely view, affords in summer a pleasant sitting-room, where Lenore frequently sits, book or work in hand, but often beguiled from either by the fair page of nature's beauty which lies outspread before her. There, too, often sits Mrs. Campbell, who resides chiefly with her son, at his and Lenore's earnest request, though Jeanie also often claims a large share of her mother's time. And there, too, in summer, usually lies Ponto, who has continued to be his master's faithful attendant, although advancing age now somewhat impedes his following him, as of old, on all occasions.

Lenore's little drawing-room, opening on the verandah, is furnished unpretendingly, as becomes a cottage, but with refinement and taste; and she is far more proud of her cottage and her little *ménage* than she ever was of all the state and luxury of Ivystone; nor have her health or spirits ever suffered, as her sister-in-law predicted, from her removal to a home where a willing simplicity and economy are brightened and beautified by complete sympathy and happy love.

In Alan's office at the Mills hangs the identical photograph of Lenore which he had first seen on his visit to the photographer's in company with Lottie. He still has in his possession the photograph of the latter which was taken on that occasion, which he had never been asked to return. When he meets with it, as he occasionally does, he can hardly help the involuntary comparison of the pictured face with the sweet face of his precious Lenore, and the wonder how his boyish imagination could ever have been so deeply impressed with Lottie's mere sensuous beauty—a beauty that he now sees to have been so completely that of mere external form and colouring, in which he can detect the germs of the selfishness and sensuousness that are fast developing themselves, to the rapid deterioration of Mrs. Sharpley's youthful good looks.

She and her husband "get on," with a fair amount of smoothness, so far at least as their interests and pursuits harmonize. But when these clash, or Lottie's pleasure is incompatible with Dick's — as happens not infrequently—Dick, determined as he is, usually has to give in before Lottie's greater persistency. Mr. Ward died somewhat suddenly, and Mrs. Ward lives chiefly with her married daughters in Radnor. Lottie is quite determined to be yet, in course of time, "as good as the Arnolds," whatever she means by that; and as Dick continues to prosper in the world, it is possible that she may succeed in her aim—according to her own estimate, at least. But her mother, owing both to her increasing infirmities and her "unfashionable" aspect, would be a drag upon her, to which Lottie could not submit. If Mrs. Ward ever feels the sharpness of having "a thankless child"—though as her faculties are failing somewhat, she may not feel it very acutely—she will hardly, perhaps, have the discernment to trace Lottie's conduct to the selfishness of motive and action inherited from herself, and fostered by her own maxims and example.

Miss Honeydew is once more alone, in her vine-embowered cottage, happy with her flowers and pets. Her solitude is, however, enlivened by occasional visits from her niece Bertha, who, as well as Miss Honeydew, is always a most welcome guest at Forest Lawn. When Bertha is visiting her, Miss Hepzibah finds that Ralph Myles, who now usually resides in that vicinity, is suspiciously apt to drop in, and she sometimes wonders whether anything is likely to come of it; whether Bertha, with her city habits and luxurious nurture, would ever consent to share the hard and laborious life of a country missionary. Sometimes she thinks she will, and prepares herself for the task of persuading her brother to "make the young people happy."

Her brother, by the way, on one of his visits to Mapleford, made an exploring expedition with Alan into the back-country, then just beginning to acquire a reputation for mineral wealth, in the course of which they stumbled upon Alan's unappreciated bit of property at Deer Lake, which turned out to be one of the best mining sites in the vicinity, and was in due time profitably sold to an American Mining Company, organized under Mr. Honeydew's auspices. The proceeds Alan generously invested to meet the expenses of Hugh's education, a piece of brotherly generosity which was, however, accepted by Hugh only on the condition that it should be regarded merely as an advance, to be repaid when he should have arrived at the coveted point of earning an income of his own by his legal practice. To this end he is working hard and steadily, hoping, by and by, to enter into a partnership with his brother-in-law, Mr. Dunbar. He retains his old boyish admiration for Pauline, and the two have many a playful flirtation at Ivystone or Forest Lawn, between which Pauline divides her time.

Ben is "getting on," as his zeal and steadiness deserve. He is foreman now at Heron Bay, and is likely from present appearances to take to himself a "white squaw," in the person of Helen Morgan, who, her mother being dead, accompanied Lenore to Heron Bay as her principal domestic.

The happiest people, they say, have no history, and the tranquil happiness of our Alan and Lenore is not likely to afford much of the tragic element without which a story can hardly be deeply interesting. It is possible that, at a future time, we may have something to say of Pauline's maiden history, and may have another glimpse of Lenore as a happy matron. Suffice it, at present, to say that the family life at Forest Lawn is happy enough to fill both Alan and Lenore with an ever grateful gladness, and to make Alan rejoice heartily when, in looking back over his past life, he discerns all he has "LOST AND WON."

CHRISTMAS.

THE birthday of the Christ-child dawneth slow,
Out of the opal east, in rosy flame;
As if a luminous picture, in its frame—
A great cathedral window—toward the sun
Lifted a form divine, that still below
Stretched hands of benediction; while the air
Swayed the bright aureole of the flowing hair
Which lit our upturned faces;—even so
Look on us from the heavens, Divinest One!
And let us hear through the slow-moving years,
(Long centuries of wrongs, and crimes, and tears,)
The echo of the angels' song again,—
"Peace and goodwill—goodwill and peace to men!"
A little space make silence,—that our ears,
Filled with the din of toil, and moil, and pain,
May catch the jubilant rapture of the skies,
The Glorias of the choirs of Paradise.

The hills still tremble when the thunders cease
Of the loud diapason,—and again
Through the rapt stillness steals the hymn of peace,
Melodious and sweet its far refrain,
Dying in distance, as the shadows die
Of white wings vanished up the morning sky—
"Peace and goodwill—goodwill and peace to men!"

Ingersoll, Ont. KATE SEYMOUR McLEAN.

THE STORY OF WILL ADAMS,

THE FIRST ENGLISHMAN WHO VISITED JAPAN.*

BY C. H. REDHEAD, BROCKVILLE, ONT.

THOUGH the City of Yeddo cannot compare in either historical or romantic interest with many other cities in the Empire of Japan, yet it has several claims to the interest of both Japanese and foreigners which none possesses in a greater degree. From one end of it to the other, both inside and outside the walls, are the Yashities (residences) of Daimios (noblemen), each of whom has a history connected with his family—its rise, and the fortunes and adventures of all its members both good and bad;—and thus the history of the city and that of the Princes who were formerly obliged to reside there for nearly the half of their lives became closely interwoven with each other. What a number of cities in Europe would be uninteresting to the traveller, in spite of civilization, picturesque scenery, and the beauty of their buildings, were it not for the personal histories and associations connected with them! And so it is with this great city of the East—in size nearly equal to London. Here, in a narrow street leading from the Nipon Bashi—a place almost in the heart of the fishmongers' quarter, and one which has nothing in itself to induce any one to visit it—stood the former residence of William Adams, the first Englishman who visited and lived among the natives. This man deserves to be remembered by every one who takes any interest or thought respecting foreign intercourse with that country; and if Marco Polo be mentioned with respect as the first European who published to the world that there was such a country as Japan, although he had never visited it, but only heard of it, when he was staying at the Court of Kublai Khan, about the end of the thirteenth century; if François Xavier enjoys a venerated reputation as the founder of Christianity in the ancient Empire; no less should Will Adams hold a niche among the most worthy of those who, in days when the navigation of the high seas was a very different matter from what it is now, undertook to conduct a squadron through the Straits of Magellan, in order to seek a profitable market for Dutch merchandise in the country of the Kami.

Enquiries were first made in the Anjin Cho, in Yeddo, in the hopes of finding some traditions of Will Adams, the old pilot. But to only one question of the many which were asked of the Cho Yakunin (or head man) was any satisfactory reply given. The first enquiry was whether it was known why the Cho was named Anjin? The ready reply was, "Yes, it was named after a very good foreigner who lived there a long time ago." The next question was, "How long ago?" But upon this the officer was entirely out of his latitude—"Oh, a very long time—about six or seven hundred years." As the city was not in existence more than about three hundred years ago, this at once showed that persons instituting enquiries were not likely to make much out of him; and so it proved: he did not know what became of Adams, or where he died or was buried. All he did know was that a certain O'Matsuri, or Festival, which is held on the 15th day of the 6th month, although not named after him, is generally considered to have been held in honour of "the good foreigner," as they called him.

Many prominent writers since his day have mentioned Will Adams, but his name has only very lately come under the notice of foreigners, from the circumstance of his grave having been discovered, and that, too, within a short distance of Yokohama, the principal open consular Port of Japan. A gentleman of my acquaintance, engaged in one of the mercantile houses in Yokohama, who has improved his time during his residence in Japan by endeavouring to acquaint himself with the language, manners, and customs of the people, was recently, while reading Hildreth's "Japan and the Japanese," as he informed me, struck with the fact that no foreigner had made any effort to learn anything about Will Adams beyond what was to be read in books. Yet one fact mentioned by Hildreth gave him a clue which he at once seized upon, and availed himself of. In the account of the presentation of a certain captain of an English expedition, which reached Japan about the year 1612, to some of the highest officials at Suruga, in which he was accompanied by Adams, it was stated that, in returning to Yeddo, they saw many very beautiful temples on the way, one of which contained a gigantic image of Buddha, made of copper, hollow within, but of very substantial thickness. It was, as they guessed, about thirty feet high, in likeness of a man kneeling on the ground and seated on his heels, clothed in a kimono (or gown), the pattern of which was related by the priests to have been cut out by Joss himself in the early days of the Empire, and was considered by them to be the height of perfection, although to European eyes it bore a very strong likeness to an old tattooed South Sea Islander. The echo of the shouts of some of the company who visited this monster was very loud; but to make this intelligible I must state that the whole of them got into his head through a small trapdoor kept there by the native clergy, or Bosans, for the purpose of extorting money from the many too-confiding pilgrims who visited the image annually, in return for which they were promised wealth in this world and a certain seat with Joss in the next. It is stated that, even in those remote days, some of the English visitors inscribed their names on the image, after the usual Cockney fashion, showing very clearly that they, as well as the natives, wished to be immortalized by their visit to this great Japanese Joss. This seemed to point to their having visited the great and famous image called Daibutz, near Kamakura, a beautiful village where the seven sacred temples stand, and which is the resort of many foreigners when any holiday occurs, principally on account of the beauty of the scenery and the magnificent decorations of the temples. Sacred white horses and tortoises are also kept there. One of the latter is stated by the priest in charge of the largest temple to be some two thousand years old; and however absurd this may appear to Europeans, it is firmly believed in by the Japanese. It occurred to the gentleman before mentioned that the priest of the great idol might know of some tradition connected with such visitors, and he took an early opportunity of paying him a visit and making enquiries of him, but received no further satisfaction from him than a promise to endeavour to ascertain whether anything was known of the Englishman who, in the days of Iyeyas, occupied a residence in Anjin Cho, near Nipon Bashi, Yeddo. In a few days the priest visited him, and stated that, with the clue he had given him, he had found, in a native book called "Miurashi," some information respecting Anjin Sama (*Sama*, equal to Mr.), and, especially, that he had lived at a small village near Yokoska (the present site of the Japanese naval yard, dry docks, and gun factories, &c.), and that he died and was buried there. He also mentioned certain relics which had belonged to Adams, and were amongst the most prized at the Temple of Zookozan Yoodoshi, near the village.

---

* This sketch is written from notes personally gathered by the writer during a five years' residence in Japan.

With this information from the priest he hurried off to the place indicated, and there found everything he had been led to expect, and, with the assistance of the priests of the temple, found the grave of Will Adams and his wife. The latter is represented to have been the most beautiful girl in the village; and it was only with the greatest difficulty that Adams had been able to obtain the consent of her parents to their marriage, but after much energy and perseverance they were obliged to succumb, and he became the happy possessor of his fair bride, according to the rites of the Buddhist Church or creed. A beautiful monument has been erected to their memory, and a long inscription in Japanese characters, setting forth the virtues of them both, in the most glowing terms, was written thereon, calling vividly to mind, from the beauty of the romantic spot in which their remains had been laid, the touching story of Paul and Virginia.

According to some old papers and books which were found among other relics in the temple, and which had been preserved by the Japanese from the time of his death, William Adams was born in Kent. He was apprenticed to the sea at an early age, and served for twelve years under an old sea captain named Nicholas Diggins. He subsequently entered the royal navy during the reign of Elizabeth, rose to the rank of master or pilot, and then, returning to the merchant service, ultimately engaged to go on board the *Charity*, of one hundred and sixty tons, and carrying one hundred and ten men, as chief pilot of a squadron of five vessels which were fitted out in Holland for a trading voyage to Japan. The names of the five ships were, *Faith*, *Hope*, *Charity* (before mentioned), *Fidelity*, and *Good News*, the last-named vessel being of only seventy-five tons, and carrying fifty men. Of the whole squadron the *Charity* alone reached Japan, and even then only after great trials and hardships. The account of the voyage presents a picture of suffering and disaster which makes one wonder that any inducements could prevail on men to risk them. The squadron left Holland, as far as I remember the story, about June, and in two months afterwards reached the Cape de Verde Islands, where they remained about three weeks, to refresh the men, of whom many were sick with scurvy, including their commander-in-chief, who died soon after they recommenced their voyage. They fell in with nothing but heavy gales ahead, and frightful weather generally, seas running mountains high; and having been obliged to heave to for many days, they drifted on to the coast of Guinea, and landed on Cape Gonsalves, just south of the Equator. The sick were sent ashore, and soon after a French sailor came on board, who promised to use his influence for them with the negro king. The country was more or less barren and could furnish but few supplies; and as the sick recovered from scurvy those who had been well hitherto began to suffer from fever.

In this state of distress they again got under weigh, and steered a course for the coast of Brazil; but falling in soon after with the Island of Annobon, in the Gulf of Guinea, they landed, took the town, which contained only about eighty houses, and obtained a supply of beef and of fruits. Still the men continued to die, and they buried more than thirty on this island alone. Two months were thus spent on the African coast, the ships setting sail again about the middle of November. However, they were again greatly delayed, this time by one of the vessels having carried away her mainmast, and it was no less than five months before they reached the Strait of Magellan, the crews during most of the time being on short allowance, and actually coming to such extremities at last as to be obliged to eat the calf skin with which the ropes were covered to protect them from the weather.

Having entered the Strait, in April, 1599, they obtained a good supply of penguins for food; but the commander stopping to wood and water, they were overtaken by the winter, then just setting in, during which they lost more than one hundred men from cold and hunger, and were thus detained (though, according to Adams, there were many times when they might have got through) till September, when at last they entered the South Sea.

A few days afterwards they encountered a heavy gale, by which the ships were separated. The *Faith* and *Fidelity* were driven back into the Strait, and the crews of those vessels are supposed to have perished on the inhospitable shores of Patagonia. The other three ships steered separately for the coast of Chili, where a rendezvous, in latitude 46°, had been appointed. The *Charity*, in which Will Adams was, on reaching the place of rendezvous, found some Indians, who at first furnished some sheep in exchange for knives, axes, &c., with which they seemed well satisfied. They shortly after disappeared, however, probably through Spanish influence. Having waited a month, and hearing nothing of her consorts, the *Charity* ran up to the Island of Mocha, and thence to a neighbouring island called Santa Maria. Here, on the mainland close by, they saw a number of people, and boats were sent ashore for a parley, but the inhabitants tried to prevent the sailors from landing, by shooting at them with hundreds of arrows. "Nevertheless," says Adams, "having no food in our ship, and hoping to find some on shore, we landed forcibly about thirty men, and drove the savages from the water side, but most of them were more or less wounded with their arrows. Having landed, they made signs of friendship, and gave them to understand there was not the slightest ill-feeling, and in the end came to a parley, with signs that their wish was to exchange iron, silver, cloth, &c., with them for food ; whereupon they gave the men wine, with batatas (a kind of sweet potato), and other fruits, and told them by signs and tokens to go on board again, and the next day to come and they would bring more."

The next day, after a council of war had been held, in which it was resolved not to land more than two or three men at a time, the captain approached the shore with all the force he had. Great numbers of savages were seen on the beach, who made signs for the boats to land, and in the end, as the people would not come near the boats, about thirty men landed, with muskets, and marched up towards three or four houses; but before they had gone a hundred yards they found themselves in an ambush, and the whole were taken or killed on the beach. The boats waited a short distance from the beach for a long time to see if any of the crew might return, but seeing no hope of recovering any of them, they returned to the ship with the bad news that all the men who landed were killed ; which made the look-out a very poor one, as they had barely enough men left to weigh anchor and work the ship.

After waiting a day longer, they went over to the neighbouring island of Santa Maria, where they found the *Hope*, which had just arrived, but in as bad a plight as themselves, having, at the Island of Mocha, the day before the *Charity* had passed there, lost their captain and twenty-seven men in an attempt to land and obtain provisions. Some provisions were finally got by detaining two Spaniards who came to look at the ships, and informing them that before they could go on shore again they would have to pay a ransom in sheep and bullocks. A council was held on board the ships, and it was proposed to burn or sink one of them, as they had not enough men left to work them both ; but the new captains, who had just been appointed, could not agree which ship should be thus dealt with. At length, the men being somewhat refreshed, they debated what should be done to make the voyage as profitable as possible to the merchants. It was stated by one of the sailors, who had been on the coast of Japan in a Portuguese ship, that woollen cloth, of which they had much on board, was the best merchandise for that market, and considering that the East Indies were not countries in which cloths would be likely to be very acceptable, they concluded to keep all they had of this article for the Japanese market. Hearing also from the people on shore that Spanish cruisers were after them—by whom in fact they had lost their third vessel—it was finally resolved to stand away for Japan. In their way they encountered a group of islands lying about 16 degrees North latitude (in all probability the Sandwich Islands), to which eight of their men ran away with the pinnace, seven of whom were eaten by the Islanders, as was reported by the remaining man, who was retaken. How this man escaped the same fate as his companions could never be clearly ascertained, as when he was recovered he was partly deranged, probably in consequence of the horrible sight he must have witnessed when his friends were being cut up and roasted before his eyes. However, he did escape, and was picked up by one of the boats, a few days afterwards, in a very sorry condition. On his arrival on board the ship again he became sullen, and scarcely spoke or looked at any one for the rest of the voyage, or rather until he died, some weeks afterwards. The ships sailed in consort for some weeks, with fine variable weather, until one night it came on to blow a tremendous gale, with thunder and lightning fearful to behold. In the morning the *Charity* was leaking and labouring heavily but the wind was rapidly dying away. During the height of the gale the ships separated, and the *Hope* was never afterwards heard of, and was supposed to have foundered during the gale. The *Charity* still kept on her course, as it was about the only thing to be done. A number of her men were sick and many of them dead when, in the middle of April, being then in great misery, with only four or five men, out of a company of five-and-twenty, able to walk, and as many more to crawl about the deck on their hands and knees, the glad cry of "Land Ho !" was heard, and it was soon ascertained to be the eastern coast of Ximo, in Japan. The ship was almost immediately boarded by numerous boats which they had no force to resist, but the boatmen offered no injury beyond stealing everything they could lay their hands on. This, however, was put a stop to the next day by the Governor of the neighbouring district, who sent soldiers on board to protect the cargo, and who treated the crew with great kindness, furnishing them with all necessary refreshments, and giving them a house on shore for their sick, of whom nine finally died.

For some days the only conversation held was by signs; but before long a Portuguese Jesuit, with some other Portuguese, arrived from Nagasaki, on the opposite or western coast of the island. The Dutch now had an interpreter; but what with religious and national antipathies, little was to be hoped from a Jesuit and a Portuguese; in fact, the Portuguese accused them of being pirates, and two of their own company, in hopes of getting control of the cargo, turned traitors and plotted with the Portuguese. After five days, the Emperor sent five junks, in one of which Will Adams, attended by one of the sailors, was conveyed to Osaka (now a consular open port), distant about two hundred and forty miles. Here he found the Emperor, "in a wonderfully costly house, gilded with gold in abundance," who in several interviews treated him with great kindness, and was very inquisitive as to his country and the cause of his coming. Adams replied that the English were a people who had long sought out the East Indies, desiring friendship in the way of trade with all kings and potentates, and having in their country any quantity of merchandise which might be exchanged to mutual advantage. The Emperor then inquired if the people in Adams's country had no wars. He was answered that they had with the Spanish and Portuguese, but were at peace with all other nations. He also inquired as to Adams's religious opinions. Adams in answer informed His Majesty that he was a Kalathumpian, which found great favour in the eyes of the Emperor, as he intimated to Adams that he was one himself. His Majesty next asked how he got to Japan, and when Adams, by way of answer, produced a chart of the world, and pointed out the passage through the Strait of Magellan, the Emperor smiled and said, in Japanese, "Wakarungi," equivalent to "No, you don't," and showed plainly extraordinary signs of incredulity.

Notwithstanding this friendly reception, Adams was ordered back to prison, where he was kept for thirty-nine days, expecting, though well treated, to be crucified, which he learned was the customary mode of execution in that country. Adams thought of home, and vowed that if he ever got out of the country, nothing short of lunacy would ever get him to undertake a second journey to it. In fact, as he afterwards discovered, the Portuguese were employing this interval in poisoning the minds of the natives against these new comers, whom they represented as thieves and common sea robbers, whom it was necessary to put to death to prevent any more of their freebooting countrymen from coming to ruin the Japanese trade. At length, however, the Emperor gave this answer: that as yet these strangers had done no damage to him or to any of his people, and it would be against reason and justice to punish them; and, sending again for Adams, after another long conversation, and taking into consideration his religious views, he set him at liberty, giving him leave to visit the ship and his companions, of whom in the interval he had heard nothing. Adams found them close by, the ship in the meantime having been brought to Takai, within seven miles of Osaka. The men had suffered nothing, but the ship had been completely stripped, her whole company being thus left with only the clothes on their backs. The Emperor, indeed, ordered restitution, but the plundered articles were so disposed of and concealed that nothing could be recovered except fifty thousand small silver coins, equal to about $5,000, which had formed part of the cargo, and which were given up to the officers as a fund for their support and that of the men. Afterwards the ship was taken still eastwards, to a port near Yeddo. All means were used to get her clear, with leave to depart, in which suit a considerable part of this money was spent; till, at the end of two years, the men refusing any longer to obey Adams and the master, the remaining money was, "for quietness sake," divided, and each was left to shift for himself: the Emperor, however, added an allowance to each man of two pounds of rice a day (which is the usual allowance made to a Japanese labourer), besides an annual pension in money amounting to about twenty-four dollars (Ni Ju Shi Rio). In Will Adams's case this pension was afterwards raised to about one hundred and forty dollars (Hiaku Shi Ju Rio), as a reward for having built two ships for the Emperor on the European model. Adams's knowledge of mathematics also proved serviceable to him, and he was soon in such favour as to be able, according to the account found among his papers, to return good for evil to several of his former maligners. The Emperor acknowledged his services, and endeavoured to content him by giving him a living like unto a lordship in England, with eighty or ninety retainers as his servants or slaves, and the usual number of wives for persons of his rank. I may mention here, as a trait of Japanese custom, that any man may have as many wives as he can find rice for, although only the first wife and her offspring are legitimate, so far as inheriting property is concerned. However, notwithstanding all these advantages (?), he still pined for home, and importuned for leave to depart, desiring, as he says, " to see his poor wife and children according to conscience and nature." This suit he again renewed upon hearing from some Japanese traders that Dutch merchants had established themselves at Acheen, in Sumatra, on the coast of Malacca. He promised to bring both the Dutch and English to trade with Japan ; but all he could obtain was leave for the Dutch captain and the rest of the Dutchmen to depart. This they presently did, for Acheen, in a Japanese junk furnished by the King or Prince of Ferando, whence they proceeded to Jor, at the southern end of the Peninsula of Malacca, where they found a Dutch fleet of nine sail. In this fleet the Dutch captain obtained an appointment as master, but was soon after killed in a sea fight with the Portuguese, with whom the Dutch were then vigorously contending for the mastery of the Eastern seas.

From this time Will Adams, being alone, the rest of the crew having departed or died, grew more and more into favour with the Emperor. He was employed in superintending the building of ships, drilling soldiers, and giving advice in the Privy Council, where he was considered to be little less than a prophet ; and being a very shrewd and, in his way, clever kind of man, he soon made himself quite indispensable.

In many of the rebellions and disturbances to which the Princes were very liable in those days, he distinguished himself, and soon became a hero among them. On one occasion, when a very serious outbreak occurred in the South, and the eldest son of the Emperor (or Prince Imperial) was leading on the troops, Adams, who held a rank equal to that of captain, in the course of a short hand-to-hand struggle which took place, saved the life of the Prince at great risk of his own. This was the climax ; the Emperor could not do enough for him ; he conferred upon him the Order of Otentasama (the Sun), the highest honour short of Royalty which could be given to any of the nobility. Strange to relate, this honour given to a stranger is said to have caused no jealousy among the Japanese, but, on the contrary, every one showed him the greatest consideration and kindness, and vied with each other as to who could show him the most friendship. He enjoyed for many years the position which he had gained, and always filled it with credit and to the satisfaction of the Government. Still, however, he was constantly requesting to be allowed to return to his own country, which was as often refused.

In the end, when an old, grey-headed man, he retired almost entirely from public life, and secluded himself in the little village of Yokoska before mentioned, with his first wife, where for many years he was looked up to and respected among all who knew him. It was with the deepest regret that the news of his death was received, and great was the grief of his friends for the " good foreigner " who had lived so long and been so useful among them. The Emperor ordered a monument to be erected to his memory, with the inscription to which I have referred written upon it. His wife only survived him a few weeks, and was buried by the side of his grave. And so ends the history of a remarkable man, whose memory, but for an accident, would have been buried in oblivion.

A VISIT TO SOME OF THE DETROIT SCHOOLS.

BY J. M. BUCHAN, M. A., HAMILTON.

ON a recent occasion I had the opportunity of spending two days in the Detroit schools, and it is my purpose in this brief paper to give an account of what I then learned, and of the general impression made on me by what I saw and heard. To some of the readers of this magazine the facts which I shall relate may not be new, but those who are already acquainted with them may be interested in comparing the opinions they have formed with those to which the same facts have given birth in my mind. At any rate a state of supercilious contempt for, or indifferent ignorance in regard to, the executive arrangements of a foreign country, though a prominent British, and, I am inclined to think, an equally prominent Yankee characteristic, is not a frame of mind to be encouraged either in those whose main business it is to enlighten the minds of the young, and to prepare the way for the future progress of the community by increasing the capacity of its members for discriminating between what is good and what is evil, or in the members of the community at large, since they are interested in seeing that business well performed.

Though I presented myself at the doors of the Detroit schools without introduction of any kind, I was received with unvarying courtesy, and I have to acknowledge the uniform urbanity with which my numerous and sometimes perplexing questions were answered. There is a sort of freemasonry among teachers which although unenforced by oath or secret obligation invariably secures to him who can show that he is a master of its mysteries a welcome from brothers in the craft. Accordingly, if I have failed to obtain a correct idea of the leading features of the Michigan school system as exemplified in Detroit, the fault does not lie with my sources of information but with myself.

The first points to which the attention of a person entering a school-room is naturally directed are the outward and visible signs of good government. I visited in all four schools, the High School, the Capitol School, the Cass School, and the Everett School, and in all these the order was unexceptionable and the absence of unnecessary noise remarkable. Indeed, to everything that will impress a superficial observer great attention is paid—and justly paid. The discipline which causes a youth to completely subordinate his individual interests to the good of the school, not only facilitates the successful working of a large educational institution, but increases the value of the social units whose characters are formed under it. The means adopted to maintain discipline are eminently judicious. In one of the lower schools I had ocular evidence that there is one use of leather which is not unknown on the other side of the Detroit River. In the High School I had the good fortune to listen to an excellent address on the behaviour of pupils, made by the head master, in which he successfully appealed to all the motives capable of influencing boys. I was at first informed that in the High School, where the pupils are of such an age that corporal punishment would be eminently unsuitable, the principle of government was moral suasion. Such it is in name: in reality, the monitions of the inner light of conscience are wonderfully strengthened by the certainty that cases of flagrant misbehaviour will be detected and visited with appropriate punishment. The avoidance of noise is inculcated by example as well as by precept, and the shuffling gait of some of the masters which is one of the undesirable results of the system is sufficiently ludicrous, though perhaps not sufficiently important to deserve mention. The necessity of giving orders by word of mouth is to a great extent obviated by the use of printed cards, and I noticed that the principal of the High School, instead of calling a pupil to whom he wished to speak privately, wrote his name on the blackboard and directed attention to it with a pointer.

The High School authorities have recently introduced military drill as a regular compulsory school exercise. The male pupils constitute three companies known as the Detroit Cadets. The uniforms are provided by the parents of the pupils, and the undress uniform, being of serviceable material, constitutes the ordinary school dress of the majority of the boys. It is contended by the principal, that, inasmuch as through the intervention of the school officials the uniforms are purchased at wholesale rates, the amount which the parents are annually compelled to expend in clothing their children is not increased. The plan seems a good one and worthy of imitation on this side of the line. The want of the pulsing national life and the vigorous public spirit which exist in Detroit will, however, be a serious obstacle in the way of any attempt to make military drill really a part of the course of our Canadian High Schools.

Perhaps the most striking superficial difference between the Detroit schools and our city schools consists in the use which is made of music. I do not think that they are more successful in teaching music than we are in those Canadian schools in which attention is paid to the subject. At least, I find that the same difficulty is experienced in securing the maintenance of order during the music lessons there as here. This of course indicates that, owing to the system adopted or to some other cause, there is a failure to excite an interest in the subject among the majority of the pupils. But the system of marching the pupils out to their classes to the sound of music is, as far as I know, not adopted in any school in Ontario. It seems to me to be not only a valuable means of securing order in large schools, but also well calculated to pave the way to a better appreciation of the importance of music as an element of national culture.

I purposely spent the greater portion of my time in observing the working of the High School. The High School course covers a period of four years, and pupils are admitted to the school by examination. Theoretically, the pupils in the schools below the High School are promoted from class to class on examination, but I have my doubts whether this rule is strictly carried out. When they are once in the High School they are passed on from form to form, whether they pass creditable examinations or not; but no diploma is granted at the conclusion of the course to those who have not been regularly advanced. Judging from the proficiency of a class in English grammar which I heard recite in the Cass School, I should say that the pupils who enter the High School are fully up to the standard exacted in this Province. On the other hand, the most advanced class is not equal to the University class in our best high schools and collegiate institutes in respect to the knowledge of Latin and Greek manifested by its members, and, though they have gone over more ground in mathematics and the physical sciences, I suspect that they would be found, on examination, to be less thorough. Indeed, the two stimuli which most affect our Canadian high schools are wanting in Detroit. There is no high-school inspection in Michigan, and classical graduates of the Detroit High School are admitted to Ann Arbor University without examination.

In the High School of Detroit greater attention is paid to the literary form of the answers given in the class than is usual with us. Attention is also given to the art of public speaking. I heard one of the senior pupils deliver, with appropriate gestures, before the entire school, a brief address—his own composition, but of course revised by the teacher. I consider the exercise a useful one. There is no reading of English classical authors. In the pronunciation of Latin the conclusions of the latest investigators of this subject are adopted in their entirety. To this new pronunciation the name of Roman has been, perhaps too confidently, given. *Veni*, *vidi*, *vici*, pronounced according to this method, may be represented in English by WAYNEE, WEEDEE, WEEKEE; *jeci* by YAYKEE, *aut* by OUT, *Cicero* by KIKERO, &c.

The various courses of study afforded by the Detroit High School are substantially one course with certain options, which chiefly affect the languages. There are nine instructors employed, of whom three are men and six women. Of the one hundred and eighty-one teachers employed by the Detroit Board of Education, only seven are men. Of course the real reason why such a large number of women are employed is an economical one. Yet, with a singular disregard of economic laws, Mr. Charles K. Backus, President of the Board for 1873, records in his annual report a protest against paying women less than would be paid to men competent to fill the same positions. The women's rights party have recently conducted to an unsuccessful issue an agitation for the amendment of the constitution of Michigan by the adoption of female suffrage, and it would be interesting to know whether Mr. Backus favoured the movement. It is, at any rate, singular that he does not perceive that, under the present social system, the sole effect of offering for the performance of the duties of any position a salary sufficient to command the services of a competent man would be to fill it with a man.

According to the law of Michigan all persons between five and twenty are of school age. As the majority of the inhabitants of Detroit who are between fourteen and twenty years of age must, in the nature of things, have left school, it is difficult to ascertain from the statistics what percentage of the population is growing up in ignorance. It is however sufficiently evident that there are some children receiving no education, and it may be inferred that the Compulsory Act passed by the Michigan Legislature, in 1871, is as barren of immediate results as ours. Indeed, though, on account of the size and wealth of Detroit, it possesses a good system of schools, I conjecture from what I have heard that the school system of Michigan is generally less effective than our own. There is nothing in Michigan corresponding to our system of inspection and to our teachers' examinations. Frequent as are the changes of teachers in the rural sections of Ontario, they do not approach the Michigan country sections in this respect. There it is the custom to engage a male teacher for the winter and a female teacher for the summer months, so that there are in a very great number of sections invariably two changes every year.

The principle of the Civil Rights Bill is evidently fairly carried out by the Detroit Board of Education. Not only are coloured children to be seen in all the schools, but at least one coloured teacher is employed by the Board. On my visit to the Kindergarten, which occupies a room in the Everett School, I was astonished to find that its conductor was a coloured woman. She proved to be a remarkably intelligent and able person, and a lady in the best sense of the word. She was in charge of about thirty-five children of all colours, and I was informed, and can readily believe, that she is very popular with the white parents. The exhibition of the Kindergarten method which she was so good as to make for my benefit was exceedingly interesting. No one after seeing it could doubt that the system is beneficial to both the minds and the bodies of the children. The essential feature of the Kindergarten system is that, instead of simply teaching the rudiments of reading and spelling, it aims at developing the whole nature of the child by natural methods. The children in this Kindergarten not only learn their letters and begin to read, but they become acquainted with the various kinds of lines; they learn the names of the Pythagorean solids and of various natural and artificial objects; they play games, they sing, they act, they dance, they applaud, in concert; they draw on their slates, they prick figures in paper, and they perform numerous other exercises. To carry out the system properly, the teacher should have a considerable stock of apparatus provided, and should not have the charge of more than twenty-five pupils. This would, of course, considerably increase the expenditure of any Board of School Trustees that might undertake to give all the children of suitable age under its charge the benefits of the Kindergarten system. Even in Detroit the Board of Education regard the method as too expensive and intend to change the school which I visited into an ordinary primary school.

It is undoubtedly true that the Kindergarten system is far more expensive than the present system. It is likewise, in all probability, true that many of the private Kindergærten of New York city, have become hotbeds of juvenile dissipation. Private Kindergærten, being, like other private schools, dependent on the caprice of a comparatively few individuals for their existence, are apt to be managed rather with a view to direct pecuniary, than to remote educational results. It is also true that there is, as the late John Stuart Mill wisely says, a danger lest by our modern improvements in education we may train up a race incapable of doing anything disagreeable. But it seems, likewise, equally true that, by the Kindergarten method, elevating and refining influences can be brought to bear at an early age far more effectually than by any other system. If that be the case, then subsequent improvements in our methods of primary school instruction must take the direction of the Kindergarten. Indeed, the Kindergarten system, in so far at least as it seeks to give exact ideas by the presentation of objects to the view of the children to be instructed, meets and satisfies the demand for actuality in teaching which is pressed at the present time with great force by scientific writers on education. It is certainly an utter waste of time and labour to attempt to teach the physical sciences formally to any child who cannot read and write with ease, spell accurately, and perform intelligently the principal arithmetical operations. In acquiring these accomplishments, several years must be spent. But children can acquire at an early age a knowledge of an immense number of physical facts and their powers of observation—then naturally strong and quick—can by a little judicious exercise be much strengthened and quickened; and in this way the very best foundation for the teaching of physical science in after years can be laid. This course would not only lead to no interference with the acquisition of what is now learned, but it would probably facilitate progress in the studies at present pursued, by increasing the general intelligence of the children taught.

As I crossed the Detroit River on my return home, and looked back on the noble city which, gilded with the rays of the setting sun, then lay behind me, I cannot say that I, as a Canadian, did not envy the people of the United States their vast and fertile territories, their immense resources and their milder climate. But, as nature abounds in compensations, perhaps the harsher skies and the less rapid development of Canada may produce a hardier, a more virtuous, and an abler race of men. Perhaps, too, the fact that there has been no such violent breach in the continuity of our political traditions as has taken place in the history of the United States; that we are still, though living in another hemisphere, closely connected with that small island which has witnessed the gradual development of the rude customs of its German conquerors into those noble free institutions which have been admired and imitated by the most civilised nations of the world; that we are still ruled by a descendant of the first king of the West-Saxons; and that we can regard the late as well as the early glories of the British Empire as our heritage, may prove a potent influence in giving a mingled stability, enthusiasm, and love of progress to the Canadian character. It is, of course, impossible to forecast the future. But the consideration of the influences that form national character is a topic to which an educator may well devote his attention in his vacant hours.

PRESENT-DAY SONNETS.

SCYLLA.

GOD hath His martyrs still, in very deed,
Though rack, and stake, and fagot are forgot,
And, ofttimes, he who dares to speak his thought,
Appeal from old tradition, human creed,
To Truth Divine,—though pure in life and deed,
Must be prepared for furnace seven times hot,
Of bitter words, and harsh and hasty thought!
Not yet our Faith from Tyranny is freed,
And she who on the seven hills sat so long
Hath cruel words as fierce as sword or flame!
Oh! when we think of all the bitter wrong
That hath been wrought in *Orthodoxy's* name,
How must we long for that thrice blessed day,
When "*all their idols*" shall be swept away!

CHARYBDIS.

Still, as through Eden, rings the tempter's cry,
"Yea *hath* God said?—Is there one only way
To light and truth? We boldly answer—Nay!
Faith is an ancient dream;—so let it die!
Come forth and gather knowledge—'How' and 'Why.'
Leave Faith to fighting bigots! *Fact*, we say,
Must be our guide of life from day to day;
Then sleep we well, when down at last we lie;
We but believe what we can *see* and *know*;
Where reason guides us not we cannot pass,—
No touch Divine to heal our sin and woe,
No light from Heaven to fall upon the grass
That hides our dearest! All we dare to say
Is but—we live and dream, and pass away!"

FIDES.

To whom we answer—Faith can *never* die,
So on Eternal Love she keep her hold:
We venture not to sound the depths that fold
A fuller knowledge from the straining eye:
Enough, that to our *hearts* HE makes reply,
Who *is* our Faith—no creed of human mould,
All clamped with iron logic, hard and cold—
But *He*—for ever living, ever nigh—
The One, One only real 'mid shifting dreams,
All-true, all-loving, undefiled by sin:
Your boasted knowledge is but of what *seems*;
He liveth evermore our hearts within;
Our guide to life hereafter—here our Stay—
THOU *art* our Faith, our Life, our Truth, our Way!

FIDELIS

THE STUDENT'S STORY.

BY F. R., BARRIE.

I.

IT was some forty years ago that I was sent to educate myself in a quiet German town, and though, while there, my reading was rather desultory, I soon had the language at my tongue's end.

One set of my fellow-students were pale bookworms, who read and smoked their little brains away, while the rest accomplished the same pleasant end by smoking and drinking, without any reading at all. I could not chum with either of these, so I felt doubly glad when I came across a fellow-countryman who would work with me far into the night, sleep for an hour or two, lead or be led a picturesque walk all day, fish or sketch, and come back ready for more study, or a drinking bout at the tavern and a dance at the beer gardens.

We led a happy life. Poor Dick! We out-read the veriest saps on their pet subjects, drank down the best topers at the Hof, and danced with more and prettier partners than any others in our time.

It was about the girls that we had our only difference. All the town was mad just then after a certain Gretchen. There! I will not describe her; but hardly a student did not fancy himself the favoured one; from which you will rightly conclude that she was a bit of a coquette. I passed through the fever pretty well, but after she had jilted me I still felt a sneaking kindness for her, which I tried to hide by saying all the hard things I could.

Dick was some time before he fell into her traps, but at last one evening I caught him looking unutterable nothings at a scrap of hair—I always said she couldn't afford each of her lovers a regular curl, unless she wished to be prematurely bald—and I fell to chaffing him.

He looked up in a confused way and said, "Ah, Hal! it *is* hard for you, when you loved her so" (an indignant "Never!" from me)—"It's no use—you did; and she served you badly, I allow it; but don't you think there is a *locus pœnitentiæ* even for a flirt? and that at last some man's love (perhaps the poorest love she has ever had offered her, who knows?) may really touch her heart?"

"You're a regular fool," said I, for I felt my voice growing husky as I recalled my thoughts—oh, *how* similar!—of a year back.

"Don't be angry, old man," he resumed, "because *I* am the fortunate one; a little while ago I'd have been glad if it had been you! Goodbye."

"Where are you off to?" I said; "I counted on your being here to-night, as I can't go out." I had hurt my ankle that morning skating.

He blushed and answered, "I *was* going to—your man-eater, but I'll stop if you want me."

Just then one of our acquaintances came in; without noticing him I went on at Dick: "Don't go," I said, "she doesn't care a scrap for you!"

"I'll stop for your sake, Hal."

"No!" I exclaimed, with the petulance of an invalid, "you shall not stop for *me;* go and be made a fool of!" and I slammed the door after him.

Our friend looked at me curiously: he had not quite followed our conversation, which was in English, and he said something about that girl having made enough good fellows jealous and quarrelsome before now. I didn't take the trouble to undeceive him and tell him that it was for my friend's sake I had spoken so harshly; besides, there was, perhaps, some atom of jealousy lurking in the bottom of my heart still. So I let the conversation drop, and we read English together (he was going out to America), and after an hour he left me.

The evening passed slowly, but at last I grew interested in my reading; the subject, which had long puzzled me, seemed to unfold itself; the words of the book contained the germs of marvellous truths which the author had failed to grasp, and I felt as if his mantle had fallen on me, and I was to carry on his researches with a greater skill and more decided success.

Suddenly I stretched out my hand for ink and paper to jot down the heads of my new ideas, when I perceived the lamp was expiring. I turned it out and limped to the window. The night was bitterly cold and frosty; every star shone, and the courtyard below was empty. As I threw a glance up the street to see if Dick were coming, I heard a slight noise in his room, which was next to mine. At first I took it for the creaking of an old clothes press, but, on listening more attentively, could plainly distinguish a voice crooning or muttering to itself, and the occasional crumpling of paper.

I looked at my watch—it had run down at half-past twelve. Dick must have come up and gone to bed without my hearing him. Yet it was strange that he hadn't come in to me first, so I walked across the passage to make sure he was really there.

I had no candle, and expected to find the stairs quite dark, so I was surprised to see a bright light through the chinks and key-hole of his door. Not a steady, fixed light, but one that wavered, now rising like a conflagration, now sinking again, and all the while accompanied by a suffocating smell of burnt paper.

"A new trick this," I said to myself, and hobbling to the door, grasped the handle, intending to enter and expostulate with my friend.

To my amazement the door was locked, a thing I had never known Dick do before. I rattled the knob and waited. No answer! I got alarmed. "Dick!" I called, and then heard my heart beat, though I didn't know what at, "Dick, open!"

A pause and a long stream of light; then came the words, steadily, "Can't you open it?"

"No, it's locked," I answered, rather reassured at hearing his voice.

"Yes, I remember now I locked it," came back the slow and deliberate reply.

"Then you don't want me, I suppose; haven't we made up our quarrel yet?" No answer. "How long have you been in? I never heard you." Still no sound but the crackling paper, no sign but the fitful light.

"Are you ill, old fellow?" I asked anxiously. "Let me in, and do for goodness sake leave off burning paper like a second Guy Fawkes. . . . . Give me a word, only one."

Bang! My heart leapt in me as, across the passage, I plainly heard a pebble thrown against my casement. Who *could* it be? I knew no one else to let in—I never opened to any one but Dick—and I stood irresolute whether to go down and send the intruder away, or turn into bed at once. My bad foot decided me, and shouting "Good night" to Dick, I entered my room. Rattle, rattle! A handful of small gravel and stones startled me again, and going to the window I angrily threw it open. A cloaked figure was impatiently standing by the door, and was stooping to pick up another stone. If I had not known Dick was in the next room, I should have sworn that this was he; he was whistling Dick's favourite air.

I called; he turned his face up, and by the moonlight I could see his features tolerably distinctly: it was Dick to the life—heavy moustache, smooth chin, straight nose, and all! He threatened me humorously with his stone, but did not speak.

In great perplexity I pulled to the window, and reflected. One must be a counterfeit, but which? The one below had not spoken, nor had I seen the one in the back room; it was a case of evidence, eyes and ears flatly contradicting each other. How could my paper-burning friend have deceived the landlady and got up, if he were not the real tenant of No. 12?

I hurried into the passage again. "Dick!" I cried, "if you *are* Dick, and not a midnight spectre, open your door, come out and see either a capital imitation of yourself, or your veritable doppel-ganger!" No answer again! "Shall I let him in, Dick, and introduce him to you? I suppose you don't believe me?"

Smash! The window-glass came rattling in over the floor of my room before a well-directed and viciously thrown brick-bat. "Does that convince you, Dick? it does me, and I shall let in the distinguished stranger, in hopes that he will prove more communicative than you."

I hurried down, but as I got to the last broad flight of stairs I paused, quite uncertain whether to go up or down, for all the passage was flooded with light, and I feared from the smoke that Dick had contrived to set himself on fire. But the person outside began to rap so vigorously that I hastened to the door, and opened it a little way, asking "Who's there?"

"You're a pretty fellow!" replied my comrade's voice; "Dick Worsley's here, and has been here quite long enough; who else do you expect to see?"

"Wait a moment, Dick," I said, with a cold perspiration on my forehead; "I thought you were upstairs. I spoke with you, I left you there a minute ago; but come in. Let me feel you," I continued, pulling him towards me; "are you sure you are flesh and blood?"

"Quite sure," he replied, "and *cold* flesh and blood too; but what have you seen? You are as pale as a fever patient after a bleeding!" As I shut the door the high church clock chimed two, and, blending strangely with its carillons, a piercing cry thrilled through the house.

Dick was startled. "What devil's pranks have you been playing, Hal? You look as guilty as . . . ."

"Quick, quick!" I interrupted him, "the house is on fire; run up and save him. Can't you smell the smoke?"

"Smoke? yes! your fusty tobacco smoke, but nothing else. And who am I to save?"

"Save? Who? Why, Dick, Dick, I'm not mad, but your double's upstairs locked in your room, and must have set fire to the bed!"

Dick shook his head, looked at me suspiciously, and finally took me by the arm and gently led me to the foot of the stairs. "Why, Hal, you're as cold as possible," said he, gently chafing my hand; "you've read too long and got dyspepsia or something."

I tried to smile, and looked eagerly for the light at his door, but there was none! "All right, old chap," said my friend. "No bonfire, and depend on it no door locked either;" and so it was! We entered the room to find it quite empty of any human being, no traces of recent occupation, no heap of burnt paper, and no visible means of escape.

"What has he done with the ashes?" asked Dick, satirically. "I *am* disappointed at not seeing him. Just fancy," he continued, snatching up a foil, "what fun to have fenced my double! There could hardly be a closer match for height, age, weight, agility, and practice; I'm afraid it would have been a drawn match, unless you came to my aid. But that you could hardly have done, as you wouldn't have known which was which!"

So he tried to laugh me out of belief, and for the time I allowed him to think that he had succeeded.

The next day, however, I adhered firmly to my tale, and told it to our friends, predicting that some fine morning Dick would "wake up and find himself burnt."

II.

A month passed by. Dick was the happiest man alive, whilst I was for ever moping—"croaking," as he called it—and full of unpleasant surmises. The evil I had anticipated at length came upon us.

As I walked up the hillside above the arsenal one fine afternoon, I saw a student I knew, and had good reason to dislike, walking arm in arm with Gretchen, and a sudden turn in the path brought us face to face. They both looked confused, and I took the liberty of speaking reproachfully to her, saying in plain terms that if she had made up her mind to leave Dick, she should have told him so.

She gave a graceful shrug of disgust at my rudeness, made a sort of confused gesture to her companion, and disappeared between the trunks of the leafless trees.

The fellow addressed me curtly: "If you take such an interest in your friend, give him this packet; I was to have taken it myself; there'll be small thanks for the bearer," and with these words he followed Gretchen.

With a sad heart I sought my friend. He was standing with a knot of our particular chums in the "Kaiser-platz," and as I heard his merry laugh I felt quite glad again, and hoped that he would be able to throw off his unworthy love with no more than a momentary pang, and soon be his old self again.

My face brightened as I elbowed my way into the middle of the group. Max called out as he caught sight of me, "Here comes Heinrich the glum, only he is not grave today, but gay as a bridegroom!" But I shook my head and beckoned Dick aside, half-showing him the packet.

He caught at it eagerly when he saw the direction, and began shouting out theatrically, "Fair Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly!" while he untied the string. The contents were loosely packed, and a lot of little notes and longer effusions, all indited in his honest round hand, and all bearing—ah me!—one and the same superscription, dropped on to the ground! He cast a severe glance at me and muttered, "Did you know what was inside, Hal?"

"I?" I answered, half-flustered, "I did not *know*, but I could *guess*, you know!"

"Oh!" he replied slowly, "you could guess."

The others stood round, puzzled. Dick hastily picked up the letters, and, while replacing them in the cover, he noticed a few lines pencilled on it. He read them—twice—and then he threw up his right arm as though he had been shot. I caught him by the shoulder, fearing he would fall, but he shook me off sternly, saying in a sad, hurt tone, "Why didn't you kill me first, Hal? You *will* be the death of me!" Then turning to Max, he said, "*You* must second me; we" (nodding at me) "fight to-morrow!" He was deadly pale as he said this.

"With sabres!" exclaimed Max (an inveterate duellist), rubbing his hands with delight; "with pleasure. You are well matched."

"No, no!" said Dick, hurriedly; "no, Max—with pistols!"

"Hardly!" said the other.

Dick pulled him aside and held out the papers, which, as Max read them, seemed to send the blood flowing to his honest face. He looked at me with a loathing countenance, and asked stiffly for the name of my second.

"Don't publish it, Max," said Dick, in an off-hand, careless tone, which it went to my heart to hear him affect, "don't publish it, or he'll hardly find anyone to back him!"

"Fight?" I stammered; "why, Max, he must be mad—we have never had a harsh word, far less a quarrel!"

"What? a coward too?" exclaimed Dick, striding towards me, "Take the harsh word now, and the blow as well, cowardly traitor!" and he struck at me. He was pulled off by Max, and we were led different ways, Dick going to his rooms, still hugging the fatal packet, and I protesting that come what might, coward or no coward, I would fire no shot at my friend.

I was dragged to a tavern, and there my seconds sat drinking the night away, while I lay on a big chest behind the door, with a couple of cloaks thrown over me. Fitful snatches of their talk and songs came to me now and again, between my painful dreaming thoughts of Dick and Gretchen, till at last I heard one mention the date, the 22nd, and my thoughts ran back to that day last month and the terrible vision I had had. As I lay dozing, the vision seemed to live again; the tavern fire seemed to mock that flickering light of my dream; once more the smoke choked my breath. Suddenly I heard a voice crying, "Hal! Hal!" and woke shivering.

It was not Dick crying for help, but one of my friends calling my attention to a messenger who stood at my side. He was a little boy whom Dick had often employed on errands, though he knew but little English, and the only words he now uttered were, "Herr Richard, Sir," and he put something into my hand.

I looked at it dazedly, as one does on first awakening from a troubled sleep. It was a ring, one which I had given him when we first swore friendship. We had been reading legends about amulets and talismans, and had exchanged rings as a charm to preserve our love for each other—his ring was on my finger now. But lately I had noticed that he wore mine no longer; still I did not like to question him, as I fancied Gretchen, in her usual captivating way (I myself had felt the sting of it), might have seen the bauble, and begged for it. But that could not be, since it now came by his messenger. What then did it mean? Did he want *his* ring back, as being now a meaningless token? I drew it off my finger and turned to the messenger; he was gone!

Suddenly I recalled another fact connected with the rings. We had talked of the tale of Elizabeth and Essex, and, whilst cursing the faithless messenger, we had bargained that *our* rings should have a similar significance. This, then, was a proof of yet surviving love; a petition for forgiveness; a cry for help, and in this case the messenger had come faithfully. *I* would not be wanting, and I sprang to my feet.

"Has the Englisher seen a ghost?" asked one of my seconds, ceasing in his clamorous cry for more tobacco, and staring at me open-mouthed. I was looking intently at the ring, and could hear nothing but a strange cry for help. Then I turned away and opened the door, but before I could pass Ludwig caught hold of one arm and Carl the other and dragged me back.

"Whither away, friend?" they cried. "Stay with us; one's nerves must be kept cool on the eve of such a Schutzen-fest!"

"Dick!" was all I could stammer out.

"Irregular," they exclaimed. "All communications must now be through the seconds."

"Listen!" I cried, getting more and more excited; "listen, I hear him; remember . . . . ," but my voice broke off, and throwing Carl on one side and tripping up Ludwig, I was out in a minute, running for life along the white, snow-clad streets.

For a dozen yards or so I heard the cries of the revellers, who stood with open door, wondering at my flight. Then the door swung to and cut off the noise. I turned a corner and crossed a little bridge, just as I heard the clock at the Stadt-house, which was proverbially five minutes fast, chime *Two*.

Faster still I ran; not far to go now, but should I not be too late? Too late? The thought flashed before me. Too late for what? My swiftness had no reason in it, and yet I ran; stumbling through the fore-court-yard and pushing open the door; but at the foot of the stairs I paused, for I heard again that awful cry, and the solemn sound of the church clock striking two!

Upstairs I sped; ruddy light beamed where I had seen it shine before; the huge bannisters cast flickering shadows that seemed to race each other up and down the walls before and behind me; smoke curled out from the top of his door; and still that fearful cry which I can never forget pealed over it all—that frenzied shriek for "Help!"

I dashed against the door. It was locked! "Dick, Dick!" I cried, "I am here! open!"

"Hal, Hal! open! can't you open it? I am burning!"

"Help—it is locked!" I answered.

"Oh! I remember now that I locked it!" came the faint reply amid the roaring of the flames; then louder, "Open, Hal! *won't* you save me?"

I rushed to the head of the stairs and saw lights below and heard steps beginning to ascend—oh so slowly—from below. I tore off part of the bannister and attacked the door fiercely; it was of tough oak, studded with nails, and did not yield an inch. I shouted for a rope and beam to sling it down, but my voice was hoarse, and I was not understood. One below cried for ladders, another for buckets, a third recommended some one else to go for the pompions, but no one did anything, and the cries within grew fainter.

I put my fingers in my ears; I could not listen to his dying cries; how could I listen when I could not help?

Suddenly an idea shocked me. The key! *my* key would fit his door! Fool that I was not to have remembered it! I rushed across the landing and groped at the key-hole of my room door. It was not there! The watch was coming up the stairs, but I did not heed them—I only crouched with my hands over my head, stupefied with horror. I knew it would take five minutes at least to burst the door, and that would be too late. My brain seemed turning, and I thought of little trifling things, caught myself repeating "the key, the key," senselessly, and counted the blows which two strong men with sledge hammers were now dealing the door.

The officer in command suddenly motioned to the men to cease striking, and bent his ear to the key-hole. Then we heard his last words. "*Won't* you save me, Hal?"

That moment, as I bent back, half sickened with horror, against the wall, I felt a loose brick move.

In an instant I remembered that it was the place where I had often secreted my key when I went out; I pushed it aside and seized the key, but my mind was too much overwrought, and I fell in a swoon on the ground.

* * * *

"Hold him up," said the officer, and two soldiers lifted me towards the glare of the torches.

I roused a little and saw the shattered doorway, and the blackened room which men were still drenching with water.

"Is he saved?" I asked eagerly, hoping against hope.

"He is dead," was the cool reply; "ashes!—would you see them?"

"Christ! I have killed him!" I faltered, and fainted again, whilst the key fell from my grasp.

* * * *

You can guess the result. I was dragged to prison amid hisses and groans; half the town was out: the students swore to lynch me, and attacked the guard savagely, so that they had to use their swords before they could bring me off safely.

It was the talk of a week. "What could be plainer?" asked one. "It all comes of fast friendships," said another, who had never kept a friend three days.

"I regret it, but it is the natural result of promiscuous gallantry," observed the University Don Juan, and tried to look innocent.

The defenders of circumstantial evidence had an easy task, and their usual opponents said nothing in my favour. Had not the people heard him beseech me piteously to open the door? Did not the first man who came to his assistance find me there already? Was I not seen crouching down motionless? And finally, had not the soldiers at the last moment surprised me in an attempt to secrete the key, by which alone he might have been saved?

Then I could not enter the room and see the ashes of my friend without a blanched cheek; and had not my tongue betrayed me in that foul confession, "Oh! I have killed him!"

People's theories varied as to *how* I had committed the crime, but no doubt was allowed to exist as to the fact. "Did you not, accused," said the Public Prosecutor, "did you not lock the door from *without* by means of the key afterwards found in your hands? Did *he* ever lock, did you ever know him lock, his door himself?"

The night of the vision rose to my mind, and I opened my mouth to speak, but checked myself. Once more I thought I beheld his remains—a blackened, charred mass, on the bed; the heavy oak table dragged across his chest, pinioning him down; the oil from the overturned lamp still smouldering among covers of books; those poor letters and presents (his and hers); and the smoking shreds of the bed-clothes! Horrors unspeakable!

III.

It was night, and I was in my cell. Even then and there I could not help hearing the two honest gaolers disputing about my crime in the ante-chamber.

"You see, he foretold himself that it would happen," said one; "and when a man prophecies, he may put a spoke in the wheel of events to bring his words to pass."

"Prophecy!" growled the other; "a pretty prophecy! I might say 'I will marry Annette next week,' and if I did it, should you hold me a prophet?"

"Nay, the odds are she would spoil the prophecy by refusing the prophet! . . . Don't be angry, man!"

"Suppose I were to poison your beer, then, would that prophecy please you better?"

"Don't talk so, Fritz,—you make me nervous, when there is such an incarnate devil so near! Curse it! you've been playing no pranks with the liquor, have you, comrade?"

"Ha, ha! Not so bad if I had, so as to frighten you out of your share! But see, *I* drink with you; tell me this prophecy you make so much of."

So they drank together and talked of my vision. "The devil came to him and gave him his choice, either to kill his friend, marry the girl, and sell his soul, or else meet his fate at the hands of the other, before whom the fiend was about to lay similar terms. You know they were both heretics."

"How did the devil appear?"

"No one knows; the prisoner has confessed all to the priest, except that!"

For some time I had heard voices below the window, and now the great outer door creaked, as it was gently opened, and steps entered the passage. Some people must have had access to the court-yard from the governor's house, besides possessing a secret pass-key.

The keepers were so much off their guard that they noticed nothing, and the first thing I heard was a piercing cry. I dragged my chain to the little grating in the door and saw an awful masquerade. The gaolers were crouching in a corner, hiding their eyes and muttering invocations. Full in front stood a tall figure in a loose white night dress, blackened in parts and scarred with the action of fire; the face, smeared with soot and hardly recognisable, yet bore a strange similitude to my dead friend!

The ghastly form stood motionless in the glare of the wood-fire, and I was so entranced by it that for some time I did not notice another figure. This was a man in a mask, who abstracted the keys from the table, advanced to my cell, unlocked the door and my padlock, and finally led me up to the phantom.

As I saw the open door, and thought I recognised the face of my conductor through his visor, the truth suddenly burst upon me that I was in the hands of men who would give no mercy and hear no plea for delay. And yet I did not struggle. In less than a minute I was handcuffed to the dumb figure, and, without shrinking from the companionship, I suffered myself to be hurried out through a dark corridor into the street.

The sentry outside the gate was sleeping. Three men, wrapped in long cloaks, passed us immediately, and though there must have been something awfully grotesque in our appearance, they took no notice. The spectre by my side had now donned a huge horseman's cloak, and we quickly passed the market-place and dived into a complexity of narrow streets.

Two soldiers at a corner were inspecting us rather closely, when, as if by magic, two or three groups of students started up from behind doorways and out of dark entries; five or six stalwart fellows with cudgels formed a ring round us, while the others got up immediately a squabble and fight, which drew off the attention of the *gendarmes*.

Curiously, however, no sooner were we safe down the next street than our guard vanished as mysteriously as they came, and after two more turnings we plunged into an alley, my eyes bandaged; I was lifted from my feet and carried down some uneven steps, along a narrow passage into a large subterranean room.

Long before my eyes were unbandaged I knew where I was. The hall was quiet, yet from slight noises I knew it was full. Every now and then a shadow would pass before my face; I heard a low whisper, and knew for certain that one of my old chums was near. But I derived no comfort from this; no friendly word sounded in my ears, no hand pressed mine, but loathing was discovered by every accent, and some spat on the ground as they turned away.

Presently a bell rang and all was silent. Then a voice I knew well, the voice of my old chum, Max, was heard addressing the students. He explained briefly what they already knew, the reason of this assembly. By old custom they alone should try such a crime; and so I had been snatched from the clutches of the law, and my life placed in their hands.

Then proclamation was made for an accuser. The tale of my crime was repeated. No evidence was demanded, for the facts were within every one's knowledge; but at once a man arose and in impassioned language denounced me to the crowd and demanded instant execution. Another rose, and then others, till five had spoken against me, and at the end of each sanguinary speech a low hum of approval filled the vaulted room. "Death on the spot!" exclaimed the last speaker; "death before this rope ceases its vibrations!" and he twisted a looped rope that hung from a beam.

My eyes were unbandaged. The rope swung slowly like a pendulum close before me; behind rose tier after tier of eager, angry faces, and by my side stood the ghastly theatrical figure of Max, in his hideous disguise.

No voice was heard for me. By rule, five might now have raised their hands and spoken in my defence.

Suddenly Max stepped to the tribune. I cannot give you his words, but I knew how he loved to sway the minds of people who had already come to a conclusion. He rejoiced to swim against the current, and nobly he did it now.

At first he was mystical and difficult to follow, saying that he, in the dress and likeness of the dead man, pleaded for me; and were the dead here, *he* would address them on the same side.

Then he drew a pathetic picture of my friendship with Dick, which had even become a by-word, and asked if such an ending were possible? He asked what sane person, intending to commit such a foul murder, would have told of such a vision as I had seen; related how I had burst from the tavern not six minutes before Dick's last moments on earth; and told how, when he had entered my cell in that awful semblance, I had neither started nor turned pale.

He demanded my acquittal. The audience wavered. Then to my utter horror he changed his tone! If I were guilty, he said —and proceeded to paint such a fearful crime in its blackest colours—what punishment was too bad? The answer came in a howl of fury, that threatened to tear me to pieces before he could finish. But he held up his hand for silence, and continued. What punishment would be bad enough if guilty? What should be done to me if I were innocent?

And he said that but one doom would answer both questions, and he gave *his* voice and sentence that I should *live!*

Max had spoken thus to try the temper of his audience, and as soon as he found that he had made the required impression, and when all the students thought he had finished, he began again in quite a different tone, clear, fluent, and argumentative, to lay some evidence before them.

The theory of the accusers, he began, is that these men were rivals, and that the victim having, as he thought, been jilted for the other, challenged him to fight. The successful lover, either fearing his friend's just indignation, or not caring to risk his newly-found happiness on such a venture, declined the proffered duel in favour of assassination. All this has prejudiced you against the prisoner.

"Now, though I appear in the latter's favour, I have to relate a fact which *primâ facie* tells against him. The letter which accompanied the packet from Gretchen, and which, as you know, I alone saw, informed Herr Richard coldly and courteously that he was dismissed in favour of the bearer."

Max dropped his voice here, and all the hall listened. Presently he resumed:

"Let us not judge hastily. I have enquired, and find that Herr Heinrich was *not* the bearer so referred to, but another of us, Wilhelm Romer. In confirmation of this, I will ask whether it is not true that the accused had already had the Gretchen-fever, and had shown no symptoms of relapse?"

Max had been listened to so far patiently, and a feeling was springing up in my favour. But now a noise was heard outside, and the men at the back benches were clamouring that Max had exceeded his time.

"Enough!" he whispered to me, "your fate no longer rests with them." As he spoke, a dozen or so closed round me, and we pushed for a back entrance. The others would have hindered us, but at that moment the secrecy of the meeting was disturbed by the sudden entrance of a body of *gendarmes*, intent on breaking up this irregular tribunal and recapturing their prisoner. A scuffle ensued, under cover of which we left, and thus my enemies themselves assisted me in my escape.

In a minute we were out in the open and running down to the river. From words which fell from my companions, I learned that Max, distrusting his power of obtaining an acquittal, had himself warned the authorities. As he put me into a boat and helped to push it into the stream, I pressed his hand thankfully, and whispered, "The ring?"

"Oh!" he answered,—"*he* gave it to Gretchen some time ago, and she had forgotten to enclose it to him with the other things, so she sent it to you as you had taken the packet. The message was imperfect. You should have supplied '*for*' Herr Richard, not '*from*' him. *Liebe wohl!*"

And I sculled down stream to liberty.

A CRITICISM OF CRITICS.

BY JEHU MATHEWS, TORONTO.

MY papers on "The Political Future of Canada" having been honoured by no less than three replies, at the hands of Messrs. Norris and Fisher, and these gentlemen having complacently assumed that they have left me, in old-fashioned phrase, "without a leg to stand on," I feel it due to my readers, my cause, and myself, to offer a few reasons which lead me to doubt the correctness of my opponents' assumptions. I am well aware that prolonged controversy is usually inexpedient. The reason is that as the controversialists' blood gets warmed each becomes more anxious to lay bare what is wrong in his opponent than what is right in fact. In consequence of this tendency each is led to shirk issues on which he feels himself defeated, and to attempt to extract absurd conclusions from his opponents' arguments; and, by these means, readers' minds become confused and the real points at issue are lost sight of. On the other hand, if the discussion is not permitted to wander, and the issues are honestly faced, controversy may be highly useful, by enabling readers to hear both sides of a case, and to judge between them. Aware of these facts I shall strive carefully to avoid the faults which I have indicated, though, of course, I cannot promise that in this I shall succeed. I shall deal with each of my opponents separately, and with Mr. Norris in the first instance

Mr. Norris in his reply, does me the honour to say that my style is free from the "glaring coarseness" of other anti-nationalists, and continues as follows:—"His nativity may possibly be a reason for it; but it is nevertheless no less pleasing to think that we are indebted to a Canadian for the change." Mr. Norris is again at fault. I come from the isle which its own people, and others too, regard as the "first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea," and never set foot in Canada until I was twenty years of age. Might I timidly remark that this is but one of many instances in which Mr. Norris has enunciated theories before he has mastered facts.

Going on to consider the feasibility of Canadian nationality, I fell athwart of Mr. Norris. That gentleman, in his pamphlet on "The Canadian Question," said, "Independence would do the same thing for Canada that it has for the United States. It would create a nationality which would unite the people as one man against all encroachments by the United States, and effectually prevent the absorption of the country by that power." (p. 65.) I replied that, even supposing it to have united them as closely as they could be united, it would fail to prevent absorption; since to do so it would be requisite for a population of 4,000,000 to be able to repel an assault from one of 40,000,000; that, setting aside the *probability* of such an attack being made, none could deny its *possibility*; "hence the stubborn fact that the Canadian nationality would be *dependent for its existence* on the forbearance of the United States remained unshaken and indisputable," and that this must continue to be the case so long as the present disproportion in the population of the two countries exists. (See pp. 57, 58, and 60.) Also, I contended that Mr. Norris's position was inconsistent, because, while asserting that Independence would prevent annexation, he proposed that England should "protect and guarantee Canadian independence." He replies to my arguments simply by *reiterating his own*. In his essay in the MONTHLY he says:—"As to the general argument in the paper, respecting the danger arising to Canada from her proximity to the United States, facts are against the theory." (p. 238.) And, after making this statement, he goes on to say:—"Again, if England desires to see Canada independent, why should she [not] give a guarantee? Assuming that she does desire it, the present helpless condition of the country is an assurance that by giving it up she would only be handing it over to her rival the United States." (p. 241.) If Mr. Norris cannot see that it is impossible for *both* of these positions to be correct, I must regard him as a foe unworthy of my own or any other man's pen. If Canada can maintain her own independence she does not need to have it guaranteed. If the refusal of a guarantee by England would hand the country over to the States, it follows that instead of "facts" being "against the theory respecting the danger arising to Canada from her proximity to the United States" my arguments on that point are correct. Let Mr. Norris choose for himself on which horn of the dilemma he will be impaled. In reply to my arguments to prove that an attack by the United States on independent Canada is to be expected, Mr. Norris offers other arguments to prove such a contingency to be improbable. It is for our readers to judge between us. But in reference to the ability of four millions of people to repel an attack by forty millions he is silent, for the simple reason that even he dares not expect victory in the face of tenfold odds. Hence my position, that Canadian nationality would be dependent for its existence on the forbearance of the United States to make such an attack, still remains undisputed; and the question for Canadians to consider still is whether such a species of "Independence" is to be coveted.

Even Mr. Norris does not seem to covet it; consequently he turns to the scheme of a Canadian nationality guaranteed by England. In reply to my position on the subject, he says:—"Mr. Mathews says such a guarantee is not attainable; though he does not say why." (p. 241.) The statement is incorrect. I not only did say why, but also devoted the first two pages of my second paper to explaining why; the burden of my explanation being, that the effect of a system of guarantees would be to place the terms of connection on a footing still more unfavourable to the mother country in a military, diplomatic, commercial, and moral point of view than that which Emancipationists now denounce as being unfair to her—that it would in fact place her in a position in which she might fairly say to the Colonies: heads, I lose; tails, you win. And, after having endeavoured to establish these positions, I wound up by asking, "Is anything more requisite to prove the scheme to be an absurdity? If England should determine to maintain Canadian or Colonial independence, would she not prefer to do it on the present terms, which at least secure her some return, rather than on those which would leave her destitute of any." This is my reason for holding such a guarantee to be unattainable. Yet Mr. Norris not only ignores it, but affirms that it was not stated! Nor does the former process end here. In order to show the probability of an English guarantee being obtained, he argues that the need for it would be only temporary: "twenty-five years of independence would put Canada in such a position as not to require it" (p. 242). But while thus writing, he altogether omits to notice the argument which I advanced in opposition to this very theory in the words: "It may be replied, however, that the alliance may exist until Canada has become sufficiently strong to stand alone. * * * The United States, although we may continue to gain on them, *must always remain sufficiently ahead of us* to enable them to array against us a force which would crush any that we could oppose to it: and *so long as this should be the case* we should hold our political life at the pleasure of our neighbours." Mr. Norris evidently requires to learn that to ignore an opponent's arguments is not to refute them, and that to argue successively on inconsistent bases of reasoning, is to destroy the value of all our conclusions.

As to Mr. Norris's observations on the guarantee of Belgian independence by England, space allows me only to say that, when he has mastered the facts of the case, he will feel somewhat ashamed of what he has written, as any of our readers who chooses to take the trouble of learning what Power England wished to keep out of the Scheldt may see for himself.

In reply to Mr. Norris's contention that "the dependent position of Canada not only prevents immigration, but also prevents the investment of capital in the country," I adduced the case of Australia, the growth of which, *while in a similar dependent position*, had exceeded even that of the Western States, "thereby proving most decisively that inability to offer citizenship does not repel immigration." Mr. Norris replies that I leave out of sight the gold discoveries, and do not contrast Australia with California, "a country in analogous circumstances" (p. 240). I have not the slightest objection to do so, but think that Mr. Norris's reply would have been more complete than it is had he made the comparison himself. The population of California in 1850 was 92,597, and in 1870 it was 560,247, showing an increase, in round numbers, of 500 per cent.* The population of Victoria in 1851 was 77,345, and in 1871 it was 731,528, showing an increase of nearly 900 per cent. The population of New South Wales—including the country now called Queensland—Victoria, and South Australia was 328,488 in 1851, and in 1871 it had increased to 1,541,239.† Mr. Norris tells us that from 1850 to 1870 the population of the North-western States increased from 5,403,597 to 12,966,930. In the latter case we have an increase of 139 per cent., while in that of the Australian colonies the increase is 365 per cent. I fear the result does not prove that, other things being equal, "the dependent position" repels immigration, in the case of the British colonies at least, where many go in order to retain their nationality. But besides adducing the case of Australia, I argued that if Canada had been part of the Union, nobody would ever have said that her growth had been below that of the other States; pointed out the absurdity of expecting the *aggregate* growth of a small country like Canada to be equal to that of a large one like the Union; and strove to show that in spite of the many advantages enjoyed by the States, in the shape of a start in the race, climate, resources, and prestige, the *rate of growth* in Canada had been more rapid than in the Union, as its population stood to ours in 1790 as 30 to 1, and in 1870 as only 10 or 11 to 1; and as the population of Ontario and Quebec had increased between 1830 and 1870 from 700,000 to 2,800,000, or 300 per cent., whilst the increase in the States during the same time was only 199 per cent. And all this Mr. Norris quietly ignores!

---

* Compendium of the U. S. Census for 1870, p. 8.

† Statistics for 1851 are taken from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, eighth edition, Vol. III., pp. 283, 287, and 296; and those for 1871, from the *Statesman's Year Book* for 1875.

In refutation of the theory that our "dependent position" prevents the investment of capital, I pointed out the fact that of the funded debt of Canada there are $85,798,000 payable in London, and only $8,914,000 in Canada. In reply, Mr. Norris says that if it were possible to learn the amount of British capital loaned to American Governments and invested in private enterprises in the States, "the amount of British capital in Canada would appear utterly insignificant" (p. 240). I am happy to say that it would appear small in the aggregate; our "progress" in increasing debt has been quite rapid enough for my taste, and I don't envy the States their superiority on this point. But the fact is, that the above sum is over three-fourths of our net debt bearing interest, its total amount being $108,324,000.† If it can be shown that *a like proportion* of the American debt has been contributed by England, I will admit that our dependent position "prevents the investment of capital in the country." As to Mr. Norris's statement that—"Heretofore, it is a notorious fact that Provincial Governments stood no chance in the English money market as against the most feeble independent Power," it is decisively refuted by the facts that for fifteen years past Canada has always been able to borrow at five per cent., while the States have never borrowed at less, and sometimes have had to pay six; that in October, 1875, when Canada and South Australia sought to effect loans at *four* per cent., they had more money offered than they wanted: and that on the 29th of October, 1875, Canadian "fives" were selling at 106½ to 107¼, and American "fives" at 103½ to 104.‡ As to investments in local enterprises, I drew attention to the fact that $160,000,000 had been invested by English capitalists in our railways; but as this fact does not suit Mr. Norris, he follows his usual policy in such cases and ignores it.

Mr. Norris alleged in his pamphlet that Canada's weakness consists in differences among her people, caused by different nationalities and religions with no common stand-point of union; that immigrants are ready to betray the land of their adoption: and that independence alone would unite the people and prevent the absorption of the country by the States. In reply, I quoted Mr. Norris's own statement, that "eighty-three in every 100 of the population are native-born Canadians, and probably ten more in every 100 were brought to Canada so young as to regard it as their native land." Hence I argued that if all immigrants were ready to betray the land of their adoption, they would be powerless to do so, as native-born Canadians outnumber them by nearly five to one. In reply it is said:—"How does the fact that there are five native Canadians—or for that matter five hundred—to one foreign-born, disprove it, or even affect it? Evidently what Mr. Mathews means is, that no matter what may be the opinion of foreigners, their number, in comparison with that of native Canadians, is such as to make them powerless. Again, facts are against him. Who are 'at home,' attending State balls and associating with dukes and earls on the strength of their power over Canadians? Two *Scotchmen*, who by force of party organization have arrived at the top" (pp. 237-8). I do mean that the number of "foreigners" is so small as to make them powerless against the will of native-born Canadians. Granting that two *Scotchmen* have arrived at the top—though it is not the fact—Mr. Norris leaves it unexplained how party organization could place them there without its action being endorsed by a class which constitutes from eighty-three to ninety-three per cent. of the electorate; and also how, when the people are thus potent, any "mean, despicable tyranny"—save one of their own creation—can exist in the land, as he says it does?

---

† Public Accounts of Canada, 1874, p. 11.

‡ See London *Economist*, October 30, pp. 1290-1.

I cannot part from Mr. Norris without saying that he is about the last man in Canada who should cast any doubt on the faithfulness of his English, Irish, and Scotch fellow-countrymen to her interests. The reason is that he is, *on his own showing*, morally guilty of an attempt to betray her interests himself. In his paper in the CANADIAN MONTHLY he says:—"If there were *no feeling but that for England to prevent it*, the Americans could offer us such advantages as would induce three-fourths of the Canadian people to advocate annexation to-morrow" (p. 238). This being his belief, one would naturally expect that, as in his case there is no feeling for England to prevent it, he would use his talents in endeavouring to open his countrymen's eyes to the benefits of annexation. Yet, whilst holding this opinion, we find him writing a pamphlet in which he advocates Independence on the express ground that "it would create a nationality which would unite the people as one man against all encroachments by the United States, and effectually prevent the absorption of the country by that Power. *Nothing but independence can avert this misfortune, which, like a black cloud, continually overhangs the country*" (p. 65). Either Mr. Norris does not know his own mind, or he wrote his pamphlet with the view of diverting his country from the course which he believes would be most conducive to her interests. The adjectives applicable to a man in either of these positions I leave it to my readers to supply.

After such a weary contest with one who seriously advances platitudes for arguments, it is refreshing to turn to an opponent who holds a definite position, and understands in what reasoning consists. Between Mr. Roswell Fisher's views and my own there is a wide divergence; but the issue between us is narrowed to something intelligible, and worthy of very serious discussion.

In considering my plea that, whatever may be our rate of growth, Canada must always remain behind the Union, and, therefore, unable single-handed to maintain her national existence against that Power, Mr. Fisher says—"It is hardly possible to deny the force of this argument" (p. 429). We differ considerably as to the probability of an assault being made, but agree that Canada would hold her independence on sufferance, and that such a position would be most undesirable. Such being the case, there is no need for me to offer any observation on the subordinate points concerning independence, on which we disagree. I must remark, however, that instead of expecting annexation in any shape to bring us "prospects of wealth," I should expect even commercial union to prove decidedly mischievous, and should like to see Mr. Fisher's reasons for believing the contrary. Mr. Fisher then goes on to admit that—"Even if our autonomy were in no danger from the threats or the bribes of our great neighbour, it is by no means certain or even probable that we should ever be in a position to declare our independence with any chance of permanent success," in consequence of the probability of internal dissension. (See pp. 429-30). All that he has written on this point I fully endorse, and, for the sake of Canada, am glad to find it coming from one who, unlike myself, cannot be charged with being more British than Canadian. We thus agree in thinking that Canada must adopt an alliance either with Britain or with America as her policy, and also agree in preferring a British to an American alliance. Our difference is in reference to the form which that alliance should assume. I advocate the establishment of a Pan-Britannic Federation, with equal privileges and responsibilities throughout. Mr. Fisher says that this scheme is impracticable and inexpedient, and offers the following in its stead:—"The following agreement is proposed as that which would probably secure, both to Canada and Great Britain, the greatest advantages at the least possible cost. Great Britain would still appoint the Governor-General, by which we should be saved from Presidential elections; would act as inter-Provincial arbitrator, with power to carry out her decisions by force if necessary, by which we should be saved from secession. Great Britain shall also defend Canada from any external attack, but in all cases between Canada and the United States, and Great Britain and the United States, both Canada and Great Britain shall be proportionately represented in the consequent negotiations; as a corollary of which, Canada would undertake her full share of the burdens of any war with the United States. Canada to have full control of her finances, including tariffs. In the case of a foreign war, other than American, Canada to close her ports to the enemy and encounter what marine risks might ensue. This may be said to be practically the situation at present, but it would be well, in the interests of both Canada and Great Britain, that it should be more clearly defined." (p. 431).

When Mr. Fisher wrote the above, he either forgot some important points, or, in the style of Mr. Norris, passed over them because they were rather difficult to meet. He admits, in reference to his own scheme, that "this is practically the situation at present." But he omits to notice the arguments which, when considering a similar proposal by Messrs. Fuller and Drummond, I advanced for believing a prolongation of the alliance on its present terms to be impossible. The ground I took was that "unity of action is the basis of every sort of association, be it political, ecclesiastical, commercial, benevolent, or fraudulent;" then I went on to argue that there is *now* no provision to secure such unity of action—even in reference to diplomacy, armaments, commerce, or finance—in the British Empire; consequently, that on the occurrence of any quarrel it must fall to pieces, and that as we could not reckon on the absence of quarrels for any considerable period, we should make provision for their prevention and settlement if we wished the connection to be maintained. (See pp. 90 to 92). Mr. Fisher simply renews the proposal to have the alliance maintained on its present basis without attempting to controvert the arguments which I have advanced to show that it is impossible to do so. What is this but simply begging the question and declining to face the point at issue? Then, when renewing this previously combatted proposal, Mr. Fisher seems dimly to apprehend that there are two parties to an alliance, and that the Fatherland might have something to say on the terms of it. This, however, is rather disagreeable, and so it is thrust aside with a few words, in defiance of the fact that it is discontent with such terms of alliance as are proposed that has led to the formation of the Emancipationist party in England. Mr. Fisher and his friends simply propose that Canada, and all the colonies, shall enjoy the privileges of childhood and manhood simultaneously: that the offspring shall be allowed to earn for himself, and dispose of his earnings at pleasure; but that he shall also be allowed to reside under the paternal roof, enjoy all its privileges, and even—in some matters—have a veto on the paternal will, without contributing one cent to the household expenses. For what else than this is the proposal that England shall undertake to keep the peace among us at home; shall hold herself ready to defend us against foreign aggression; and shall allow us a voice in all negotiations with the United States; whilst we shall neither furnish her with financial subsidy, nor military or naval contingent, and shall stand free to tax her products without any regard to her own will on the subject?. As to assisting in any war with the States, and encountering marine risks, we should have no choice in the matter, as the foe would soon teach us. The alliance has stood for some years on these terms; but it is from the fact that the signs of the times seem to indicate that England will not, and cannot, let it so stand very much longer that the chief need for discussion arises. To defend the insignificant settlements of seventy years ago was a very different task from that of defending the great Canadian and Australian nations of to-day; to be ready to face the United States when their population was but five millions was rather less serious than to meet them with one of forty-four millions; to guard the shores of Australia with no possible enemy on the Pacific was rather easier than to perform the same task when Russian and American fleets float upon its waters. The growth of the colonies, and of their possible foes, renders it impossible for England to continue to stand ready to defend them single-handed, even were she inclined to offer such service and they mean enough to accept it. Hence they must arrive at some clear understanding as to their relative responsibilities, or part. I proposed that privileges and responsibilities shall be equalized all over the Home and strictly Colonial parts of the Empire, and a central Legislature formed to enforce the terms of union, and I am told that my scheme is inexpedient and impracticable. Let us see what new arguments Mr. Fisher offers to support this view of the case.

Mr. Fisher says that, in my papers in the MONTHLY, I did not attempt to prove that the countries in question possessed "those conditions of race, political and commercial interests, and geographical position which are the necessary elements of the problem." It is true that I did not attempt to prove, *a priori*, that the necessary conditions of Federal union existed. But I stated my reason for not doing so in the words :—" Fully to explain and defend the details of these measures would require a volume ; and as I have already devoted one to the subject, I must take the liberty of referring my readers to it should they desire to pursue the subject" (p. 94). In case Mr. Fisher should not have taken the trouble to consult it, I point out in a foot-note the exact pages at which my views on these points are to be found.* But in endeavouring to prove the possibility of uniting Fatherland and Colonies into one grand Pan-Britannic Federation, I took, in these papers, what I still believe to be a shorter and more decisive mode of argument. People may dispute until doomsday as to whether the necessary conditions of union exist in any case, as they may disagree on the previous question of the nature of these conditions. But let it once be proved that such a union as is desired has actually existed, and argument must cease ; that the conditions of union exist has been proved by experience. Acting on this fact I said that all the arguments against the establishment of an Imperial Federation had been concisely stated by Mr. Mill, in the words :—" Countries separated by half the globe do not present the natural conditions for being under one government, or even members of one federation ;" and said in reply :—" The answer to this *theory* is the *fact*, that all the countries in question have been thus united for about a century." To my answer Mr. Fisher replies :— "A truly astonishing assumption !" I would remark that it is still more astonishing to find Mr. Fisher, after confessing that he "has not read the work of Mr. Mill from which the above sentence is quoted," going on to enlighten us as to what Mr. Mill's opinions on the subject must have been.

Nevertheless I reiterate my statement that the United Kingdom and its colonies have been under one Government, and members of one Federation, for about a century. Is it not the fundamental basis of a Federation that the countries comprised in it shall bear allegiance to one central authority while possessing separate governments for the management of their local affairs ? Have not both Colonies and Fatherland possessed such governments, and have not all of them borne allegiance to the British Crown? Nay, have not the Colonies even acknowledged a substantial supremacy, on some points, to reside in the Imperial Legislature? Is it not another basis of a Federation that its members shall be united in an offensive and defensive alliance, and shall have the same friends and foes all the world over, and has not this also been the case with the countries in question ? Is it not another basis of union that the Federation shall have a common system of diplomacy, and of naval and military armaments, and has not the British Empire had both, they being supplied, until the last few years, entirely by England ? A common system of finance, and freedom of trade throughout the Federation, are further bases of union which of late have not existed ; but as I wrote to prove that these, and some others, might be supplied in so far as is essential to union, I cannot be charged with alleging that *all* the bases of union existed. Admitting some, however, to be absent, the above indisputable facts prove a good many to be in existence. Mr. Mill's views on the subject, are as follows :—" Every colony has thus as full power over its own affairs as it could have if it were a member of the loosest federation : and much fuller than would belong to it under the Constitution of the United States, being free even to tax at its pleasure the commodities imported from the mother-country. Their union with Great Britain is *the slightest kind of federal union* ; *but not a strictly equal federation*, *the mother-country retaining to itself the powers of a Federal Government, though reduced in practice to their very narrowest limits.* This inequality is, of course, so far as it goes, a disadvantage to the dependencies, which have no voice in foreign policy, but are bound by the decisions of the superior country. They are compelled to join England in war, without being in any way consulted previous to engaging in it."* These are my reasons for believing that the facts of the case, and the views of the great Liberal philosopher, justify my " truly astonishing statement " that the countries in question have been under one Government and members of one Federation for about a century.

---

* See " A Colonist on the Colonial Question," pp. 117 to 130.

*Representative Government, p. 132. People's edition.

I believe, however, that inequality of privilege and responsibility is tending to destroy the Federation as it now exists; and as I believe that this would be a very great calamity to all, I propose to strive to prevent it by placing all its members on a footing of equality. Mr. Fisher says that this is impossible from "racial," political, commercial, and geographical obstacles. As to his "racial" obstacle I am content to let it pass for what it is worth.

Mr. Fisher alleges that "if we were to take an active share in the naval and military concerns of the Empire . . . the bargain would be against us. Great Britain has numbers of possible, not to say probable, enemies, whereas we have only one, and the other colonies we may say none" (p. 336). As to the latter assumption I think that it is rather far-fetched. Were states so weak as the colonies, and so well adapted to supply many of the wants of the great military monarchies of Europe, left alone in the world, they might very soon find foes in plenty. As to the statement that England would bring us more enemies than we should bring her, the answer is that she would also bring us more strength; that our share in the Federal Government would enable us to prevent a sacrifice, and secure a maintenance, of our interests, which we cannot do at present; and that the increased strength of the Empire consequent on its union would cause foreigners to respect its will rather more than they have done of late, and thus leave us in a situation to fear no foe.

Mr. Fisher says that on this question of political interests I bear witness against my own side, since I say that England's "interests are more involved in Belgian than in Canadian independence." I certainly believe that *if Canada were an independent nationality* England would be less interested in keeping it from falling into the hands of the States than in keeping Belgium from falling into those of France. But I did not say that this would be the case were Canada part of a Pan-Britannic Empire, and federally united with her Fatherland for better for worse.

Mr. Fisher says that our commercial interests are adverse to those of England, and that I dispose of this important question with a very illogical answer to the assertion of Mr. Fuller, that the attempt to establish a common tariff would alone make shipwreck of any scheme of confederation. In the first place I never said anything about "a common tariff." I did say that "the commercial relations of the several members [of the Federation] would be adjusted by an agreement that no Province should impose customs duties above a certain rate on the produce of other parts of the Empire," leaving each free to deal with foreign goods as it might desire. I am told in reply that the connection may exist in the absence of any provision against a war of tariffs, but is impossible if it be established. I retort that this is saying that the lesser obstacle would be more effective than the greater, and Mr. Fisher says that my reply is illogical. Our readers must judge between us. He says, however, that "the question of tariffs or no tariffs at all . . would not hinder ultimate collision of commercial interests." (p. 336). I reply that, even granting such an improbable event as that countries destitute of coal, like Ontario and Quebec, should overtake England in manufacturing, we need not quarrel over it so long as "free and unrestricted competition" is allowed.

The position of parties on this commermercial question is to me somewhat amusing. I find Conservatives, the beginning and end of whose political creed is "British Connection," advocating a Protectionist policy, in face of the fact that it is better adapted than anything else to bring that connection to an end. And I find "Advanced Liberals," who usually support Free Trade with something like religious enthusiasm, condemning a proposal to establish between the different parts of the Empire a commercial treaty such as they are so anxious to conclude with foreigners. Oh! consistency thou art a jewel!

On the geographical difficulty Mr. Fisher says that "so far from telegraph and steam having changed its conditions, they have accomplished relatively little in this direction, as can easily be shown. . . A very little reflection will show that separation by sea has been of quite another character than separation by land, or rather connection by land" (pp. 337–8). Had Mr. Fisher cast his eyes across the line he might have found reason to alter his views on this point. He would there have found proof that, with steam-navigation and without railroad communication, the sea is a much more convenient highway than the land. California is connected with Washington by land, but for twenty years after it had entered the Union communication between the two points was carried on by sea, even with a transhipment through a foreign territory. Yet, according to Mr. Fisher's theory, political connection would have been impossible without the existence of a terrestrial connection which was never made use of. Besides this, he has seen these Pacific States, while thus *practically* united to what we may call their mother-country only by sea, loyal members of the Union, and those immediately adjacent to one another engaged in a bloody strife. Territorial unity may be essential to the formation of *a nation*, but that is a different thing from *a league of nations*, one in race, language, and historic associations, such as is proposed in the present instance. This, the history of the United States and of the British Empire seems to me to indicate, cannot be secured by the existence, nor prevented by the absence, of territorial unity. Its stability seems to be dependent on unity of sentiment and a conviction of the expediency of the league. That these exist in the present instance is pretty well proved by the fact that even "Nationalists" like Mr. Fisher complain that there are "too many Canadians who are first British and then Canadian," and are yet forced to admit that the maintenance of the connection is the best policy which we can adopt.

There are other points on which I should have liked to touch; but my space is exhausted and I must stop. I cannot do so, however, without pointing out the fact that Mr. Fisher, in his concluding words, strives to encourage the hope of a Canadian nationality, after having admitted (p. 429) the correctness of my argument that the disproportion between our resources and those of the States must be permanent, and that this discrepancy must render such a nationality impossible. This is very unwise. Any attempt to sit between two stools must always be dangerous, but cannot fail to prove fatal when one of them is admitted to be ricketty.

This controversy will not have been waged in vain if it should enable our readers to realize the fact that Canada must choose between a British and an American alliance, and cannot stand alone. The form which I desire the alliance to assume is that which such men as Mr. Fisher would probably believe to be most inimical to Canadian interests. Nevertheless, I should be perfectly willing to compare, from an exclusively Canadian stand-point, the position which Canada would occupy as a member of a Pan-Britannic Federation, with that which she would fill if annexed. I should prefer the former, because it would certainly allow us greater local independence than we should enjoy if annexed; because it would subject us to an almost incomparably smaller increase of taxation; because I think that our commerce and manufactures would be much more likely to thrive with a fifteen per cent. duty all round, than with our markets free to eastern manufacturers and a Morrill tariff on the seaboard, which would simply be a differential duty in favour of the States; because I believe that our increased intimacy with the Fatherland would turn such a tide of British immigration and capital to our shores as would double or treble our past rate of growth; and because I am of opinion that we should be much more likely to enjoy good government, and to retain the inestimable blessing of political liberty, under our Old Flag and tried Institutions, than under the new-fangled system of unmixed democracy which—in the words of Macaulay—"must in the end destroy liberty or civilization, or both."

I have elsewhere made some attempt at such a comparison,* and in the future may have something more to say on the subject; but am of opinion that, for the present, our readers will have heard enough even on the most important matter which can engage the attention of Canadians.

---

* See "A Colonist on the Colonial Question," Chap. VIII.

DANCING THE OLD YEAR OUT.

SISTER, come away and leave the dancers,
Leave the laugh for lighter lips than ours ;
Would that we had wept instead of jested,
In the year's last hours !

Did you hear it when the band was loudest ?
Come away, for I can dance no more !
There was sobbing louder than the music,
From One at the door.

Did you see the shadow in the doorway ?
A pale spirit weeping mournfully ;
Saying,—" Pass me softly, O my children,
In an hour I die !

" Let me hear a prayer upon my death-bed ;
Lay me chanting in the grave of years ;
Keep your smiles to celebrate my sister ;
Bury me with tears.

" I shall die at midnight, O my children ;
O my careless children, fare-ye-well !
When the clock strikes twelve times ye'll remember
'Tis my passing-bell."

" Happy New Year !" As the dancers wished it,
That pale spirit fled along the floor,
Wringing such sad hands :—Come home, sweet sister,
We will dance no more !

ALICE HORTON.

ONLY A FIDDLE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY CATHERINE OWEN, MONTREAL.

I.

"BUT suppose they should not pay to-day, mother?"

"Oh, don't talk of such a thing, Kitty, they must pay; there is the water rate must be paid, or it will be cut off; and Tossy's shoes, poor child, she has been promised so long; and I don't know where the money is to come from if they don't pay their rent."

Kitty looked dubious: it had so often happened in her young life that lodgers did not pay their rent, and poor mother had so often had to leave taxes unpaid, shoes and even food unbought, that the fact of the present necessity of the case did not strike her as a very likely reason why these lodgers should pay any more than many others.

It so happened that the shabby (very shabby) genteel lodgings poor Mrs. Garrett had to let were more often patronized by those very genteel people whose motto is "Dig I cannot, to beg I am ashamed," but whose shamefacedness did not prevent them from swindling the poor lodging-house keeper of as much rent as her patience allowed them; and as her patience was long, and her credulity considerable to any one who pitched a good story in refined English, her losses were frequent—so frequent that Kitty, with the precocity of the city-bred child, had a keen eye to the number of trunks a new lodger brought; and this autumn, after the first floor had been empty so long that the card "Furnished Apartments to Let," put up in summer, had become fly-spotted and yellow, Mrs. Garrett declared one morning to her confidante, Kitty—

"Kitty, I'll put up a new card for luck; this one is dirty enough to frighten people away."

And Kitty was despatched with three half-pence to the stationer's for a card, with strict injunctions to choose a nice one without flourishes. And sure enough that very afternoon there came a resonant rat-tat-tat at the door. With anxious haste Mrs. Garrett showed her rooms to the lady who applied for them. When she came back to the sitting-room, where Kitty was waiting with anxiety second only to her mother's, Mrs. Garrett's radiant face told the story of success.

"Let at last, Kitty!"

"I hope they'll pay," said Kitty, cautiously.

"Oh, there is not much fear," said her mother, whose bump of hopefulness must have been abnormally developed; "there is not much fear this time, Kitty; look here!"

As she spoke she held out her hand, with three half-crowns in it.

"That is a good deposit, mother," said Kitty, her eyes sparkling.

"She has paid half a week in advance, because she doesn't want to trouble about references; and she wants to pay the rent monthly, because she receives her income once a month."

Mrs. Garrett's face was not quite so bright now, as she thought that the seven and sixpence she held was all the money she would have for the rooms for a month. Kitty's face was a picture to see, so worldly-wise, so expressive of doubt and anxiety.

"But, mother, how can we wait for a month?"

"That is what I thought first," said her mother, "but then, I don't know—it will come in a lump. The water rate must wait, and then we must try and pay the poor rates from father's money: the butcher must wait too for a few weeks; he gets his money pretty regularly, and will wait without grumbling: after all, we shall not be worse off than as if we had not let."

And so Mrs. Philpots and her husband came to live at Mrs. Garrett's. Kitty looked doubtfully at the one small trunk they brought, and decidedly did not like Mrs. Philpots, nor did her mother after the new lodgers had been in her house a few days.

In the first place, it was evident she did not treat her husband well. He was many years older than his wife; a weak and submissive old man; his manner was that of a "perfect gentleman," to use his landlady's expression, but his wife treated him like a boy; he was sent on errands, and abused if he did not acquit himself satisfactorily. So little food came into the house, and Mrs. Philpots was so much out of it, that Mrs. Garrett was afraid the poor old man had often not enough to eat; he appeared, however, to have one consolation—he played the violin, and when he was alone, the house resounded with the sweetest and wildest music; his taste, however, was never indulged when his wife was at home. So much Mrs. Garrett knew from observation, and she concocted a little romance in her own mind to account for this state of things between husband and wife; for, poor as Mrs. Garrett was, she spared a penny a week for the *Family Herald*—that light of the London masses, which, with its contemporaries of the same class—let the despisers of cheap literature scoff as they will—is too often the only softening influence they know in the utter sordidness of their poverty. And of this beneficent print she and Kitty were assiduous readers; for, shocking as it may appear to well-to-do Canadian or English mammas that a little girl of ten years should be allowed to read such "trash," such things are, and I do not know that the moral injury is very great.

To Mrs. Garrett's imaginative mind, Mr. Philpots was a man who had been married for his money, which his wife was spending among her own people, which accounted for the hours she was away; and taking advantage of the submissive temper of the old man, she kept him without money, and with barely clothes to cover him, and, Mrs. Garrett was quite sure, very short of food. Now, she was a woman who had seen better days, that is to say, she had been lady's maid, and seen high life from a distance, and when she was married her husband's earnings had sufficed for comfort; but now, with seven children, they were very far from doing that, and with the advent of each of the seven they had drawn a step nearer the poverty in which they now were. Having been maid to one or two ladies of rank, Mrs. Garrett considered herself qualified to judge better than most people in her condition of a true gentleman or lady when she met one, and she was sure Mr. Philpots was one, and respected him accordingly; equally sure was she that his wife was not of the same condition of life as himself. But no doubt entered her mind as to the safety of her rent until the month's end, when we find her patiently and hopefully waiting for it, and Kitty suggesting a possibility of disappointment; and as the day waned and evening came without Mrs. Philpots's return, her heart misgave her, and yet she bravely told herself she had no reason for misgiving. Mrs. Philpots's being later than usual was not a sign that she would not pay, if not to-night, to-morrow morning; and when she did come home, and Mrs. Garrett heard her ascend the stairs without calling at her door, she tried to feel no misgiving.

"Mother," said Kitty, "won't you ask her for it, we want it so badly?"

"I must ask her to-morrow morning, though asking is a thing I hate."

"I don't hate it with her," said Kitty, who usually "hated" it as much as her mother. "I'll go up to-night and ask, if you'll let me, mother; it would be so nice to go to bed and feel we have the money safe."

"I know it would, but I can't bear to be so sharp; no, I'll get your father to write a note before he goes, and if she doesn't pay early you shall take it up."

A "note" was the usual resource when there was any asking to be done. This was about all the part Mr. Garrett took in the management of his household affairs; an easy man, he considered he had done his duty when he earned the money that paid the house-rent and butcher and baker; to his wife he left the task of making it do as much more as possible, and of eking it out by letting lodgings. He gave his advice when consulted, and complacently said "I told you so," when she had to bewail the wickedness of some very genteel lodger who had gone away without paying her. To-night when he came in and saw her anxious face, and that there was no little extra dainty for his supper (for, in true Cockney fashion, every good that happened was celebrated by a treat in the shape of a good supper, or a lobster for tea) he knew the Philpots had not paid.

"No rent?" he asked.

"No, I suppose we shall have it to-morrow: but you had better write a note in case they don't pay?"

"Oh, don't bother about writing notes, Kate; ask 'em plainly."

"I hate to ask when it is only just due; will you do it?"

"Oh no. I have had nothing to do with them yet. I'll write a note, but you had far better ask."

The next morning Mrs. Garrett and Kitty waited hour after hour, hoping Mrs. Philpots would make her appearance, money in hand. The note was kept ready, so that when she came down to go out, which she usually did much earlier than this, Kitty might intercept her with it: but "the best-laid plans of mice and men" are apt to go astray, and so it was that Kitty sat on the *qui vive* all day listening for Mrs. Philpots to go out, in vain. Between Mrs. Garrett and her, in the evening, it was decided that the note must go up. The door was opened by the old man, who looked, to Kitty's fancy, as if he had expected some one and was frightened at seeing them; she gave him the note, which he took with trembling hands.

"Mrs. Philpots will attend to this when she comes home; she is out now."

"She must have slipped out, mother," said Kitty, coming into the room breathless from her errand "she is out, the old gentleman says."

"Out! how can she be out? It must be an excuse!"

"I think she is out, because he was sitting without a candle, and I don't think there was much fire."

"That looks bad, Kitty, If she was not afraid to be asked for the rent, why need she slip out to-day any more than other days? There is one thing I am determined," said the poor woman, with a great show of spirit, "I'll take Mrs. Honey's advice—I'll keep their luggage. Every one else does it; why should I be so easy?"

"That is right, mother; you have always been too easy, father says."

Well! they did not pay. Mrs. Philpots was caught the next morning just as she was going out very silently, and promised the money in a few days.

"If you could only give me a few shillings," said Mrs. Garrett, apologetically, for her own; "I need it so much, or I should not have asked for it so soon."

"My good woman, I will not only give you a few shillings, I will give you all in a day or two, when I take my Christmas dividends."

At the sound of the word "dividend," Mrs. Garrett took heart. She knew people often were short just before dividend day; but in the meantime what were they to do? Things had been very bad last month, they were worse now; the butcher, who had been put off then, was clamorous now, and refused them further credit.

"Dick, what ever shall we do?" asked the poor woman in her despair, "Christmas just upon us and not a penny in the house. The last sack of coals I got are gone again, and the children all want boots. A pretty Christmas for them."

"I don't know, my dear, I am sure. I wish we had fifty pounds. I would not stay in the country another month."

"We may as well wish for the moon, Dick," said his wife, rather impatiently, for he had been wishing for fifty pounds ever since they had been married, and the wish always found expression when they were in some exasperating difficulty for want of fifty shillings.

The day on which Mrs. Philpots said she would receive her dividends came and passed, and she still had no money, and at last was told she must leave, and that her trunk would be detained if she did not pay; at which she expressed great indignation, but went out next morning, as usual.

Once sure that no money was to come, Mrs. Garrett had to cast about for the possibility of appeasing the butcher, and getting shoes for the poor little cold feet that wanted them so badly. They had nothing valuable to part with now but poor Garrett's silver watch—the chain had been sent to the pawnbroker's long ago. It was a wrench to him to part with his watch, but he handed it forth gallantly, only saying—

"I wish we could get fifty pounds on it, Kate."

"I wish we could get fifty shillings, though it would only be the more interest to pay," she said mournfully.

"Never mind, old girl, there's a good

time coming," said Dick, with an effort to be cheerful.

This was on the day Mrs. Philpots had been told to vacate her rooms. Mrs. Garrett expected her to come back before leaving finally, but in the afternoon a timid knock came to her room door, and Mr. Philpots entered, looking so woe-begone and ill that she was startled.

" I have come to ask a great favour, Mrs. Garrett, and no one can be more sensible than I am that I have no right to expect you to grant any favour, but things are not as I wish them. If I had money you should be paid, or if I could get it."

" I feel sure of that," said tender-hearted Mrs. Garrett. " I never have blamed you, I am sure, Mr. Philpots, and anything I can do for you, I will gladly."

" You are a good woman," said the old man with apparent emotion ; " I—I wish all women were like you. The favour I have to ask you is that you will allow me to take away a small parcel. My wife told me nothing was to go out of the house, but what I wish to be allowed to take is my violin. It is an old one ; had it been a handsome one, in good condition, it would have been sold long ago," he said bitterly ; " but old as it is, I am very fond of it. I could almost as soon part with my life," he said, clasping his thin hands.

" Oh, certainly, take it, sir. I should not think of keeping anything, only we are very poor, and my neighbours laugh at me for being so easy, and perhaps Mrs. Philpots may try and pay me a little to get her trunk back."

The old man shook his head mournfully.

" I thank you. You at least shall not lose by us, even if you have to wait long for your money; but I don't think it will be long now," he added, more to himself than to his listener.

" Mother," said Kitty, after he had left the room to go up-stairs, " did you see how eagerly he looked at the bread on the table? I believe he is very hungry."

" I am afraid so ; I don't think they have cooked a thing since they have been here. She gets enough out of the house, I dare say."

" Oh, she'll take care of herself," said Kitty ; " but couldn't we give him some tea and bread and butter, mother ? "

" He needs bread and meat and beer, if he has had nothing substantial for so long." Mrs. Garrett looked troubled ; she knew she could not afford what she wished to do ; that if she did it, even her good-natured husband would laugh at her. At last, looking out into the pitiless streets, down which the sleet was driving fast, her resolution seemed taken.

" Kitty," she said, " I couldn't sleep in my bed to-night if I let that old man go out without anything in such weather. I'll send for a quarter of round of beef and half a pint of stout, if we go without our dinner to-morrow for it. But the weather is almost too bad for you to go out," she added, again looking out on the frosty streets.

" Oh, no, mother," said Kitty, with alacrity, for her mother had just been proposing what she had been longing to suggest, " I can soon run round to the ham and beef shop, and get the beer when I come back."

" Very well; wrap up as warmly as you can."

Off sped Kitty through the pitiless streets, fleet messenger of her mother's charity, and quickly returned, panting, out of breath, and with her fingers holding a roll of paper containing the beef, which, seeing Mr. Philpots in the room as she entered, she quickly hid under her cape, and left the room, and brought it back on a plate. The mother had laid a cloth and knife and fork, and glass meanwhile, and when Kitty appeared, said. " I don't suppose you have had your dinner, Mr. Philpots ; pray sit down, and eat a snack before you go out."

The poor old man, who had been hungrily eyeing the food, looked up in amazement.

" For me ! I can't refuse it, for I—ah ! —you have guessed the truth, I am hungry."

Tears rose to Mrs. Garrett's eyes as she watched his keen relish of the food, which, to tell the truth, her own stomach craved, for she herself had meat but seldom.

Kitty stood by in sympathy, warming her trembling limbs at the small fire.

" Oh, Kitty, run and change your clothes, child ; the sleet has melted, and you are wet through," said Mrs. Garrett, whose attention had been drawn to shivering Kitty, who was thinly clad.

" I will in a minute," said Kitty, anxious, child-like, to hear what Mr. Philpots might say when he had appeased his appetite.

" Dinner ! no," he said at last, " it is many a day since I had anything more than bread for my dinner."

" But," said Mrs. Garrett, " Mrs. Philpots, does she—— "

"I don't know how Mrs. Philpots fares, except that it is well; she would not allow herself to fare ill. You see what sort of woman my wife is, Mrs. Garrett. Ten years ago I was a moderately rich man. I rescued that woman from a life of shame, to which she had, I supposed, been driven by poverty. I married her, and cut myself adrift from all my kin by so doing. In three years she had beggared me—how, I know not—I trusted her so blindly. My life since then has been that of a slave; that is all," he said, rising; "it will soon be ended."

Mrs. Garrett, as she looked at his feeble form, could not help thinking it might end even sooner than he expected.

"I thank you," he said at last, with emotion; "you shall never regret this Christian act, you noble woman." He pressed her hand silently, and taking up his napless hat, left the room and the house.

Mrs. Garrett had been silent herself from emotion. As he went through the passage she heard him take up the parcel which he had asked permission to have, and which, with rare delicacy, she had not thought to look at, and then he left the house.

Turning round, Mrs. Garrett saw Kitty, still in her wet things, standing with tears streaming down her cheeks; in the interest of the scene the danger from damp clothes had been forgotten.

"Oh, Kitty, Kitty, you'll catch your death!"

II.

It was a week later, the 23rd of December. A sad little party was gathered in Mrs. Garrett's sitting-room, for poor Kitty was said to be dying. The room contained a sofa-bedstead, which was now used for the sick child, and the sorrowing father and mother were on either side of it.

"It almost seems as if I am punished for doing a kindness, Dick," said Mrs. Garrett. "They always say one never suffers for doing good, yet I have been laughed at by Mrs. Honey and you, and looked upon as next thing to an idiot, for believing the old gentleman's story, which you say was got up to get the best things out of the house. But laughter's nothing, and whether true or not, he was hungry, and my intentions were the same. I could have stood being mocked at, but to think my poor angel should be taken from us through it! I'll never do a kind thing again if anything happens to her," said the poor mother in her despair.

"No, don't say that, Kate; rewards and punishments are not given to us in this world like that. If you had done an unkind thing it would have seemed like a judgment: if some good luck had happened, we might have thought it was a reward; but it's neither one nor the other—it was wet clothes that did it!"

"I know, I know. But my poor Kitty! Oh, I thought Christmas was going to be bad enough for us, but what was our trouble to this? Oh, my poor Kitty, my darling!"

"Let's hope for the best, Kate. While there's life there is hope, and the doctor says if she comes out of this sleep conscious, with care she may get well."

"To think that we should be at Christmas without a dinner in the house—not that we mind about dinners," she said, with a sigh, an odd mixture of housewifely feeling mingling with her grief.

"If the doctor gives us hope for Kitty, it will be a bright Christmas after all," said cheerful Dick.

As he ceased speaking there came a knock at the street door, and, the children being in bed, Dick went to it himself.

A boy handed in a parcel and a note for Mrs. Garrett."

"A parcel for me! Good gracious! who can it be from? It looks like a goose, but no one would send us one. Oh! if it was, and poor Kitty was able to eat a bit!"

Dick had meanwhile opened and read the note.

"Why, it's from Mr. Philpots. He says: —'My dear, good woman, I told you you should never lose by us, but I had not courage to give up the one thing that made life bearable to me until the last. That has come. I am dying, and I send you my violin. It is a treasure; no one knows its value but myself; if I leave it until after my death you would not get it. I did not think the end was so near. Heaven bless and prosper you!—Horace Philpots.'"

"Poor old man!" said Mrs. Garrett, "I thought he would not live long; you see I was not fooled by him,"

"No, I suppose he was honest enough, but I don't see what good this poor old fiddle is going to do us; it won't cure

Kitty, nor give her anything to eat if she does get better, which she will do, please God."

"No, but he sent us all he had, poor old man, and it was a treasure to him, so we will take care of it. One of the boys may take a notion to learn the fiddle when they get older."

So saying, she laid it carefully aside, and turned to her watch over Kitty, while Dick Garrett sat brooding over the fire.

"Kate," he said, at last, in a low tone, "do you think our stock of furniture would fetch fifty pounds? They've cost us a pretty sight more from time to time."

"Dick, don't think of selling them; they wouldn't bring twenty pounds, and our home would be gone."

"I would not think of selling them unless they would bring enough to take us to Canada or Australia; anywhere where a man can bring up his family decently, and not see his wife ground down with poverty and trying to make both ends meet."

"I should be sorry to leave dear old England, Dick."

"So should I, Kitty; I have no fault to find with England, only she's too full—a man hasn't a chance. I am not going because I want a republic or anything of that sort; it's a free enough country for me, and if I had the money to-morrow I should want to go where the old flag waves. Australia or Canada for me."

"Well, there is no chance of us going, so we need not talk about it."

"No, not much chance, worse luck!"

The next morning the anxious mother awaited the doctor's visit with anxiety. Kitty had awakened, conscious, in the night, and had gone off to sleep again; and they were indulging in strong hope of her getting better.

When Dr. Graham came and saw her, he said: "She'll come round now, with care, good nursing, and plenty of nourishment; her constitution had run down before she was attacked, poor child. I suppose you have had pretty hard times, Mrs. Garrett."

"Indeed we have, sir; no one knows how hard. You can't do much with twenty-five shillings a week, and thirty pounds a year rent, and no lodgers to speak of; for when we've got them they don't pay. The first floor ought to more than pay the rent, and here I have not had five pounds from it since last Christmas."

"Very sad, very sad! I wish I was a richer man myself a dozen times a day when I see cases like yours; but something must be done for this little lassie or she will sink, and we mean her to swim. However, I will send her a bottle of wine, and you must try and give her plenty of fresh eggs beaten up in milk, and beef tea."

Poor Mrs. Garrett looked almost despairingly as she thanked the good doctor gratefully for the wine, and silently wondered what they could sell or pawn to get nourishment for poor Kitty. Fresh eggs at Christmas! when eggs were so dear, and her illness, short as it had been, had cost so much that Dick had drawn his wages before they were due!

Dr. Graham had walked to the corner cupboard, where the violin was lying; he was an amateur of music, and so passionately fond of it that he was a real musician. He took up the instrument and looked at it keenly; then taking up the bow, he softly drew it across the strings, not to arouse Kitty.

"Where did you get this?" he asked, after examining it minutely.

Mrs. Garrett related to him how she became possessed of it.

"Will you sell it?"

"That I will, if it will fetch anything," she replied with alacrity, thinking if it only fetched half a crown it would buy proper food for Kitty.

"I have a friend who is fond of such things; I will show it him, and I think you may find a purchaser. I will take it at once."

"Oh, thank you, sir, I will call little Dickey to carry it for you."

"Oh, by no means; I will carry it myself."

And to her repeated entreaties he was deaf. He took the violin, handled it as tenderly as if it were a baby, and, much to Mrs. Garrett's mortification, carried it (for he was not rich enough to indulge in a carriage) himself.

When Dick came home in the evening, after telling him about Kitty, she said—

"Have you been able to get any money, Dick? We must have things to-night for Kitty. The doctor said he would send a bottle of wine; but he sent the medicine, and the boy said nothing, so I suppose he has forgotten it."

"I've got sixpence, that's all, and that I borrowed; but I've borrowed so often that men are shy of lending me."

"I know, Dick; but that will get beef-tea for Kitty: the other children can have bread and treacle for dinner to-morrow."

"Poor children," said Dick; "a pretty bad Christmas dinner for them!"

"Yes, and I've a pretty bad Christmas-eve supper for you—nothing but tea and dry bread. Do you remember the nice supper we always had that night, and what fun we used to have after? I am afraid those days will never come again. But what do you think, Dick? The doctor has a friend who is fond of old fiddles, and he has taken Mr. Philpots's; he thinks he will buy it. There! —the doctor's knock, I declare!"—she exclaimed, as a double knock sounded on the door.

Dick got up quickly, and in came the doctor, covered with snow, but looking bright and ruddy from his brisk walk in the frosty night air.

"You are not very merry here, friends, for Christmas-eve," said he, looking at Dick's bare tea and dry bread.

"Not very, sir," said Dick, "yet we're very thankful Kitty is better, and ought to be happy enough. Last night I thought if I could hear that news I should hardly wish for anything more, and here I am wishing the other poor children could have a good Christmas dinner," said Dick, ruefully.

"A very natural wish, I am sure. Well, here's the wine I promised you," said he, drawing a bottle from under his coat; "and now what do you think your fiddle is worth?"

"I don't know, I am sure. Do you, Dick?"

Dick looked perplexed; he felt he would not give half a crown for it himself, and yet he thought, as the doctor had taken so much trouble about it, it must be good, and might be worth five shillings, and he did not want to say too little.

"I don't know the value of such things myself, but if five shillings is too much I'll sell it for anything you think right."

"Well, your old lodger left you a little fortune, though you don't seem to know it. Your old fiddle is a genuine Cremona, and worth a great deal; my friend will give you a hundred pounds for it. Here is a cheque for the money, if you are satisfied; and as it is late, and you want your Christmas dinner, I will lend you a sovereign for to-night, and wish a merry Christmas to you."

He laid the sovereign and the cheque on the table, and giving a glance at his patient, he left the house before the astonished people could do anything but stammer their thanks and wonderment.

Such a merry Christmas-eve as the Garretts had! A fire was lighted in the kitchen, so that Kitty might not be disturbed, and all the children called up, while Dick went forth to make purchases. Such a supper of hot sausages as these extravagant people had after that, and then all hands helped mother to stone plums for the pudding—for of course there must be a Christmas pudding after such luck. And how they all admired the white down on the breast of the goose—a prodigious goose too; and then they wound up with a snapdragon. Such a merry party as they were, with only one saddening thought, that dear little Kitty was not able to share their fun. But next day, happy Christmas morning, Mrs. Garrett could not refrain from whispering to her: "I'll tell you some good news if you will ask no questions, and not excite yourself, Kitty darling."

Kitty smiled faintly, and her mother told her the news. "And now make haste and get well, my dear."

Need I say what a jolly day they spent; how they blessed Mr. Philpots, and how Dick enjoyed himself amid the uproarious fun of his children, in thinking of the great things that awaited them in another land?

He had only one trouble that day, and that was to decide which land it should be—Canada or Australia. Nor will it be necessary to state how good, simple Mrs. Garrett crowed over her astute neighbour, Mrs. Honey, who never lost anything by good-nature, and who had laughed and sneered at Mrs. Garrett's simplicity in being duped by the old man's story. "And actually to have treated him to a dinner! What could such soft people expect but to be poor?"

Such comments having been repeated to "soft" Mrs. Garrett, who can blame her if she exulted over her neighbour, even if one should not be uncharitable on the blessed Christmas Day?

PRAYER AND MODERN SCIENCE.

BY S. E. DAWSON, MONTREAL.

THE discussion concerning the value of Prayer, which three years ago broke out with so much vigour in England, has at last reached Canada, and Mr. Le Sueur, in his paper on Prayer and Modern Thought, has done no more than give utterance to doubts which are discomforting many minds. For although the present is often described as a materialistic age, it is also to a very great extent a theological one; and we cannot, if we would, escape in Canada the discussion of questions which are agitating the world. The stir of thought—at once the cause and the result of the material progress of this century—could not fail to bring up for reconsideration and even readjustment the grounds of our theological beliefs. If Mr. Le Sueur can adduce F. W. Newman as an instance of its set in one direction, Mr. Newman's brother, at the least no less learned and no less gifted, may be adduced as a proof of its current in another. The attention of practical statesmen is now occupied by religious questions to an extent unknown for centuries. Even in the unchanging East, where Mahometanism, Buddhism, and Brahmanism prevail, these systems are being profoundly agitated as their adherents are being attracted or repelled by the contact of Western civilization; while, on the other hand, Mahometan fatalism, Buddhistic nihilism, and Brahminical pantheism have gained many real though unacknowledged converts among the very *élite* of Western thinkers. What wonder then that such a discussion as the present should arise in a magazine like the CANADIAN MONTHLY, even in busy and practical Canada?

It seems strange that any who really hold with firm grasp a belief in the Christian system, should be alarmed at these questions being raised; because the counsel of the wise Gamaliel[1] is as applicable now as it was 1800 years ago. Let these new theories alone. If they are true they will live; but if not they will run their course and die. Repression is apt to give an adventitious vitality to error, and moreover a little reflection will show, that, in fact, *modern* thought has contributed nothing but a new shape to the old objections against prayer, because its triumphs being all in the domain of physical facts, it has not conquered metaphysics, but ignored them.

The *Nation*, while reviewing this question in its issue of August 26, asserts with confidence that "Butler's Analogy, though a work of immense merit, is based upon an assumption which is now generally acknowledged to be fallacious." From this proposition of the *Nation* the present writer most profoundly dissents; and that he does so with reason will appear by an attentive perusal of Tyndall's celebrated address at Belfast. In that much misrepresented address, the Professor singles out Bishop Butler as the one antagonist worthy of special attention. He states his opponent's arguments with candour and clearness, and carries on at considerable length a lively imaginary discussion. But so far is he from supposing that he has answered the Bishop's arguments, that he confesses the battle a drawn one, in these emphatic words, "I hold the Bishop's reasoning to be unanswerable and his liberality to be worthy of imitation."[2] Can anything be more reasonable than the proposition that,[3] inasmuch as nature and revelation proceed from the one Divine Being, similar difficulties are likely to present themselves in both systems? Or why should we demand an absolute mathematical certainty in religious matters when we are content to transact the whole practical business of life upon evidence of a much less degree of certainty? Would it be in accor-

---

(1) Acts v. 38.

(2) Tyndall—Address before the British Association at Belfast.

(3) Butler's Analogy of Religion—Introduction.

dance with practical wisdom to sit down and refuse to work because I have no proof that I, or any one I care for, will be alive next year? The precise point, however, in which I differ from Mr. Le Sueur is this—that taking into consideration the recent discoveries of science, and especially those in chemistry and physics, I find it much more easy to conceive the possibility and the probability of Divine answers to prayer than under those theories of matter which were previously held.

The result of recent speculation and research is to consider matter as consisting of atoms uniform in size but differing in weight; and as acted on by forces which, though seemingly diverse, are in reality one. The atoms, so far as we at present know, are of sixty-three kinds.[1] These are the elementary substances; but we are carefully warned that this name is merely provisional: because, with increasing knowledge, we shall doubtless be able still further to contract the number of elements. Chlorine, bromine, and iodine are doubtless forms of a simpler substance. Silicon and boron have also a remarkable similarity in chemical properties. Carbon is a very Proteus, taking on three shapes, different as lampblack is from diamond, and yet remaining essentially the same. Thus we are led to the opinion that all our present elementary bodies are compounds of one universal substance. Even hydrogen, the lightest known element, and the one to which the weights of all the others are referred, is supposed to be compound. The scientist, reaching out by the spectroscope to the sun and stars, discovers the lines of a substance lighter than hydrogen which the dissociating power of intense heat has been able to separate. This, Dumas (by what Tyndall so happily calls the scientific imagination)[2] conjectures to be one-fourth the weight of hydrogen, by this means finding a unit of which all other substances will be exact multiples; and reducing within the limits of errors of observation all the fractions in the atomic weights of our present elements to whole numbers. Thus modern thought tends to the conception of ultimate atoms of one kind, which, by uniting in different proportions, constitute the immense diversity of the universe—a theory very probable when we reflect that all organic chemistry is merely a register of the metamorphoses of the compounds of carbon.

While our idea of matter is in this way tending towards unity, the unity of the physical forces which control it has been for the most part demonstrated. Not many years have passed since heat and electricity were fluids, and light was something material. Now they are resolved into modes of motion or force, visible sometimes in the effects of light and heat; but often invisible in electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity, and attraction. These forces are all imponderable, and act by means of a universal imponderable and invisible medium—the luminiferous ether—which, although its existence cannot be demonstrated, is yet firmly believed to be the vehicle of the forces which act upon the passive atoms in causing their vibrations and combinations. In this manner we are led to conceive how the visible, the material, and the ponderable is dominated and controlled by the invisible, the imponderable, and the immaterial.

But although we may receive the hypothesis because it best explains the greatest number of observed facts, we must remember that it is not a demonstrated, but only a highly probable theory. No one has yet seen, much less weighed or measured, an atom or a molecule. Chemists talk of atomic weights, but these are merely relative weights referred to hydrogen as the most convenient standard. They even go further, and draw diagrams representing atoms by little circles, and affinities by little connecting dashes, but this is simply a graphic method of classifying and remembering chemical reactions and chemical compounds; and while grateful for the assistance it affords us, and by no means denying its objective truth, we must not, to use Sterry Hunt's words, "confound the image with the thing itself." Hunt indeed has gone so far as to say, in his address before the assembled chemists at the centennial of Priestley's discovery of oxygen, "the atomic hypothesis, by the aid of which Dalton sought to explain his great generalizations, has done good service in chemistry, as the Newtonian theory of light did in optics, but it is already[3] losing its

---

(1) Lucretius taught that the atoms were of a limited number, of different shapes, and possessed the property of very rapid motion. Excepting in shape all atoms were alike.

(2) Sterry Hunt—Address at the Centennial of Chemistry, 1874.

(3) American Chemist, vol. 5.

hold on many advanced thinkers in our science."

Wherever we turn, then, we are met by mystery. "Every science commences in the unknown, and builds upon some unprovable postulate."[1] How can the scientist turn upon a believer in the Christian theory of life with a sneer of superiority? If in his inner consciousness the Christian finds the doctrine of Jesus of Nazareth suited best to what he feels to be the demands of his higher nature, in what is he more unreasonable than the chemist who clings to the atomic theory until he finds another which better accounts for the facts he observes? When the physicist can measure an aspiration, or the chemist analyse an affection, it will be time enough to accept physical methods in the domain of thought, and to receive physical dogmas in that metaphysical region which underlies and transcends the visible forms of matter.

Complaints there have been enough, and with reason too, of the dogmatism and intolerance of theologians in the past; but at the present time the dogmatism seems to be with the philosophers. There is a satisfaction in looking at the Papal Syllabus and remembering that, excepting in three or four points, the clergymen who have successively occupied the chair of Peter have, for a few centuries at least, shown a tolerable degree of unanimity; but the air of dogmatic certainty with which men like Professor Clifford talk to crowded assemblies concerning the gyrations of atoms, and illustrate the "bumping"[2] and "hitting" of these "invisible somethings" against each other by means of fiddles and billiard balls and bells fastened to elastic frames of whalebone, tries one's faith very much. And when he proceeds to pass sentence of intellectual excommunication, and even to use coarse[3] language to those who do not at once swallow the conclusions which he announces as the result of modern thought, one's patience is still more tried. Here we have just arrived at a theory which Democritus reached on *a priori* grounds twenty-five hundred years ago; and yet words seem to fail Professor Clifford in expressing his contempt[4] for those who cling to the belief in God and immortality upon *a priori* evidence. If the anatomist fails with the dissecting knife to find the soul; and if the astronomer with his highest power cannot discover God, does it therefore follow that these have no existence? One longs for some of the Greek culture also, seeing that we are borrowing the Greek physics. Professor Clifford is not noted for his original researches, and we do not grudge him any such Thersites-like contributions to scientific rhetoric. In the company of men like Leibnitz, Davy, Newton, Kepler, or Faraday, even intellectual excommunication becomes tolerable; and if we prefer the religious imagination of Augustine to the scientific imagination of Tyndall, we must only plead with the Cliffords in the words of Job, when his friends were trying to argue him out of his consciousness, "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom will die with you; but I have understanding as well as you; I am not inferior to you; yea, who knows not such things as these?"[5] We must appeal from the assumptions of such philosophers to those who are called, by Bishop Magee, "the true high-priests of science;" to those "who, in the inmost shrine of her temple, stand, ever reverently, with bowed heads, before a veil of mystery which they know they can neither lift nor rend, and yet through which they feel there ever streams a hidden and inscrutable, yet mighty power—a veil behind which they know there is a light whose source they cannot reach to, and yet whose rays are still the light of all their life."[6]

In Prof. Tyndall's celebrated presidential address, our obligations to Leucippus, Democritus, and Lucretius are candidly acknowledged. He omitted, however, to mention another ancient master of thought—Heraclitus—who, at the same early period, anticipated another of the currently received products of modern thought. Modern science has brought his philosophy into clearer light, and shown his precise meaning when he compared the universe to a river, the particles of which flow away, and never continue for an instant in one stay.

---

(1) Ribot—English Psychology.

(2) Prof. Clifford, on Atoms—Manchester Science Lectures, Nov. 1872.

(3) Clifford, on the Unseen Universe. Fortnightly Review, June, 1875.

(4) Fortnightly Review, June, 1875.

(5) Job xii. 1,

(6) Sermon at Norwich on the occasion of the meeting of the British Association.

The theory of the incessant mobility of this world, to our senses so stable and permanent, is startling and attractive:

"The journeying atoms,
Primordial wholes,
Firmly draw, firmly drive
By their animate poles."[1]

Take, for instance, a mass of iron, apparently so dense; it is in reality a porous mass—an aggregation of molecules not in absolute contact, but each separated from the other by the luminiferous ether which is, as before stated, the vehicle of the imponderable forces. These molecules are never quiescent, but vibrate with greater or less rapidity as the ceaseless ever-changing forces flow around them. Some of these vibrations affect our senses as heat—some as light—others as sound; but besides these, there are chemical, electric, and magnetic forces vibrating incessantly, not only through our frames, but through the solid earth, with rapidity as inconceivable as that with which the force generated at one end of a telegraph cable transmits molecular disturbance to the other side of the world, and returns in its circuit through the solid earth. Every moment, as the rays of the sun fall with accelerating or diminishing force at morning, noon, or evening, at midsummer or midwinter, our globe shudders to its very core under the ever-changing influences of the forces impinging upon its surface. Our senses give no evidence of this; in fact, the most potent rays of the sun are the invisible chemical rays, which vibrate too swiftly to be detected by our eyes. The light rays are visible down to a certain state of vibration, when they fade from the spectrum; but because we cannot see them, we do not argue that rays of a lower rapidity do not exist. Our ears are adapted for atmospheric vibrations, but only within limited bounds. Many sounds are too shrill, and many too low in pitch to be heard; just as a schoolboy's top, when it spins most rapidly, is said in schoolboy parlance to fall asleep. And not the physical forces alone, but the so-called vital forces, contribute to the incessant clash and clang of atoms. Professor Huxley, pondering upon the circulation in the protoplasm of a nettle, says: "The wonderful silence of a tropical forest is, after all, due only to the dulness of our hearing; and could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny maelstroms, as they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned as with the roar of a great city."[2] This passage is a beautiful illustration of the play of the scientific imagination. It recalls the vivid language of an Irish emigrant who, writing to his hesitating friends at home, declared that in the West he could hear on a still evening the potatoes growing; and indeed the Irishman might be thankful that his ears were not actually as quick as his wit, for an acre of busy plants like potato plants, in the agonies of protoplasmic maelstroms, would be more than human flesh and blood could survive. "Science," says Professor Clifford (who, after all, is the one infallible fountain of knowledge), "is organized common sense."[3] Now, we do not wish to express any doubt concerning protoplasmic noises, but would humbly submit that "common sense" does not bear witness to them, and that the currently received belief concerning religious matters is vastly more credible. But, after all, when we wish to describe this outcome of modern thought, we prefer Heraclitus: "The truth of the universe is not Being, but Becoming—it is not a fixed and abiding existence, but a fluxional and ever-changing process—this it is in the estimation of reason. To the senses, indeed, it appears, or much of it appears, to be permanent and at rest. The process of Becoming seems frequently to the senses to have subsided into Being. But the report of the senses is not to be trusted; they are bad evidences of the truth. Reason alone reveals to us the truth, and declares that the truth for all intellect is, that the universe is a process of Becoming, and not a system of Being."[4] "Science," says the infallible Professor Clifford, "has at last aroused herself, and has something to say upon metaphysical questions."[5] Yes, she is endeavouring to arrive by physical methods at the *a priori* deductions of two thousand five hundred years ago. To borrow the words of Dumas: "Dalton was the son of Leucippus, and the ideas of Faraday, concerning matter, atoms,

---

(1) Emerson.—The Sphinx.

(2) Huxley—Physical Basis of Life.

(3) Fortnightly Review—On Body and Mind.

(4) Prof. Ferrier—Lectures on Greek Philosophy.

(5) Fortnightly Review—Body and Mind.

force and motion, were those of a Greek philosopher."[1]

Availing himself of the subtle laws which govern the changes of matter, the chemist daily advances the outposts of science and conquers new territory. He imitates in his laboratory the slower processes of nature, and produces compounds heretofore supposed to be producible by the vital powers of plants and animals alone. He builds up synthetically such substances as indigo, madder, urea, taurine, and he acquaints us by analysis with the ultimate composition of the albumen which, under its new name protoplasm, is, according to Professor Huxley, the physical basis of life. The chemist can put together, in due proportion, these elements, and can construct protoplasm ; but it is dead protoplasm, and the mysterious powers of contractility and reproduction are wanting. It is vain to attempt to bridge by a phrase the gulf between life and death, and to explain that "vitality is a property of protoplasm as aquosity is of water;"[2] or, again, that the brain secretes thought. The physiologists delude us with words while they evade the difficulty. What is that mysterious something which exists in living protoplasm, but not in the chemically identical dead protoplasm ; that something of which we can see the effects but cannot tell whence it comes or whither it goes. The chemist answers that he does not know. Let us turn a moment from the complacent omniscience of the Cliffords to the venerable Dumas, the life-long friend of Faraday, chosen for his eminent attainments to deliver the first commemorative Faraday Lecture before the Chemical Society of London. What any man knows or has known upon this point he knows ; for he is discoverer of the substitution method, and organic chemistry has been the glory and the labour of his life. He tells us "the chemist has never manufactured anything which, near or distant, was susceptible even of the appearance of life. As soon as he approaches life he is disarmed."[3] Again, "Is the intimate nature of matter known to us? No! Do we know the nature of the force which regulates the movements of the heavenly bodies and of atoms? No! Do we know the nature of the principle of life? No! In such questions the ignorant would fain believe they know everything—the philosopher is aware that he knows nothing. The ignorant do not hesitate to deny everything ; the philosopher has the right and courage to believe everything. He can point with his finger to the abyss which separates him from those great mysteries—universal attraction which controls matter—life, which is the source of organization, and thought. Life is still the continuance of life, its origin is hidden from us as well as its end. We have never witnessed the beginning of life. We have never seen how it terminates."[4]

Has *modern thought*, then, contributed any certain addition to our knowledge concerning God, the soul, life, or the real nature of matter? No! These mysteries are as insoluble to science as ever. Theories we have in abundance, many plausible, many highly probable, but theories they still remain. "God," says Pascal, "is a hidden God"[5]—nature conceals Him, and offers us only secondary causes. He is declared by revelation to be a Spiritual Being, and His relations to us can be apprehended only by our spirits. But the Sadducees of the *Fortnightly* deny spirit, and God, and metaphysics, contrary to the evidence of the universal consciousness of mankind. This denial they call science, but it is nothing more than *nescience;* and they call upon us to give up the light of our life and follow the Jack-o'-Lantern glimmering of a bumptious and conceited Cliffordism.

In Canada these questions have not been raised by people who assert the eternity of matter. The existence of a Creator is admitted ; but with FIDELIS, He is a God who arranges answers to prayer a long time ago by His foreknowledge, and with Mr. Le Sueur He is the God of Epicurus sitting in blissful indifference upon the outside of His universe, as Carlyle says, "an absentee God."[6] But is it not after all an anthropomorphism to apply to an eternal and purely spiritual Being those forms of thought—space and time—which are necessitated by our life in this world? God reveals Himself as the "I AM,"[7] and to Him time and space are

---

(1) Faraday Lecture.

(2) Huxley—Physical Basis of Life.

(3) Dumas—First Faraday Lecture before the Chemical Society.

(4) Dumas—Faraday Lecture.

(5) Pensées.

(6) Sartor Resartus.

(7) John ix. 59.

no more applicable than the physical attributes of eyes and arms. These we need as props for our thoughts; but can it be right to project such a purely human notion as foreknowledge into the infinite present? Even to ourselves. what is time when in sleep and in dreams our senses are quiescent? A man falls asleep and dreams of events stretching out over a lifetime—he carries on great enterprises—passes through labours and anxieties, and awakes to find that he has been asleep for a few minutes. The moment of waking was the moment of dreaming, and all these sensations have occupied but the time of a lightning flash. Those who have been near death by drowning can testify to a similar detachment from time. This theory of FIDELIS seems to put God very far away from us in time, while Mr. Le Sueur seems to remove Him far away in space, and tied up to what is called "law," but what in reality is a certain sequence which by observation we conclude to be invariable. But what if we conceive that law is the will of God acting through nature as we know that the will of man acts through his physical frame; and what if the unchanging will of God be that His creatures calling upon Him in His appointed way shall always receive aid; such aid could easily reach us in a way indistinguishable from the usual course of nature. Our ideas of a personal God are so bound up with the limitations of body and matter that the omnipresence of God is apt to escape us, and in seeking to avoid Pantheism we fall into the opposite extreme. St. Paul does not confound God with the universe when he says, "In Him we live and move and have our being."[1] In like manner St. Augustine, "Do the heaven and the earth then contain Thee since Thou fillest them? Or dost Thou fill them and yet overflow, since they do not contain Thee? and whither when the heaven and the earth are filled pourest Thou forth the remainder of Thyself? or hast Thou no need that aught contain Thee who containest all things since what Thou fillest Thou fillest by containing it? Most hidden yet most present—unchangeable yet all changing—never new, never old—ever working, ever at rest."[2] This conception of God helps us in prayer—a God indwelling in nature, whose will is the "*natura naturans*," and whose vesture is the "*natura naturata*." The same thought is indicated in Psalm 102: "Of old hast Thou laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall perish but Thou shalt endure. Yea, all of them shall wax old as a garment, and as a vesture Thou shalt change them, and they shall be changed, but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail." This is enlarged upon by Carlyle, who quotes from the Earth Spirit in Goethe's Faust:—

> "In beings flood, in action's storm,
> I walk and work, above beneath;
> Work and weave, in endless motion,
> Birth and death,
> An infinite ocean.
> A seizing and giving
> The fire of living.
> 'Tis thus at the roaring loom of time I ply,
> And weave for God the garment thou seest
> Him by!"

But we can see nothing but the garment. With our delicate physical instruments we can discover physical things only, and yet St. Paul says that He is all the while very near to each one of us.[3]

The secret of the unrest of the present day is the craving for a certainty in religious matters which the very idea of man as a free moral agent forbids. For if spiritual truth could be certainly demonstrated there could be no moral discipline. And moreover, in what better position is mathematical truth than religious truth? All mathematical science is contained in axioms, definitions, and postulates, which are assumed without proof, and out of these everything is deduced. If it be said that these axioms are intuitively perceived to be true, then we would also invoke the intuitive perceptions of the whole human race which in all ages and in all countries has offered up prayer and sacrifice. We have, in fact, much more certainty for our religious belief than we have in the affairs of every-day life, as has been most conclusively shown by Bishop Butler.[4] Beyond doubt we can get no certainty of truth in Materialism; for it is utterly unable to account for human misery, pain, and death. Comte, towards the close of his life, saw the inadequacy of his system, and to complete it invented

---

(1) Acts xvii. 28.

(2) St. Augustine's Confessions, Book 1.

(3) Acts xvii. 27.

(4) Analogy of Religion, Part II.

what he called the religion of humanity, with saints and saints' days, and priesthood; spiritualizing in some way his dead mistress, at whose grave he was even wont to spend many hours in prayer or worship. Before the dread mystery of death Materialism is powerless. as Figuier has well shown in his erratic book, "The To-morrow of Death." His son, a young man of great promise, fell in the late German war bravely fighting for France. The father, who was devotedly attached to him, felt his philosophy reeling under the blow. He could not believe that that special aggregation of molecules which he had reared and tended from infancy—which gave such brilliant promise for the future—was shattered and dissipated for ever. Life to him was a mockery, if his philosophy were true; and so he invented a system strangely compounded of modern science and the doctrine of Metempsychosis, which will restore to him in some distant planet that son whose death has overshadowed his remaining years. Philosophers like Tyndall are ready to admit the uncertainty of their most cherished theories. He claims only a high degree of probability for the luminiferous ether as theory,[1] but when we want absolute certainty it is to Prof. Clifford we must turn. "The luminiferous ether," says that oracle, "has been taken from the region of hypothesis into that of fact."[2]

There are certain facts, however, in the consciousness of every human being which are known with a certainty passing all demonstration. Among these are the facts of our continuous identity and of our self-determining will. The axioms of Euclid do not come home to us so closely as these, for the learned and the ignorant alike bear witness to them. If science be common sense, the recognition of these facts is common to mankind everywhere and in all ages. Even a Buddhist, necessitarian in most things though he be, sets to work to redeem himself from the world of matter by patient endurance, prayer, and works of mercy; never doubting the power of his will to achieve what he considers his own salvation. Every man feels and knows that he possesses a will which is his own—he knows that up to certain limits he can produce, or abstain from producing, physical results—that he can overcome and modify the laws of nature up to the limit of his strength and knowledge—that he can influence other wills, and, in conjunction with them, build cities, and by planting, draining, and cultivating, modify climate and change the face of nature. We are aware that Buckle and his school deny this, and that some physiologists are now weaving theories based on certain facts of what is called unconscious cerebration: but we may safely assert that a doctrine so utterly repugnant to common knowledge and experience as the supposition that men are merely automata, whose actions are all reflex and determined by the stimulus of the outer world, will always remain among the curiosities of speculation. This freedom of the will is the greatest mystery of our lives: but because we cannot understand it, is it reasonable to endeavour to round off our systems of philosophy by denying its existence? We see it every day influencing the actions of men—the very instinct of self-preservation goes down before it. Millions of armed men in Europe now stand waiting to exterminate each other at a signal from some five or six of their fellow-creatures, and do not hesitate to brave mutilation or destruction in a quarrel with which they have no immediate concern. To the present day we feel the influence of Cæsar and of Charlemagne, and their wills were ofttimes influenced by apparently slight causes. Kinglake tells us that the Russian war was decided upon at a sleepy council, and was mainly the result of the will of one man; but what great results and how many lives hung on that decision!

As the collective wills of men effect great physical changes, so each individual will is able, up to a certain extent, to control or suspend the laws of nature. The vital forces override the lower laws of chemical affinity and compel the elements to take on beautiful but unstable forms of leaf and flower, or of flesh and blood. What that force is we know not; but we know that the moment it ceases to act the laws of affinity resume their sway.

On a still higher plane moves the force of the will, which, calling to its aid the inventive powers, compels the lightning to deliver its messages, and the sea and the

---

(1) Tyndall—Lectures at New York, January, 1873.

(2) Clifford—Manchester Science Lecture on Atoms, December, 1872.

winds to bear its burdens. It can arrest the law of gravitation, as when we stop the motion of a falling body; and that law will not resume its action until the superior force is withdrawn. Now, although the power of gravitation is overcome immediately by the expenditure of the nerve and tissue treasured up by vital force, yet, in the last analysis, it is the strength of the unseen, spiritual will which acts upon and expends that infinitesimal portion of organized material which performs the act.

In this world of mobile matter, dominated by unseen and imponderable forces, there is then a spiritual factor, the human will, which, up to the limits of its power, continually introduces new series of causation. We do not call this force supernatural or miraculous, because it is usual; nor do we ever stop to wonder that things so different as will and matter can have any relation at all to each other. Now, when we once conceive of the will acting upon the outer world, the difference between a weight of 50 pounds and one of 500 is a difference of degree alone. The human will, acting through the muscles, has at its command only a small number of foot-pounds of force; but, acting through its other faculties, it rends mountains by nitro-glycerine, and raises a Menai bridge by hydraulic pressure.

It is just at this point where human notions concerning God choke our faith in miracle and prayer; for both stand or fall together. It is nothing wonderful to us if men continually introduce into the world new causes with their subsequent series: that we think to be natural; but the moment we imagine God's will acting we call that supernatural, and say it is inconceivable. "My Father worketh hitherto and I work," said Jesus. It is because we persist in applying to God the limitations which hedge in our own personalities that we call God's action supernatural instead of superhuman. The word supernatural is one of these misleading theory-involving words which should be banished from our vocabularies. It takes for granted that God made the world and wound it up, like an eight-day clock, and sits, to use Carlyle's words, "outside His universe, seeing it go."[1] God is the central power of the universe, and the sum of all its forces is in His will. Therefore nature exists in Him, and His being constitutes its order. All nature is miraculous; and if God were to hasten the operation of His laws, or to do something in our view contrary to them, it would still be in the order of nature.[2] A miracle, says Bishop Butler, may be something different from the course of nature as known, but in harmony with it as unknown; or, as Henry Rogers puts it, the difference between the natural and the supernatural is relative, not essential. In his chapter on Natural Supernaturalism, Carlyle makes this very clear: "But is not a real miracle a violation of the laws of nature? ask several. Whom, I answer by this new question—What are the laws of nature? To me, perhaps, the rising of one from the dead were no violation of these laws, but a confirmation; some far deeper law, now first penetrated into, and by spiritual force, even as the rest have all been, brought to bear upon us with its material force. But is it not the deepest law of nature that she be constant? cries an illuminated class; is not the machine of the universe fixed to move by unalterable rules? Probable enough, good friends; nay, even I too must believe that the God whom ancient inspired men assert to be without variableness or shadow of turning, does indeed never change; that nature, that the universe, which no one whom it so pleases can be prevented from calling a machine, does move by the most unalterable rules. And now of you, too, I make the old inquiry, what those same unalterable rules, forming the complete statute-book of nature, may possibly be?" This is the precise difficulty—we require the complete statute-book. Meantime, these theories of the unity and mobility of matter, of the unity of force under all its forms, and its dominion over matter, help us much in conceiving the *rationale* of miracles, and in indicating the line where spiritual force and material force may easily be supposed to meet. How many answers to prayer may we not have had which we do not recognize? They come in natural channels; we are assisted we know not how. Some obscure turn in our affairs, originating in an apparent chance; some occult change occurring when life struggles with death, and one or two more pulsations of the heart may carry us through the critical moment; some slight impulse of the mind influencing a

---

(1) Sartor Resartus.

(2) Rev. John Hunt—Essay on Pantheism.

decision ; some flash of light thrown on a difficult path ; some strengthening impulse supporting us through wearisome duty ; these and such like may and do occur, and whence the hidden impulse comes who can tell? Let us look again into Arthur Clough's poems, and on the very page where the poem quoted by Mr. Le Sueur ends, we find :—

"It may be true
That while we walk the troublous tossing sea,
And when we see the o'ertopping waves advance,
And when we feel our feet beneath us sink,
There are who walk beside us ; and the cry
That rises so spontaneous to the lips,
The 'Help us or we perish,' is not nought,
An evanescent spectrum of disease.
It may be that in deed, and not in fancy,
A hand that is not ours upstays our steps,
A voice that is not ours commands the waves ;
Commands the waves and whispers in our ear,
O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt?
At any rate,
That there are Beings above us, I believe;
And when we lift up holy hands of prayer,
I will not say they will not give us aid."

We have endeavoured to show that there is no antecedent difficulty from the side of science, and especially from the discoveries, apart from the theories, of modern scientists, which might have prevented Arthur Clough from speaking with more certainty. May we not go farther, and, on the authority of the Great Teacher, say that faith has always the power to call forth the fitting sequence, as the touch of the diseased woman drew forth from Him the hidden virtue?[1] The crowd thronged round Him and pressed Him on every side, but only one touched Him,[2] and, quick and certain as the hidden spark, flashed out the power responsive to that touch of faith. No special volition is indicated by the narrative on the part of Christ, for He turned to ask and see who touched Him ; and this incident would lead us to believe that the will of God concerning prayer is as invariable a spiritual law as the law of gravitation is in the outer world. Like any other law, however, its conditions must be complied with.

It is too often the case that in matters of prayer it is not aid that we ask for, but some special thing upon which our minds are set, and to obtain which we seek to employ omnipotent power. Failing to receive the answer we wish, we become discontented, whereas in fact we had not complied with the conditions of the law or promise. To ascertain these conditions we must go to revelation, for science is utterly nescient here. St. James, upon some of whose sayings this discussion has chiefly turned, urges the example[3] of Elijah, whose prayers were so efficient at a critical time in the history of Israel. But did Elijah pray to glorify himself, and was his career so prosperous that many would envy him even with all his wonderful powers? Almost single-handed he struggled for the truth, while day by day his countrymen sank deeper in the degrading worship of the Phœnician Baal. If he prayed that the windows of heaven might be closed, it was in order that disaster and famine might teach the lesson which abundance could not teach. When on the height of Carmel the truth he loved beyond life triumphed, the rain he prayed for was not for his own glory. He did not pray for his own advancement when, broken in courage and despairing, he fled to the desert, but that death might release him from his labours. He was not answered in the terms of his prayer, but strength was given him to perform what remained to be done.[4]

Then, again, the prayers of Christ, were they ever for His own necessities? We are told that in the wilderness He refused to exercise His miraculous powers for His own sustenance.[5] Only once, and that in His bitterest agony, He prayed for Himself : "Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from me."[6] His prayer was answered, but not in its terms, for "there appeared an angel strengthening Him." Surely here we have an insight into the law of prayer.

St. James probably gives the key to many of our disappointments. "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your pleasures."[7] Now, if (as Bishop Butler has shown to be very probable) this world is a school for a future state, it may very well happen that there is no law of the universe by which we shoul

---

(1) Mark v. 25.

(2) Archbishop Trench—Notes on the Miracles.

(3) James v. 17.

(4) I. Kings, xix.

(5) Matt. iv. 3.

(6) Luke xxii. 42.

(7) James iv. 3. The word "pleasures" is in the margin the word "lusts" has undergone a modification of meaning since the Bible was translated.

be rich or influential, or even that we should have any special situation we may consider ourselves fit for. We must believe that the lower exists for the sake of the higher, and the material world for the sake of the moral world ; and if it could be shown that the advancement of any person would tend to diminish the moral confusion which exists in the world, or even to the moral elevation of that particular person, we could believe that it would be a legitimate subject for prayer. A traveller in Madagascar once overheard a native praying to his god in this fashion—" Ye are gods—give me money—give me slaves—give me oxen—give me to be carried about like this Englishman."[1] This was only, after all, asking for servants and horses. Perhaps the prayers we are disappointed about come nearer to the Madagascan's than to Elijah's. It was a beautiful fancy of the old alchemists, many of whom were deeply religious men, that no one ever attained to the Hermetic knowledge until his passions had been subdued and his soul purified by the long research, so that the philosopher needed not the gold and cared not for the life—the gifts of the precious elixir—but allowed the secret to die with him, lest it should bring more confusion into the world. " When Socrates prayed, his petition was only this, that the gods would give him those things that were good. And this he did, forasmuch as they alone knew what was good for man. But he who should ask for gold or silver, or increase of dominion, acted not, in his opinion, more wisely than one who should pray for the opportunity to fight, or game, or anything of the like nature ; the consequence of which, being altogether doubtful, might turn out, for aught he knew, to his disadvantage."[2] This part of the question may be summed in this saying : " If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him."[3] The prayer then may not be fruitless because it transcends the physical order, but because it clashes with the moral order.

No doubt we are told to pray for our daily bread, but that may not mean any particular style of living which we consider suited to our deserts. The son of Agar used to pray, " Feed me with food convenient for me."[4] Our ideas of what is convenient or suitable to our station are apt to keep extending. We are placed in this world, and our daily bread is necessary for us, as well as health and vigour, to carry on our daily work. The rain and the sunshine benefit the farmer in the first instance only—they are necessary to the seedtime and harvest, which supply the food of all. These and such like things falling in the range of the Divine order, we may consider to be legitimate subjects of prayer. When, however, we find that labour irksome which God has enjoined on us all, and we strive by speculation, " corners," or any other devices of " modern thought " to escape it ; when we seek to shirk through the world, consuming and wasting the products of others' labour, while we contribute nothing to the common stock ; we must expect in time to suffer from the confusion we create. Even if our fortunes are at hazard, and immediate ruin impends, we cannot expect superhuman aid to prop up the mischievous inventions of mankind. God is a God of order in the moral as well as the physical world ; and when we say " Thy kingdom come," we mean the reduction of all human will to the Divine order.

Our wills are ours—we know not how ;
Our wills are ours—to make them Thine.[5]

Prayer should run in the lines of the moral order, which is the meaning of the words " Thy will be done."

" Modern thought " might now ask—but what absolute proof have we then of the objective value of prayer ? Apart from revelation, the theories concerning it are deductive ; whereas the boast of modern science is its inductive method. Now, seeing that all the recently adopted theories of the universe were arrived at deductively, and propounded 2,500 years ago, such a remark comes with very ill grace. However, we are told by brilliant lecturers and essayists of sounds no one has ever heard—of motions no one has ever felt —of atoms no one has ever seen—of a material ether extending to the remotest bounds of the universe, so attenuated that it encircles every atom, and so potent that it can convey for 92 millions of miles the force which causes the solid earth to quiver with

---

(1) Mission Life, Volume for 1868, p. 606.

(2) Xenophon. Memorabilia of Socrates. 1-3.

(3) Matthew vii. 11.

(4) Proverbs xxx. 8.

(5) Tennyson—In Memoriam. Introduction.

imperceptible vibration; and yet when we speak of that immediate and axiomatic intuition by which the human mind everywhere arrives, and has always arrived, at the existence of God and the importance and practice of prayer, we are compassionately told that "science knows nothing of such things." Can any one with candid mind go over those old-world cathedrals, where the religious aspirations of our forefathers have crystallised into forms of solemn beauty, pointing upwards with their myriad spires, and not feel that any system which "knows nothing of such things," knows nothing of the master springs which move human action, and is blind to facts a million-fold more certain than the luminiferous ether?

The geologist, searching out the rocky archives of far-distant ages, sees in the large eyes of the trilobite conclusive evidence of the existence of light. He believes that God would not have created these eyes without the light to correspond; or, if he rejects this idea of creation, he knows that such eyes could not have been developed in Silurian ages excepting under the stimulus of clear skies and bright sunshine. By a like process of induction we argue, that as the need, the practice, and the faculty of prayer, have existed in the human mind at all times and under all conditions, that either the creation of this faculty by God, or its development by the operation of law, equally bear witness to a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering Deity.

These facts of consciousness are more immediately certain than any other class of facts. It is laid down by Mill, "as a truth obvious in itself and admitted by all whom it is at present necessary to take into consideration, that of the outward world we know, and can know, absolutely nothing, except the sensations which we experience from it."[1] If this be so, why should science, whose arena is in the outer world, pass into the sphere of metaphysics, and dogmatize upon subjects it cannot possibly know anything about? It deals, and can deal, only with physical phenomena. Concerning the realities which underlie the phenomena it is as ignorant now as ever. Go where we will, an ocean of mystery flows around the ground of our knowledge.

> "But what am I?
> An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry.[2]

From mystery we pass to mystery, flashing into consciousness in this world like motes through a sunbeam. These thoughts of God—these intuitive efforts of prayer—are they the memory of a life which is past, or the dim presage of a life to come? We know only that we possess them; and we believe that the Great Being who made the universe is not mocking us—that He is not tormenting us with hopes never to be realised, with objectless aspirations never to be attained. That calm repose upon the unseen, that consciousness of an ever-present, all-wise, loving Father, ever working and ever using human wills as His instruments in gradually reducing all humanity to the Divine order; that actual experience of superhuman aid which we feel in our higher moods, and which, more or less, are ever present with us;—if these are merely dreams of a disordered mind, then life is a mockery, and a wise man would, like Lucretius. refuse to live under such conditions, and, like him, would evade the malignant world-power by resigning a life so vain. We would not, like Mr. Le Sueur, turn to Shelley as a guide. Beautiful though his poetry may be, his shattered and wasted life has few attrac, tions. We would rather turn to Tennyson and say:—

> "More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of.
> For what are men better than sheep or goats,
> That nourish a blind life within the brain,
> If knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
> Both for themselves and those who call them
> friend?
> For so the whole round earth is every way
> Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."[3]

---

(1) John Stuart Mill—System of Logic.

(2) Tennyson—In Memoriam, p. 53.

(3) Tennyson—Morte d'Arthur.

MODERN CULTURE AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY LAON.

I AM glad to find that the tone and method of my last article* were alike satisfactory to the Rev. Mr. Grant. I wish I could record my own opinion that he, upon his side, had discussed the questions at issue between us as seriously and methodically as the public were led to expect he would do, when he so impressively warned the publishers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY that, if they allowed such articles as LAON'S to appear, they must be prepared to grant ample space for their refutation. "We must be allowed space," said the reverend gentleman in the September number, "to show the reasonableness of our faith and its consistency with all true modern thought, and it is impossible to do so in anything like the space that is necessary for an assumption." It is a singular comment on this very formal and warlike declaration, to find the author of it, on taking the field a second time, contenting himself with an article of *four* pages in reply to one of *nine*, and then bidding farewell to the controversy. One cannot but ask, was the Rev. Mr. Grant really prepared for a thorough discussion of these burning questions, or were these "*prave 'orts*" intended only to deter the publishers of the Magazine from giving place in future to articles written from the stand-point of free-thought? The latter is the conclusion to which the facts would seem to lead. Let us, however, proceed to examine, as briefly as possible, those points upon which the facts or arguments contained in my last article have been controverted.

It is alleged that I do not understand the language of the Bible, nor yet that of Mr. Moody. Now herein is a marvellous thing, that the language of a book given—so we are told—as a revelation to all mankind, and the language of one of the most popular expositors of Bible truth, a man celebrated for the directness and simplicity of his speech, should alike be misapprehended by a person acknowledged not to be a "bungler," and acquitted of any intentional misrepresentation—a person, moreover, educated in Christian society, and familiar from earliest childhood with Christian ideas. No proof whatever is offered of my misunderstanding of Mr. Moody. The charge that I misunderstood the Bible, is supported by the fact that I imputed to Mr. Moody, as a literal interpreter of the Bible, and a despiser of scientific objections, the belief that "the beasts from the four quarters of the globe came trooping into the ark." Where the misunderstanding comes in, it is difficult to see. Would Mr. Grant deny for a moment that the belief of the Christian world for centuries was, that all the land on the face of the globe had been submerged, and that the only animals saved were those that took refuge in the ark—seven pairs of every "clean" and two of every "unclean" kind? If, indeed, light is needed on this subject, let us turn to the pages of Sir Charles Lyell, who, in the introduction to his "Principles of Geology," has given an interesting sketch of the rise and progress of geological science:

"The theologians who now (1670) entered the field in Italy, Germany, France, and England, were innumerable; and henceforward they who refused to subscribe to the position, that all marine organic remains were proofs of the Mosaic deluge, were exposed to the imputation of disbelieving the whole of the sacred writings. * * An additional century and a half was now destined to be consumed in exploding the hypothesis that organized fossils had all been buried in the solid strata by Noah's flood. Never did a theoretical fallacy in any branch of science interfere more seriously with accurate observation and systematic classification of facts. * * * Quirini, in 1676, * * *was the first writer who ventured to maintain that the universality of the Mosaic cataclysm ought not to be insisted upon.*"[*]

---

* "Proofs and Disproofs," in CANADIAN MONTHLY for October.

A later writer than Quirini, Woodward (1695), conceived—Sir Charles quotes his own words—"the whole terrestrial globe to have been taken to pieces and dissolved at the flood, and the strata to have settled down from this promiscuous mass as any earthy sediment from a fluid;"[†] while Whiston, in 1696, published a work bearing the striking title of "A New Theory of the Earth; wherein the Creation of the World in six days, the Universal Deluge, and the General Conflagration, as laid down in the Holy Scriptures, are shown to be perfectly agreeable to Reason and Philosophy."[‡] But down even to our own day those absurd theories have lingered, not of course in the high places of science, but in quarters where science is made very little of, in comparison with an unquestioning belief in the Bible, such, for example, as Mr. Moody appears to possess. When, therefore, I imputed to the latter gentleman the old fashioned belief on the subject of the Deluge, I may or may not have done him an injustice; but I certainly committed myself to no theory of Scripture interpretation; so that, as far as this goes, the charge that I fail to understand the language of Scripture is absolutely baseless. Possibly, however, my treatment of the parable of the Unjust Steward would be cited in support of the same charge, so a word on that subject. What I stated in "Proofs and Disproofs" was, that "the story is of no ethical value whatever, or rather is of a hurtful tendency, since crime is represented as actually receiving praise." It was not the crime, observes the Rev. Mr. Grant, but "the shrewdness and self-regard" that accompanied it, upon which praise is bestowed. The moral of the tale, then, on this theory, would be: "If you steal, do it cleverly—let there be commendable shrewdness; and in all your arrangements look out for number one—let there be an admirable self-regard." I am quite prepared to accept this amendment, and to withdraw my blunt assertion that "the crime" received praise; only I must still be allowed to wonder that intelligent and moral men should consent to accept this as inspired teaching. The Rev. Mr. Grant tells us that the master also was "a child of this generation." Where does he find that in the record? The record, I do not hesitate to say, implies the contrary; but to adopt the supposition only makes the case stronger on my side, for of what "ethical value" is the admiration with which one unprincipled man regards the clever roguery of another?

Considering the unshaken faith professed by the Rev. Mr. Grant in the Scriptural account of the fall of Jericho, I cannot but wonder to find him now saying with reference to it that "those parts of the Bible were written for the infancy of the world"—that "they are still the delight of children, and grown men delight in them when they have imagination to conceive the surroundings." Why should sober, authentic history be more suited to children than to men, or to imaginative men than to men of weak imagination?[*] Of course, if these things were fables, such language would be very natural; but seeing they are not fables, but as much matters of history as the French Revolution or the passing of the last Reform Bill, it is very singular to find them handed over to children and to grown-up people of lively fancy. The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews cited a long list of just such marvels (including the sack of Jericho and the saving of Rahab, whose house was on top of the wall that fell down, and who, by special understanding, was in her house at the time), not to amuse children, or to tickle the fancy of the fanciful, but to strengthen the faith of his readers generally. Does faith not require strengthening in these days, or is the method of the inspired writer hopelessly obsolete?

---

[*] "Principles of Geology"—American, from 9th London, Edition, page 25.

[†] Do. page 31.

[‡] Do. page 32.

[*] Strange to say, Dr. Mozley, in his Bampton Lectures on Miracles, points to imagination as one of the most potent causes in promoting *disbelief* in miracles. "A cause," he says, "which has had just as much to do with it as science is what I may call the historical imagination" (page 2). As regards the mass of men, he continues (page 3), "the past is an inanimate image in their minds, which does not beat with the pulse of life. And this want of reality attaching to the *time*, certain occurrences in it do not raise the questionings which those very occurrences realized would raise." On the other hand, when such things are imaginatively realized, they excite surprise, and "surprise when it once comes in takes two directions: it either makes belief more real or it destroys belief." Considering the general efficacy attributed by Dr. Mozley to the historical imagination in weakening the belief in miracles, there can be no doubt as to the direction the surprise excited *ordinarily* takes.

These, however, are comparatively unimportant details. More worthy of attention is the position taken by my critic, when he maintains that theology, considered as "a department of thought," is not responsible for the sinister peculiarities so widely prevalent (as shown in my last article) in theological discussion. "In every department," he says, "man advances slowly, not only because of his ignorance and the difficulties of the subject, but because of his prejudices, his one-sidedness, and the demand made upon him for false logic by his interests or his passions." That the parallel here suggested is no parallel at all, a very brief consideration will suffice to show.

Glance first at human science. It is in its nature progressive. It has its origin in the unaided perceptions of man's senses; but before there can be a science worthy of the name, those perceptions must be vastly multiplied, carefully classified, and sagaciously interpreted. The building up of a science is therefore a work requiring prolonged labour and experience, and it is, of course, subject to such vicissitudes as attend all human efforts. A plausible but false theory may retard its progress for centuries; as in the case of astronomy, which for many ages was studied on the hypothesis that the earth was, as it seemed, the centre of the universe. It is, however, no reproach to astronomy that the geocentric theory should at first have prevailed: nothing else was possible in the infancy of human knowledge. Can the same ground be taken for theology? Is it, as the passage above quoted suggests, a science of human origin, depending for its advancement upon the laborious efforts of men, and subject to have its very foundations overthrown by advancing knowledge? By no means: it purports to be based on a revelation once made to the world and now unalterable. Here is just the rub. The natural sciences suffer more or less, in the harmony and continuity of their development, from the prejudices and passions of men; but it is the very life of science to seek out new facts, to admit new principles, and to perfect its theories through whatever sacrifice of previous conceptions may be necessary. Take a case in point. The Darwinian theory, when first given to the world, encountered no little opposition from scientific men (as of course it encounters some still), but on what ground? On the ground of the insufficiency of its proofs. The man of science, in so far as he was a man of science, *could* make no other objection to it than that. Let the theory once establish itself by adequate proofs, and henceforth it becomes one of the glories of science, and its author receives the honour due to one who has vastly enlarged the boundaries of human thought and knowledge.

Speaking generally, then, the controversies that have marked the history of science have simply represented the legitimate and very necessary cross-examination and sifting of new theories, not perverse rejection of new light. How has it been in the theological region? The one overmastering instinct of theology has been to protect itself from change. The words *semper eadem* constitute the proudest boast of the most powerful section of the Christian Church; and other denominations, one cannot doubt, envy her her motto. At the laying of the corner-stone this year of a church belonging to one of the evangelical Protestant bodies, a leading clergyman thanked God that, amidst the many changes of one kind and another which this generation had witnessed, there was no change, so far as his Church was concerned, in the theology he had learnt at his mother's knee. The sentiment would by most people be considered a very fine one; but when men are in this state of mind, what are we to expect when they are asked to reconsider the theology learnt at their mothers' knees? What are we to expect? Just what we see; just what the authorities cited in my last article describe—all kinds of shifts resorted to to avoid unwelcome conclusions. The Rev. Mr. Grant would have all the blame of disingenuous reasoning in such matters thrown upon the individuals concerned; but how can we do this when we find an antecedent necessity laid upon them to shape their conclusions in a certain way; when we find the law of progress, in which the scientific man glories, repudiated at the outset, not by these persons thinking and acting for themselves, but by the system in which they were born, and which, through the force of early association, has become almost part and parcel of themselves? No doubt the individuals must be held responsible in a certain degree; since "a measure of the spirit (of truth) is given to every man to profit withal;" but it is the merest charity to throw the heaviest burden of condemnation on the system in which they are entangled.

Again take an illustration. The London *Spectator*, in referring to the celebrated Speaker's "Commentary," upon which a large number of the most eminent and learned men of the Church of England have been engaged, and which was designed, to some extent, as a counterblast to modern sceptical criticism, says: "Whatever the promises in the original prospectus, every real student of the Bible knows that he need not look to that 'Commentary' for any thoroughly honest criticism, such as is available in all good commentaries on the classical literatures. Orthodoxy, not truth, is, we might say avowedly, the first object of the editors and contributors. In as far as orthodoxy coincides with truth, as it does in the main, these commentators uphold the truth with more or less ability; * * * but wherever modern science has shown that the old orthodox notions and phrases are not true in their literal and still popular acceptation—as in reference to the Creation, the Deluge, the longevity of the antediluvians, and many other unverified traditions—these orthodox errors are dressed up in language made to look as like as possible to that of honest criticism within the lines of modern thought and knowledge, but really meaning nothing after all."

This we may presume is the *Spectator's* honest opinion, for that journal has a high reputation, wherever it is known, for its candid and honourable tone. Well, then, should the writer of that notice throw the undivided blame on the critics of the "Commentary," and set them all down bluntly as dishonest men? But they are only average theologians; in intellectual qualifications indeed, they are far above the average. Any equal number that could have been got together for the same work would, we may be certain, have laid themselves open to a precisely similar criticism. At least, there is no reason in the world to suppose anything else. Now, seriously speaking, does this kind of thing go on in connection with the study of science or history, or any other branch of secular knowledge? Men have their rivalries and their hobbies and their prejudices; but, since science cast away the leading strings of theology, who ever heard of such a thing as a whole band of distinguished scientific men conspiring to give a certain arbitrary character to their speculations in order to bolster up an established theory? The *Spectator* may not be right in this particular case, though its opinion is entitled to great weight: but, however this may be, the accusation as it stands runs precisely parallel to the avowals made by the theological writers referred to in my last article.

In proof of the antagonism between "modern culture" and doctrinal Christianity, I adduced in my last article a number of testimonies from prominent writers on the orthodox side. In making these quotations, I used every care to do no injustice whatever to the writers in question; such indeed was the abundance of material at my command that, had I even been capable, which I trust I am not, of practising unfairness in a matter of this kind, all motive to do so would have been wanting. It is with no little surprise and regret, therefore, that I find the Rev. Mr. Grant hinting to my readers, that if they examine for themselves the context of the works referred to, they will see "how highly developed is the art of quotation making." There is an art in quotation-making, I grant; and doubtless the readers of this magazine had the truth brought home to them when they were asked to believe, on the authority of a quotation, that Thomas Carlyle had "a most orthodox belief in future punishment." Fortunately for me, my critic has made one attempt to justify his insinuation. I wish he had made more, but I am thankful for this one. The following passage from "The Patience of Hope" was one of those cited in my article: "We are met by little direct opposition to revealed religion; its moral teaching is respected; the sacred person of its founder is held in reverence; it is as a power that Christianity is denied. . . The lightest leaf will show which way the wind is setting, and I know not where we are met by a plainer expression of this tacit, and in some degree respectful, denial than in the popular literature of the day. Here we see a systematic ignoring of Christianity, combined with a rather inconsistent exaltation of the benevolent aspect peculiarly belonging to it." Why did I not, asks the Rev. Mr. Grant, quote the sentence that follows the first of the above two, and which reads:

"Our age has nothing in common with the degrading scepticism of the last century,* which cast its scorn up to God through the foul dishonouring of his image?" My answer is very simple. I did not quote the sentence in question, because the point at issue was the *extent* of modern scepticism, not its *character*, as coarse or refined, respectful or disrespectful; whereas the omitted sentence deals entirely with the contrast in tone between the scepticism of to-day and that of the last century. Far from wishing to suppress this contrast, I should have been only too glad, had occasion offered, to call special attention to it. As it was, the sentence I quoted, where it is said that "the moral teaching (of Christianity) is respected" and "the sacred person of its Founder held in reverence," was surely enough, in the case of any person of the most ordinary information, to accentuate the difference between the sceptics of this generation and the Voltaires, Diderots, d'Holbachs, Chaumettes, and Paines. One would suppose the Rev. Mr. Grant to be under the impression that no one can distinctly and completely reject the authority of any system without heaping sarcasm and obloquy upon it, and that to make your disagreement with an opponent a matter of absolute certainty you must proceed to insult him. Fortunately such a view does not widely prevail: and the philosophers of to-day find it quite possible to combine reasonable firmness in their own opinions with perfect respect towards those of others. This is true on whichever side of the field we look: M. Renan is not a greater improvement on Voltaire, than the Archbishop of York or Canon Liddon upon Warburton.†

It may seem superfluous to cite any further evidence in support of my position as to the relations between modern culture and Christianity, considered as a system of doctrine supernaturally revealed; but the following declarations of the Bishop of Oxford in a recent charge to his clergy are so strong that they deserve special attention: "We cannot on such an occasion omit all notice of the unbelief with which our educated classes are leavened continually more and more. To speak the simple truth, a considerable number of graduates who hold office in the university, or fellowships in the colleges, have ceased to be Christians in anything but name; in some cases even the name is repudiated when arguments based on its relation are pressed. It is not only that text-books in some branches of study are recognised, which assume a disbelief of Christian doctrine, and that some lecturers hint or express their own rejection of it—there is a reserve on the part of Christian teachers in commending to their pupils the truths they believe. Thirty years ago the ablest and most esteemed of Oxford tutors took it for granted, in their ethical teaching, that Christianity furnished the only certain standard in morals, and were accustomed to correct the shortcomings of other systems by its rule: Christians are expected to forget the existence of such an authority when they cross the threshold of their lecture-rooms now. The historical facts of Christianity fare no better than its precepts; deference to scientific criticism (whatever that may mean) forbids them to be taken for true."

To support the views I have advanced by parallel opinions from the most authoritative sources is what a religious paper very widely circulated in this Province—the *Christian Guardian*—calls "special pleading."‡ The charge is so "aculeate and proper," to use

---

—(Page 429, original Edition.) "The unbelief of the present day," he further says, "differs from that of the last century in tone and character. . . The writers are men whose minds and characters forbid the idea that their unbelief is intended as an excuse for licentiousness."—(Pp. 432-3.)

* The Rev. Mr. Grant breaks off his quotation of this sentence at this point, making "&c." do service for the rest. Let the reader judge whether there is "art" in this.

† Mr. Farrar, in his Bampton Lectures "A Critical History of Free Thought"—treats this point somewhat fully. I need not say that he is very far from interpreting the higher moral character of contemporary scepticism as any indication of its feebleness or of its approximation to Christian faith. For example, in words which might almost seem to have furnished the mould for the sentences quoted from "The Patience of Hope," he says that a prominent feature of the scepticism of this age is "a keen appreciation of the beauty of the character of the great Founder of Christianity, and of the type of Christian morality, yet mixed with an entire distrust in the reality of all doctrines respecting the object of faith."

‡ Vide *Christian Guardian* of Oct. 13—notice of CANADIAN MONTHLY. Let me earnestly invite that journal to resort to a little "special pleading" of the same kind in support of its dictum as to Thomas Carlyle being "in substantial harmony with Christianity and giving expression to *strong faith in its central truths*." (Italics mine.)

Lord Bacon's words, that it carries a powerful sting; nevertheless, as I happen to know that this peculiar form of "special pleading" is far from ineffective, that common people in fact regard it as a very honest and natural method of substantiating what one has advanced, I am prepared to endure the sting again rather than suppress another very powerful corroborative passage that I have at hand. The Rev. Dr. F. W. Farrar, author of the "Life of Christ," in his Hulsean Lectures entitled "The Witness of History to Christ," writes as follows: "It was the direction of the pious founder of these lectures (Rev. John Hulse, 1708-1790) that they should deal with recent attacks on the faith of Christians. In his day such attacks were sufficiently rare to be easily distinguishable, sufficiently definite to be separately resisted. It is not so now. We are, as it were, in the very focus of the storm. It is not that every now and then there is a burst of thunder and a glare of lightning; but the whole air is electric with quivering flames. And what is the point around which all the dangers of the storm converge? Not around minor questions, the mere *ἀδιάφορα* of Theology, the things unessential respecting which there need be only charity: but the storm now rages about the very Ark of God. . . . Nor is it any longer against this or that treatise that we must defend the most vital principles of Christian doctrine. It is against whole literatures; it is against whole philosophies; it is against the vague doubts of eminent thinkers: it is against the innumerable sneers, the repeated assumptions, the ever varying criticisms of a powerful and intellectual press. It is impossible to deny the fact; it is useless to deplore it."

Whole literatures! whole philosophies! If it will please the Rev. Mr. Grant or any of my opponents, I am perfectly willing to withdraw every word I have myself written on the subject of the opposition between modern culture and Christianity, provided only I am allowed to substitute, as a statement of the case, the language of Prof. Christlieb, the Bishop of Oxford, and Dr. Farrar, three men of eminent position, distinguished at once for their talents and their orthodoxy. It is perfectly incomprehensible, indeed, why a quarrel should be sought with me on this subject, except on the supposition that the readers of the MONTHLY are innocents who should not be allowed to know what is going on in the big world—babes whom the strong meat of truth will only throw into a fever. Alas! those who wish to withhold the strong meat in such a case are not to be depended on even for "sincere milk."

"The opposition," says the Rev. Mr. Grant, "between supernatural Christianity and true human thought is not fundamental, and it must eventually disappear. The opposition springs from the evil in us, and, therefore, the more man attains to true culture, the less will it be." If this is a correct statement, we must be prepared to accept the following propositions:

1. The prodigious development of unbelief in the present day is preparatory to the disappearance of all unbelief.

2. The present age being peculiarly marked by unbelief, must be peculiarly deficient in true culture.

3. The most highly educated classes, amongst whom there is the maximum of unbelief, must possess the minimum of true culture.

It is enough to state these propositions to ensure their rejection by all thoughtful persons; so, without wasting any argument upon them, let me proceed to consider, from my own point of view, the relations between the culture of the age and Christianity. Here at the outset we are met by a difficulty. The culture of the age is something easy enough to understand in its leading characteristics and tendencies; but who is going authoritatively to define Christianity? If I were to say that I discovered an antagonism between modern culture and Roman Catholicism, Protestant readers would very heartily concur in my opinion. On the other hand, if I were to say that I discovered an antagonism between modern culture and Protestant evangelicalism, there would be frowns where before there were smiles; but a certain number would again give assent to my views, while claiming that evangelicalism does not represent the free spirit of Christianity. The definition the latter would give of pure Christianity would, I fear, be something too vague for popular apprehension; but, if it is true that in their conception of it there is nothing that can possibly conflict with the natural development of human thought, far be it from me to force an unnecessary quarrel. For the purpose of my present argument I adhere to the ordinary evangelical conception of Christianity, as being that of by far the larger number of those whom these remarks may be expected to reach. How then does modern culture conflict with that?

1. It conflicts with it in claiming perfect freedom for human thought, and for the human conscience the right of direct spontaneous judgment. Orthodoxy tells us that certain things are true, and that, if we venture to think about them at all, we had better see and bring our conclusions round to the right point.

"Haec est fides orthodoxa
Non hic error sine noxa."

All the sects, however they may repudiate Roman absolutism, echo the sense of these lines. Each has its "little system," but will not hear of its being only for a day. If the Laureate's lines gain any admiration in the theological world, it is from zealous religionists, who make a comforting application of them to the "little systems" of their neighbours. The world, however, has arrived at its present intellectual and moral state by the assimilation of truth from all quarters; and the very consciousness of the cultivated man of to-day tells him that the limitations which the theologian would impose on his thought are arbitrary, tyrannical, and unnatural. Modern culture is indeed the result, speaking broadly, of the moral and intellectual education the world has been undergoing since the first dawn of human intelligence. It has its foundation deeply laid in the thought, experience, and practical activity of the race. It has absorbed into itself the best elements of many systems; and it cannot now acknowledge the sole authority of one. It cannot submit to that arrest of its own development which orthodoxy, blindly appealing to texts and creeds, would accomplish if it had its way. It has but one standard: and that, to use Matthew Arnold's words, is "the best that is known and thought in the world." Theology spends its strength in laborious comments upon ancient documents, and in trying to give a universal character to a partial manifestation of truth; culture makes free appeal to facts, and is much more interested in knowing what is than what was. "Did men seventeen or eighteen centuries ago venture to decide that such and such writings were inspired of God? We feel it necessary (say the representatives of modern culture) to revise that question for ourselves, and decide it on what to us is evidence. The spiritual wants of that age corresponded no more with ours than their canons of criticism or their notions of literary honesty. It may well be, therefore, that what seemed a revelation to them may be none to us and that what they accepted as an authentic text may to us be little better than a forgery. At any rate we are in no sense bound by their decisions. We cannot throw our responsibilities on their shoulders, or forego our independent right of judgment because we are later-born than they. We too are a living race. To us has been given our own measure of inward illumination, to which, at all costs, we must be true."

Such, as I conceive it, is the language of emancipated thought in the present day. We hear it, in fact, in various forms, on every hand. Its proper tone is not one of hostility or vain confidence, still less of contempt; but simply one of manly courage and well-grounded hope. Theology meanwhile stands trembling before her oracles, asking for a sign and receiving none—bemoaning the confusion of the age, in which her own sad perplexity is above all conspicuous, and vainly recalling mankind to the beliefs of their childhood.

2. But not only is the free movement of the human spirit impossible within the limitations that theology would impose, but the culture of the age may be said to have made up its mind finally that certain of the doctrines taught by theology, and necessary to its integrity as a system, are irreconcilably opposed to reason and conscience. The proof of this is not the outspoken declarations of disbelief in those doctrines now so frequently met with; for these only reveal the state of mind of individuals; but the sedulous avoidance of them by those who are their official upholders, particularly where they have educated congregations to address. The pulpit reflects the state of belief in the pews, and it is a fact which no one will dispute, that if you want good stiff doctrine nowadays you must go for it to the back-woods. For my own part, my lot has not thrown me into the forest; and I can go to church all the year round with a congregation whose traditions carry them back to the sternest of all dogmatic teaching, and hear very little that conflicts in any way with modern thought, or that reminds one of the rigid and merciless formulas which the clergyman is supposed, *ex officio*,

to believe. Yet the formulas are there; much as some may try to hide them away, they possess full legal vitality; and if, not content with avoiding themes on which he cannot speak with full orthodox conviction, a clergyman ventures upon any direct opposition to the semi-inspired teaching of a "subordinate standard," there are always some ready to bring him to account. What have we seen within the last month? One of the most estimable ministers of the Presbyterian Church called in question touching a hope he had expressed that the torment of those who go into punishment might sometime have an end. That the anguish of these poor souls should last as long as God Himself seemed to him a most overwhelming thought, and one hopelessly irreconcilable with the idea of God's goodness. The fact that he finds the doctrine in the "Confession of Faith" does not suffice for him. He appeals to the Bible; if it is plainly taught there he will believe it, horrible though it be. But why, I ask, in the name of human conscience, why? Was the Bible given to crush all hope out of human hearts? Was it given to darken the face of heaven, and force men on their knees before a sullen and remorseless tyranny? If such things are in the Bible, it is bad enough that former generations should have believed them; let us not abuse ourselves by accepting as truth respecting God what violates the deepest instincts and purest promptings of our moral nature. O, brother man, shall anything override a law which you feel to be written on your heart by the finger of God Himself? What can the Bible give you in exchange for a prostrate soul? When the Bible itself checks the very faith you instinctively seek to exercise towards God, what profit is there in it? Face to face with a doctrine of this kind, "modern culture" does not say, "This doctrine is not to be believed because it is not fully supported by Scripture," but "This doctrine is not believable, *whether supported by Scripture or not*; since, if it is Scriptural, it alone suffices to neutralize any reasons that could possibly exist for believing in Scripture." The human mind, like material bodies, moves in the direction of least resistance; but that direction is not the same in all states of human development. Tertullian could gloat over the thought of the sufferings to be endured by the lost hereafter, the rich, the mighty, the wise in this world; and could promise the spectacle of their hopeless agonies as a rare and exquisite enjoyment to the saved;[*] we may, therefore, presume that the darkest declarations of Scripture on this subject were an aid instead of an obstacle to his faith. Many centuries later, a distinguished adherent of the Reformed faith, Renée of France, Duchess of Ferrara, daughter of Louis XII, could write thus to Calvin, her spiritual guide: "I have not forgotten what you wrote to me about David hating the enemies of God with a mortal hatred; and I have no wish to contradict the doctrine or to weaken its force in any degree; for were I to know that the king my father, the queen my mother, my deceased husband, and all my children were excluded from the number of the elect, I should wish to hate them with mortal hatred, and should desire hell to be their portion."[*] Up to this time, then, and unhappily much later, nothing was too horrible to be believed with respect to the Deity; but now, at length, though dark superstitions still linger in priest-led minds, the developed humanity of the race has taken voice and proclaimed in unmistakable terms that henceforth the idea of God must be framed by the free spiritual consciousness of mankind according to its own highest intuitions of moral excellence; that too long have men's instincts been depraved by corrupt traditions authoritatively imposed; that too long has faith been checked by fear; and that now a new order of things must begin, and religion be made synonymous with the highest law man can impose upon himself, and the highest hopes which the constitution of his nature authorizes him to entertain.

On one side it is the moral nature of man that comes into conflict with dogmatic teachings; on another it is his enlarged scientific and historical knowledge. The theologians at present hardly know whether to renounce all supernatural authority for the Bible in scientific and historical matters or not. They will sometimes tell us that the Bible was not meant to teach men what they could find out for themselves, but at other times they will make a stand showing how dearly they would love to be able to represent the accounts of the Creation and the Flood as no less inspired than the Gospels themselves. Thus Professor Christlieb, at the Evangelical Alliance at New York, maintained "that the statement of physical facts (in the Bible) is so broad and general, that room is left for all later discoveries of details. Indeed," he continues, "they are given in such a shape as to unfold their hidden truths with the advances of science, and this, I think, is no small proof of their inspiration."[*] So what are we to believe: Does the Bible teach science or does it not? If its general statements as regards physical facts have been supernaturally preserved from error, why not its minutest statements in all departments of human knowledge? According to the Mosaic cosmogony, as every one is aware, light was created on the first day, vegetable forms on the third, and the sun, the source at present of all life on the globe, only on the fourth. This seems confusing enough; but the Mosaic account, the learned Professor tells us, has been "brilliantly justified" by the discovery in the coal strata of ringless trees which must have grown by the aid of light not derived from the sun, and at a time when as yet there was no alternation of seasons. Here then, if we accept these facts, is a signal instance of the "sacred penman" being guided to the expression of a natural truth which lay utterly beyond his individual ken, and which only the discoveries of to-day have rendered intelligible. The Bible then not only teaches science, but teaches the very profoundest and most recondite of scientific truths; and by those who believe this, how is its authority on any point to be questioned? Let us return to the Six Days, to Noah's Ark, and the arrest of the Sun and Moon at the word of Joshua, in order to the fuller destruction of the unhappy Amorites. But no, the theologians will not have it so; they will neither occupy the ground nor abandon it. Press them with an unanswerable objection, and straightway they will tell you that the Bible is a revelation of spiritual, not of scientific, truth; but let some apparent corroboration of the Biblical record be discovered, and for a moment the old lines are drawn again. A few months ago, riding in the street cars, I sat beside an aged clergyman who was telling an aged lady on his other side how all the discoveries of science in the present day were lending the most remarkable confirmation to the statements of the Bible. The aged lady received the information with smiles of the benignest satisfaction. Apparently she had never felt her faith imperilled by geology. Only too many of the clergy continue to talk in this way; in charity, let us hope they do it ignorantly, and in charity also let us hope that their ignorance may soon be enlightened. Science, meanwhile, takes its own course, knowing that the science of the Bible, instead of having gone before it as a light, has, in every age, pressed upon it as an incubus, and determined never more to be entangled in the yoke of bondage.

---

[*] "De Spectaculis," c. xxx. Quoted in Lecky's Hist. of Rationalism, Vol I. p. 328.

[*] Quoted in Louis Blanc's "History of the French Revolution," Vol, I. p. 75.

3. The culture of the present age is becoming more and more unfavourable to the belief in miracles. Upon this point I cannot do better than quote the words used by Mr. Arnold in the closing chapter of his "Review of Objections to Literature and Dogma:"

"Epiphanius tells us that at each anniversary of the miracle of Cana, the water of Cibyra in Caria, and Gerasa in Arabia, was changed into wine; that he himself had drunk of the transformed water of Cibyra, and his brothers of that of Gerasa. Fifty years ago a plain Englishman would have had no difficulty in thinking that the Cana miracle was true and the other two miracles were fables. He is now irresistibly led to class all these occurrences in one category as unsubstantial tales of marvel. Scales seem to drop from his eyes in regard to miracles; and if he is to hold fast his Christianity, it must no longer depend upon them. It was not to discredit miracles that "Literature and Dogma" was written, but because miracles are so widely and deeply discredited already. * * * Mankind did not originally accept miracles because it had formal proof of them, but because its imperfect experience inclined it to accept them. Nor will mankind now drop miracles because it has formal proof against them, but because its more complete experience detaches it from them."[*] This is a perfectly

---

[†] Modern Infidelity, page 59. Compare, however, with the remark as to the extreme generality with which "physical facts" are stated in the Bible, the confession on page 63, that the harmony, which he claims to exist, on a general view, between the teachings of Genesis and those of science, "does not extend to *all details.*"

[*] Contemporary Review, September, 1875, page 698.

true statement of the case ; scales seem, indeed, to be falling from the eyes of men, and hereafter it will be a matter of infinite wonderment how it was that we were so long in bringing ourselves to view these things in a natural light. It is a somewhat oppressive thought, how vast a portion of the literature of the present and of preceding ages—the portion, namely, that is concerned with the attack and defence of theological doctrines—will cease to have any significance for our descendants. "*Quantâ laborabatis Charybdi!*" will probably express the sum of their comments.

No one can be better aware than I am myself how little of argument such as could, or ought to, weigh with hesitating[*] minds is contained in what precedes. My aim has been simply to show how the relations of modern culture and of Christianity appear from the position I myself occupy. Taking Christianity as a system, and considering modern culture in its most pronounced tendencies, I find the relations almost wholly hostile. There is, however, as already hinted, another way of taking Christianity—of which Mr. Goldwin Smith's lecture on "Some Supposed Consequences of the Doctrine of Historical Progress"[†] is a prominent example—which places the whole question on a totally different footing. If, with the distinguished writer just mentioned, we consider the essence of Christianity as residing in the spirit it has diffused throughout the world, and the type of character it has set up for the imitation and education of mankind, then indeed "modern culture" has still much to learn from Christianity ; and it would indeed be well if the obstacles which now prevent it, to a certain extent, from refreshing and purifying itself at that source were speedily removed.[‡] So long as the war of criticism lasts—so long as irrational pretensions have to be met by firm rejection—so long as men have to defend their intellectual and spiritual liberty against those who menace it in the name of Christianity, so long will the conditions be unfavourable for justice being done to what there is of permanent and universal value in Christian teaching. Many of us, I doubt not, feel our own vision blurred, and our spirits jaded, by the strife and confusion of the time ; but better so than that we should be supinely acquiescing in that which has ceased to be true to us, and so evading the duties we owe not less to our fellow-men than to ourselves. Better to be wearied and wasted and maimed, or even slain, in a glorious war, than to nourish and comfort ourselves in an ignoble peace.

One remark only would I make on the view of Christianity last referred to. If the Christian life can be lived by those who have ceased to hold Christian doctrines, even the most fundamental ; if, in other words, men can appropriate what is most vital in Christianity without adhering to any of its formal elements ; may not, or rather must not, this fact be held to signify "the removing of those things that are shaken, *as of things that are made*, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain?" That men can do so seems, so far as I can judge, to be freely admitted in the lecture above mentioned. "If I go not away," said Christ Himself, "the Comforter will not come." Now again something that men have held inexpressibly precious seems about to depart : and may we not hope that, as it does, a new Comforter will take its place, even the Spirit of Truth, that shall lead us into all truth? Science is crowding new ideas upon us with wonderful rapidity ; but science does not speak to the heart, for a man may understand all mysteries and yet be lacking in that which alone makes him, in the highest sense, a man—Charity. What the world wants now is a union of the scientific spirit with the profoundly ethical and human spirit of the Gospel ; and then, perhaps—certainly not till then—will humanity have entered upon the last and happiest phase of its career. Then, we may hope, the intellect will no longer vex the affections, nor the affections the intellect; but man, at one with himself and in harmony with nature, will reap with joy the golden harvests of the thousand years of peace.

---

[*] "Hesitating," *i. e.*, as to whether to regard Christianity as sufficiently or insufficiently authenticated.

[†] Lectures on the Study of History.

[‡] In *spirit*, however, it should be borne in mind, there is not so much difference between Christianity and other great religions. The more these have been studied in their original documents the more are they seen to approximate to Christianity in their moral teaching. As Max Müller has said, the points of resemblance between any two of the great religions of the world are of far more importance than their differences. This, without doubt, is one of the most interesting fields of study that modern science has opened up. Mr. Edward Clodd's book on "The Childhood of Religions," presents in an attractive and popular form—none too simple for the majority of readers—some of the best results of recent research. See also an able article by M. Paul Janet on "L'Unite morale de l'espèce humaine," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for 15th October, 1868.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE return of Hon. J. B. Robinson as member for West Toronto has brought vividly to public recollection a contest in which the hon. member took part nearly twenty years ago. At that election, however, parties occupied positions which they have since exchanged with as much ease as a total disregard of principle could enable them to do. In the political battles of Toronto, the Roman Catholic and Orange parties, owing to their superior organization, have always been in the market on one side or the other at the bidding of their leaders. Occasionally, as at the Mayoralty election when Mr. Bowes triumphed, they have coalesced for the nonce, and the Orange and the Green have waved peacefully side by side, as they did in the early stages of the rebellion of 1798. Such ill-omened unions have always been short-lived, and before the shouts of the allies were lost upon the air, something occurred to set Irishmen again by the ears. In 1857, Mr. Robinson was a candidate for the representation of the city. He had been guilty of all sorts of offences against the Protestant faith—supporting separate schools, voting for the incorporation of ecclesiastical institutions, and upholding "French domination." Mr. Brown, therefore, mounted the Orange horse and poured the vials of his wrath upon bishops, priests, and nuns. There was nothing too foul for utterance by the *Globe* in those days of ultra-Puritan zeal. Not only were green cards issued to beguile the Protestant voter, but caricatures of a peculiarly offensive character were circulated against the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church. With the prospect of attaining power, however, all this was changed. The downfall of Sir George Cartier, the union between the hierarchy and the Reds of Quebec, and the formation of the League in Ontario, gave a new complexion to the *soi-disant* Liberalism of the *Globe*. The "Dogans" were taken into favour, and the priests and nuns ceased to be vile and unprincipled. By an unnatural compact, the party was sold to the clergy at the very moment when the Vatican decrees had made their position less palatable to Protestants. Nothing could have brought about this result but an insatiable greed for office and power, and these were secured at a sacrifice of every principle advocated in opposition. The same journal which had reviled the Roman Catholic clergy and monastic orders appeared as their champion—the organ of the Archbishop and the opponent of Mr. Gladstone. Having constituted itself in past years the unscrupulous libeller of a religion, it suddenly began to fawn upon it without offering an excuse for its inconsistency. But the whirligig of time has brought about its revenges, and the *quondam* idol of Orangeism has been pleading against "the flames of sectarian bigotry" from 1872 until now. For eighteen years, in defiance of the wiser and more temperate of its party, the Grit organ fanned those flames until it had divided the population of the Province into two hostile camps. For all this there was no excuse, except such as an ungovernable ambition might offer for its unruly self-will. The Orange party have many faults, but they have at least been true to their text, and if green placards were issued at the recent election, it was only because they had learned the trick from their former allies. Those whose memory extends back to that fanatical time have not forgotten to whom its bitterness was due, and they are not likely to give its instigator credit for his tardy repentance. The election in West Toronto ought to be a warning to those who deal with theological combustibles. Zeal without knowledge is more easily aroused than extinguished; and the *Globe* has, perhaps, learned this moral from Mr. Robinson's election, that the party it was for years educating in bigotry will not consent to unlearn the lesson in a day. It is quite certain that, under the cloak of the ballot, many a Grit proved recalcitrant and voted against his party, not because Mr. Turner was personally obnoxious, but because the wire-pullers of the sanctum desired to use him as a puppet for selfish purposes. That is the inference to be drawn from Mr. Robinson's majority of three hundred and fifty-one as compared with the triumphant return of Mr. Moss and the small majority—a minority in the Commons Division—of Mr. Bell. It is to be deeply regretted that either Orangemen or Roman Catholics should permit themselves to be made the tools of party leaders who take them up or fling them aside at pleasure. Until every elector learns to be intelligent and independent enough to think and act for himself, the party hucksters will continue to delude and chouse them with impunity. So long as they persist in acting like "dumb, driven cattle," they must expect to be goaded and lashed in a herd, and the vulgar and degrading unreason of bigotry will continue to furnish the means to any unscrupulous schemer who requires the assistance of their votes. The secrecy of the ballot is, perhaps, the best security we have for freedom from party trammels, and the late election in Toronto seems to afford some promise that it will be effective.

The Local Legislatures of Ontario and Quebec have assembled for the business of the year. In the former, Mr. Wells has been re-elected to the Speakership unanimously, the Opposition not venturing upon a nomination. Mr. Cameron expressed a strong opinion in favour of Mr. Hodgins, and with that opinion we concur. It is certainly desirable that the Speaker, even though a party man, should be a man in whose impartiality both sides can feel confidence. We are far from asserting that Mr. Wells has been intentionally one-sided in his decisions, but the imputation cast upon him by the Opposition leader cannot fail to impair his usefulness. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that he has only occupied the chair for two Sessions—too short a term, perhaps, to rid himself of party bias, whether he is conscious of its influence or not. The Ministerial programme is not of a striking character—the chief measures being the establishment of an Educational Department, and some tinkering at the Election Laws. In the Quebec Legislature, the Government seems to be getting on smoothly, despite Mr. Joly's attempt to raise a breeze upon the everlasting railway question. When the elections were concluded, the Opposition assured the public that the majority in favour of the De Boucherville ministry was so narrow that its early collapse might be regarded as certain. The exertions put forth by the hierarchy, however, rendered a Conservative triumph a matter of little doubt. The member for Lothbinière divided the House on the address, but only mustered fifteen votes to forty-five; but of the majority, some, including Mr. Irvine, disclaimed the title of Government supporters. Still, after making the necessary deductions, Ministers will have a good margin—quite sufficient, in fact, to carry them safely through the Session.

The Municipal Elections of Ontario are close at hand. This year they will be held by ballot—a clear gain to the ranks of integrity and a clear loss to partyism in all its forms. There is pressing need for a change in the *personnel* of our Corporations and perhaps in their mode of selection—especially in cities and towns. In the country the municipal system seems to work fairly well; but in urban districts, notwithstanding every attempt at reform, matters are extremely unsatisfactory and grow more so every year, as wealth and the consequent opportunities for jobbing increase. Step by step the Legislature has deprived the Councils of their jurisdiction in important civic matters. First the issue of licenses; then the control of the police; and finally the construction of water-works. Yet, as the investigation now being held by Judge Duggan proves, there are abundant openings for corruption still workable with profit by the ward politicians and their creatures. The entire civic system seems hopelessly tainted, and, to make matters worse, the weekly meetings of the councils are periodical exhibitions of disorder and personal recrimination. The appointment of Mr. Shanly as City Engineer in Toronto will not mend matters, so long as the present Board of Works system, with its vicious method of ward appropriations is continued. He will find himself hampered at every turn by the pressure intriguing aldermen and crafty contractors can bring to bear upon him, and he will be compelled, in the end, either to succumb to that pressure or resign his office. The members of the Council find it their interest to cultivate the acquaintance and angle for the support of a set of men who make civic politics a source of personal gain, and to whom contracts are doled out without regard to the efficiency of their work or the wants of the people. Aldermen have also been guilty of making roads and sewers with a view to the improvement of their own property, or their chances of re-election. In short, no system could be devised better calculated to encourage peculation and fraud, and to demoralize not merely public officers, but large classes of the electorate, from the contractor to the day-labourer. Under it the need of any particular work, and its faithful execution, are considerations of secondary importance—the first being to gain and consolidate power in the hands of cliques and rings. The result is that the Council of a city like Toronto is able to set public opinion at defiance, as they did in the matter of the Queen's Park, or make a jest of judicial exposure, as they will do in the matter of the George Street sewer. Whilst the public works and parks continue under the management of conspirators against the public purse and the public interest, this state of things will be perpetuated to the injury of our cities. Plans of municipal reform have been propounded from time to time, but they are always either impracticable or futile as remedies for a growing evil. It has been suggested that the affairs of cities should be entrusted to a paid board, larger than the Water Commission, but resembling it in general character. There is no doubt the councils are too large and their responsibilities too much divided, but it is only too certain that a paid board would entail more serious mischief than it was intended to cure. At the same time the proposal to consolidate the City and Water Works engineerships, and place both under the control of a man like Mr. Shanly, is a step in advance, always providing he is not hampered by the governing clique in the Council. As to elevating the standard of the franchise and thus excluding the "residuum," it could not be seriously entertained. To propose it would be suicidal; to effect it in this country, impossible. We have made our democratic bed and must be content to lie in it. Some hope may be cherished that a leaven of probity and intelligence may be set to work by the income franchise; but, after all, the remedy lies with those who clamour for good civic government and yet neglect the most obvious means of securing it. Whilst the honest class hold aloof on the pretext that municipal affairs are hopelessly corrupt there can be no reasonable expectation of change. The party of peculators and incapables is only a small minority, and if the bulk of the electors would cease to neglect their duty, either by refusing to offer themselves at the ballot-box as candidates and voters or by suffering themselves to be led by any plausible demagogue who presents himself for their suffrages, the aspect of affairs would speedily be changed. It is to be hoped that they have been sufficiently awakened by the events of the year to a sense of the obligations imposed on them as citizens; if not, so far as voting is concerned, the law should step in and enforce them.

The subject of exemptions from taxation will probably form a prominent topic of discussion in Parliament this session. If it be true, as has been stated, that ten millions of dollars worth of property is now free of the tax-collector, it is time that some change were made. The times are hard, and the increase of debt and other causes of expenditure are pressing heavily upon all classes of society. It is impossible that the people should much longer submit to the locking up of large squares in mortmain, entirely exempt from municipal charges. *La Minerve* calls the taxation of church property sacrilege, and some who do not mount the high Ultramontane horse speak of it as irreverence. With what sense can either of these imputations be made? Religious communities monopolize large areas of land, and each strives to outdo its neighbour in erecting costly edifices: why should they not support their share of the general burden? Churches require good roads and broader side-walks, and are clamorous for gas-lamps and police protection—why should they enjoy them gratis at the expense of the rest of the community? Mr. Baldwin's Clergy Reserve Act proclaimed it desirable that all semblance of connection between Church and State should be done away; can any one assert that this has been effected when every church in Ontario is endowed by exemption from taxation? It might be anticipated that those who, on principle, object to State aid would insist on rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; but they are far from doing so simple an act of justice. Propose to tax church property and the outcry of sacrilege or irreverence is raised by the most uncompromising voluntaries. Yet what does it matter whether you cancel a debt due the State in the shape of taxes, or receive an equivalent sum taken directly from the treasury? The first step towards a rational view of this question was taken in Montreal, where the vicious system exists in a peculiarly aggravated form. In Toronto, the City Council and the Board of Trade have both moved in the matter, and it certainly demands the earnest attention of the House. Year by year these exemptions interfere more and more with the proper incidence of taxation; the treasury is depleted to an extent incommensurate with the growth of the population, and it is time that they were restrained within narrow limits or, better still, abolished altogether. A first step should be to levy the rates on all church property above a fixed sum, as we do already on incomes over four hundred dollars.

Mr. Forster's address to the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution possesses special interest to Canadians, as it discusses a question about which there seems to be some ferment at work both in England and the colonies. If we did not know that in Scotland "philosophy" is sometimes beaten out so as to cover very wide areas, there might have been some doubt as to the propriety of troubling the *savants* of Edinburgh with so unphilosophical a subject as "Our Colonial Empire." Certainly if Sir John Hawkshaw had treated of it in his Inaugural Address before the British Association, its connection with science would have been little more disputable than its connection with philosophy. There is some danger that Mr. Forster is in the course of transmutation into a second Frederick Peel. Since the passage of the Education Act, he has been visibly deteriorating, and he now lands in that quicksand of politicians—statistics. What induced the ex-Vice-President to add up the number of square miles and the miles of coast line in "Our Colonial Empire," it is difficult to say. Why, for instance, he should have excluded a large portion of the Dominion because the growth of grain is impracticable, and included the Australian desert where it is equally so, is to be accounted for only by a confirmed statistician. As for his general views, they are of that *laissez faire* kind which calls for little comment. He has no difficulty in proving that those whom he selects as his opponents, notably Mr. Goldwin Smith, have no revolutionary project in their heads and desire to knit together, rather than dissolve, the union which attaches the various Anglo-Saxon communities, one to another. The London *Times*, on the other hand, is discovered to be itself an offender, as indeed Mr. Goldwin Smith had already shown it to be. The truth appears to us to lie in the main with Mr. Forster: although his conclusion is rather one of official habit or temperament than of knowledge and foresight. A change has passed, by delicate gradations, over English opinion on colonial questions. Mr. Forster, as well as his late party chief, is moving farther and farther from the Manchester School, which has ceased to be a power in England. Its work was valuable in its time; but it is done for good and all. So far as the colonial question is concerned, the followers of Cobden were powerless for anything but harm. Their sympathies were entirely with the United States, and they cared little or nothing about the struggling fortunes of fellow-subjects on this side the line, for the obvious reason that Manchester and Rochdale made more by the American people. The foundation of their economic and ethical theories was gain, as interpreted by utilitarian moralists, with a dash of factitious philanthropy to give it flavour. On the people of England, their scheme never obtained a hold; it was the dream of *doctrinaires*, seducing some eminent men to their political destruction. No English statesman or teacher thinks now of cutting the colonies unceremoniously adrift. England is in an acquisitive mood at present, as her approval of Fijian annexation distinctly shows. The Australians desire to secure the possession of New Guinea and, although Lord Carnarvon, with Conservative timorousness, turns a deaf ear to their request, the project is slowly ripening under the guise of a colonization scheme. Indeed, it would startle no one, and raise comparatively little protest, if Upper Burmah, Japan, and a respectable slice of China were acquired to-morrow. Any publicist, therefore, who should venture to advocate the anti-colonial system as a practical policy of to day, would find the tide set as strongly against him as the Mrs. Partington of Sydney Smith. But it is quite another thing when the future relations of England and her colonies are in question. As Mr. Forster cheerfully admits, it is open to any student of political science to attempt a forecast of the future, and if he is satisfied that the horoscope indicates the severance of the colonial tie, it becomes his right, nay his duty, to do so without incurring the imputation of treason or drawing down upon his head a shower of abuse from party hacks of the press or platform. The political seer may be mistaken or he may not ; but in either case that opponent must be a scurvy one who, without attempting argument, stones the prophet merely because his prophecy is unpalatable. The real enemies of England and her colonies must be sought for otherwhere—in the insolent and ignorant petulance of the *Times*, and the plutocracy it represents. If colonial loyalty were not something less delicate than the "empty sentiment" indicated by the leading journal, it would have been shrivelled long since like the "parched scroll" in the fire of a selfish and calculating criticism. It is a misfortune to any country when the *bourgeoisie* obtains the control of its affairs—especially its colonial and foreign affairs. Its morality may be eminently respectable in a money-grubbing point of view, but it is cold, shallow, and inhuman at bottom always, and ofttimes on the surface. England has never submitted to the yoke without losing her own self-respect and lowering herself in the eyes of the world—in Europe craven, in Asia and Africa aggressive, in America subservient and obsequious. Lay the finger on any spot in England's history during the past thirty years, of which an Englishman has reason to be ashamed, from the Opium War of 1842 to the Washington Treaty, and it will be seen on inquiry that the plutocracy was at the bottom of the disgrace. Whenever you find a reasonless policy adopted *pour servir le temps*, wars undertaken from "gain-making desires," sympathy with tyranny or slavery, ignoble concessions or cowardly bullying, that class is the cause of it or of them. And whenever the English press is moved to inveigh against colonial tariffs, grumble causelessly at the expense of colonial establishments, or to make a jest of colonial loyalty, it may be traced to the same quarter. When the scholars or the statesmen treat of the future of Britain's colonies, it is as a scholar or a statesman should treat it, and not with the petty bookkeeping spirit of the huckster. The one meditates upon it with deep and serious moral purpose ; the other with pure and undisguised selfishness. The plutocrat trembles for his ducats whenever a free community exercises its right of self-government ; the man of thought sees in the distance an Imperial Confederation, or a league of indedendent Anglo-Saxon States under the hegemony of Great Britain, as a potent factor in the sum of human interests and of human happiness. According as the one class of minds or the other finally bears sway in the councils of England will the tie of kinship endure or be violently rent asunder in bitterness and anger.

Two facts to which Mr. Forster drew attention, may perhaps lead the self-seeking to pause and reflect. The one was that the burden of the colonies is light and growing lighter year by year ; the other that "the trade follows the flag," and that independent communities are not as good customers as free colonies. His scheme, or rather no scheme, of Federation, is exceedingly misty—as much so as Mr. Disraeli's. We find no fault with that, for time and the hour will determine the permanent relation between the parent-land and her matured offspring. For the present, judging from his Guildhall speech, even the ingenuity of the Prime Minister has sought a solution of the problem in vain. Canadians, at any rate, are meanwhile satisfied with the existing system ; all they protest against is any proposed Zollverein in which the fiscal system is to be settled by the voice of the manufacturing interest at home. We are earnestly and devotedly loyal to Queen and Empire ;

but we are first and above all freemen, unwilling to hold our liberties as tenants at will of a commercial plutocracy.

More than two centuries and a quarter ago, and for five years and a half before the cutting-off of Charles's head, an Assembly of Divines met in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster to settle and formulate Christian doctrine as it was to be "by law established," a phrase which meant a great deal more in those days than it is ever likely to mean again. What one party proposed to effect by this convention is clear from the General Assembly's commission. It was to secure "a union of this Island in one form of Kirk-government, one Confession of Faith," &c, "according to the instructions they (the Commissioners) have received from this Assembly." In other words, the Scottish clergy were to provide the English people with a creed and an army, but not with the one without the other. Had it not been for Cromwell and his Ironsides, England would have realized the truth of Milton's complaint that "new Presbyter was only old Priest writ large." The Assembly was composed of good and pious men—learned also, as knowledge went in those days. Of course they had heard nothing of conflicting codices, of inscriptions, hieroglyphic or cuneiform, of archæology, of textual criticism, of geology, or anthropology. Theirs, then, would have been "a simple faith" if they had not set to work, with assistance from Geneva, to make it as complex and intricate as possible. Dogmatism was the weak point in the Westminster theology, as it has been with most other theologies. The zeal which kindled an aureola about their heads, of which they were not unworthy, was a zeal not so much "*without* knowledge" as *above* it. In discussing the most recondite mysteries they never were "in endless mazes lost;" all was clear to their simple and primitive exegesis. The Bible they assumed to be one book and not, as it is, an entire library. Esther, in which the name of God is not once mentioned, was of equal value and authority with the unsurpassed grandeur of Job; and the "seraphic fire" of Isaiah stood on a level with the Song of Solomon, which had been deodorized by an imaginative series of chapter headings. Their task, therefore, was comparatively easy. It consisted in crushing down the Book into sentences, as a miner crushes the quartz, assorting the fragments and scraping them into little piles with the ecclesiastic rake. Each heap having been properly fused, the whole became a dogma. The process had been gone through in every Christian age, from the rise of Gnosticism to the Council of Trent. This eclectic treatment of Scripture possesses some advantages from a sacerdotal point of view; but it labours under one inherent defect—that it can take no thought for context and make no allowances for gradual development in spiritual conception, intellect, or civilization. It makes of the Bible, indeed, what the old monkish doggerel called it—the book in which each man seeks his dogma and never fails to find it.

The Westminster Confession, with its three and thirty chapters, is a valuable monument in religious history, marking a stage in the march out of the Romish fold. It is only to be regretted that it took a crystalline form before the smell of the burning had passed away. The spirit of scholasticism is indelibly impressed upon it—the love of hair-splitting distinctions and angularity of definition, coupled with intolerance of dissent. If its authors had desired to make shipwreck of the faith, they could hardly have encountered more unerringly every theological snag or reef beneath the tide.

To earnest students of the Bible there will come seasons of perplexity, culminating in an eclipse, either of reason or of faith. The incubus of unfathomable mystery lies heavy on the burdened soul, and they are to be esteemed the happiest of men who have groped through this black darkness to the light. To the struggling soul, this Confession affords no aid, no consolations. The faith of its compilers was too robust for sympathy; their delight would appear to have been to break the bruised reed and quench the smoking flax. The hidden things of God are defined and expounded by them in the most repulsive colours, and with more than mathematical precision. In fact, if we may believe a Toronto professor, the Confession and the Multiplication-table are near akin. The mystery of the Trinity is familiarly explained with a clearness and fulness to be found nowhere, except in the pseudo-Athanasian creed. The origin of evil is unfolded in a chapter, which leaves us in doubt whether Manichæism be true, or the beneficent Father is Himself the author of sin, since His providence "extendeth" itself to the fall, and that "not by a bare permission," but also by "a bounding and otherwise ordering and governing them." We learn that the non-elect are incapable of good works, and yet it is a sin in them to neglect their performance. From which it may be gathered that the popular classification of acts into good, bad, and indifferent is incomplete. On the Calvinistic doctrines proper, (chap. iii., x. and xi.), we need not enlarge, further than to say, that he who can believe them, *ex animó*, must possess an intellectual stomach of more than mortal fibre. The division of mankind dying in infancy, into the elect and non-elect—the saved and the lost—is only one of the deadly and malignant shafts in the quiver. Liberty of the conscience and liberty of the press are to be restrained, when they venture to run counter to the utterances *ex cathedrâ* of the Church (ch. xx. 4), and offenders are to be given over to the secular arm (*id.* and xxiii. 3). In conclusion, we may note the unscriptural treatment of Sabbatarianism (ch. xxi.) and of the doctrine of corporeal resurrection (ch. xxxii.), which St. Paul treated in a very different way.

This extraordinary document then, useful and enlightened even in its time, is still clung to with affectionate persistence in a Church, itself made venerable by a long roll of sainted worthies, long after its temporary service had been done. When the last remaining obstacle to Presbyterian union was overcome we were not slow to express our satisfaction. It is only the theologico-political press which revels in schism everywhere save in its own fold. But it appeared then, and it is still clearer now, that the continuance of obsolete formulas, time-honoured though they be, was a mistake. They are called "subordinate standards," it is true; but how can there be a standard which is not supreme? A yard, a gallon, a pound, are standards also, to which we appeal in human matters, but can a Church have more than one standard in faith? If we appeal to the Confession itself, it will be found that it lays no claim to infallibility, but impliedly disclaims it. In chap. xxxi. 4, we read, in terms almost identical with those of the Anglican Article xxi. :—"All synods and councils since the Apostles' times, whether general or particular, may err, and many have erred: therefore they are not to be made the rule [standard ?] of faith or practice, but to be used as a help thereto."* It would appear that the Westminster Assembly understood the meaning of a standard better than their theological children who formed the basis of Union in Canada. The Committee certainly did not invent, but inherited, the phrase "subordinate standards;" still they lost an unexceptional opportunity of simplifying the Creed of the Church by discarding the "ecclesiastical fetters," and taking an intelligible stand upon the celebrated *dictum* of Chillingworth.

The Presbytery of Toronto, last month garnered in, or rather left to ripen or rot, the first fruits of an honest attempt to relax old bonds, and an equally honest but unreasonable attempt to maintain them. The Rev. Mr. Macdonnell, of St. Andrew's Church, in one of a series of discourses on Paul's Epistle to the Romans, had ventured to collate a number of passages from the New Testament in which there was a real or apparent contradiction on a momentous question. For himself, he pronounced no dogmatic opinion; but the obvious tendency of his remarks was towards a belief in the final restoration of the entire human race. In brief, he threw doubts, both from as criptural and from an ethical point of view, upon the theological dogma of eternal punishment. They were cautiously thrown, and with evident reluctance, yet with a brave determination not to cloak from his people's minds the difficulties which had perplexed his own. So far from endeavouring to dogmatize upon the subject, Mr. Macdonnell failed to state his premises fully, and confessed his inability to draw a satisfying conclusion. With the dogma itself it is not necessary to deal, the object being to awaken attention to the necessity of reform in theological formulas. Some unnecessary and unjustifiable censure has been passed upon the members of the Presbytery. From their stand-point we can hardly see how they could have acted otherwise. If it be a condition of entry into, or continuance in, the Presbyterian ministry, that a man must surrender the right of private judgment and accept the Westminster definition of the mysteries of faith, whether his reason or conscience entirely approves of them *en bloc* or not, outsiders have no reason to object to the step Rome-wards. If men want an infallible human guide, they are surely at liberty to choose Pope, Assembly, or Council, as the authority from whose decision no appeal lies, either to the Bible, or to reason, or to conscience. The only cautionary remark necessary is this, that those who do so must not delude themselves with the idea that they are Protestants in anything but name. It may be added that the Presbytery proceedings were conducted in a conciliatory spirit, and we are quite willing to believe that it was no mean desire to stifle an incipient scandal that prompted the adjustment which followed. Professors Caven and McLaren especially bore themselves as Christian gentlemen, under circumstances personally trying. It was certainly by no fault of theirs, though they have been accessories after the fact, that burdens have been laid upon men's shoulders which they are not able to bear, whatever their fathers may have borne before them.

---

* See also Conf. ch. i., 9 and 10, as more immediately bearing on the case which has suggested these observations.

Still the disagreeable question remains—"Why were not Mr. Macdonnell's difficulties solved, if need were, by appeal to Scripture? Why, for instance, did Mr. Robb, the hierophant of Philistinism in religion, refuse an appeal from man's theology to God's word? Was there not a latent conviction that the "standards" marked a stronger line of defence than the citadel they affect to guard? The gauntlet was not, in form, thrown down, it is true; but why was not the "heretic" examined according to "the rule of faith and practice" prescribed by the Confession itself? Why, in fine, should them who believe Scripture to be the *fons et origo veritatis*, be called upon to seek unto those that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards of theology that peep and that mutter, seeking unto their God for the living to the dead formulas of the past?* Mr. Robb knows where to find the answer.

It is urged that a Church must have a creed or it could not exist—which we take to be the baldest of truisms. Every associated body, whether secular or religious, must, of course, be founded upon some principle or principles assented to by all its members: it needs no ghost to reveal the fact that believers must believe something. The real question at issue is not as to the propriety of a creed, but as to its character and extent. Should it be as exclusive as some theologians would have it, or should it be as comprehensive as Christian charity can make it? Or we may ask, if the metaphor be admissible, should the spiritual franchise be placed as low as is consistent with the welfare of the Church, or should the sphere of religion be made the dogmatist's "rotten borough?" The answer will depend upon our notions of the purposes for which the Christian Church was founded. These may be briefly stated in a phrase—the moral and spiritual regeneration and elevation of the race; and if we turn to the words of Jesus, and indeed to the New Testament as a whole, we shall see how little there is of settled dogma or systematic theology there. Belief, that is trust, in the Saviour, purity of heart and life, with self-denial, were all that He required. Speculations touching the future destiny of man beyond the grave, and the number of those who should be saved at death, were rebuked by Him in the memorable injunction, "Enter ye in at the straight gate." He proclaimed nothing about fate, or foreknowledge, or predestination; but He blessed all little children in the beautiful utterances which the Westminster Confession actually gives as a proof for the classification of infants into elect and non-elect. The Apostles, notably St. Paul, were impelled by their environment to make doctrinal statements; but they scarcely ever rose to the exactness of a definition. Even "the article of a standing or falling church" is suggested rather than formulated in the Pauline theology, and is ignored and apparently disapproved by James, whose letter, on that ground, Luther rejected as "an epistle of straw." There are various criteria of belief stated, all centering, however, upon the passion, death, and resurrection of Jesus. In three instances where the religious life is sketched in Scripture, there is no mention of doctrine at all—"fearing God and loving righteousness," "to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God," "to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Any one approaching the subject for the

---

* Isaiah viii. 19, 20.

first time, with a mind free from the theological bias, would decide that the Church should follow its Lord and His followers in drawing up articles of faith, making them few, simple, comprehensive, and intelligible. Above all, they should claim the spontaneous assent of the heart and conscience, and be entirely free from metaphysical or scholastic subtleties. Those who admire elaborate creeds would do well to reflect that dogma took formal shape when Christianity had lost the first freshness of its primitive simplicity. No one would be more astounded than St. Paul himself, if he were enabled to wade through the thirty-three chapters of the Westminster Confession to-day, and see how human ingenuity has transformed the religion of his Master. Truth, we are told, is one and the same, now, always, and everywhere ; and therefore should be capable of precise statement and definition. Admitted that "the eternal verities," as Carlyle calls them— or absolute truth, that is to say —are of necessity immutable, that can only be true objectively, not subjectively. Truth changes not, but man's knowledge of it and his capacity for assimilating it does, in infinite vicissitudes. To hear some men talk of truth, you would suppose that it resembled a small closet, all or nearly all of which may be taken in at a single glance. On the contrary, it is a many-sided crystal, "a gem of purest ray serene," presenting to the light now one aspect, now another, sometimes radiant and sparkling, anon dull and opaque, varying ever in tint and hue through all the delicate shades of the prismatic spectrum. They rise most above their fellows who can command a view of more than one facet at a time. When we reflect how little of what is knowable and cognizable as truth has been possessed by any age from the time of Augustus until now, and how much of the mystery of Thought and Being is completely veiled from mortal ken, it seems marvellous that any man should seek to impose human mouldings of Divine truth upon their fellows. It will not do to say that this truth has been revealed to us, because that is not true, as we have seen, in the sense dogmatists affirm it. We can only arrive at defined dogmas by collecting materials, stating premises, and inferring conclusions. All these processes are human, and therefore liable to be vitiated by faults of the understanding, of the imagination, and of the will, and by biasses manifold. Besides, we know, as a matter of fact, that men never have agreed, and perhaps never will agree, on the answer to Pilate's question : "What is truth ?" Nay, it may be affirmed, with some confidence, that no two individuals, however closely their opinions may apparently coincide, apprehend religious truth precisely alike. We are forced then to conclude not only that truth is only partially unfolded to the race as a whole, and presents to it a different aspect at different times, but that the complexity of man's nature entails a further difficulty in the manufacture of stereotyped dogma, authoritatively pronounced by Pope, Monarch, or Divine. Freedom of thought and liberty of speech and action, are practical recognitions, imperfectly conceived and conceded it is true, of the infinite shades of diversity amongst individual men. On this important point we need not dilate, because it is universally admitted.

These considerations should suffice to convince any reasonable being not hopelessly warped by "the theological bias," that any attempt at elaboration or completeness in creeds, articles, or confessions, is not only impolitic but highly dangerous. The simpler the symbol, the more likely it will be to embody the truth, and the less likely to be alloyed with human errors and conceits. The theologian, like all who claim to be scientific men, and he more than the rest, should be exceedingly modest in declaring *ex cathedrâ* what is binding upon the reason or the reverse. That theology is not religion may be a trite remark, but it seems to be one which, often as it has been made, is lost upon doctrinal experts. Yet the reflection that theology is essentially human—man's mode of cutting and setting the jewel of Divine truth—should check, and, we believe, is gradually checking, the arrogance of dogmatism. It may be said that error will always insinuate itself into man's conceptions of religious truth ; to us this appears an additional reason why exhaustive statements on doctrinal matters, especially where they are beyond the knowledge or above the comprehension of the mind, should be earnestly eschewed. Religion is not a scheme, a system, or a science, but a life. The Master Himself declared His word to be, not dogma, but "the spirit and the life," and when He spoke of doctrine, it was only to give it the second place—"If any man will *do* His will" (an impossibility according to the Confession) "he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." On the other hand, there are the creed-makers, with interminable strings of propositions, often metaphysical, paradoxical, incomprehensible, or unbelievable—sometimes revolting to the moral instincts of humanity. Man craves for something, as Prof. Tyndall declares, "to satisfy the religious emotions," the heart; he asks for the bread of life and receives in return the stone of dogma.

Many points which naturally occur to the mind must remain unnoticed here. The Toronto "heresy" case has been discussed so much in the journals that perhaps what we have said is more than enough. So far as Mr. Macdonnell and his Church Courts are concerned, we hope we have heard the last of it; but we trust it will not be at the expense of Mr. Macdonnell's conscientious convictions, or his peace of mind. In any case, the blame must be placed on the right shoulders—the shoulders of those who compelled the Presbytery to take cognizance of the matter. The Confession of Faith was evidently used as a screen to hide the Biblical dilemma presented by the cited clergyman. There is not a Sunday passing over our heads on which, from many a Presbyterian pulpit, the decrees of Westminster are not trampled under foot, either heedlessly, unwittingly, or ostentatiously. In fact there can be but few Presbyterian clergymen, and still fewer Presbyterian laymen, who could or would declare their belief *ex animô* in every clause of the Confession in any but a qualified or "non-natural" sense. It would be sad indeed were it otherwise. We have the most sincere desire to see the Presbyterian Church of Canada prosper in the land, and that it may do so more abundantly we urge a reform of the "standards," a loosening of the "fetters," and a simplification of the criteria of orthodoxy. The earlier creeds of Christendom, even that universally received symbol known as the Apostles', are open to criticism; but they are not oppressive to the conscience; *au reste*, the creed of the false Athanasius, the Canons of Trent and of the Vatican, the Articles of 1562, and the Westminster Confession of 1643, together with the Catechisms, Larger and Shorter, should be swept into the limbo assigned to abortive human inventions, as derogating from religion, fomenting schism, stimulating scepticism, and binding in worse than chains of iron those whom the truth makes free.

The announcement that the Government have decided to commute the sentence of the Davises to imprisonment for life has surprised no one. Public feeling has had an opportunity of regaining its wonted calm, and the strong and natural indignation aroused by the discovery of the atrocious deed has yielded to reason. The action of the Executive will no doubt be disapproved of by a large number of people on various grounds, more or less valid. It may be urged that the law having pronounced the crime to be murder and its punishment death, this interference is improper. The argument, however, proves too much, because it is equally valid against the exercise of the Royal prerogative of mercy in any case, except, perhaps, where new evidence not producible at the trial, or the prisoner's insanity, may be considered justifications for it. This is not the constitutional theory. The Judge's notes are sent to the Governor-General, in order that he, with his advisers, may review the case, and consider it in all its bearings. Capital punishment has essential points of difference from other penalties. In the latter the sentence admits of grades according to the nature of the case, and it may be cancelled, should justice require it, by a pardon. The death penalty, therefore, is unique in this, that the law cannot lessen it, or intensify it except by the employment of torture, and that it admits of no recall. It is consonant, therefore, with the dictates both of justice and humanity that it should never be inflicted until every plea in favour of mercy is satisfactorily sifted. This the jury cannot do except by a recommendation, and that may be withheld through misconception, or offered without reason—indeed we have heard of its being made by way of compromise where the jury were divided. The Judge can do nought but pronounce the prescribed sentence, no matter what view he may take of the moral quality of the particular act. The Executive alone can review the surrounding circumstances, weigh facts which the legal rules of evidence excluded at the trial, and render the final decision. The public, therefore, ought to al[illegible]ain as far as possible from criticism when a commutation is granted or refused. Ministers have always declined to give any reasons to Parliament for the exercise of the Royal prerogative, on the ground that it is supposed by courtesy to be a gracious act personally performed by the sovereign. Besides, the mere fact of the law prescribing a penalty is no ground for its infliction in every case. When death was the only penalty for rape, the sentence was always pronounced in due course, although everybody was aware that it would be commuted. We may also again call the attention of our readers to the bid held out by Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie to the jury, whom he told, with the air of one having authority, that it did not at all follow that the prisoners would be hanged, even if they were convicted. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that it has not hitherto been the practice to execute for fatal abortion. The precedents are against it, as they were in the case of rape. In Dr. Sparham's case, there was the aggravating circumstance that, as a licensed practitioner, he was pledged to maintain an honourable professional character; Davis, on the other hand, scarcely attempted to conceal his business, and had no character to lose. Why should the "M.D." be spared and the charlatan hanged?

Another objection advanced—in an able article in the *Mail*, in which we find but one serious fault, the exceeding vehemence of its tone—is this, that the hanging of Davis, and we presume his wife, would be "the only expiation of his crime likely to deter imitators of his practices." Without alleging that the death penalty is too severe for the crime, or for many other crime, we should like to ask how often this plea for the extreme penalty has been employed from Sir S. Romilly's time to our own? We venture to affirm that the advocates of hanging used precisely the same argument, if argument it may be called, on behalf of the bloody penal code of George III., which punished with death between two and three hundred offences, without being an effectual deterrent from any one of them. So far as example is concerned, imprisonment for life is quite as valuable as hanging. It is punishment in the abstract, and not the form of it, that keeps the timid from crime. We perceive that our Conservative contemporary has nothing further to urge in the case of Mrs. Davis; and we cannot help thinking, that in objecting to commutation in the case of the male prisoner, it has exceeded the limits of calm, judicial criticism. The *Mail* claims, and we have no doubt with perfect sincerity, "that it is actuated by no political bias;" but it is the fate of party journalism to be hardly judged, and the *Mail* must expect to hear from the other side that no complaint would have been made had Sir John Macdonald been Minister of Justice instead of Mr. Blake. In our last number we purposely refrained from touching the case of Arthur Paul Davis, because it appeared to us that the reasons in favour of a reprieve and those against it were almost evenly balanced. "The circumstances are exceptional," as the *Mail* admits, and therefore we preferred to leave the matter with those upon whom the constitution had laid the responsibility. Their decision has been rendered and, for the reasons we have given, we believe it to be not only merciful but equitable and just.

The arrest of an ex-alderman of Toronto on the charge of being an accomplice of the Davises, is *sub judice*, and therefore nothing should be said about it to influence the public mind against the accused. It is to be regretted that some of our daily papers have already condemned Mr. Clements in advance, before a tittle of evidence has been adduced against him. The necessity of having Davis as a witness is the reason assigned by the *Globe* for his reprieve. As a sole ground for that reprieve, we do not think it sufficient; but it certainly very powerfully reinforces the general arguments in its favour. We confess to a difficulty in understanding the *Mail's* meaning when it observes that "should the case under arrest break down, the action of the Executive in reprieving Davis will come in for general censure." For what reason we should like to know? Even suppose that the need for the convict's testimony were the sole reason for the reprieve—and there is no evidence that it was—how could Clements's acquittal affect Mr. Blake's position? Mr. Mowat, or the County Crown Attorney, must certainly have informed the Minister that Davis's evidence was required in the interests of justice; and we cannot conjecture what Mr. Blake has to do with the case awaiting investigation, so far at least as its issue is concerned. Even if he were himself the Crown Counsel, surely the *Mail* would not desire him to employ undue pressure against Clements in order to justify the reprieve. The Crown cannot predetermine the effect of the testimony they propose to adduce ; they cannot forecast the nature of the defence, or sway the minds of the jury. The only question to be decided is, whether the case in hand, including Davis's confession, is *primâ facie* strong enough to warrant the Grand Jury in returning a true bill.

The November elections in the United States have, on the whole, been favourable to the Republicans ; but an examination of the returns tends to show that they have achieved no marked success. In the State of New York, for example, the party expected to carry all before them ; indeed it was at first supposed that they had done so. It turns out, however, that Bigelow, the Democratic nominee for Secretary of State defeated Frederick Seward, son of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet Minister, by between fifteen and sixteen thousand, the other State officers being also selected from the same side. It is true that the Republicans have secured a majority of ten in each branch of the Legislature ; that Governor Tilden's majority has not been repeated on this occasion. This, however, is a bye-election in which the full party strength has not been brought out, and in addition to that, the Democrats have been divided into two camps, with two "tickets," in New York City, where the party generally obtains its majorities. The anti-Tammany candidates were supported by the Republicans and the result was a triumph over "Boss" Kelly, especially in the re-election of Recorder Hackett and District Attorney Phelps, both of whom, upright and efficient officers though they were, the Tammany chief desired to supplant by creatures of his own. A repetition of the Tweed *régime* is thus rendered impossible for the time. In Pennsylvania, the Republican Governor has been re-elected, but by a reduced majority. Had it not been for the inflation agitation unwisely raised and defeated in Ohio, it is not unlikely that the Democrats would have carried the day. Governor Gaston, who managed to carry Massachusetts two years ago in the Democratic interest, was defeated by the Republican (Rice), who was only returned by a plurality of five thousand, there being four candidates in the field. In New Jersey, the Republican majority fell from thirteen thousand in 1874 to about two thousand this year ; but the election was not one in which parties took a deep interest. It may be remarked that in this little State, the Roman Catholic hierarchy made strenuous exertions to get a slice of the Common School Fund, but completely failed. It is stated that not a tithe of the Roman Catholic vote was polled in favour of the sacerdotal measure. In the other States, Southern and Western, there is no material change in the attitude of parties. As the net result, the death of the inflation and repudiation parties may be considered probable, and the extinction of General Butler as a politician tolerably certain.

The death of Vice-President Wilson does not call for any special remark. As the second officer of the American Executive and a possible President, however, he claims a brief notice. Mr. Wilson was one of those ardent and energetic men who have so often risen to positions of eminence in America, under some disadvantages, social and educational. His early occupation was that of a shoemaker—a craft which has given to the United States more than one eminent name. The story of his life, until he obtained some reputation as an abolitionist and Republican speaker and as the colleague of Charles Sumner, is the ordinary story of a "self-made" man. The dominant party are much indebted to him for the persistent zeal he displayed in its cause, at the time when the slave-holding interest was sustained by at least four-fifths of the American people. The war, which made and unmade military reputations, threw mere civilians somewhat in the background. Mr. Wilson, however, although he never succeeded in obtaining the first place, survived the war-fever, and retained to the last the confidence of his party. As presiding officer in the Senate, he comported himself with dignity and credit. During the "third term" controversy he took strong ground against the re-election of General Grant, and although he disavowed any ambition in that direction his letters were generally regarded as bids for a Presidential nomination. The Vice-Presidency will remain vacant, there being no constitutional provision for an *ad interim* election ; but the Chairman elected by the Senate would, in the event of the President's demise, succeed him and fill the chief executive office for the balance of the term.

In England the members of the Cabinet, having returned to town, are busily engaged on the programme for next Session. It is reported that Mr. Disraeli intends to call Parliament together before Christmas, for the purpose of obtaining legislative sanction to a purchase of the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal. The Government has, no doubt, acted wisely in securing a large, though it will not yet be a preponderating influence in the link which binds the Indian Ocean to the Mediterranean. Whether the latest relapse of the "sick man" prove fatal or not, it is the obvious duty of England to secure her communications with India, even if, to do so, it should be necessary to "acquire" a portion of Egyptian territory. The forbearance, or rather, perhaps, the jealousies of the Empires "more immediately interested" may defer the evil day; still "if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all." Mr. Disraeli delivered the usual speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet on the 9th ultimo. It was intended to be reassuring; coming from a Minister of the Crown, however, it cannot be pronounced to be a success. Of course the most was made of the arrangement which Mr. Wade has managed to conclude with China. A war with the Celestial Empire has been the bogey of the English people for some time past, and general satisfaction therefore is felt at the result of the negotiations. It was Mr. Disraeli's remarks on the Turkish question which naturally excited the deepest interest, and although, with native adroitness, the Premier endeavoured to express a hope that there was no fear of a rupture, he was evidently ill at ease. When the best face a coiner of phrases can put upon the outlook is this: "I wish I could say with regard to foreign affairs nearer home, that they were in a position as satisfactory as I think we may now consider our relations with China," every body sees, or thinks he sees, that there is an *arrière pensée* concealed beneath the announcement of ominous import. It was all very well for Mr. Disraeli, with Count Von Beust sitting beside him, to dwell upon "the forbearance of the Great Powers immediately interested in the question;" but the death's head disclosed itself at the Guildhall feast in the sentences which followed. It was not the Herzegovian insurrection which "brought about a state of affairs which in that part of the world very often becomes critical." If that had been all, the matter might have been arranged; but unfortunately "the financial catastrophe of one of our allies (*Inglice*, Turkish bankruptcy) revived the expiring struggle, gave a new aspect to all the circumstances, and created hopes and fears in quarters and in circles, which before that did not exist. It is impossible to deny that circumstances of this character are critical; but, *for my own part*, I have still confidence in that forbearance to which I have referred. I believe that it will continue to be exercised, and I have myself, not only as a trust, but a conviction, that means will be ascertained which will bring about a satisfactory result," &c. Mr. Disraeli "himself" refuses to "contemplate any other result." The singular self-isolation marked by our italics may or may not have their significance. Lord Derby makes no sign, and his chief resumes the sibyl's garment. Perhaps he is the only member of his cabinet who possesses an historical trust and an historical form of conviction, the counterparts of his "historical conscience." If Mr. Gladstone, who wears his heart upon his sleeve, had uttered the observations we have quoted, the stock-exchange and the outside world would have known what to think; but Mr. Disraeli, in his *rôle* of Sphinx, is in every way unfortunate. When he is in earnest he is supposed to be in jest; when he desires to calm popular excitement he generally succeeds in intensifying it; when he banters and hurls quips and epigrams, he is taken for an oracle. It does not appear, from the latest telegrams, that there is any danger of a general outbreak, yet, if we may judge from the feverishness of Europe as its symptoms are disclosed by intelligent journals or the fluctuations on 'change, there is a sense of insecurity, an apprehension of impending trouble, for which people would find it difficult to account.

A conversation of Count Ignatieff, the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, with the Sultan, or an article in the Moscow *Gazette*, seems sufficient to excite Europe to the verge of panic. Yet nothing seems to the onlooker more certainly fixed, for some time than Russia's determination to check any precipitate solution of the Eastern question, and to bide her time. Alexander is not a Nicholas, nor are the circumstances of 1875 similar to those of

1853. The problem which the old Czar set himself to solve has grown more complicated, and Russia finds herself obliged to balance her fears against her ambition. Germany, not France, will probably be her next foe, and her task appears to be to wait until the inevitable conflict be precipitated. Whether Alexander cares to cultivate the French alliance or not is not clear. Personally, he shrinks from a European war, and would doubtless make many sacrifices to avoid it He is the nephew of the Emperor William, and desires to live in amity with the new Teutonic Empire; but between the Russian and German peoples, and especially their armies, there is an intensity of hatred, not covert but avowed, which must burst into a flame of war, early or late. Austria is recruiting her strength—if strength can be made robust in an Empire so heterogeneous in its elements. There can be little question that the Turkish insurgents and the Servian war party have received aid and comfort from north of the Danube, and perhaps it is no less true that Russia has persistently, and perhaps rudely, kept her Austrian rival in check. For the present, at any rate, we may hope, with the English Premier, that a temporary issue may be arrived at "which will be consistent with the maintenance of peace, and which will be satisfactory to the public opinion of Europe."

The French Assembly has met and laid the coping-stone upon that composite structure—the Conservative Republic. In the matter of electoral divisions, the Government has triumphed by a majority of thirty-one, and the Electoral Bill as a whole passed its final stage by a two-thirds vote. Not only has the *scrutin d'arrondissement* triumphed over the *scrutin de liste*, but the *arrondissements* themselves may be subdivided into "circumscriptions," where the population exceeds a hundred thousand. M. Buffet and his section of the constitutional coalition have thus got it all their own way, so far as the central authority or local influence can exert pressure on the electorate. M. Gambetta and his friends of the Left do not seem dismayed at the prospect. Having convinced themselves that France is overwhelmingly republican in their sense, they have gracefully submitted to the inevitable. In fact, Hobson's choice has been presented them—a dissolution with voting by districts or none at all, and they have wisely accepted the former alternative. The elections will probably take place in February, 1876, although that is not definitively settled. And after that? Who shall say?

There is nothing special to record regarding the rest of the Continent. Germany is enjoying a respite from exciting topics, ecclesiastical or foreign; Italy rests after her enthusiastic reception of the Kaiser at Milan; and Spain continues to defeat the Carlists without crushing them; with the blessings of peace, sound finance, a generous freedom, and a stable government, she "never is, but always to be blest."

BOOK REVIEWS.

Money and the Mechanism of Exchange. By W. Stanley Jevons, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Logic and Political Economy in the Owens College, Manchester. London: Henry S. King & Co. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875.

This handy volume, the seventeenth of "The International Scientific Series," is the best introduction we have yet seen to the abstruse subjects of currency and exchange. There is nothing people are so constantly talking of, haggling about, or thirsting for, as money, and yet it is singular how hazy their ideas usually are about it. If nine men out of ten were asked to define the term, they would either do so by limiting it to specie; excluding even bullion, or bank notes convertible on demand; or they would do as the economists have done, from Adam Smith to the lamented Professor Cairnes. restrict or extend the definition, according as they admitted or excluded any one or more of the numerous credit documents ordinarily negotiable. Nor can it be said that the crudeness of popular and even scientific notions has been unproductive of mischief. On the contrary, there is no subject on which men have allowed ignorance and misconception to lead them farther astray. A history of financiering during the past three hundred years would disclose an amount of credulous gullibility, imaginative theorising, and dogmatic ignorance not greatly exceeded by the other superstitions of which we are so constantly reminded. The absurd movement in the United States to which a large portion of the Democratic party has committed itself, is only the repetition of a folly which has cropped up at intervals since the days of John Law. Professor Jevons in his preface hints at a few of these crazes as follows:—"There are men who spend their time and fortunes in endeavouring to convince a dull world that poverty can be abolished by the issue of printed bits of paper. I know one gentleman who holds that exchequer bills are the panacea for the evils of humanity. Other philanthropists wish to make us all rich by coining the national debt, or coining the lands of the country, or coining everything. Another class of persons have long been indignant that, in this age of free trade, the Mint price of gold should still remain arbitrarily fixed by statute. A member of Parliament lately discovered a new grievance, and made his reputation by agitating against the oppressive restrictions on the coinage of silver at the Mint. No wonder so many people are paupers when there is a deficiency of shillings and sixpences, and when the amount merely of the rates and taxes paid in a year exceeds the whole sum of money circulating in the kingdom" (p. 7).

Prof. Jevons's volume has the unusual merit of being at once clear, interesting and comprehensive. The style is lucid, and although something like mathematical terseness is aimed at in definition, it never involves obscurity. Moreover, there is nothing pretentious about it; it is what it professes to be, an elementary work—an introduction, its author modestly suggests, to Mr. Bagehot's "Lombard Street," or, we may add, the work on Currency and Banking by Prof. Bonamy Price, now passing through the press.

The words "money" and "cash" are purposely left undefined, because the author thinks any attempt at exactness in this respect a waste of labour. "All such attempts at definition seem to me to involve the logical blunder of supposing that we may, by settling the meaning of a single word, avoid all the complex differences and various conditions of many things, each requiring its own definition" (p. 248). For example, unconvertible paper may be made legal tender, and then for inland purposes it would be money, whereas for foreign exchange it would not. Bullion again is not money strictly speaking, not being coin, but foreign payments can be made in it quite as well; and so on. The author prefers to plunge at once *in medias res* by commencing with the primitive system of barter and its three disadvantages—want of coincidence in the wants of persons willing to exchange, want of a measure of value, want of the means of subdivision. Then follows a statement of the elementary principles of exchange, and their bearing upon money and its functions. The subject is then treated historically as it gradually developed itself in the progress of civilization, including the invention of coining. In treating of the principles of circulation, Prof. Jevons dwells upon a point generally ignored by economists, probably as unscientific—the force of habit in circulation. It is here that the law or theorem of Sir Thomas Gresham plays its part—"that bad money drives out good money, but that good money cannot drive out bad money." To our author it is evident that a neglect of this phenomenon has impeded reforms in the currency, "to the great cost of States, and the perplexity of statesmen who had not studied the principles of monetary science." He goes further, and would extend the theorem so that it may be stated thus: "Gold compared with silver, or silver with copper, or paper compared with gold, are subject to the same law, that the relatively cheaper medium will be retained in circulation, and the relatively dearer will disappear." Space will not admit of even a cursory glance at the wide range of topics treated in this compact work. The metallic currencies of the various nations are reviewed; the various kinds of representative or credit money, including promissory, bank and Government notes, cheques, bills of exchange, &c.; the clearing system, the question of a common international system of coinage and many others, are treated with unexceptionable clearness and ability. In the chapter on the Battle of the Standards, Prof. Jevons states his objection to the double unit of value, and argues distinctly in favour of gold and the demonetization of silver. At the same time, he doubts whether the German Government, in arranging for a gold standard after the close of this year, has gone about it in the right way. If the prognostications of the English press prove true, our author's apprehensions will be confirmed; indeed, they have already been confirmed in part. The paper circulation is to be largely and suddenly contracted on January 1st; gold is to be legal tender instead of silver; and in order to maintain the circulation at the necessary amount, the German Mint has been busy coining gold. Gresham's law, however, has come into operation, and the gold coin vanishes as fast as it is issued; hence the Government will find itself, should it persevere, in a financial crisis, where it intended only a monetary reform. With regard to an unconvertible paper currency, the Professor states two principal objections: the great temptation to over-issue and consequent depreciation; and the impossibility of varying its amount in accordance with the requirements of trade. In the United States, the inflationists are past all argument on this subject, and no one can doubt that their constant vituperation of banks and bondholders has but one meaning—repudiation. We have one crow to pluck with Prof. Jevons, which to Canadians will seem a *rara avis in terris*. The author tells his readers that it is impossible to tell what the currency of Canada is, there being such a chaos of systems and coinages (p. 73). The allusions to the Dominion in two places are absurd and misleading in the extreme; and it would not be amiss if some of our bank officers were to call the Professor's attention to our legislation both on currency and banking, concerning which he is in Egyptian darkness.

With this exception, the work may be warmly commended as the most readable and instructive treatise on a most important and absorbing subject.

EVERLASTING PUNISHMENT: Is the Doctrine *de Fide?* and if not, is it True? By the Rev. F. N. Oxenham. Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1875.

This letter, addressed to Mr. Gladstone by a clergyman of the Church of England, has been reprinted in Toronto at an opportune juncture. There is no necessity for more than a passing reference to the controversy regarding eternal punishment aroused by the Rev. Mr. Macdonnell's sermon. It may be interesting to note the present attitude of the Church of England regarding it. Some of our readers may remember the excitement aroused by a little *brochure* from the pen of the Rev. F. D. Maurice, entitled "The Word 'Eternal,' as applied in the New Testament to the Punishment of the Wicked." Mr. Maurice was a Professor in King's College, London, and was expelled from his office by what Mr. Gladstone characterizes as "an unwise and ruthless violence." Since that time the question has assumed a legal aspect, and it has been definitively settled by the Judicial Committee that the dogma in question is not *de fide*—not an essential article of Christian belief. Their judgment in the case of Wilson *v.* Fendall pronounces "that the hope that the punishment of the wicked may not endure to all eternity is certainly not at variance with anything that is found in the Apostles' Creed, or the Nicene Creed, or in the Absolution, or in the Burial Service." They therefore declined to declare as penal the expression of hope by a clergyman that even the ultimate pardon of the wicked who are condemned in the day of judgment may be consistent with the will of Almighty God. By that decision, Christian liberty in non-essentials of belief was vindicated, and few attempts to "crib, cabin, or confine" the English Church clergyman has been attempted since the "Essays and Reviews" panic. The Rev. Mr. Llewelyn Davies, of Marylebone, and many others, speak of the imposed dogma as "the old intolerable doctrine," "that detestable doctrine," without rebuke.

Mr. Oxenham, the author of the pamphlet before us, appears to be a High-Churchman. His general tone is that of Keble, and he devotes a disproportionate space to the opinion of the Universal Church on the subject. It would be impossible to enter upon the various aspects of the subject as presented by the writer—some of them far too curtly. We shall content ourselves, therefore, with a few remarks indicative of its character and scope. After stating the doctrine fairly, Mr. Oxenham deduces three general corollaries from it. It seems, he says, *seems* to imply: (α) The charge against God of amazing cruelty and oppression. (β) The failure, to a very great extent, not merely apparent and temporary, but real and eternal failure, to redeem and save mankind. (γ) That good will never fully overcome evil and destroy it, but that good and evil will be alike everlasting. "For these reasons (*inter alia*) the common doctrine of everlasting punishment is at least very hard to be believed;" and he urges that if the language of Scripture supposed to give it countenance is susceptible of another signification, it should be cheerfully welcomed. It is to be regretted that Mr. Oxenham devoted so little of his letter to this view of the subject, because the so-called orthodox doctrine is chiefly a stumbling-block in its ethical aspect. Mr. Mill's argument has been that of many another earnest and intelligent man:—"If God had no other purpose but our happiness and that of other living creatures, it is not credible that He would have called them into existence with the prospect of being so completely baffled." (Theism, p. 192, American edition.)

Mr. Oxenham proceeds to an examination of the Scripture text. The word translated "eternal" or "everlasting" in this connection is αιωνιος, from the root αιων, Latin *ævum*, an age or period. We are surprised that the writer does not notice the more emphatic form, "to ages of ages" (αιωνας των αιωνων), translated "for ever and ever," in the English Bible. Bishop Wordsworth, however, is quoted as observing that the radical idea of the word is "*indefinite time*." The Bishop adds that "this consideration may perhaps check rash speculations regarding the duration of future punishments." There is yet another word, αιδιος, everlasting, from αει, ever; it occurs in Romans i. 20 and Jude 6., but is not applied to human punishment. Another word appears in the passage, "the fire that shall never be quenched," ασβεστος. Mr. Oxenham rightly states this means unextinguished, and that "never" is an interpolation. In the Iliad of Homer the same adjective is linked with "strength," "the din of battle," and even "laughter," and conveys no idea of eternity in any case. We should like to have found in this letter some illustrations of these words from classic authors; because parallel passages of this description would have been extremely useful in elucidating the sacred text. It may be added, in conclusion, that Mr. Oxenham's letter deserves serious and attentive perusal at a time when men are proving all things, and endeavouring to hold fast to that which is good.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

IN the February number of the *Canadian Monthly* we reprinted Professor Tyndall's preface to a new edition of his Belfast Address. In the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* the learned Professor returns to the charge in a most interesting paper entitled—"Materialism and its Opponents." It would give us great pleasure to insert it *in extenso*, but from want of space we are compelled to exclude it at present. As it is, we must content ourselves with a brief account of this new rejoinder, which is in every way important as coming from one of the chief ministers of science. If a reconciliation between religion and science is to be accomplished speedily, it can only be when the champions of both sides thoroughly understand each other's method and *point d'appui*. So long as theologians and men of science, like Agamemnon and Achilles, stand apart, having quarrelled, refusing to hear aright the message they think they have received from God or nature, so long will the breach widen, instead of filling up. The *Spectator*, in a notice of the paper before us, remarks: "Perhaps it is our own fault that the moment Professor Tyndall leaves physical philosophy and betakes himself to the theological or metaphysical assumptions which underlie it, we never fail to be bewildered as to what his meaning really is." The reason is not far to seek. Neither belligerent understands, or apparently cares to understand the attitude, methods, intellectual tone, or technical language even, of the other. Like two armies which have come into conflict during a mist, each of them ignorant of its opponent's strength and strategy, vigorous are their charges against imaginary battalions, and cautious and rapid their retreat when no one is pursuing. The man of science despises the subjects which absorb the spiritual philosopher, and looks down, as from a superior vantage-ground, upon his ignorance of phenomenal nature; the other, in turn, regards the scientific professor as a rash, conceited man, who essays to deal with things too high for him. The *Spectator* expresses the position of the metaphysician. Prof. Tyndall may be quoted as an illustration of the scientist. He is speaking especially of the Ultramontanes:—"Eyes they have and see not; ears they have and hear not; for both eyes and ears are taken possession of by the lights and sounds of another age. In relation to science, the Ultramontane brain, through lack of exercise, is virtually the undeveloped brain of the child. And thus it is that as children in scientific knowledge, but as potent wielders of spiritual power among the ignorant, they countenance and enforce practices sufficient to bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of the more intelligent among themselves." (p. 580.) Again, quoting from a *brochure* the conversation of a layman and a clergyman, in which the former essays the Socratic method, the question is put regarding the Mosaic record:—"Do you, without mental reservation, believe these things? If you do *not* believe those events to have so happened or do so with a mental reservation which destroys the whole sense and meaning of the narrative, *why do you not say so from your pulpits?*"

Prof. Tyndall, as Mr. Seebohm has well shown in the *Spectator*, is not without cause of complaint that the charge of Atheism and anti-spirituality should be brought against him. He declares himself open to a reconciliation with theology; and on this point his utterance is especially important: "Quitting the more grotesque forms of the Theological, I already see, or think I see, emerging from recent discussions, that wonderful plasticity of the Theistic Idea, which enables it to maintain, through many changes, its hold upon superior minds; and which, if it is to last, will eventually enable it to shape itself in accordance with scientific conditions." Prof. Tyndall's paper is mainly occupied, so far as opponents are concerned, with a reply to the Rev. James Martineau. We have no space to follow out the positions taken by the Professor, as against the talented Principal of Manchester New College. He complains of misconception, and repels the imputation of inconsistency by re-affirming an opinion broached in 1868: "You cannot satisfy the human understanding in its demand for logical continuity between molecular processes and the phenomena of consciousness. This is a rock on which materialism must inevitably split whenever it pretends to be a complete philosophy of the human mind."

The difficulty experienced by the student who desires to lay tangible hold upon Prof. Tyndall's theory of mind and matter appears to be occasioned by the palpable evidence he gives that he has no theory at all. For instance, after tracing the development of matter, by its "potency," in the snow crystal and the oak, he anticipates the objection "Who imposed the principle of life into the tree? I say in answer, that our present question is not this but another—not who made the tree, but what *is* it? Is there anything besides matter in the tree? If so, what and where?" In like manner, he deals with all nature, organic and inorganic, culminating with man, and again he asks, "Is there anything but matter there?" Of course that will depend very much upon what Prof. Tyndall means by "matter," which is not made so clear as it might be. Is it used in the popular sense, or does it include force? Is force an attribute of matter or is matter a mode of force?

"Matter," says the Professor, "I define as that mysterious thing by which all this" (*i. e.* the mechanism of the eye and ear) is "accomplished. How it came to have this power is a question on which I never ventured an opinion. Theories of evolution go but a short way towards the explanation of this mystery: while in its presence, the notion of an atomic manufacturer and artificer of souls raises the doubt, whether those who entertain it were ever really penetrated by the solemnity of the problem for which they offer such a solution." In his conclusion, Dr. Tyndall says: "The world will have religion of some kind, even though it fly for it to the intellectual whoredom of 'spiritualism.' What is really wanted is the lifting power of an ideal element in human life. But the free play of this power must be preceded by its release from the torn swaddling-bands of the past, and from the practical *materialism* of the present. It is now in danger of being strangled by the one, or stupefied by the other."

To the other papers in this number of the *Fortnightly* we can only devote a brief space. Mr. Grant Duff writes upon the hackneyed topic, "England and Russia in the East." Of course the ex-Under-Secretary thinks, as he always thought, that Russia should be watched in her progress India-wards, but that she has really no aggressive designs. Her apprehensions of an approaching conflict with Germany are sufficient security for her good behaviour in Central Asia. Colonel Chesney's paper on "Sherman and Johnson" is, in the main, eulogistic, although he is rather severe upon both for the tone of their writings. Both, he says, are "unsparing of others' feelings, regardless of the cloud of controversies which must rise on their criticisms, and gifted with strong confidence in their own personal infallibility." "The Book of Job, and Plato's Dialogue on Justice" (the "Republic"), by Mr. Henry Hoare, is an able and instructive comparison of the ethical theory enunciated in the two books—the one Semitic, "austere, passionate, and profoundly religious;" the Greek, "artistic, calm, human; the one has in view the relation of man to God, the other the relation of man to the State and to society." The key-note in the one is, "Does Job serve God for nought?" in the other, "Does selfishness determine justice?" The writer endeavours to show that Job and Plato, each from his own stand-point, coincide in their repudiation of the selfish theory of ethics. Mr. Morley gives part of his monograph on "Diderot," which embraces his *Dialogues*. This portion of the work is exceedingly varied in character, being mainly concerned with a sort of Socratic treatment of questions of ethics, casuistry, and social life. Mr. Henry Crompton's paper on "The Reform of the Magistracy," should be read by our law officers. The evils complained of are not, perhaps, felt here in so large a measure; still, our justice of the peace requires to be looked after as well as his English brother.

In the *Contemporary Review*, we again come face to face with the irrepressible Grant Duff, who gives a lot of loose opinions on "India: Political and Social." The paper was written in compliance with a request of the *Review* editor, who submitted fifteen questions, which Mr. Grant Duff answers *seriatim* and at great length. The Rev. Dr. Littledale, a well-known High Churchman, contributes a paper on "The Last Attempt to Reform the Church of Rome from within." His paper is to dispel any hope that may yet linger in the minds of Protestants and Liberal Roman Catholics of internal reform in the Papal Church. It is a graphic sketch of the struggles of a reforming prelate, Scipio de' Ricci, Bishop of Pistoia (A.D. 1780). He was an earnest and devout man, whose soul was grieved at the abuses and scandals surrounding him on every side. There appears to have been a want of *savoir faire* and a rashness in his character which would have passed for indomitable courage had he succeeded. He attempted to apply the pruning-hook in all quarters, doctrinal, ritualistic, and disciplinary. For a time his reforms seemed likely to prevail. He was supported by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and one Pope sanctioned his measures, but the patron became Emperor, and forgot him, and the Pope died. Pius VI. fulminated his *Auctorem Dei* against him; he was deposed and imprisoned, and at last yielded, dying in 1810. Dr. Littledale says:—"There seems no ground for supposing that his opinions ever really altered;

but he was not a strong man naturally, and could not do battle unsupported." The conclusion is: "If he failed so signally with a Catholic sovereign at his back, and at a time when the Bishops of the Roman Church still enjoyed at least a shadow of independent jurisdiction, it may be gathered what hope there is for internal reform now." Mr. Julian Hawthorne, in a sequel to his "Saxon Studies," writes as entertainingly as ever, and is not quite so cynical. Mr. St. George Mivart assails Mr. Darwin's cardinal thesis of "the survival of the fittest,' in his paper on "Likenesses; or, Philosophical Anatomy." Taking a survey of the different kinds of homology, he carries the war into the enemy's camp by observing that "structures are being continually discovered (in animals of different kinds) so strikingly alike that their resemblance would naturally be taken, on the theory of evolution, for a sign of genetic affinity, and yet the circumstances under which they occur preclude any such explanation." The writer's conclusion is that "Philosophical Anatomy, types, all the prototypal ideas, are, one by one, emerging and reappearing, refreshed and invigorated by the bath of Darwinian Evolutionism through which they have been made to pass." Mr. Hewlett's "Modern Ballads" breaks somewhat new ground in comparing the old ballad literature with modern efforts in the same department. The analogies, as well as the contrasts, are neatly brought out, with illustrative examples. Mr. Strahan, the publisher, in a short paper, earnestly protests against the penny garbage diffused amongst the young of both sexes in England. We believe there is far too little supervision exercised over the reading of the young people, and therefore the protest is a sensible one. Mr. Frederick Harrison commences a series of papers on "The Religious and Constitutional Aspects of Positivism." As only the first part appears, we reserve a fuller reference to it for a future occasion.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

"WE take our amusements sadly," some one has said, and the remark is one that may truly be made of the manner in which the patrons of the drama in Canada enjoy their occasional evening at the theatre. There is little of that old-world zest for the play, or of that hearty interest in the attractions of the stage, that characterizes the veteran play-goer of the mother-land. We have not here, of course, the high order of attractions that "draw" audiences in the home theatres, nor have we that range or variety of entertainment that evokes the enthusiasm of the frequenters of the theatre abroad. But with even the best entertainments provided at our opera houses, their success owes little to the sympathy and appreciation of the audience. The houses are cold in their recognition of effort; the audience spiritless and indifferent in showing its acceptance of the play, and utterly lacking in that contagious feeling of pleasure and satisfaction which good acting merits, and is entitled to receive. But there is not only the withholding of that magnetic influence which an appreciative audience imparts, with often surprising effect to the player, but there is too often that feeling shown that the spectators come together merely out of compliment—and only a very occasional one—either to the management, or to a special star, or to the friend they may occasionally bring to the house. There is little desire to come to the play actuated by an intelligent interest in the drama, or from sympathy with its history and traditions, or from the motive of comparing actor with actor in the rendition of their parts. Only from the lower motives of seeking an easily satisfied pleasure, or to pass an otherwise tedious evening, do we find the bulk of our theatre audiences drawn to the house. And what wonder that we take our amusements sadly, if our recreative motives are inspired by no higher aim, or are held in check by the chilling effects of mere indifferentism. Other motives, it is true, are often at work. Some, we know, are controlled by habits of duty, by conscientious though often unreasonable scruples, and in these times many would-be frequenters of the play have their ardour cooled by the stern limitations of a light purse, and it may be an anxious mind. All these considerations we must acknowledge and respect, but there is something to be said for, and something due to, him who

> "Sheds upon the cold, dull trade of life,
> An hour of poetic glory"—

some appreciation of the labours of a profession that is capable of teaching the noblest lessons; that calls into play all the poetry, pathos, and passion that lie hid in the heart; that elevates the life and brightens the surroundings of humanity. We know it is difficult, in these modern and utilitarian days, to make the drama a natural growth in our social life. It is too often a suspiciously regarded graft. But this is not the inherent fault of the stage. The drama has always been what the public taste that supported it has made it. The eye and the ear have been too often aimed at, rather than the head. But with its functions and capabilities properly recognised, there is no need that it should decline either from an intellectual or a moral point of view; or that, as a means of healthful and approved recreation and instruction, it should not be all that the genius and talent enlisted in its service have designed that it should be. No age has been less propitious than ours to the dramatic art, and there has been none that has witnessed such a materializing of life, or that has been more alien to the instincts of gentlemanhood, or more barren of the graces of chivalric feeling and unstained honour. The theatre was no less a commercial speculation in the past than it is to-day, but it flourished better when the ballet was unknown to it, and it had more patrons when its plays were of a healthier sort, and when its boards were less familiar with modern sensationalism. The moralist, of course, will say "close the doors rather than that objectionable plays should be acted, or if the plays we would wish to see upon the stage fail to draw to any extent commensurate with the expense of their representation." This is very easy to say, but the lyceum is a legitimate place of amusement, and theatres will be "run" as such, and from the motives of gain that govern similar enterprises. The question should rather be how to support them in their legitimate successes; how to make them subserve the interests of culture and refinement; and how to utilize them in providing healthful recreation and in promoting high social enjoyment. These are the considerations that should come home to our people; and were they intelligently reflected upon, the result would be beneficial to the community, while theatrical management would be more steadily directed into proper channels. We may safely say, from what we know of the management of the Grand Opera House in our midst, that none would hail more heartily the awakening of a deeper interest in dramatic representations, and be more responsive to the demands of a higher and more critical taste, than would its intelligent and cultivated directress. Mrs. Morrison's efforts in the interest of the local drama are worthy of all praise; and we can quite understand the repeated compliments offered to her in the benefit entertainments such as that of last Thursday—compliments which not only manifest the kindly feeling felt towards her, but that also express sympathy with her professional enterprise and appreciation of her personal services. Such labours as those Mrs. Morrison undertakes are trying indeed under ordinary circumstances; but few know their burden and irksomeness when the difficulties are intensified in the pursuit of high ideals, and after an attainment marked by that elevation of standard, and scrupulous regard for the proprieties, which characterize the management of the Opera House. If Mrs. Morrison has not always succeeded in presenting such entertainments as would be acceptable to the most fastidious theatre-goer, it has been because one scarcely knows now-a-days where to turn for material for worthy representation. The taste for the Shakespearian drama has sadly suffered eclipse; and the robust representations of a past era have given place to mere farce acting, or to the stupidities of modern sensationalism. The star system, too, has had a prejudicial effect upon the modern stage: and here in Canada this is especially so, where we are subject to the inroads from the other side of the lines of a school of acting which, though it has meritorious exceptions, is of a style alien to British tastes and predilections.

Of course we do not mean to say that all the difficulty in maintaining a high class theatre in our midst comes from without, either in regard to the actors who present themselves, or in the amount of appreciation shown them. There are shortcomings, however much care may be exercised in regard to the formation of stock companies, which materially diminish public satisfaction with their work; though the directorate should not always be held responsible for this while the substantial aid in the procurement of higher talent is withheld by those in whose interests the entertainments are provided.

As a whole, the present troupe under Mrs. Morrison's management may be said to be fairly up to its work; and thanks, no doubt, to the advantage the company possesses in acting under the eye and inspiration of that lady, and with her on the boards in much of its work, the success achieved has been very creditable to the house. Individually, there is not a little to find fault with, which if we indicate may be more of a service to the company than a pleasant duty to the critic.

The most unpleasant feature exhibited by the company's acting is deficiency of education and a lack of refinement in personation. This is the more noticeable in the male cast, with the exception of Mr. De Groat, who more than held his own against the balance of the company, and whose withdrawal from the theatre we much regretted. Mr. Grismer, as a leading man, is wanting in many of the essentials required for the part. His conception of the characters assumed by him is frequently but half realized, if not positively false. His manner and gesture are bad, and he totally fails in the representation of any part requiring ease and high breeding. Mr. Farwell makes a capital villain, and is occasionally good in the old man parts; but in the higher personations of society life he is not at home. Mr. Sambrook only occasionally pleases, as he has to contend against seemingly ineradicable defects of voice and intonation, which render him an unattractive actor. His manner partakes of a rather unctuous character, and his utterance is often unmanly and whining. Mr. Curtis's manner is occasionally droll, and his acting is sometimes whipped up to sprightliness; but he is lumbering in his speech, and he has but little idea of the congruities of representation. Mr. Stokes is ponderous and ungainly on the stage, and has, in an aggravated degree, the defects of voice which we have noticed in his fellow-actors. Mr. Spackman, the successor of Mr. De Groat, creditably and satisfactorily replaces the best actor in the company, though he lacks the finish and delicacy which characterized Mr. De Groat's playing. Of the ladies it may be said, without laying oneself open to the charge of partisanship, that they largely compensate, by their appearance and acting, for the defects and deficiencies of the actors. Miss Carr is always up to her work, and has the faculty of realizing her part exceedingly well, and plays it with a degree of finish and satisfaction agreeable to the spectator. Mrs. Vernon is a decided acquisition to the strength of the company, and her acting is a vast improvement upon the heavy and tasteless playing of Miss May Preston. Miss Davenport is a painstaking actress, and appears to a decided advantage upon the stage both with regard to her acting, her dressing, and her looks. But she fails in the art of pleasing, and represses in the spectator the feeling of satisfaction which the faithful rendition of her parts secures to her, by a frigid and unsympathetic manner. Mrs. Marlowe possesses the happy faculty of adapting herself well to anything on the boards; and there is no part, entailing however much of effort, and drawing however much upon good nature, that she will not assume that may lend a hearty aid to the piece, and impart to its representation the needed harmony and completeness. Of Mrs. Morrison herself we scarcely deem it necessary to speak, as her acting is always in accord with those perceptions of the dramatic art, and the design and ideal of the playwright, that gratify the critic and delight the audience. There is invariably in her playing that happy union of art and nature that charms the spectator, inspires the play, and is independent of all adventitious aids. Her acting is characterised by vigour and rapidity, ease and precision, and is always in excellent taste and ever happy in its effect. But writing at this length, we have left ourselves without space to speak of the plays presented at the Opera House, and of the parts severally taken in them by the members of the company. Had our space permitted notice of these we should, probably, have had something more favourable to say of the actors of the troupe, the rendition of whose parts, in some instances, merited commendation. It will be understood, however, that the reference made to them has been that necessary in dealing with their general characteristics, and not with their more special qualifications, or with their capacity for achieving greater success. Nothing so enfeebles the dramatic effect produced by the player's art as a lack of intelligence, and a failure to realize the delicate subtleties of conception and the niceties of emotional expression, on the part of the actor. In these important respects there is need that the male portion of the company, at any rate, should give more attention to their representations, while all might find profit in increased histrionic study and the acquisition of more general culture. Limited as we have hinted our space to be, we are constrained also to omit reference to those actors whose temporary engagement during the past month have given us pleasure—notably to Mr. McWade, in the *rôle* of Rip Van Winkle, whose calm and unobtrusive acting, and pleasing interpretation of the part, we should have liked to have done justice to.

Let us, however, before closing, revert to the subject of our opening remarks—the apparent insensibility of our theatre audiences to the exhibitions of the dramatist's art in all but the broader lines of comedy or of farce. If we are serious in desiring the elevation of the drama, and of utilizing the stage as a medium for the inculcation of lofty moral truth, as well as a means of wholesome and legitimate recreation, it must receive more recognition from those whose influence in society is effective for good. As a means for good or evil the theatre is an all-powerful factor ; and the class who usually hold aloof from it, from conscientious motives, have a duty to perform towards it far other than the negative one of ignoring or condemning its influence. The stimulus that a keener appreciation of the actor's profession, and a greater sympathy with him in his work, is capable of giving to managerial enterprise cannot but be admitted ; and where this is extended to those engaged in theatrical management, directed in their work by cultivated tastes and influenced by high ideals, the result must be helpful to the progress of æsthetic culture and beneficial in its educational and social aspects to the community.

LITERARY NOTES.

Referring to our announcement of October last, with respect to the arrangements made for clubbing THE CANADIAN MONTHLY with the London *Academy*, we have the pleasure to add that similar arrangements have been made with the Toronto *Nation*, notice of which will be found, with terms, appended to the prospectus of this magazine for 1876, published on the fourth page of the cover. Specimen copies of the *Academy*, together with the *Nation* and THE CANADIAN MONTHLY, will be forwarded free to the address of any intending subscribers.

A new volume of Sermons of the Rev. Mr. Cochrane, of Brantford, entitled "Christ and Christian Life," is announced for early publication.

Messrs. Belford Brothers, Toronto, send us copies of their new reprints of recent novels —"Norine's Revenge," by Miss May Agnes Fleming; and "Parkwater;" or "Told in the Twilight," by Mrs. Henry Wood.

Activity in the domain of religious thought seems to be much stimulated just now by the discussion that is taking place, both in the old world and the new, on the "burning questions" concerning Christian doctrine, &c., and which bear fruit in the following announcements which we transcribe for the information of book hunters and those more specially interested in their subjects:—"The Credentials of Christianity," the new volume of the Christian Evidence Society; "The Doctrine of Retribution," the Bampton Lecture for 1875; "The Doctrinal System of St. John considered as evidence for the date of his Gospel," by the Rev. J. J. Lias, M.A.; "Canonicity, or Early Testimonies to the Existence and Use of the Books of the New Testament," by A H. Charteris, D.D.; "The English Bible: an external and critical history of the various English translations of Scripture, with remarks on the nature and necessity of revision, especially of the New Testament," by John Eadie, D.D., LL.D.; "Foundations of Religion in the Mind and Heart of Man," by Sir John Byles; and "A Dictionary of Christian Biography and Doctrines, between the times of the Apostles to the age of Charlemagne," edited by Dr. Wm. Smith.

Messrs. Brown Brothers, Toronto, have now completed the issue of their manifold varieties of Canadian Office and Pocket Diaries for 1876. The enterprise of this firm, together with the superiority and adaptedness of their manufacture of these useful articles, has secured them the market against all foreign competition. It will be sufficient to say that their series meet every possible requirement, and that the workmanship is creditable to their manufacturers.

Messrs. Copp, Clark & Co.'s important publication of "The Canadian Almanac" for the coming year is announced for the 8th inst., comprising the usual large amount of valuable information respecting Canadian affairs, &c., &c.

Messrs. James Campbell & Son have just issued a Canadian copyright edition of "Sankey's Hymns and Songs," with music, which have met with an enormous sale in Britain during the author's sojourn there in company with his brother evangelist, Mr. D. L. Moody.

Messrs. T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh, the publishers of the valuable "Foreign Theological Library," have just published a translation of Prof. Luthardt's defence of the authenticity of St. John's Gospel, under the title of "St. John, the author of the Fourth Gospel." So much has come from the negative school of writers on this subject, that the work of so able an apologetic writer as Prof. Luthardt will be eagerly looked for, and his verdict in favour of the accepted canon be gladly hailed.

Messrs. Longman announce the fourth volume of Prof. Max Müller's interesting series of essays, chiefly on the Science of Language, under the title of "Chips from a German Workshop." This issue is to complete the series of papers. The same firm announce a collection of the Lectures delivered in America, in 1874, by the late Canon Kingsley.

The visit of the Prince of Wales to India has already had its effect in the publishing world in the announcement of a number of works on India, its native princes, its history, scenery, &c., &c. Many of them are elaborately produced in chromo-lithography, photography, and high-class wood engraving. The holiday trade bids fair to have a large competition from this description of illustrated presentation books.

Mr. Murray's announcements embrace the first volumes of Mr. John Forster's "Life of Dean Swift," and Dr. Wm. Smith's long-promised work, "A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities." A new volume from the pen of Samuel Smiles, entitled "Thrift," and a new work by Mr. St. George Mivart, entitled "Lessons from Nature as manifested in Mind and Matter," are announced from the same house.

The new novel of George Macdonald, author of "Alec Forbes," &c., is now published in book form. It has been appearing in the London *Graphic*, and is entitled, "St. Michael and St. George."

METROPOLITAN
TORONTO
LIBRARY

789
YONGE
TORONTO
M4W 2G8

GIC
REF
CIR
SR
REF
CIR

METROPOLITAN
TORONTO
LIBRARY

789
YONGE
TORONTO
M4W 2G8

GIC
REF
CIR
SR
REF
CIR